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PUP

THE

BRITISH DRAMA.

THE

BRITISH DRAMA;

COMPREHENDING

THE BEST PLAYS

IN

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

TRAGEDIES.

LONDON,

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM MILLER, OLD BOND-STREET.

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PREFACE

OF

THE EDITOR.

It is peculiarly pleasing to trace the history of every science through its progressive changes. The examination of each distinct epoch, and of every individual amendment, tends to gratify the curiosity; while a comparison of the first rude attempts with the grandeur of modern improvements cannot fail to awaken emulation, and inspirit all our efforts, in the career of literary advancement. These observations will be found to apply, with peculiar justice, to the Dramatic Art. For, on perusing the finished productions of the modern drama, we can scarcely believe, that this splendid style of composition owes its origin to the wild and uncouth ballads of strolling singers in Greece, who met at certain seasons of the year, to celebrate the festival of Bacchus. Yet no fact is better authenticated in history, than that Tragedy derives its existence from the choral songs in honour of that god.

The Chorus, as these singers were afterwards called, whether composed of itinerant rhapsodists, or appropriate minstrels, confined their effusions, in the first instance, to the praise of the deity, whom they met to celebrate; and, as the entertainment was yet entirely musical, the festival consisted of an uninterrupted flow of song, till the 536th year before the Christian æra, when Thespis conceived the design of introducing an actor, to amuse the people by recitation, while the chorus enjoyed a few moments of repose. This bold innovation was followed by others, still more daring, which led to unforeseen and incalculable improvements. Æschylus introduced a second actor, who

conversed with the first, and thus laid the foundation of dramatic dialogue. But, as the *dramatis personæ* increased, the subject of their discourse also gradually underwent a change. At first, the praise of other heroes was interwoven with that of Bacchus. As the dialogue became more extensive, it became more interesting; till, at length, the chorus, from a principal, began to be considered as a subordinate part; and Bacchus, from being the hero of every line, lost, by degrees, his ascendancy in the entertainment, till, at length, he was altogether set aside; and subjects of general history, dramatically disposed, now entirely supplied the place of bare dithyrambics. These important changes, begun by Thespis, were improved and confirmed by Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the illustrious dramatic triumvirate of Greece, who were justly the favourites of their own times, and whose works have been handed down to posterity with the accumulated admiration of each succeeding age.

Notwithstanding, however, the fame which the works of these illustrious tragedians so justly enjoy, an accurate inquiry into the laws of the Grecian drama, will prove it to have been marred by a singular defect, from which the more judicious compositions of modern times are happily exempt. We have already observed, that, as the dialogue of the drama improved and extended itself, the chorus, which had given birth to it, sunk in importance, and, at last, became altogether unnecessary. Yet Tragedy, in the full maturity of its ancient splendour, as if afraid of giving the parricidal blow, never ventured to cut off the chorus, though it had now become a useless and embarrassing appendage of the stage, no less an enemy to verisimilitude, than a bar to scenic variety. For, as the persons, who composed it, never quitted the stage, they were the auditors and spectators of all that passed, the necessary confidants of all parties; by which means probability was violated, and the common characteristics of human nature confounded and lost. What, indeed, can be more incredible, than that Phœdra should trust her incestuous passion, or Medea her murderous revenge, to an undistinguished troop of attendants? In addition to this, the constant presence of the choral band imposed on the dramatist the necessity of preserving the unities of time and place. The scene could not be changed, when the stage was never clear; nor the time of action prolonged beyond that of the representation. Accordingly, we find (with a few exceptions) that, in the Greek tragedy, the place is never varied, the action never suspended, and the dramatic time exactly commensurate with the time

of performance. Such inconveniences may, in some measure, be surmounted by the first masters; but, in other hands, must necessarily have the effect of rendering the piece barren of incident, languid, and uninteresting. It is then to the taste and genius of later times, that we are indebted for the more finished productions of the Tragic Muse. As the first grand and necessary step in improvement, the modern dramatist disbanded the chorus, and thus released himself from the shackles of ancient thraldom. He is no longer obliged to make a court-yard, or the street, or the sea-shore, serve for the same dull scene through the whole performance. He is no longer forced to measure his time by the hour-glass: for, as the falling curtain, at stated intervals, suspends the action, and clears the stage, the imagination of the audience is, as it were, in the hands of the poet, and the lapse of minutes can easily be fancied the flight of hours. Thus, then, the tragic writer of our days, though he still observe the unity of action, as necessary to just delineation of character, and progressive developement of plot, has seized on a greater latitude of time and place, by which he is enabled to throw more variety of scene, intrigue, incident, and action, into his piece. The examination of any modern tragedy will illustrate the truth of these assertions. In Gustavus Vasa, for instance, the action first lies in the copper-mines, then in the mountains of Dalecarlia; now in the camp, now in its precincts. And in Philaster, if we include the various apartments of the palace, the scene changes no less than twelve times. It is by this single power over place, that the modern dramatist is enabled so to involve his argument and aggregate events, as to arrest attention by multiplicity of incident, interest by perplexity of plot, and surprize by unexpected catastrophe. To employ such extensive materials, and include such variety of occurrence, in one scene, would be impossible: and all the interest of an English tragedy, nay, the tragedy itself, would be annihilated in an attempt to adjust it to the ancient model.

Besides the advantages already enumerated, we possess, in the passion of love, a rich and invaluable mine of dramatic gold, so little explored by the ancients, that that tender sentiment does not form the foundation-plot of more than one of the Greek tragedies. And this will appear the less surprising, when we contemplate the amazing distance, at which women were kept in those primæval times; and recollect, that female performers were not allowed on the stage. Happily for us, juster notions of human nature, and purer feelings of generous attachment, have so interwoven and blended us in one com-

mon interest with the fair sex, that their pleasures and pains are ours, nay, rise pre-eminent over those of man, and never fail to excite a more lively sympathy. Accordingly, though overlooked by the ancients, to what interesting scenes does the passion of love give birth in the hands of a Southern, a Congreve, and an Otway? Is it possible to view the romantic feelings of Isabella, without sentiments of admiration and sympathetic sorrow? Where shall we find, in tragedy, a scene more truly affecting, than the tenderness and distress of Castalio, in the fine interview with Monimia, in the fifth act of the Orphan? Can any thing be imagined so exquisite, as the picture of conjugal affection, and persisting fidelity, in the characters of Almeria and Belvidera?

Having thus vindicated the superior excellencies of the modern drama against the boasted claims of Greece, it would be agreeable to the tenor of the editor's plan, and the objects he has in view, to shew, that Britain possesses as decided a pre-eminence, in this branch of literature, over contemporary nations, as she does over remote antiquity. An examination into the state of the various theatres of Europe would incontestably prove the truth of this remark. But, as our right to the dramatic palm has never been disputed, such an inquiry seems unnecessary. It remains, therefore, to explain the motives, which led the editor to the present undertaking.

Impressed with the highest admiration of our Tragic Muse, the editor conceived, that a collection of her best works would be highly acceptable to the public, on account of the difficulty, that at present exists, of procuring the favourite productions of the stage in a convenient form. For many of our best tragedies are not to be obtained, except in a detached state, and others are only to be found in a complete edition of the works of the respective author. So that, a lover of the drama is reduced to the necessity, either of scattering his room with heaps of pamphlets, or loading his shelves with numerous volumes, of which the dramatic contents bear but a small proportion to the bulk of foreign matter. It is the purpose of publications like the present to obviate these inconveniences. But his predecessors, in this humble walk of literature, have given to the world miscellanies, rather than selections: they have frequently jumbled together, in the same volume, Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce, without attention either to choice or arrangement. They have preferred without taste, and distributed without judgment. So that, in such volumes, it is no uncommon thing to see the "Lying Valet" precede "Cato," and the "Roman Father" following "Miss in her Teens."

But, as Tragedy and Comedy possess entirely distinct characters, the former being intimately related to epic poetry, and rising above it in lofty style and sublime imagery, while the latter is the most perfect, as it more resembles common conversation, it has been thought more classical to publish performances, so essentially different from each other, in distinct volumes, rather than confound them in heterogeneous combination. The editor has therefore prepared one volume of Tragedies, another of Comedies, and a third of Farces and Operas, which, *together*, will, it is presumed, be found to constitute a commodious, cheap, and judicious theatrical library, while the public will find the advantage of arrangement, in being able to procure either volume *separately*, if there should be any persons, who exclusively prefer either species of composition. The man of sentiment and the humourist can now suit themselves according to their respective tastes. Nor is Heraclitus obliged to buy glees, nor Democritus ditties, bound up with the appropriate objects of their individual pursuit. Even those, who are equally admirers of the Comic and Tragic Muse, will find a convenience in this division, as they will hereby be better enabled to gratify the inclination of the moment, whether it tend to the grave or gay. And, as each play has been chronologically arranged, the reflecting mind will be able to see the progressive changes, that have taken place in dramatic composition, and mark the distinct æra of improvement.

Such, then, have been the motives of this publication, and the principles which have guided the editor in its arrangement. If the execution be answerable to his own wishes and intentions, this volume of *Tragedies* may serve as a register of national genius. For dramatic composition, of this kind, as it is the most valuable, so is it the most difficult of all the species of poetry: it demands the most bold and vigorous conceptions, the most rich imagery, tender description, and impassioned language; it imposes a restraint on the inordinate flights of poetic enthusiasm, and forbids imagination to overstep the lines of character, or soar beyond the regions of probability. Yet this is not all, that is required of the Tragic writer. It is not sufficient, that he be poetical and chaste, unless his plot be so conducted as to excite a perpetual interest; the incidents must seem to retard, while they hurry on, the main object; and neither glowing thoughts, nor melodious numbers, will compensate for tediousness of dialogue. Criticism, in no instance, dispenses with the observance of these rules. And while Dryden and Lee are condemned for extravagant thoughts and glowing superfluities,

Thomson and Johnson have not escaped censure for nakedness of plot, and the want of a rapid succession of unexpected incidents. In a style of composition, therefore, which requires such concentrated talents to succeed, a bold imagination to conceive, and a correct taste to execute, it is thought that a selection of the best performances may be justly admitted as the testimony of national genius; and in the specimens which are now submitted to the public, the editor is confident, that the manifold beauties will not only gratify the taste, but flatter the patriot-pride of an English reader, when he contemplates, in their unrivalled excellencies, the literary superiority of Britain, not only over ancient Greece, but over all the kingdoms of modern Europe.

It was the editor's wish to insert a few of the best of Shakespeare's plays in these volumes, but several causes have prevented it: the difficulty of selection, the number that are truly excellent, and the universal practice of publishing his immortal works in a body by themselves. Besides, there is already an edition of his plays, in a form similar to the present, which, with these volumes, will form a complete BRITISH DRAMA.

LONDON,
January, 1804.

THE

BRITISH DRAMA.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.	WOMEN.
, *brother to the king.*	EVADNE, *wife to Amintor.*
, *a noble gentleman.*	ASPATIA, *troth-plight wife to Amintor.*
US, } *brothers to Evadne.*	ANTIPHILA, } *waiting gentlewomen to Aspatia.*
s, }	OLYMPIAS, }
x, *an old humourous lord, and father*	DULA, *a lady.*
spatia.	NIGHT, }
gentlemen.	CYNTHIA, } *masquers.*
s, *a servant to Calianax.*	NEPTUNE, }
	ÆOLUS, }

Scene,—Rhodes.

ACT I.

r CLEON, STRATO, LYSIPPUS, *and* DIPHILUS.

THE rest are making ready, sir.
) let them; there is time enough.
You are the brother to the king, my
will take your word.
rato, thou hast some skill in poetry:
k'st thou of the masque? Will it be well?
As well as masque can be.
s masque can be?
Yes; they must commend their king, and
praise of the assembly; bless the bride
groom, in person of some god. They
) rules of flattery.
e, good my lord, who is returned!

Enter MELANTIUS.

Lys. Noble Melantius! the land, by me,
Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes.
Thou, that with blood abroad buyest us our peace!
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;
My brother wished thee here, and thou art here.
He will be too kind, and weary thee with
Often welcomes. But the time doth give thee
A welcome above his, or all the world's.
Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these scratch'd limbs of mine
Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,
More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the same
It ever was to you: Where I find worth

I love the keeper till he let it go,
And then I follow it.
Diph. Hail, worthy brother!
He, that rejoices not at your return
In safety, is mine enemy for ever.
Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou art faulty;
I sent for thee to exercise thine arms
With me at Patria: Thou cam'st not, Diphilus;
It was ill.
Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my king's straight command; which you, my lord,
Can witness with me.
Lys. It is true, Melantius;
He might not come, till the solemnity
Of this great match was past.
Diph. Have you heard of it?
Mel. Yes. I have given cause to those, that
Envy my deeds abroad, to call me gamesome:
I have no other business here at Rhodes.
Lys. We have a masque to-night, and you must tread
A soldier's measure.
Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me:
The music must be shrill, and all confused,
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with arms.
But is Amintor wed?
Diph. This day.
Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not, that I call a man so young my friend:
His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate;
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,
As oft as I returned (as, without boast,
I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard.
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it: He oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all performed.

Enter ASPATIA, *passing by.*

Hail, maid and wife!
Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot,
That thou hast tied to-day, last till the hand
Of age undo it! mayest thou bring a race
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world
Successively with soldiers!
Asp. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorn; for I was never proud,
When they were good. [*Exit.*
Mel. How is this?
Lys. You are mistaken,
For she is not married.
Mel. You said Amintor was.
Diph. It is true; but——
Mel. Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,
That he should marry her.
Diph. And so it stood
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine, you had heard the change.
Mel. Who hath he taken then?
Lys. A lady, sir,
That bears the light above her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye: the fair Evadne,
Your virtuous sister.
Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them!
But this is strange.
Lys. The king my brother did it
To honour you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge.
Mel. It is royal, like himself. But I am sad
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage
Hid in her father's breast, Calianax,
Bent long against me; and he should not think,
If I could call it back, that I would take
So base revenges, as to scorn the state
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still
His greatness with the king?
Lys. Yes. But this lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and, when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she, with a sigh, will tell
Her servants, what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck them, and strew her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders; she will sing
The mournfullest things, that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and, when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course, that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping one by one away.
Mel. She has a brother under my command,
Like her; a face as womanish as hers;
But with a spirit, that hath much out-grown
The number of his years.

Enter AMINTOR.

Cle. My lord, the bridegroom!
Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my disorder'd speech
Cuts off my love.
Amin. Thou art Melantius;
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,
To thank the gods Melantius is return'd
In safety! Victory sits on his sword,
As she was wont: May she build there and dwell;
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thy innocence!
What endless treasures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus!
Mel. I am but poor
In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother

lo no more but weep for joy to see thee
ng absence: All the wounds, I have,
not so much away, nor all the cries
wed mothers. But this is peace,
it was war.
. Pardon, thou holy god
riage-bed, and frown not; I am forc'd,
er of such noble tears as those,
p upon my wedding-day.
I fear thou art grown too fickle; for I hear
mourns for thee; men say, to death;
n of thee; on what terms I know not.
. She had my promise; but the king forbad it,
de me make this worthy change, thy sister,
anied with graces far above her;
hom I long to lose my lusty youth,
w old in her arms.
Be prosperous!

Enter Messenger.

. My lord, the masquers rage for you.
We are gone. Cleon, Strato, Diphilus—
. We will all attend you. We shall trouble
ou
ir solemnities.
Not so, Amintor:
ou laugh at my rude carriage
e, I'll do as much for you in war,
ou come thither. Yet I have a mistress
g to your delights; rough though I am,
mistress, and she has a heart,
s; but, trust me, it is stone, no better;
no place, that I can challenge in it.
stand still, and here my way lies.

Enter CALIANAX *with* DIAGORAS.

Diagoras, look to the doors better, for
you let in all the world, and anon the
ll rail at me—why, very well said—by
e king will have the show in the court.
. Why do you swear so, my lord? You
e will have it here.
By this light, if he be wise, he will not.
. And, if he will not be wise, you are for-

One may wear out his heart with swear-
l get thanks on no side. I'll be gone—
it, who will.
. My lord, I shall never keep them out.
ay; your looks will terrify them.
My looks terrify them, you coxcombly
! I will be judged by all the company,
thou hast not a worse face than I.
. I mean, because they know you and
ice.
Office! I would I could put it off: I am
weat quite through my office. I might
ide room at my daughter's wedding: they
ar killed her among them; and now I
service for him, that hath forsaken her.
hat will. [*Exit.*
He is so humourous since his daughter
aken.—Hark, hark! there, there! so, so!
Codes! [*Knock within.*] What now?

Mel. [*within.*] Open the door.

Diag. Who is there?

Mel. [*within*] Melantius.

Diag. I hope your lordship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them.

Enter MELANTIUS *and a Lady.*

Mel. None but this lady, sir.

Diag. The ladies are all placed above, save those, that come in the king's troop: The best of Rhodes sit there, and there is room.

Mel. I thank you, sir. When I have seen you placed, madam, I must attend the king; but, the masque done, I'll wait on you again.

Diag. Stand back there—room for my lord Melantius—pray, bear back—this is no place for such youths and their trulls—let the doors shut again.—No!—do your heads itch? I will scratch them for you.—So, now thrust and hang.—Again! who is it now?—I cannot blame my lord Calianax for going away: Would he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own, in the twinkling of an eye.—What's the news now?

Within.] I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the master-cook?

Diag. If I open the door, I will cook some of your calves heads. Peace, rogues!—Again! who is it?

Mel. [*within.*] Melantius.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O, my lord, I must. Make room there for my lord.

Enter MELANTIUS.

Is your lady placed? [*To Mel.*

Mel. Yes, sir,
I thank you. My lord Calianax, well met.
Your causeless hate to me, I hope, is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here,
That brings my own poor child to timeless death:
She loves your friend Amintor; such another
False-hearted lord as you.

Mel. You do me wrong,
A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance! But be well advised.

Cal. It may be so. Who placed the lady there,
So near the presence of the king?

Mel. I did.

Cal. My lord, she must not sit there.

Mel. Why?

Cal. The place is kep for women of more worth.

Mel. More worth than she? It mis-becomes your age,
And place, to be thus womanish. Forbear!
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The palsy shook your tongue to.

Cal. Why, it is well, if I stand here to place men's wenches.

Mel. I shall forget this place, thy age, my safety,
And, thorough all, cut that poor sickly week,
Thou hast to live, away from thee.

Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your whore.

Mel. Bate the king, and be he flesh and blood,
He lies, that says it! Thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her.
Diag. Good my lord!
Mel. Some god pluck threescore years from that fond man,
That I may kill him, and not stain mine honour.
It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace
They shall be braved by such ignoble men,
As, if the land were troubled, would with tears
And knees beg succour from them. 'Would, that blood,
That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight,
Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee
Apt to say less, or able to maintain,
Should'st thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is nought
But a place privileged to do men wrong.
Cal. Ay, you may say your pleasure.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. What vile injury
Has stirred my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hand?
Mel. That heap of age, which I should reverence,
If it were temperate; but testy years
Are most contemptible.
Amin. Good sir, forbear.
Cal. There is just such another as yourself.
Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose,
Since this our match. The king is coming in:
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy,
He should perceive you raging. He did hear
You were at difference now, which hastened him.
Cal. Make room there! [*Hautboys play within.*

Enter KING, EVADNE, ASPATIA, *lords, and ladies.*

King. Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still: But this is not a place
To brabble in. Calianax, join hands.
Cal. He shall not have my hand.
King. This is no time
To force you to it. I do love you both:
Calianax, you look well to your office;
And you, Melantius, are welcome home.
Begin the masque!
Mel. Sister, I joy to see you, and your choice.
You looked with my eyes, when you took that man:
Be happy in him! [*Recorders play.*
Evad. O, my dearest brother!
Your presence is more joyful than this day
Can be unto me.

THE MASQUE.

Night rises in mists.

Night. Our reign is come; for in the raging sea
The sun is drowned, and with him fell the day.
Bright Cinthia, hear my voice; I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrowed light.
Appear; no longer thy pale visage shroud,
But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face;
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our solemnities.

Enter CINTHIA.

How dull and black am I! I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am so blind.
Methinks, they shew like to those eastern streaks,
That warn us hence, before the morning breaks.
Back, my pale servant, for these eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.
Cinth. Great queen, they be a troop, for whom alone
One of my clearest moons I have put on;
A troop, that looks as if thyself and I
Had plucked our reins in, and our whips laid by,
To gaze upon these mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.
Night. Then let us keep them here;
And never more our chariots drive away,
But hold our places, and out-shine the day.
Cinth. Great queen of shadows, you are pleased to speak
Of more than may be done: We may not break
The gods' decrees; but, when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the day our room.
Night. Then shine at full, fair queen, and by thy power
Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,
Of nymphs and shepherds: Let their songs discover,
Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover.
Or, if thou woo't, then call thine own Endymion,
From the sweet flowery bed he lies upon,
On Latmus' top, thy pale beams drawn away;
And of this long night let him make a day.
Cinth. Thou dream'st, dark queen; that fair boy was not mine,
Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales: Poets, when they rage,
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.
But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a noble memory
Of what these lovers are. Rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deeps; thy surges lade away,
Neptune, great king of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded.

NEPTUNE *rises.*

Nept. Cinthia, see,
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither: Let me know,
Why I ascend?
Cinth. Doth this majestic show
Give thee no knowledge yet?
Nept. Yes, now I see
Something intended, Cinthia, worthy thee.
Go on; I'll be a helper.
Cinth. Hie thee, then,
And charge the wind fly from his rocky den.
Let loose thy subjects; only Boreas,
Too foul for our intention, as he was,
Still keep him fast chained: We must have none here
But vernal blasts, and gentle winds appear;

ı as blow flowers, and thro' the glad boughs
sing
ıy soft welcomes to the lusty spring:
ıe are our music. Next, thy watery race
g on in couples (we are pleased to grace
noble night), each in their richest things
r own deeps, or the broken vessel, brings.
ırodigal, and I shall be as kind,
shine at full upon you.
Nept. Ho! the wind-
ımanding Æolus!

Enter ÆOLUS, *out of a rock.*

Col. Great Neptune?
Nept. He.
Col. What is thy will?
Nept. We do command thee free
ınius, and thy milder winds, to wait
n our Cinthia; but tie Boreas straight;
too rebellious.
Col. I shall do it.
Nept. Do.———
Col. Great master of the flood, and all below,
full command has taken.——Ho! the Main!
tune!
Nept. Here.
Col. Boreas has broke his chain,
, struggling, with the rest has got away.
Nept. Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea;
will not long be thence. Go once again,
call out of the bottoms of the main
Proteus, and the rest; charge them put on
ır greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone
beaten rock breeds; 'till this night is done
ne a solemn honour to the moon.
like a full sail.
Col. I am gone.
Cinth. Dark Night,
ce a full silence; do a thorough right
his great chorus; that our music may
ch high as heaven, and make the east break
day
nid-night. [*Music.*

SONG.

Cinthia, to thy power and thee,
We obey.
Joy to this great company!
And no day
Come to steal this night away,
'Till the rites of love are ended;
And the lusty bridegroom say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended.

Pace out, you watery powers below;
Let your feet,
Like the gallies when they row,
Even beat.
Let your unknown measures, set
To the still winds, tell to all,
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial.
[The measure.

SONG.

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done:
The day will come too soon;
Young maids will curse thee, if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their losses open to the day:
Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the bride.
Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover
The kisses of her lover.
Stay, and confound her tears, and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings;
Stay, and hide all,
But help not, tho' she call.

Nept. Great queen of us and heaven, hear
what I bring
To make this hour a full one,
If not o'ermeasure.
Cinth. Speak, sea's king.
Nept. The tunes my Amphitrite joys to have,
When they will dance upon the rising wave,
And court me as she sails. My tritons, play
Music to lead a storm; I'll lead the way.
[*Measure.*

SONG.

To bed, to bed; come Hymen, lead the bride,
And lay her by her husband's side:
Bring in the virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone;
That they may kiss while they may say, a maid;
To-morrow, 'twill be other, kiss'd, and said.
Hesperus be long a shining,
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

Æol. Ho! Neptune!
Nept. Æolus!
Æol. The seas go high,
Boreas hath rais'd a storm: Go and apply
Thy trident; else, I prophesy, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away.
Descend with all thy gods, and all their power,
To strike a calm.
Cinth. A thanks to every one, and to gratulate
So great a service, done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher
Than you have wished for; no ebb shall dare
To let the day see, where your dwellings are.
Now back unto your government in haste,
Lest your proud charge should swell above the
waste,
And win upon the island.
Nept. We obey.
[*Neptune descends, and the sea gods.*
Cinth. Hold up thy head, dead Night; seest
thou not day?
The east begins to lighten: I must down,
And give my brother place.
Night. Oh, I could frown
To see the Day; the Day, that flings his light
Upon my kingdom, and contemns old Night!

Let him go on and flame! I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his axletree;
And all fall drenched. But I forgot; speak, queen.
The day grows on; I must no more be seen.
Cinth. Heave up thy drowsy head again, and see
A greater light, a greater majesty,
Between our sect and us! Whip up thy team!
The day-break's here, and yon sun-flaring beam
Shot from the south. Say, which way wilt thou go?
Night. I'll vanish into mists.
Cinth. I into day. [*Exeunt.*

THE MASQUE ENDS.

King. Take lights there. Ladies, get the bride to bed.
We will not see you laid. Good night, Amintor;
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony.
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.
Amin. All happiness to you.
King. Good night, Melantius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, *and other ladies.*

Evad. DULA, 'Would, thou could'st instil
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!
Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell:
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.
Dula. She is in love: Hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my country. I love, too,
To do those things that people in love do.
Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek:
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My night: and all your hands have been employed
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, Evadne; 'would, my worth
Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,
Or both, thought so! Perhaps, he found me worthless:
But, till he did so, in these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he poured the sweetest words
That art or love could frame. If he were false,
Pardon it, Heaven! And if I did want
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;
For I have lost none, that I had from you.
Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.
Asp. 'Would, I could! then should I leave the cause.
Evad. See, if you have not spoiled all Dula's mirth.
Asp. Thou thinkest thy heart hard; but if thou be'st caught,
Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire
Shot suddenly into thee.
Dula. That's not so good; let them shoot any thing but fire, I fear them not.
Asp. Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.
Evad. Ladies, good night: I'll do the rest myself.
Dula. Nay, let your lord do some.

Asp. *Lay a garland on my hearse,*
Of the dismal yew.

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.
Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.
Evad. How is it, madam?

SONG.

Asp. *Lay a garland on my hearse,*
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true:
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie on it, madam! the words are so strange, they are able to make one dream of hobgoblins. 'I could never have the power:' Sing that, Dula.

Dula. *I could never have the pow'r*
To love one above an hour,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to fly:
Venus, fix thou mine eyes fast,
Or, if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

Evad. So, leave me now.
Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.
Asp. Madam, good night. May all the marriage joys
That longing maids imagine in their beds,
Prove so unto you. May no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you! But, if there do,
Enquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I; but, if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him; so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me.
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,
Come all, and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story, and a tear,
To offer at it, when I go to earth.
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins, that shall sing, by course,
The truth of maids, and perjuries of men.
Evad. Alas, I pity thee. [*Exit Evad.*
Omnes. Madam, good night.
1 *Lady.* Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.
Dula. Where's my lord?

Enter AMINTOR.

1 *Lady.* Here, take this light.

Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
the wrongs, that you have done to me,
ly forgotten in my death!
ole you no more; yet I will take
ig kiss, and will not be denied.
ome, my lord, and see the virgins weep,
am laid in earth, though you yourself
w no pity. Thus I wind myself
s willow garland, and am prouder,
vas once your love, though now refused,
have had another true to me.
my prayers I leave you, and must try
t unpractised way to grieve and die. [*Exit.*
. Come, ladies, will you go?
s. Good night, my lord.
. Much happiness unto you all!
[*Exeunt ladies.*
at lady wrong: Methinks, I feel
f shoot suddenly through all my veins.
es run: This is strange at such a time.
he king first moved me to't; but he
my will in keeping. Why do I
myself thus? Something whispers me,
t to bed.' My guilt is not so great
wn conscience, too sensible,
nake me think: I only brake a promise,
as the king that forced me. Timorous flesh,
ak'st thou so? Away, my idle fears!

Enter EVADNE.

she is, the lustre of whose eye
t away the sad remembrance
ese things. Oh, my Evadne, spare
der body; let it not take cold.
ours of the night will not fall here;
my love. Hymen will punish us
ig slack performers of his rites.
hou to call me?
. No.
. Come, come, my love,
us loose ourselves to one another.
: thou up so long?
. I am not well.
. To bed then; let me wind thee in these
rms,
ve banished sickness.
. Good my lord,
t sleep.
. Evadne, we will watch;
no sleeping.
. I'll not go to bed.
. I prithee, do.
. I will not for the world.
Why, my dear love?
Why? I have sworn I will not.
Sworn!
Ay.
How! sworn, Evadne?
Yes, sworn, Amintor;
swear again, if you will wish to hear me.
To whom have you sworn this?
If I should name him, the matter were
ot great.

Amin. Come, this is but the coyness of a bride.
Evad. The coyness of a bride?
Amin. How prettily that frown becomes thee.
Evad. Do you like it so?
Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a look,
But I shall like it.
Evad. What look likes you best?
Amin. Why do you ask?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. How's that?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. I prithee, put thy jests in milder looks.
It shews as thou wert angry.
Evad. So, perhaps,
I am indeed.
Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,
Thy yet un-conquer'd self, I will revenge thee.
Evad. Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me,
Thou weighest not any thing compared with me:
Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
Or in the life to come, are light as air
To a true lover, when his lady frowns,
And bids him *do this.* Wilt thou kill this man?
Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin
Off from thy lips.
Amin. I will not swear, sweet love,
Till I do know the cause.
Evad. I would, thou would'st.
Why, it is thou, that wrong'st me; I hate thee;
Thou should'st have killed thyself.
Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man, you hated.
Evad. Know it then, and do it.
Amin. Oh, no; what look soe'er thou shalt put on
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false:
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and to bed.
This cannot be
Thy natural temper. Shall I call thy maids?
Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some fever rages in thy blood.
Evad. Neither, Amintor: Think you I am mad,
Because I speak the truth?
Amin. Will you not lie with me to-night?
Evad. To-night! you talk as if I would hereafter.
Amin. Hereafter! yes, I do.
Evad. You are deceived.
Put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I shall utter; for the oracle
Knows nothing truer: 'tis not for a night.
Or two, that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.
Amin. I dream! Awake, Amintor!
Evad. You hear right.
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,

Than sleep one night with thee. This is not feigned,
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.
Amin. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joys of marriage? Hymen, keep
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears;
Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine,
To after-ages: We will scorn thy laws,
If thou no better bless them. Touch the heart
Of her, that thou hast sent me, or the world
Shall know: There's not an altar, that will smoke
In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;
Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood.
I do rage in vain;
She can but jest. O, pardon me, my love!
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear;
It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt: Confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.
Evad. Do you invent the form:
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and conjurers can put together,
And I will take it. I have sworn before,
And here, by all things holy, do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt over now?
Amin. I know too much. 'Would I had doubted still!
Was ever such a marriage night as this!
Ye powers above, if you did ever mean
Man should be used thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himself, and save his honour.
Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate course to run:
I must live scorned, or be a murderer.
Is there a third? Why is this night so calm?
Why does not heaven speak in thunder to us,
And drown her voice?
Evad. This rage will do no good.
Amin. Evadne, hear me: Thou hast ta'en an oath,
But such a rash one, that, to keep it, were
Worse than to swear it: Call it back to thee;
Such vows as those never ascend to heaven;
A tear or two will wash it quite away.
Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful; for, without boast,
This land was proud of me. What lady was there,
That men called fair and virtuous in this isle,
That would have shunned my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth. Oh! we vain men,
That trust out all our reputation,
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me, from the bottom of despair,
To all the joys thou hast; I know, thou wilt;
And make me careful, lest the sudden change
O'ercome my spirits.
Evad. When I call back this oath,
The pains of hell environ me!
Amin. I sleep, and am too temperate! Come to bed!
Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a soul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear
About their arms——
Evad. Why, so, perhaps, they are.
Amin. I will drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!
Evad. I fear thee not. Do what thou darest to me!
Every ill-sounding word, or threatening look,
Thou shewest to me, will be revenged at full.
Amin. It will not, sure, Evadne?
Evad. Do not you hazard that.
Amin. Have you your champions?
Evad. Alas, Amintor, thinkest thou I forbear
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart
There dwells as much desire as ever yet
Was known to woman.
But it was the folly of thy youth
To think this beauty, to what land soever
It shall be called, shall stoop to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: You guess the man.
Amin. No; let me know the man, that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northern wind.
Evad. You dare not strike him.
Amin. Do not wrong me so.
Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant,
That it were death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him.
Evad. Why, it is the king.
Amin. The king!
Evad. What will you do now?
Amin. It is not the king!
Evad. What did he make this match for, dull Amintor?
Amin. Oh, thou hast named a word, that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred name,
'The king,' there lies a terror. What frail man
Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
Speak to him, when they please; till when, let us
Suffer, and wait.
Evad. Why should you fill yourself so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.
Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy, then,
To marry me?
Evad. Alas, I must have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of husband to me, that my sin may be
More honourable.
Amin. What a strange thing am I!
Evad. A miserable one; one, that myself.
Am sorry for.

Amin. Why, shew it then in this:
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live
In after ages, crossed in their desires,
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good;
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a lingering wretch.
Evad. I must have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;
Else, by this night, I would: I pity thee.
Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have fallen
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not wronged;
Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it. Reputation!
Thou art a word, no more.—But thou hast shewn
An impudence so high, that to the world
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thyself.
Evad. To cover shame, I took thee; never fear
That I would blaze myself.
Amin. Nor let the king
Know, I conceive he wrongs me; then mine honour
Will thrust me into action, though my flesh
Could bear with patience. And it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I knew this,
Before I touched thee; else, had all the sins
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the king,
I had gone through them to his heart and thine.
I have lost one desire: 'Tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed now, I resolve,
He has dishonoured thee. Give me thy hand;
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close;
'Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber floor
I'll rest to-night, that morning visitors
May think we did as married people use.
And, prithee, smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleased
With what we did.
Evad. Fear not; I will do this.
Amin. Come, let us practise; and, as wantonly
As ever loving bride and bridegroom met,
Let's laugh and enter here.
Evad. I am content.
Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled heart!
When we walk thus entwined, let all eyes see,
If ever lovers better did agree. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ASPATIA, ANTIPHILA, *and* OLYMPIAS.

Asp. Away, you are not sad; force it no further.
Good gods, how well you look! Such a full colour
Young bashful brides put on. Sure, you are new married!
Ant. Yes, madam, to your grief.
Asp. Alas, poor wenches!
Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves;
Learn to be flattered, and believe, and bless
The double tongue, that did it. Make a faith
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,
Such as spake truth, and died in it; and, like me,
Believe all faithful, and be miserable.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak, Olympias:
Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.
Olym. Never.
Asp. Nor you, Antiphila?
Ant. Nor I.
Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise:
At least, be more than I was; and be sure
You credit any thing the light gives light to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruined merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
(Forced by ill fate) take to your maiden bosoms
Two dead-cold aspicks, and of them make lovers:
They cannot flatter, nor forswear; one kiss
Makes a long peace for all. But man,
Oh, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls!
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shews a fine sorrow. Mark, Antiphila;
Just such another was the nymph Œnone,
When Paris brought home Helen. Now, a tear;
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queen, when, from a cold sea-rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear. Antiphila,
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turned her to marble! It is enough, my wench!
Shew me the piece of needlework you wrought.
Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?
Asp. Yes, that piece.
This should be Theseus; he has a cozening face:
You meant him for a man?
Ant. He was so, madam.
Asp. Why, then, 'tis well enough. Never look back;
You have a full wind, and a false heart, Theseus!
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?
Ant. Not as I remember.
Asp. It should have been so. Could the gods know this,
And not, of all their number, raise a storm?
But they are all as ill! This false smile was
Well expressed; just such another caught me!
You shall not go on so, Antiphila:
In this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear:
Do that Fear to the life, wench.
Ant. It will wrong the story.
Asp. It will make the story, wronged by wanton poets,
Live long, and be believed. But where's the lady?
Ant. There, madam.
Asp. Fie! you have missed it here, Antiphila;
You are much mistaken, wench:
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To shew a soul so full of misery

As this sad lady's was. Do it by me;
Do it again, by me, the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true, but the wild island.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desart; and let all about me
Tell, that I am forsaken. Do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila: Strive to make me look
Like sorrow's monument! And the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and, behind me,
Make all a desolation. Look, look, wenches!
A miserable life of this poor picture!
Olym. Dear madam!
Asp. I have done. Sit down; and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes; that point there.
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. The king may do this, and he may not do it:
My child is wronged, disgraced. Well, how now, huswives!
What, at your ease? Is this a time to sit still?
Up, you young lazy rogues, up, or I'll swinge you!
Olym. Nay, good my lord.
Cal. You'll lie down shortly. Get you in, and work!
What, are you grown so resty you want heats?
We shall have some of the court-boys beat you shortly.
Ant. My lord, we do no more than we are charged.
It is the lady's pleasure we be thus in grief:
She is forsaken.
Cal. There's a rogue too;
A young dissembling slave! Well, get you in!
I'll have a bout with that boy. 'Tis high time
Now to be valiant: I confess my youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an ass?
A court-stale? Well, I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I will!
And there's another of them, a trim cheating soldier;
I'll maul that rascal; he has out-braved me twice;
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant.
Go, get you in! I'll take a course with all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter CLEON, STRATO, *and* DIPHILUS.

Cle. YOUR sister is not up yet.
Diph. Knock at the door.
Stra. We shall interrupt them.
Diph. No matter. Good morrow, sister!

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Who's there? my brother! I'm no readier yet.
Your sister is but now up.
Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to-night:
I think you have not slept.
Amin. I'faith I have not.
Diph. You have done better, then.
Amin. We ventured for a boy: When he is twelve,
He shall command against the foes of Rhodes.
Shall we be merry?
Stra. You cannot; you want sleep.
Amin. 'Tis true.—But she,
As if she had drank Lethe, or had made
Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound——
Diph. What's that?
Amin. Your sister frets
This morning; and does turn her eyes upon me,
As people on their headsman. She does chafe
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks:
She's in another world.
Cleo. You do deserve her.
Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and that wild breath,
That was so rude and rough to me last night,
Was sweet as April. I'll be guilty too,
If these be the effects. [*Aside.*

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. Good day, Amintor! for, to me, the name
Of brother is too distant: We are friends,
And that is nearer.
Amin. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee. Is it possible?
Mel. What sudden gaze is this?
Amin. 'Tis wondrous strange!
Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that, it knows so well? There's nothing here,
That is not thine.
Amin. I wonder much, Melantius,
To see those noble looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art: And, on the sudden,
'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour;
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every ill. But——
Mel. Stay, stay, my friend;
I fear this sound will not become our loves.
No more; embrace me.
Amin. Oh, mistake me not:
I know thee to be full of all those deeds,
That we frail men call good; but, by the course
Of nature, thou shouldst be as quickly changed
As are the winds; dissembling as the sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up,
And shoots them at the sun, destroying all
He carries on him.—Oh, how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts! [*Aside.*

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?
Amin. I've wed thy sister, who hath virtuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family; and it is strange,
That you should feel no want.
Mel. Believe me, this compliment's too cunning for me.
Diph. What should I be then, by the course of nature,
They having both robbed me of so much virtue?
Stra. Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,
That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes down.
Amin. Evadne!
Evad. [*within.*] My lord!
Amin. Come forth, my love!
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.
Evad. I am not ready yet.
Amin. Enough, enough.
Evad. They will mock me.
Amin. Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter EVADNE.

Mel. Good-morrow, sister! He that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy;
You have enough. Take heed
You be not proud.—Amintor!
Amin. Ha!
Mel. Thou art sad.
Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that. Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?
Mel. How!
Amin. Prithee, let us.
Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.
Amin. I am so lightened with my happiness!
How dost thou, love? kiss me.
Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.
Amin. Nothing but what becomes us. Gentlemen,
'Would you had all such wives, and all the world,
That I might be no wonder! You are all sad:
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.
Mel. 'Tis well you are so.
Amin. Well? how can I be other, when she looks thus.
Is there no music there? let's dance.
Mel. Why, this is strange, Amintor!
Amin. I do not know myself;
Yet I could wish my joy were less.
Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.
Evad. Amintor, hark. [*Aside.*
Amin. What says my love? I must obey.
Evad. You do it scurvily, it will be perceived.
Cleo. My lord, the king is here.

Enter KING *and* LYSIPPUS.

Amin. Where?
Stra. And his brother.
King. Good morrow, all!
Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee!
And, madam, you are altered since I saw you;
I must salute you; you are now another's.
Amintor, wert thou truly honest, 'till
Thou wert married?
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. Tell me, then; you will trust me, Amintor,
To chuse a wife for you again?
Amin. No, never, sir.
King. Why? like you this so ill?
Amin. So well I like her,
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto Heaven will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:
For which the thanks are yours. But if the powers,
That rule us, please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife,
Worthy to take her room.
King. I do not like this.
All forbear the room, but you, Amintor,
And your lady. I have some speech with you,
That may concern your after living well.
Amin. He will not tell me, that he lies with her?
If he do, something heavenly stay my heart,
For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine
To acts unlawful!
King. You will suffer me to talk
With her, Amintor, and not have a jealous pang?
Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife with whom she dares
To talk, and not be jealous.
King. How do you like
Amintor?
Evad. As I did, sir.
King. How is that?
Evad. As one that, to fulfil your will and pleasure,
I have given leave to call me wife and love.
King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin;
They, that break word with Heaven, will break again
With all the world, and so dost thou with me.
Evad. How, sir?
King. This subtle woman's ignorance
Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oaths,
So great, methought, they did not well become
A woman's mouth, that thou would'st ne'er enjoy
A man but me.
Evad. I never did swear so; you do me wrong.
King. Day and night have heard it.
Evad. I swore, indeed, that I would never love
A man of lower place; but, if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him,
That won your throne: I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet
Touched any other, leprosy light here
Upon my face; which for your royalty
I would not stain!
King. Why, thou dissemblest, and it is in me
To punish thee.
Evad. Why, it is in me, then,
Not to love you, which will more afflict your body,
Than your punishment can mine.

King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.
Evad. I have not.
King. Impudence! he says himself so.
Evad. He lies.
King. He does not.
Evad. By this light he does, strangely and basely!
And I'll prove it so. I did not shun him
For a night; but told him, I would never close
With him.
King. Speak lower; 'tis false.
Evad. I am no man
To answer with a blow; or, if I were,
You are the king! But urge me not; it is most true.
King. Do not I know the uncontrouled thoughts,
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high
With expectation, and desire of that
He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain
As this our age hath known? What could he do,
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruin thee for ever? If he had not killed thee,
He could not bear it thus. He is as we,
Or any other wronged man.
Evad. It is dissembling.
King. Take him! farewell! henceforth I am thy foe;
And what disgraces I can blot thee, look for.
Evad. Stay, sir!—Amintor!—You shall hear.—Amintor!
Amin. What, my love?
Evad. Amintor, thou hast an ingenuous look,
And should'st be virtuous: It amazeth me,
That thou canst make such base malicious lies!
Amin. What, my dear wife?
Evad. Dear wife! I do despise thee.
Why, nothing can be baser than to sow
Dissention amongst lovers.
Amin. Lovers! who?
Evad. The king and me.
Amin. O, Heaven!
Evad. Who should live long, and love without distaste,
Were it not for such pickthanks as thyself!
Did you lie with me? Swear now, and be punished
In hell for this!
Amin. The faithless sin I made
To fair Aspatia, is not yet revenged;
It follows me. I will not lose a word
To this vile woman: But to you, my king,
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,
You are a tyrant!
And not so much to wrong an honest man thus,
As to take a pride in talking with him of it.
Evad. Now, sir, see how loud this fellow lied.
Amin. You, that can know to wrong, should know how men
Must right themselves: What punishment is due
From me to him, that shall abuse my bed?
Is it not death? Nor can that satisfy,
Unless I send your lives through all the land,
To shew how nobly I have freed myself.
King. Draw not thy sword; thou know'st I cannot fear
A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the weight
Of this, if thou dost rage.
Amin. The weight of that!
If you have any worth, for heaven's sake, think
I fear not swords; for as you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it. But there is
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions: As you are my king,
I fall before you, and present my sword
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.
Alas! I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of madness: For, compare my injuries,
And they will well appear too sad a weight
For reason to endure! But, fall I first
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what
I have to say) why did you chuse out me
To make thus wretched? There were thousand fools
Easy to work on, and of state enough,
Within the island.
Evad. I would not have a fool;
It were no credit for me.
Amin. Worse and worse!
Thou, that darest talk unto thy husband thus,
Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,
Resolve to be so still——It is my fate
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the world!
But there were wise ones too; you might have ta'en
Another.
King. No; for I believed thee honest,
As thou wert valiant.
Amin. All the happiness
Bestowed upon me, turns into disgrace.
Gods, take your honesty again, for I
Am loaden with it! Good my lord the king,
Be private in it.
King. Thou may'st live, Amintor,
Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a means, that we may meet in secret.
Amin. A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast! A bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects,
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that; and, through a sea of sins,
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here, and after life, upon my soul!
King. Well, I am resolute you lie not with her;
And so I leave you. [*Exit King.*
Evad. You must needs be prating;
And see what follows.
Amin. Prithee, vex me not!
Leave me! I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murder on me.
Evad. I am gone;
I love my life well. [*Exit Evadne.*

ı. I hate mine as much.
ı to break a troth! I should be glad,
ıs tide of grief would make me mad. [*Exit.*

Enter MELANTIUS.

I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,
ıdship shall be idle.

Enter CALIANAX.

O Melantius, my daughter will die.
Trust me, I am sorry.
thou hadst ta'en her room!
Thou art a slave,
hroat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!
Take heed, old man! thou wilt be heard
to rave,
ıe thine offices.
I am valiant grown,
hese years, and thou art but a slave!
Leave! Some company will come, and I
respect
ars, not thee, so much, that I could wish
ţh at thee alone.
I'll spoil your mirth! I mean to fight with
thee.
ie, my cloak! This was my father's sword,
durst fight. Are you prepared?
Why wilt thou doat thyself out of thy life?
get thee to bed! have careful looking to,
ıt warm things, and trouble not me:
ıd is full of thoughts, more weighty
hy life or death can be.
You have a name in war, where you stand
safe
ıst a multitude; but I will try
ou dare do unto a weak old man,
le fight. You will give ground, I fear.
draw.
I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy
death
hee with a stroke. There's no one blow,
ıou canst give, hath strength enough to kill
me.
me not so far then: The power of earth
ot redeem thee.
I must let him alone;
out and able; and, to say the truth,
er I may set a face, and talk,
ot valiant. When I was a youth,
my credit with a testy trick I had,
ıst cowards, but durst never fight.
I will not promise to preserve your life,
do stay.
I would give half my land,
durst fight with that proud man a little.
d men to hold him, I would beat him,
asked me mercy.
Sir, will you be gone?
I dare not stay; but I'll go home and beat
vants all over for this. [*Exit Calianax.*
This old fellow haunts me!
ı distracted carriage of my Amintor
deeply on me! I will find the cause.
ıis conscience cries, he wronged Aspatia.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Men's eyes are not so subtle to perceive
My inward misery: I bear my grief,
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched,
then?
For aught I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one, I talk with of his wife,
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,
As I am. 'Would I knew it; for the rareness
Afflicts me now.

Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoyed our friendship of late, for we were wont to change our souls in talk.

Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest of Strato and a lady the last day.

Mel. How was it?

Amin. Why, such an odd one!

Mel. I have longed to speak with you; not of an idle jest, that's forced, but of matter you are bound to utter to me.

Amin. What is that, my friend?

Mel. I have observed your words
Fall from your tongue wildly; and all your carriage
Like one, that strove to shew his merry mood,
When he were ill disposed; You were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity.
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover o'er with smiles, and 'twill not be.
What is it?

Amin. A sadness here! what cause
Can fate provide for me, to make me so?
Am I not loved through all this isle? The king
Rains greatness on me. Have I not received
A lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks
Immutable colour, in her heart
A prison for all virtue? Are not you,
Which is above all joys, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? No; I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were. Faith, marry too;
And you will feel so unexpressed a joy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed
Appear another.

Mel. You may shape, Amintor,
Causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And yourself too; but 'tis not like a friend,
To hide your soul from me. 'Tis not your nature
To be thus idle: I have seen you stand,
As you were blasted, 'midst of all your mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly!—World, what do I here? a friend
Is nothing! Heaven, I would have told that man
My secret sins! I'll search an unknown land,
And there plant friendship; all is withered here.
Come with a compliment! I would have fought,
Or told my friend 'he lied,' ere soothed him so.
Out of my bosom!

Amin. But there is nothing———

Mel. Worse and worse! farewell!
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

Amin. Melantius, stay: You shall know what it is.
Mel. See, how you played with friendship! Be advised
How you give cause unto yourself to say,
You have lost a friend.
Amin. Forgive what I have done;
For I am so o'ergone with injuries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do. Oh, oh!
Mel. Do not weep.
What is it? May I once but know the man
Hath turned my friend thus!
Amin. I had spoke at first,
But that———
Mel. But what?
Amin. I held it most unfit
For you to know. Faith, do not know it yet.
Mel. Thou seest my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears; hide nothing then from me;
For, when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine old armour I'll adorn myself,
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,
Unto thy quiet; till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotless innocence.
What is it?
Amin. Why, 'tis this———It is too big
To get out———Let my tears make way awhile.
Mel. Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he escape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!
Amin. Your sister———
Mel. Well said.
Amin. You will wish it unknown,
When you have heard it.
Mel. No.
Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the king has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredom with him.
Mel. How is this?
Thou art run mad with injury, indeed;
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak again;
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.
Amin. She's wanton: I am loth to say, a whore,
Though it be true.
Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up, beyond throwing down: What are thy griefs?
Amin. By all our friendship, these.
Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and stick the brand
Of whore upon my sister, unrevenged?
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,
With what unwillingness I go to scourge
This railer, whom my folly hath called friend!
I will not take thee basely; thy sword
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance. Draw thy sword!
Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high
As the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me ease
Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.
Mel. This is base
And fearful. They, that use to utter lies,
Provide not blows, but words, to qualify
The men they wronged. Thou hast a guilty cause.
Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
(Which is a passion easier to be borne)
And I shall then be happy.
Mel. Take then more
To raise thine anger: 'Tis mere cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead,
However. But, if thou art so much pressed
With guilt and fear, as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy memory loathed, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.
Amin. Then I draw,
As justly as our magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off. I knew before,
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,
If I be killed; and, if you fall by me,
I shall not long outlive you.
Mel. Stay awhile.—
The name of friend is more than family,
Or all the world besides: I was a fool!
Thou searching human nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrust'st me upon questions, that will take
My sleep away! 'Would I had died, ere known
This sad dishonour! Pardon me, my friend!
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my sister is a whore,
A leprous one! Put up thy sword, young man.
Amin. How should I bear it then, she being so?
I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;
And I shall do a foul act on myself,
Through these disgraces.
Mel. Better half the land
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor;
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adulterous king,
That drew her to it! Where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?
Amin. What is it then to me,
If it be wrong to you?
Mel. Why, not so much:
The credit of our house is thrown away.
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this king! My honesty
Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.
Amin. I have quite undone my fame.
Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes,
And cast a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is so wild as I, thy friend,
Till I have freed thee. Still this swelling breast!
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance, till I find thy heart at peace.

. It must not be so. Stay! Mine eyes would
ell
h I am to this; but, love and tears,
ıe awhile; for I have hazarded
this world calls happy. Thou hast wrought
t from me, under name of friend,
art could ne'er have found, nor torture
wrung
ıt my bosom: Give it me again;
ill find it, wheresoe'er it lies,
he mortal'st part! Invent a way
it back.
Why would you have it back?
› death pursue him with revenge.
. Therefore I call it back from thee; for
I know
od so high, that thou wilt stir in this,
ume me to posterity. Take to thy weapon!
Hear thy friend, that bears more years
han thou.
. I will not hear! but draw, or I——
Amintor!
. Draw then; for I am full as resolute
e and honour can enforce me be!
t linger. Draw!
I do. But is not
re of credit equal with thine,
stir?
. No; for it will be called
in thee to spill thy sister's blood,
ıer birth abuse; and, on the king,
revenge: But on me, that have walked
ıtience in it, it will fix the name
ful cuckold, Oh, that word! Be quick.
Then join with me.
. I dare not do a sin, or else I would.
dy.
Then dare not fight with me; for that's a
ıin.
f distracts him; Call thy thoughts again,
thyself pronounce the name of friend,
what that will work. I will not fight.
. You must.
I will be killed first. Though my passions
the like to you, 'tis not this earth
ıy my reason to it. Think awhile,
ı are (I must weep, when I speak that)
besides yourself.
. Oh, my soft temper!
y sweet words from thy sister's mouth,
raid, would make me take her
ıace, and pardon her. I am mad, indeed,
ow not what I do. Yet, have a care
n what thou dost.
Why thinks my friend
ırget his honour? or, to save
very of our house, will lose his fame,
r to touch the throne of majesty?
. A curse will follow that; but rather live,
fer with me.
I'll do what worth shall bid me, and no
nore.

Amin. 'Faith, I am sick, and desperately, I hope;
Yet, leaning thus, I feel a kind of ease.
Mel. Come, take again your mirth about you.
Amin. I shall never do't.
Mel. I warrant you; look up; we'll walk together;
Put thine arm here; all shall be well again.
Amin. Thy love (oh, wretched!) ay, thy love,
Melantius!
Why, I have nothing else.
Mel. Be merry then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MELANTIUS *again.*

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself; but I have cherish'd him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me,
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;
My heart will never fail me. Diphilus!
Thou com'st as sent.

Enter DIPHILUS.

Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.
Mel. Betwixt whom?
Diph. Why, our sister and the king; I thought their spleens would break; they laughed us all out of the room.
Mel. They must weep, Diphilus.
Diph. Must they?
Mel. They must.
Thou art my brother; and if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.
Diph. You should not; I would first mangle myself, and find it.
Mel. That was spoke according to our strain.
Come, join thy hands to mine,
And swear a firmness to what project I
Shall lay before thee.
Diph. You do wrong us both:
People hereafter shall not say, there passed
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.
Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish.
Anon I'll tell you wonders. We are wronged.
Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right ourselves.
Mel. Stay not: Prepare the armour in my house;
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it; haste!
[*Exit Diphilus.*
I hope my cause is just; I know my blood
Tells me it is; and I will credit it.
To take revenge, and lose myself withal,
Were idle; and to escape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which (misery!)
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax——But I must have it. See,

Enter CALIANAX.

Where he comes, shaking by me. Good my lord,
Forget your spleen to me; I never wronged you,
But would have peace with every man.
Cal. 'Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

Mel. You're touchy without all cause.
Cal. Do, mock me.
Mel. By mine honour I speak truth.
Cal. Honour? where is it?
Mel. See, what starts you make into your hatred, to my love and freedom to you. I come with resolution to obtain a suit of you.
Cal. A suit of me! 'Tis very like it should be granted, sir.
Mel. Nay, go not hence:
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,
And I would wish you, by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.
Cal. I am in hope thou art mad,
To talk to me thus.
Mel. But there is a reason
To move you to it: I would kill the king,
That wronged you and your daughter.
Cal. Out, traitor!
Mel. Nay, but stay! I cannot escape, the deed once done,
Without I have this fort.
Cal. And should I help thee?
Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself.
Mel. Come, delay me not;
Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke! refuse not offered love,
When it comes clad in secrets.
Cal. If I say
I will not, he will kill me; I do see it
Writ in his looks; and should I say I will,
He'll run and tell the king. I do not shun
Your friendship, dear Melantius, but this cause
Is weighty; give me but an hour to think.
Mel. Take it. I know this goes unto the king;
But I am armed. [*Exit Melantius.*
Cal. Methinks I feel myself
But twenty now again! this fighting fool
Wants policy! I shall revenge my girl,
And make her red again. I pray, my legs
Will last that pace, that I will carry them:
I shall want breath, before I find the king.

ACT IV.

Enter MELANTIUS, EVADNE, *and a lady.*

Mel. SAVE you!
Evad. Save you, sweet brother!
Mel. In my blunt eye,
Methinks, you look, Evadne———
Evad. Come, you would make me blush.
Mel. I would, Evadne: I shall displease my ends else.
Evad. You shall, if you commend me; I am bashful.
Come, sir, how do I look?
Mel. I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you; 'tis not seemly.
Evad. Go, wait me in the gallery. Now speak.
[*Exeunt ladies.*
Mel. I'll lock the door first.
Evad. Why?
Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that dance
In visitation with their Milan skins,
Choke up my business.
Evad. You are strangely disposed, sir.
Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.
Evad. No; if you praise me, it will make me sad.
Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.
Evad. Brother, the court hath made you witty,
And learn to riddle.
Mel. I praise the court for it: Has it learnt you nothing?
Evad. Me?
Mel. Ay, Evadne; thou art young and handsome,
A lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a kingdom.
Evad. Gentle brother!
Mel. 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle.
Evad. How is this?
Mel. 'Tis base;
And I could blush, at these years, through all
My honoured scars, to come to such a parley.
Evad. I understand you not.
Mel. You dare not, fool!
They, that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.
Evad. My faults, sir! I would have you know, I care not,
If they were written here, here in my forehead.
This is saucy:
Look you intrude no more! There lies your way,
Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
'Till I find truth out.
Evad. What truth is that, you look for?
Mel. Thy long-lost honour. 'Would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.
Evad. How, sir! where got you this report?
Mel. Where there were people, in every place.
Evad. They and the seconds of it are base people:
Believe them not, they lied.
Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not, wretch!
I come to know that desperate fool, that drew thee
From thy fair life: Be wise, and lay him open.
Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners: Such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.
Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honours perish, but I'll find him,
Though he lie locked up in thy blood! Be sudden;
There is no facing it, and be not flattered!

The burnt air, when the Dog reigns, is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, 'till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.
Evad. Be gone! You are my brother; that's your safety.
Mel. I'll be a wolf first! 'Tis, to be thy brother,
As infamy below the sin of coward.
I am as far from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy virtue: Seek a kindred
'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother;
A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?
Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you,
I'll have you whipped! get you to your command,
And there preach to your centinels, and tell them
What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at you.
Mel. You're grown a glorious whore! Where be your fighters?
What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive? By my just sword, he had safer
Bestrid a billow, when the angry north
Plows up the sea, or made heaven's fire his food!
Work me no higher. Will you discover yet?
Evad. The fellow's mad: Sleep, and speak sense.
Mel. Force my swollen heart no further: I would save thee.
Your great maintainers are not here, they dare not:
Would they were all, and armed! I would speak loud;
Here's one should thunder to them! will you tell me?
Thou hast no hope to escape: He, that dares most,
And damns away his soul to do thee service,
Will sooner fetch meat from a hungry lion,
Than come to rescue thee; thou'st death about thee.
Who has undone thine honour, poisoned thy virtue,
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker?
Evad. Let me consider.
Mel. Do, whose child thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murdered, whose grave opened,
And so pulled on the gods, that in their justice
They must restore him flesh again, and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal.
Evad. The gods are not of my mind; they had better
Let them lie sweet still in the earth; they'll stink here.
Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness?
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,
That make men women! Speak, harlot, speak truth!
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,
This sword shall be thy lover! Tell, or I'll kill thee;
And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.
Evad. You will not murder me?
Mel. No? 'tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.
Evad. Help!
Mel. By thy foul self, no human help shall help thee,
If thou criest! When I have killed thee, as I have
Vowed to do, if thou confess not, naked,
As thou hast left thine honour, will I leave thee;
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame, and my justice. Wilt thou bend yet?
Evad. Yes.
Mel. Up, and begin your story.
Evad. Oh, I am miserable!
Mel. 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth still.
Evad. I have offended:
Noble sir, forgive me.
Mel. With what secure slave?
Evad. Do not ask me, sir:
Mine own remembrance is a misery
Too mighty for me.
Mel. Do not fall back again:
My sword's unsheathed yet.
Evad. What shall I do?
Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me then?
Mel. Stay; I must ask
Mine honour first.—I've too much foolish nature
In me: Speak.
Evad. Is there none else here?
Mel. None but a fearful conscience; that's too many.
Who is it?
Evad. Oh, hear me gently. It was the king.
Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my services
Are liberally rewarded. King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast paid me
In my own metal: These are soldiers' thanks!
How long have you lived thus, Evadne?
Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it. Can you be sorry?
Evad. 'Would I were half as blameless!
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again!
Evad. First to my grave.
Mel. 'Would gods thou hadst been so blest!
Dost thou not hate this king now? prithee hate him.
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee, curse him.
Curse, till the gods hear, and deliver him
To thy just wishes! Yet, I fear, Evadne,
You had rather play your game out.
Evad. No; I feel
Too many sad confusions here, to let in
Any loose flame hereafter.
Mel. Dost thou not feel, among all those, one brave anger,
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm
To kill this base king?
Evad. All the gods forbid it!
Mel. No; all the gods require it; they are dishonoured in him.
Evad. 'Tis too fearful.
Mel. You're valiant in his bed, and bold enough

To be a stale hour, and have your madam's name
Discourse for grooms and pages; and, hereafter,
When his cool majesty hath laid you by,
To be at pension with some needy sir,
For meat and coarser cloaths: Thus far you know no fear.
Come, you shall kill him.
Evad. Good sir!
Mel. An 'twere to kiss him dead, thou'dst smother him.
Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know
What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruin
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to help me,
When I shall call thee to it; or, by all
Holy in heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hands,
And, both to heaven held up, swear, by that wealth
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out.
Evad. Here I swear it;
And, all you spirits of abused ladies,
Help me in this performance!
Mel. Enough. This must be known to none
But you and I, Evadne; not to your lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action
As the most daring; ay, as far as justice.
Ask me not why. Farewell. [*Exit Mel.*
Evad. 'Would I could say so to my black disgrace!
Oh, where have I been all this time? how 'friended,
That I should lose myself thus desperately,
And none for pity shew me how I wandered?
There is not in the compass of the light
A more unhappy creature: Sure, I am monstrous!
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
Would dare a woman. Oh, my loaden soul,
Be not so cruel to me; choke not up

Enter AMINTOR.

The way to my repentance! Oh, my lord!
Amin. How now?
Evad. My much abused lord! [*Kneels.*
Amin. This cannot be!
Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.
Amin. Stand up.
This is a new way to beget more sorrow:
Heaven knows I have too many! Do not mock me:
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage. Prithee, do not mock me.
Evad. My w.ble life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set; even with my life.
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.
Amin. Sure I dazzle:
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman,
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin,
Known, and so known as thine is? Oh, Evadne!
'Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance! But I must not:
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering, that I grieve.
Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs: You are an innocent,
A soul as white as heaven; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow, by dissembling with my tears,
(As, all say, women can) or to make less,
What my hot will hath done, which heaven and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance. No, I do not:
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I lived in; the same monster!
But these are names of honour, to what I am:
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most pois'nous, dang'rous, and despised of men,
Lerna e're bred, or Nilus! I am hell,
'Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness. I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemned,
'Till I have got your pardon.
Amin. Rise, Evadne.
Those heavenly powers, that put this good into thee,
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing eyes, if thou playest
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.
Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,
Made for heaven's honours, have their ends, and good ones,
All but the cozening crocodiles, false women!
They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against; and, when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbelieved, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten! But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will;
Since I can do no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something, that is near it:
I will redeem one minute of my age,

ther Niobe, I'll weep
ater.
m now dissolved:
ul melts. May each sin thou hast,
mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
been thus, thus excellently good,
devil king tempted thy frailty,
dst made a star! Give me thy hand.
me I will know thee; and, as far
ives me leave, be thy Amintor.
eet next, I will salute thee fairly,
e gods to give thee happy days.
hall go along with thee,
embraces must be far from thee.
e killed thee, but this sweet repent-

y vengeance; for which thus I kiss
—
we must take! And 'would to heaven
est, that gave our hands together,
s equal virtues! Go, Evadne;
s part our bodies. Have a care
falls no farther: I am well then.
l the dear joys here, and, above,
fter,
air soul! Thus I take leave, my lord;
hall you see the foul Evadne,
ve tried all honoured means, that

st, and wash her stains away.
[*Exeunt.*

T. *Enter* KING *and* CALIANAX.

[*Hautboys play within.*
annot tell how I should credit this
hat are his enemy.
sure
) me; and I'll justify it
e dares oppose—but with my sword.
t did he break, without all circum-
e,
foe, that he would have the fort,
and then escape?
e deny it,
n blush.
sounds incredibly.
so does every thing I say of late.
t so, Calianax.
, I should sit
t a rogue with strong arms cuts your
at.
ell, I will try him; and, if this be true,
y life I'll find it. If it be false,
u clothe your hate in such a lie,
ereafter dote in your own house,
court.
y, if it be a lie,
re false; for, I'll be sworn, I heard it.
e good for nothing: You were best
leath for hearing, and free him
g it. You would have trusted me
he time is altered.

King. And will still,
Where I may do with justice to the world:
You have no witness.
Cal. Yes, myself.
King. No more,
I mean, there were that heard it.
Cal. How! no more?
Would you have more? why, am not I enough
To hang a thousand rogues?
King. But, so, you may
Hang honest men too, if you please.
Cal. I may!
'Tis like I will do so: There are a hundred
Will swear it for a need too, if I say it——
King. Such witnesses we need not.
Cal. And 'tis hard
If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.
King. Enough. Where's Strato.

Enter STRATO.

Stra. Sir!
King. Why, where is all the company? Call
Amintor in;
Evadne. Where's my brother, and Melantius?
Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all,
[*Exit Strato.*
That are without there.—If he should desire
The combat of you, 'tis not in the power
Of all our laws to hinder it, unless
We mean to quit them.
Cal. Why, if you do think
'Tis fit an old man, and a counsellor,
Do fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

Enter AMINTOR, EVADNE, MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO.

King. Come, sirs! Amintor, thou art yet a
bridegroom,
And I will use thee so: Thou shalt sit down.
Evadne, sit; and you, Amintor, too:
This banquet is for you, sir. Who has brought
A merry tale about him, to raise laughter
Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art
thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,
When I desire them not.
Stra. 'Tis my ill luck, sir, so to spend them
then.
King. Reach me a bowl of wine. Melantius,
thou
Art sad.
Mel. I should be, sir, the merriest here,
But I have ne'er a story of my own
Worth telling at this time.
King. Give me the wine.
Melantius, I am now considering
How easy 'twere, for any man we trust,
To poison one of us in such a bowl.
Mel. I think it were not hard, sir, for a knave.
Cal. Such as you are.
King. I'faith, 'twere easy: It becomes us well
To get plain-dealing men about ourselves;

Such as you all are here. Amintor, to thee;
And to thy fair Evadne.
Mel. Have you thought of this, Calianax? [*Apart.*
Cal. Yes, marry, have I.
Mel. And what's your resolution?
Cal. You shall have it, soundly, I warrant you.
King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.
Amin. Here, my love,
This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, 'till thou dost
A fault, 'twere pity.
King. Yet, I wonder much
At the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state:
He could not 'scape, that did it.
Mel. Were he known,
Impossible.
King. It would be known, Melantius.
Mel. It ought to be: If he got then away,
He must wear all our lives upon his sword.
He need not fly the island; he must leave
No one alive.
King. No; I should think no man
Could kill me, and 'scape clear, but that old man.
Cal. But I! heaven bless me! I! should I, my liege?
King. I do not think thou would'st; but yet thou might'st;
For thou hast in thy hands the means to escape,
By keeping of the fort. He has, Melantius,
And he has kept it well.
Mel. From cobwebs, sir,
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other art
In keeping of it now: 'Twas ne'er besieged,
Since he commanded it.
Cal. I shall be sure
Of your good word: But I have kept it safe
From such as you.
Mel. Keep your ill temper in:
I speak no malice. Had my brother kept it,
I should have said as much.
King. You are not merry.
Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still!—Calianax,
I cannot trust this: I have thrown out words,
That would have fetched warm blood upon the cheeks
Of guilty men, and he is never moved:
He knows no such thing. [*Apart.*
Cal. Impudence may 'scape,
When feeble virtue is accused.
King. He must,
If he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:
You see he does not.
Cal. Let him hang himself:
What care I what he does? This he did say.
King. Melantius, you can easily conceive
What I have meant; for men, that are in fault,
Can subtly apprehend, when others aim
At what they do amiss: But I forgive
Freely, before this man. Heaven do so too!
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame
Of telling it. Let it be so no more.
Cal. Why, this is very fine.
Mel. I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean; but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault.
But let me know it: Happily, 'tis nought
But misconstruction; and, where I am clear,
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,
Much less of you.
King. Nay, if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my mercy.
Mel. I want smoothness
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime,
I never knew.
King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you
My ears are every where, you meant to kill me,
And get the fort to escape.
Mel. Pardon me, sir;
My bluntness will be pardoned: You preserve
A race of idle people here about you,
Facers and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those, that do things worthy. The man, that uttered this,
Had perished without food, be it who it will,
But for this arm, that fenced him from the foe.
And, if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainness of my nature would speak more.
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do it)
To kill him, that spake this.
Cal. Ay, that will be
The end of all: Then I am fairly paid
For all my care and service.
Mel. That old man,
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet, I think, excuse me,
And swear he thought me wronged in this.
Cal. Who, I?
Thou shameless fellow! Didst thou not speak to me
Of it thyself.
Mel. Oh, then it came from him?
Cal. From me! who should it come from, but from me?
Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough:
But I have lost my anger. Sir, I hope
You are well satisfied.
King. Lysippus, clear
Amintor and his lady; there's no sound
Comes from you; I will come and do it myself.
Amin. You have done already, sir, for me, I thank you.
King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How slight soe'er you make it.
Mel. 'Tis strange you should.
Cal. 'Tis strange he should believe an old man's word,
That never lied in his life?
Mel. I talk not to thee!
Shall the wild words of this distempered man,

ith age and sorrow, make a breach
our majesty and me? 'Twas wrong
en to him; but to credit him,
at least, as I have power to bear.
on me—whilst I speak only truth,
mmend myself—I have bestowed
ess blood with you, and should be loth
an action, that would make me lose
l my thanks too. When I was a boy,
nyself into my country's cause,
deed, that plucked five years from time,
d me man then. And for you, my king,
jects all have fed by virtue of
This sword of mine hath plowed the
ound,
ed the fruit in peace;
yourself have lived at home in ease.
e I grew, that, without swords,
hath fetched you conquest: And my
art
s are still the same; my will as great
u service. Let me not be paid
h a strange distrust.
Melantius,
great injustice to believe
emy, and did not; if I did,
let that satisfy. What, struck
ness all? More wine!
few fine words
rthrown my truth. Ah, thou art a villain!
Why, thou wert better let me have the
rt;
I will disgrace thee thus for ever:
all no credit lie upon thy words.
tter, and deliver it. [*Apart.*
ly liege,
ie now again to do it. Speak;
if thou canst. Examine him,
is hot; for, if he cool again,
orswear it.
This is lunacy,
Melantius.
Ie hath lost himself
nce his daughter missed the happiness,
gained; and, though he call me foe,
n.
'ity? a pox upon you!
Mark his disordered words! And, at the
nasque,
knows, he raged, and railed at me,
ed a lady whore, so innocent,
erstood him not. But it becomes
i and me too to forgive distraction:
im, as I do.
'll not speak for thee,
hy cunning. If you will be safe,
his head; for there was never known
lent a rascal.
Some, that love him,
to bed. Why, pity should not let
e itself contemptible; we must be
have him away.

Mel. Calianax,
The king believes you; come, you shall go home,
And rest; you have done well.—You'll give it up,
When I have used you thus a month, I hope.
[*Apart.*

Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, sir; he does move me still.
He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort,
When he has used me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, still?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus!
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there
(That has no virtue in him; all's in his sword)
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an ass; and I'm a very fool,
Both with him, and without him, as you use me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

King. 'Tis well, Calianax. But if you use
This once again, I shall entreat some other
To see your offices be well discharged.
Be merry, gentlemen; it grows somewhat late.
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.

Amin. Yes, sir.

King. And you, Evadne. Let me take
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deservest to be, my friend
Still, and for ever. Good Calianax,
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself.
[*Exeunt.*

Manent MELANTIUS *and* CALIANAX.

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope;
I could not be thus else. How dar'st thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?

Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, and that's
The strongest part you have about you.

Cal. Ay,
Do look for some great punishment for this:
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And take it unkindly, that mine enemy
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.

Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thou'lt anger me again. Thou wretched rogue,
Meant me no hurt! Disgrace me with the king;
Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,
Is it? I prithee, what dost thou call hurt?

Mel. To poison men, because they love me not;
To call the credit of men's wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land;
This is all hurt.

Cal. All this thou think'st, is sport;
For mine is worse: But use thy will with me;
For, betwixt grief and anger, I could cry.

Mel. Be wise then, and be safe; thou may'st revenge.

Cal. Ay, o' the king? I would revenge o' thee.

Mel. That you must plot yourself.

Cal. I'm a fine plotter.

Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the king
In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave.
But, if thou wilt deliver up the fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers: Thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.
Cal. If I should tell the king,
Canst thou deny it again?
Mel. Try, and believe.
Cal. Nay, then thou canst bring any thing about.
Thou shalt have the fort.
Mel. Why, well:
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand
Shall right us both. Give me thy aged breast
To compass.
Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee:
And, if I thought it were a courtesy,
Thou should'st not have it. But I am disgraced;
My offices are to be ta'en away;
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,
I do believe, the king would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried.
Ne'er thank me for it; but yet the king shall know
There was some such thing in it I told him of;
And that I was an honest man.
Mel. He'll buy
That knowledge very dearly. Diphilus,

Enter DIPHILUS.

What news with thee?
Diph. This were a night indeed
To do it in: The king hath sent for her.
Mel. She shall perform it then. Go, Diphilus,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The fort; he'll give it thee.
Diph. Have you got that?
Cal. Art thou of the same breed? Canst thou deny
This to the king too?
Diph. With a confidence
As great as his.
Cal. Faith, like enough.
Mel. Away, and use him kindly.
Cal. Touch not me;
I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me,
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;
And hang yourselves.
Mel. Be gone.
Diph. He's finely wrought.
[*Exeunt Cal. and Diph.*
Mel. This is a night, 'spite of astronomers,
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain,
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Melantius, now assist me: If thou be'st
That, which thou sayest, assist me. I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage
So pleasing! Help me.
Mel. Who can see him thus,
And not swear vengeance? What's the matter, friend?
Amin. Out with thy sword! and, hand in hand with me,
Rush to the chamber of this hated king,
And sink him, with the weight of all his sins,
To hell for ever.
Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety. Let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.
Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend: He sent for her to me;
By Heaven, to me, myself! And, I must tell you,
I love her, as a stranger; there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And she repents. I'll do it myself alone,
Though I be slain. Farewell.
Mel. He'll overthrow
My whole design with madness. Amintor,
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as Valour;
But 'tis the king, the king, the king, Amintor,
With whom thou fightest!—I know he's honest,
And this will work with him. [*Aside.*
Amin. I cannot tell
What thou hast said; but thou hast charmed my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here,
Defenceless.
Mel. I will take it up for thee.
Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man!
The thing, that we call honour, bears us all
Headlong to sin, and yet itself is nothing.
Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!
Amin. Just like my fortunes: I was run to that
I purposed to have chid thee for. Some plot,
I did distrust, thou hadst against the king,
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;
There's not the least limb growing to a king,
But carries thunder in it.
Mel. I have none
Against him.
Amin. Why, come then; and still remember,
We may not think revenge.
Mel. I will remember. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter EVADNE, *and a Gentleman.*

Evad. SIR, is the king a-bed?
Gent. Madam, an hour ago.
Evad. Give me the key then, and let none be near;
'Tis the king's pleasure.
Gent. I understand you, madam; 'would 'twere mine.
I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.
Evad. You talk, you talk.
Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the king
Will wake, and then——

Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, sir.

Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one, madam. I am gone. [*Exit.*

[*King a-bed.*

Evad. The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience
Of a lost virgin! whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things, dismal as the depth of hell,
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood, and can fear: 'Tis a daring
Above that desperate fool's, that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight. 'Tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent them; and so great,
The gods want mercy for! Yet, I must thro' them.
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there. He sleeps. Good Heavens!
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,
That hath so long transgressed you? I must kill him,
And I will do it bravely: The mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not
Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps; that were
To rock him to another world: My vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments.
I'll shake his sins like furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience,
And then I'll strike him dead. King, by your leave, [*Ties his arm to the bed.*
I dare not trust your strength. Your grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more.
So: If he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough. My lord the king!
My lord! He sleeps, as if he meant to wake
No more. My lord! Is he not dead already?
Sir! My lord!

King. Who's that?

Evad. Oh, you sleep soundly, sir!

King. My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee. Come to bed.

Evad. I am come at length, sir; but how welcome?

King. What pretty new device is this, Evadne?
What, do you tie me to you? By my love,
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiss me;
I'll be thy Mars; to bed, my queen of love:
Let us be caught together, that the gods
May see, and envy our embraces.

Evad. Stay, sir, stay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.

King. Prithee, to bed then; let me take it warm;
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.

Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul body;
And you must bleed.

King. Bleed!

Evad. Ay, you shall bleed! Lie still; and, it the devil,
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This steel
Comes to redeem the honour, that you stole,
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.

King. How is this, Evadne?

Evad. I am not she; nor bear I in this breas:
So much cold spirit to be called a woman.
I am a tyger; I am any thing
That knows not pity. Stir not! If thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepared; thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double; and so send thee
(By my revenge, I will) to look those torments,
Prepared for such black souls.

King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Evad. No, I am not.
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou foul canker,
(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of virtue,
Till your curst court and you (hell bless you for it!)
With your temptations on temptations,
Made me give up mine honour; for which, king,
I'm come to kill thee.

King. No!

Evad. I am.

King. Thou art not!
I prithee speak not these things: Thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Evad. Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessed fires, that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my steel,
My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless villain!
A thing out of the overcharge of nature;
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching women! such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subjects;
Ay, all his heaven hereafter!

King. Hear, Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy king.

Evad. Thou art my shame! Lie still, there's none about you,
Within your cries: All promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance! [*Stabs him.*

King. Hold, Evadne!
I do command thee hold.

Evad. I do not mean, sir,
To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.

King. What bloody villain
Provoked thee to this murder?

Evad. Thou, thou monster.

King. Oh! Evadne, pity me.
Evad. Hell take me then! This for my lord Amintor!
This for my noble brother! and this stroke
For the most wronged of women! [*Kills him.*
King. Oh! I die.
Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive thee. *Exit.*

Enter two of the bedchamber,

1. Come, now she's gone, let's enter; the king
Expects it, and will be angry.
2. How fast he is! I cannot hear him breathe.
1. Either the tapers give a feeble light,
Or he looks very pale.
2. And so he does:
Pray heaven he be well; let's look. Alas!
He's stiff, wounded and dead! Treason, treason!
1. Run forth and call.
2. Treason, treason! [*Exit.*
1. This will be laid on us:
Who can believe a woman could do this!

Enter CLEON *and* LYSIPPUS.

Cleon. How now! Where's the traitor?
1. Fled, fled away; but there her woeful act lies still.
Cleon. Her act! a woman!
Lys. Where's the body?
1. There.
Lys. Farewell, thou worthy man! There were two bonds,
That tied our loves, a brother and a king;
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears:
But such the misery of greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then pardon me:
Sirs, which way went she?

Enter STRATO.

Stra. Never follow her;
For she, alas! was but the instrument.
News is now brought in that Melantius
Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall;
And with a loud voice calls those few, that pass
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocence of this act.
Lys. Gentlemen, I am your king.
Stra. We do acknowledge it.
Lys. I would I were not! Follow, all; for this
Must have a sudden stop. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, *and* CALIANAX, *on the wall.*

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am armed,
(Be constant, Diphilus!) now we have time,
Either to bring our banished honours home,
Or create new ones in our ends.
Diph. I fear not.
My spirit lies not that way. Courage, Calianax.
Cal. Would I had any! you should quickly know it.
Mel. Speak to the people: Thou art eloquent.
Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows!
You were born to be my end. The devil take you!
Now must I hang for company. 'Tis strange,
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter LYSIPPUS, DIAGORAS, CLEON, STRATO, *and guard.*

Lys. See where he stands, as boldly confident,
As if he had his full command about him.
Stra. He looks as if he had the better cause, Sir;
Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it!
Though he be mighty spirited, and forward
To all great things; to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of; yet, certainly,
I do believe him noble; and this action
Rather pulled on, than sought: His mind was ever
As worthy as his hand.
Lys. 'Tis my fear, too.
Heaven forgive all! Summon him, lord Cleon.
Cleon. Ho, from the walls there.
Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome.
We could have wished you here, lord: You are honest.
Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though I dare not tell thee so——— [*Aside.*
Lys. Melantius!
Mel. Sir.
Lys. I am sorry, that we meet thus; our old love
Never required such distance. Pray Heaven,
You have not left yourself, and sought this safety
More out of fear than honour! You have lost
A noble master; which your faith, Melantius,
Some think, might have preserved: Yet you know best.
Cal. When time was, I was mad; some, that dares fight,
I hope will pay this rascal.
Mel. Royal young man, whose tears look lovely on thee,
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments! Thy brother,
While he was good, I call'd him king; and serv'd him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour,
Pulled people from the farthest sun to seek him,
And beg his friendship. I was then his soldier.
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust
(That never cured dishonour of my sister,
Base stain of whore! and, which is worse,
The joy to make it still so), like myself,
Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance;
And stand here mine own justice, to revenge
What I have suffered in him; and this old man,
Wronged almost to lunacy.
Cal. Who I?
You would draw me in. I have had no wrong,
'I do disclaim ye all.
Mel. The short is this:
'Tis no ambition to lift up myself
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be free.
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be speedy, and be wise,
In a reply.
Stra. Be sudden, sir, to tie
All up again: What's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands,

That wait for such a troubled hour as this.
Throw him the blank.
Lys. Melantius, write in that
Thy choice: My seal is at it.
Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.
Cal. Put my name in too.
Diph. You disclaim'd us all
But now, Calianax.
Cal. That is all one;
I'll not be hanged hereafter by a trick:
I'll have it in.
Mel. You shall, you shall.
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you king,
And give you up the fort.
Lys. Away, away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter ASPATIA, *in man's apparel.*

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me, that will never let me rest;
And put a woman's heart into my breast.
It is more honour for you, that I die;
For she, that can endure the misery,
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.
God save you, sir!

Enter Servant.

Ser. And you, sir. What's your business?
Asp. With you, sir, now; to do me the fair office
To help me to your lord.
Ser. What, would you serve him?
Asp. I'll do him any service; but, to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire
To speak with him.
Ser. Sir, because you're in such haste, I would be loth delay you any longer: You cannot.
Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.
Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody; but, in particular, I have in charge, about no weighty matters.
Asp. This is most strange. Art thou gold proof?
There's for thee; help me to him.
Ser. Pray be not angry, sir. I'll do my best. [*Exit.*
Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answered me!
There is a vile dishonest trick in man,
More than in women: All the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are all harsh and rude;
And have a subtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know. But we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And think, all shall go so! It is unjust,
That men and women should be matched together.

Enter AMINTOR *and his man.*

Amin. Where is he?
Ser. There, my lord.
Amin. What would you, sir?
Asp. Please it your lordship to command your man
Out of the room, I shall deliver things,
Worthy your hearing.
Amin. Leave us. [*Exit servant.*
Asp. Oh, that that shape
Should bury falsehood in it! [*Aside.*
Amin. Now your will, sir.
Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess
My business; and I am not hard to know;
For till the chance of war marked this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,
I am the brother to the wronged Aspatia.
Amin. The wronged Aspatia! 'Would thou wert so too
Unto the wronged Amintor! Let me kiss
That hand of thine, in honour that I bear
Unto the wronged Aspatia. Here I stand,
That did it: 'Would he could not! Gentle youth,
Leave me; for there is something in thy looks,
That calls my sins, in a most hideous form,
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.
Asp. I would I could with credit.
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen
My sister, till this hour; I now arrived:
She sent for me to see her marriage;
A woeful one! But they, that are above,
Have ends in every thing. She used few words;
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injuries you did her.
That little training, I have had, is war:
I may behave myself rudely in peace;
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you,
I am but young, and would be loth to lose
Honour, that is not easily gained again.
Fairly I mean to deal: The age is strict
For single combats; and we shall be stopped,
If it be published. If you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference.
Amin. Charitable youth,
(If thou be'st such) think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong: And, for thy sister's sake,
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing,
I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world,
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught,
That may content thee, take it, and be gone;
For death is not so terrible as thou.
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.
Asp. Thus, she swore,
Thou wouldst behave thyself; and give me words,
That would fetch tears into my eyes; and so
Thou dost, indeed. But yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were cozened; and be sure to fight,
Ere I returned.

Amin. That must not be with me.
For her I'll die directly; but against her
Will never hazard it.
Asp. You must be urged.
I do not deal uncivilly with those,
That dare to fight; but such a one as you
Must be used thus. [*She strikes him.*
Amin. I prithee, youth, take heed.
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this. Good gods! a blow I can endure!
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death
Upon thyself.
Asp. Thou art some prating fellow;
One, that hath studied out a trick to talk,
And move soft-hearted people; to be kick'd
[*She kicks him.*
Thus, to be kick'd!—Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death? [*Aside.*
Amin. A man can bear
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me, then!
I would endure yet, if I could. Now shew
The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand,
Thou hast no hour to live.—— [*They fight.*
What dost thou mean?
Thou canst not fight: The blows thou mak'st at me
Are quite besides; and those, I offer at thee,
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy breast,
Alas, defenceless!
Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here.

Enter EVADNE, *her hands bloody, with a knife.*

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy. I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again.
It is Evadne still, that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs.
Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe again;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stayed.
Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,
Let thine eyes loose, and speak: Am I not fair?
Looks not Evadne beauteous, with these rites now?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look fair then:
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.
Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath lost.
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife!
Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine.
Joy to Amintor! for the king is dead.
Amin. Those have most power to hurt us, that we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms!
Why, thou hast raised up Mischief to his height,
And found one, to out-name thy other faults.
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continued ill.
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
Joy to Amintor! Thou hast touched a life,
The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.
Evad. 'Tis done; and since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.
Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth, whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent fate, to fetch his death
From my slow hand: And, to augment my woe,
You now are present, stained with a king's blood,
Violently shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.
Asp. Oh, oh, oh!
Amin. No more; pursue me not.
Evad. Forgive me then, and take me to thy bed.
We may not part.
Amin. Forbear! Be wise, and let my rage
Go this way.
Evad. 'Tis you, that I would stay, not it.
Amin. Take heed; it will return with me.
Evad. If it must be, I shall not fear to meet it:
Take me home.
Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!
Evad. For heaven's sake, look more calm:
Thine eyes are sharper than thou canst make thy sword.
Amin. Away, away!
Thy knees are more to me than violence.
I'm worse than sick to see knees follow me,
For that I must not grant. For heaven's sake, stand.
Evad. Receive me, then.
Amin. I dare not stay thy language:
In midst of all my anger and my grief,
Thou dost awake something, that troubles me,
And says, 'I loved thee once.' I dare not stay;
There is no end of woman's reasoning.
[*Leaves her.*
Evad. Amintor, thou shalt love me now again:
Go; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever!
Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee.
[*Kills herself.*
Amin. I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.
[*Returns.*
Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
Oh, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste.
[*She dies.*
Asp. Oh, oh, oh!
Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood:
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myself.
There is some hidden power in these dead things,

That calls my flesh unto them: I am cold:
Be resolute, and bear them company.
There's something, yet, which I am loth to leave.
There's man enough in me to meet the fears,
That death can bring; and yet, 'would it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up:
I have not such another fault to answer.
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow.
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.

Asp. Was it a dream? There stands Amintor still;
Or I dream still.

Amin. How dost thou? Speak; receive my love and help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again:
There's hope of thy recovery.

Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?

Amin. I did.

Asp. And talked of tears and sorrow unto her?

Amin. 'Tis true; and 'till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

Asp. Thou'rt there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats, I brought with me, sought not revenge;
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.
I am Aspatia yet.

Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again?

Asp. I shall surely live, Amintor; I am well:
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lives to excuse thy loss!
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.

Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain live
Now, if I could: Wouldst thou have loved me, then?

Amin. Alas!
All that I am's not worth a hair from thee.

Asp. Give me thy hand; my hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee: I am wondrous sick:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?

Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.
Oh! I must go. Farewell! [*Dies.*

Amin. She swoons! Aspatia! Help! for heaven's sake, water!
Such as may chain life ever to this frame.
Aspatia, speak! What, no help yet? I fool!
I'll chafe her temples: Yet there's nothing stirs:
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,
And let her answer me! Aspatia, speak!
I've heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will shew itself.
Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,
Ye heavenly powers! and lend, for some few years,
The blessed soul to this fair seat again.
No comfort comes; the gods deny me too!
I'll bow the body once again. Aspatia!
The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong
Myself, so long to lose her company.
Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love!
[*Kills himself.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king come to him: I must tell him he is entering. Oh, heaven! Help, help!

Enter LYSIPPUS, MELANTIUS, CALIANAX, CLEON, DIPHILUS, *and* STRATO.

Lys. Where's Amintor?

Serv. Oh, there, there.

Lys. How strange is this!

Cal. What should we do here?

Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!
This is Amintor: Heart! he was my friend;
Melt; now it flows. Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh!

Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh, thy arms
Are kinder to me than thy tongue! Speak, speak!

Amin. What?

Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds,
That ever I shall hear again.

Diph. Oh, brother!
Here lies your sister slain; you lose yourself
In sorrow there.

Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at, in respect of this:
Here was my sister, father, brother, son:
All that I had! Speak once again: What youth
Lies slain there by thee?

Amin. 'Tis Aspatia.
My last is said. Let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom. [*Dies.*

Cal. What's that? what's that? Aspatia!

Mel. I never did
Repent the greatness of my heart till now:
It will not burst at need.

Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I never knew any but direct crying.

Mel. I am a prattler; but no more.
[*Offers to kill himself.*

Diph. Hold, brother,

Lys. Stop him.

Diph. Fie! how unmanly was this offer in you; Does this become our strain?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very kind, and am friends with you. You have given me that among you, will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poor, that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hand a weapon sharp enough
To stop my breath? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that,
That may preserve life! This I swear to keep.

Lys. Look to him tho', and bear those bodies in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper: For, on lustful kings,
Unlooked-for, sudden deaths from heaven are sent;
But curst is he, that is their instrument.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

PHILASTER;

OR

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

STER, *heir to the crown.*
MOND, *prince of Spain.*
a lord.
MONT, } *noble gentlemen, his associates.*
ILINE, }
captain.
itizens.
try fellow.
oodmen.
ng's guard and train.

WOMEN.

ARETHUSA, *the king's daughter.*
GALATEA, *a wise modest lady, attending the princess.*
MEGRA, *a lascivious lady.*
An old wanton lady, or crone, attending the princess.
Another lady attending the princess.
EUPHRASIA, *daughter of Dion, but disguised like a page, and called Bellario.*

Scene,—Sicily.

ACT I.

r DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

HERE's nor lords nor ladies!

n. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it received strict charge from the king to attere. Besides, it was boldly published, that cer should forbid any gentlemen, that deattend and hear.

Can you guess the cause?

n. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be vereign.

a. Many, that will seem to know much, e looks not on him like a maid in love.

n. Oh, sir, the multitude (that seldom know ing but their own opinions) speak that, ould have; but the prince, before his own ch, received so many confident messages he state, that I think she's resolved to be

Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy ese kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who? Philaster?

Dion. Yes; Whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state policy will not let me know, why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after state news. But the king, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in arms, not to

be charmed down by any state order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause, the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation, to awe his own with.

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and train.*

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath), we have drawn you, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now loved and wondered at. Next, our intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate heir,
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature:
No, Sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
No woman. But woo her still, and think her modesty
A sweeter mistress than the offered language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you),
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdoms,
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done. } *Aside.*
Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.
Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst
So brave a gentleman's wronged, and flung off.
Thra. I fear.
Cle. Who does not?
Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too.
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father; and thus far
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great king, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms:
You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country!
By more than all my hopes I hold it happy;
Happy, in their dear memories, that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Open myself, most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, feared,
Equal to be commanded and obeyed,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country. And I vow
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That every man shall be his prince himself,
And his own law (yet I his prince and law).
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear, in the choice of him whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessedest living; for, sweet princess,
You shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous! } *Aside.*
Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations.

Enter PHILASTER.

Dion. I wonder what's his price? For certainly
He'll sell himself, he has so praised his shape.
But here comes one, more worthy those large speeches,
Than the large speaker of them.
Let me be swallowed quick, if I can find,
In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable.
By this sun, he'll never make a king
Unless it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.

Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.

King. Rise; you have it, sir.

Dion. Mark but the king, how pale he looks with fear!
Oh! this same whorson conscience, how it jades us!

King. Speak your intents, sir.

Phi. Shall I speak them freely?
Be still my royal sovereign.—

King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince; you, foreign man!
Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon

(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess)
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living;
Having myself about me, and my sword,
The souls of all my name, and memories,
These arms, and some few friends, besides the gods;
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
And say, 'I might have been.' I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes: For, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground, thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall;
By Nemesis, it shall!

Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in his veins: The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir, prince of poppingjays, I'll make it well appear
To you, I am not mad.

King. You displease us:
You are too bold.

Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing, born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over,
And makes nothing.

King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians: Sure he is somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Dion. He has given him a general purge already, for all the right he has; and now he means to let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen: By these hilts, I'll run his hazard, although I run my name out of the kingdom.

Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.

Pha. What you have seen in me, to stir offence,
I cannot find; unless it be this lady,
Offered into mine arms, with the succession;
Which I must keep, though it hath pleased your fury
To mutiny within you; without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The king will leave it me;
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him,
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ringed among the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations),
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the prince:
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends.
You deserve our frown. Go to; be better tempered.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler used.

King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at, in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laughed at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

King. Give me your wrongs in private.

[*They whisper.*

Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him: there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions through: Men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true recreant. If he give not back his crown again, upon the report of an elder gun, I have no augury.

King. Go to!
Be more yourself, as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That you are, and shall be, at our pleasure, what fashion we
Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or by the gods——

Phi. I am dead, sir; you are my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wronged: I carry all about me,
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!

King. Sure, he's possessed.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit: It is here, O king!
A dangerous spirit. Now he tells me, king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes,
That kneel, and do me service, cry me "king:"
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me. Noble sir, your hand:
I am your servant.

King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of life and spirit: For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment. [*Ex. King, Pha. and Are.*

Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he not
Spoke home, and bravely? What a dangerous train,
Did he give fire to! How he shook the king,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood

Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.
Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand, methinks, like men, that would be courtiers,
If you could well be flattered at a price
Not to undo your children. You are all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court; to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.
Cle. How do you, worthy sir?
Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that, if the king please, I find
I may live many years.
Dion. The king must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you: In whose name,
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people;
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.
Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?
Thra. Do we love Heaven and honour?
Phi. My lord Dion,
You had a virtuous gentlewoman called you father;
Is she yet alive?
Dion. Most honoured sir, she is:
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen, you come?
Lady. To you, brave lord: The princess would entreat your present company.
Phi. The princess send for me! You are mistaken.
Lady. If you be called Philaster, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her.
Dion. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a sweet face!
By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman.
Thra. But are you sure it was the princess sent?
It may be some foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble;
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out:
There's all the danger in it. But, be what may,
Her single name hath armed me. [*Exit Phi.*
Dion. Go on:
And be as truly happy as thou art fearless.
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the king prove false. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ARETHUSA *and a Lady.*

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How looked he, when he told thee he would come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful?
Lady. Fear, madam? sure, he knows not what it is.
Are. Ye are all of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drowned in the doing. But, I know he fears.
Lady. Fear? Madam, methought, his looks hid more
Of love than fear.
Are. Of love? to whom? to you!
Did you deliver those plain words, I sent,
With such a winning gesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him?
Lady. Madam, I mean to you.
Are. Of love to me? alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?
Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in.
Ye gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passion of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter PHILASTER.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.
Are. Oh! 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself. [*Exit Lady.*
Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wished to speak with me.
Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known,
That I have ought detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wronged you? or have set

ser instruments, to throw disgrace
your virtues?
Never, madam, you.
Why, then, should you, in such a public
place,
a princess, and a scandal lay
ny fortunes, famed to be so great;
; a great part of my dowry in question?
Madam, this truth, which I shall speak,
will be
: But, for your fair and virtuous self,
afford myself to have no right
thing, you wished.
Philaster, know,
enjoy these kingdoms.
Madam! Both?
Both, or I die: By fate, I die, Philaster,
t calmly may enjoy them both.
I would do much to save that noble life:
uld be loth to have posterity
our stories, that Philaster gave
it unto a sceptre, and a crown,
: a lady's longing.
Nay then, hear!
and will have them, and more——
What more?
Or lose that little life the gods prepared,
ible this poor piece of earth withal.
Madam, what more?
Turn, then, away thy face.
No.
Do.
I can't endure it. Turn away my face?
yet saw enemy, that looked
dfully, but that I thought myself
it a basilisk as he; or spake
ibly, but that I thought my tongue
under underneath, as much as his;
ast, that I could turn from: Shall I then
o fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
I do love? Say, you would have my life;
will give it you; for it is to me
; so loathed, and unto you, that ask,
oor use, that I will make no price:
entreat, I will unmovedly hear.
Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.
I do.
Then know, I must have them, and thee.
And me?
Thy love; without which, all the land,
:red yet, will serve me for no use,
be buried in.
Is't possible?
With it, it were too little to bestow
:. Now, though thy breath do strike me
dead,
, know, it may) I have unript my breast.
Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
a train for this contemned life,
you may have for asking: To suspect
ase, where I deserve no ill. Love you,
ıy hopes, I do above my life:

But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man,
That would be jealous.
Are. Another soul, into my body shot,
Could not have filled me with more strength and
spirit,
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus: 'Tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave,
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us.
Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.
Are. 'Tis true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: But ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
He told me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief: And, to my thoughts, did
read
The prettiest lecture of his country art,
That could be wished; so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, lovingest, and gentlest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.
Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his
service.
Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?
Phi. Why, that, which all the gods have ap-
pointed out for me.
Are. Dear, hide thyself. Bring in the prince.
Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove

Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?
Are. He cannot know it.
Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.
Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear: For my sake, do.
Phi. I will.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love,
Writ in my heart.
Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.
Pha. To what would he have answer?
Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.
Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the king.
Phi. Good sir, do so still: I would not talk with you.
Pha. But now the time is fitter: Do but offer
To make mention of your right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable——
Phi. Good sir, let me go.
Pha. And by my sword——
Phi. Peace, Pharamond! If thou——
Are. Leave us, Philaster.
Phi. I have done.
Pha. You are gone: By Heaven, I'll fetch you back.
Phi. You shall not need.
Pha. What now?
Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But, if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say
"Thou wert," and not lament it.
Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of the princess?
Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confess,
I owe a reverence: But were it the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee.
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell.
Exit Philaster.
Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam: We must stop
His mouth with some office, when we are married.
Are. You were best make him your controller.
Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet, so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen
Delights, and so foretaste our joys to come.
Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour.
[*Exeunt at different sides.*

ACT II.

Enter PHILASTER *and* BELLARIO.

Phi. AND thou shalt find her honourable, boy,
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.
Bel. Sir, you did take me up, when I was nothing;
And only yet am something, by being yours.
You trusted me unknown; and that, which you were apt
To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps, might have been craft; the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft: Yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me; for which
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.
Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them, that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair.
But, when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.
Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant, he thought trusty: I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not,
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.
Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.
Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: And, if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.
Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,

That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou knowest
It is my business, that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so. And, when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows, whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer;
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heaven hate those, you curse, though I be one! [*Exit.*

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange;
I have read wonders of it: Yet this boy,
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit Phi.*

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs them not; for the reverend mother sent me word, they would be all for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking. Here's one bolted.

Enter GALATEA.

Gal. Your grace!

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me, sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand——

Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you: And then, I think, I shall have sense enough to answer all the weighty apothegms your royal blood shall manage.

Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting: And, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so: 'Would you, or I, could help it!

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give no more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white-wine, brewed with carduus; then fast till supper; about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller: But, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey: They are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, sir; I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite. She's a Danäe, and must be courted in a shower of gold. Madam, look here: All these, and more than——

Gal. What have you there, my lord? Gold! Now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages: You could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money. Yet, for all this I'll match you.

[*Exit Gal. behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps.

Enter MEGRA.

Here's another: If she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on. Many fair mornings, lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet;
If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you; we'll talk an hour
Out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself.
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. Oh, they are two twinned cherries dyed in blushes,
Which those fair suns above, with their bright beams,
Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live.

Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart,
To take the wanton spring of ten such fines off,
May be a nun without probation. Sir,
You have, in such neat poetry, gathered a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,

Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheeks, and kiss you too.
Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.
Meg. I shall, I shall.
Pha. By my life, you shall not.
But we lose time. Can you love?
Meg. Love you, my lord? How would you have me love you? Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?
Pha. Out upon her! She's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: She sailed by but now.
Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir?
Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow them out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he is but a squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?
Meg. Whither?
Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal them; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful; speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me: Soon I will visit you.
Meg. My lord, my chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night, I'll find some means to slip into your lodging; till when——
Pha. Till when, this, and my heart go with thee!
[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter GALATEA *from behind the hangings.*

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: And, lady Dowsabel, I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*

Enter ARETHUSA *and a Lady.*

Are. Where's the boy?
Lady. Within, madam.
Are. Gave you him gold to buy him cloaths?
Lady. I did.
Are. And has he done it?
Lady. Yes, madam.
Are. 'Tis a pretty sad talking boy, is it not? Asked you his name?
Lady. No, madam.

Enter GALATEA.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What, good news?
Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says, she has done that, you would have wished.
Are. Hast thou discovered?
Gal. I have. Your prince, brave
Pharamond, is disloyal.
Are. With whom?
Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected:
Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again
With other ladies; leave the rest to me.
If destiny (to whom we dare not say,
'Why, thou did'st this!') have not decreed it so
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never altered) yet, this match shall break.
Where's the boy?
Lady. Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service; is't not so?
Bel. Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you,
To do him service.
Are. Thou disclaimest in me.
Tell me thy name.
Bel. Bellario.
Are. Thou canst sing, and play?
Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.
Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadst thou a curst master, when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of other grief.
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: Believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?
Bel. Love, madam? I know not what it is.
Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me,
As if he wished me well?
Bel. If it be love,
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face; if it be love,
To sit cross armed, and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men in the streets do fire;
If it be love, to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,
Or killed, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be)
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead; be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.
Are. Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie,
For your lord's credit; but thou know'st a lie,
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me
Than any truth, that says, he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy. Do you attend me too.
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, MEGRA, *and* GALATEA.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour,
After supper: 'Tis their exercise.
Gal. 'Tis late.
Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
The way to your lodging with them to night.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Thra. The prince!

Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? You're good sitters up.
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?

Enter ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of ladies.
Is't not late, gentlemen?

Cle. Yes, madam.

Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*

Meg. She's jealous, as I live. Look you, my lord,
The princess has a Hilas, an Adonis.

Pha. His form is angel-like.

Dion. Serves he the princess?

Thra. Yes.

Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy; how brave she keeps him.

Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning, ere you've done your dreams.
[*Exit.*

Meg. All happiness attend your grace! Gentlemen, good rest.
Come, shall we to-bed?

Gal. Yes; all good night. [*Ex. Gal. and Meg.*

Dion. May your dreams be true to you.
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The king
Is up still; see, he comes; a guard along
With him.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and guard.*

King. Look your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life, it is: And I do hope,
Your highness will not tie me to a man,
That, in the heat of wooing, throws me off,
And takes another.

Dion. What should this mean?

King. If it be true,
That lady had much better have embraced
Cureless diseases: Get you to your rest.
Exeunt Are. and Bel.
You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?

Dion. I saw him enter there.

King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging.

Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.

King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspicion.
Ye gods, I see, that who unrighteously
Holds wealth, or state, from others, shall be curst
In that, which meaner men are blest withal.
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit; and his name shall be
Blotted from earth. If he have any child,
It shall be crossly matched; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed. But how can I
Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter DION.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; I told them, I must speak with her; they laughed, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it: I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter, that concerned life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urged again, she had scarce time to be so, since last I saw her; they smiled again, and seemed to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get: In short, sir, I think she is not there.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally. You of the guard,
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see, that none pass thence, upon your lives.
Knock, gentlemen! Knock loud! Louder yet!
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?
I'll break your meditations. Knock again!
Nor yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him. Once more. Pharamond! prince!

PHARAMOND *above.*

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul,
He meets his death, that meets me, for this boldness.

King. Prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends.
Come down.

Pha. The king?

King. The same, sir; come down.
We have cause of present counsel with you.

Pha. If your grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your chamber. [*Pha. below.*

King. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private reasons to myself,
Make me unmannerly, and say, 'you cannot.'
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must
Come through my life, that comes here. [*Enters.*

King. Sir, be resolved.
I must and will come.

Pha. I'll not be dishonoured.
He, that enters, enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber,
At these unseasoned hours.

King. Why do you
Chafe yourself so? You are not wronged, nor shall be;
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known: Enter, I say.

Pha. I say, no.

[*Meg. above.*

Meg. Let them enter, prince; let them enter;
I am up, and ready; I know their business:
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour,
They hunt so hotly after; let them enjoy it.
Oh, my lord the king, this is not noble in you
To make public the weakness of a woman.

Enter MEGRA.

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now? now?
No man can fit your palate, but the prince.
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
But he, that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court;

Meg. If you do this, oh, king! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of mine own, I will have fellows, and
Such fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth.
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.
Urge me no more; I know her, know the boy
She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury; and, if I do not,
Do it to the height——

King. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not these things;
I am loth to reveal them. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health, from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have known,
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues
Shall speak it, as they do the language, they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at;
And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms,
Far and foreign,
Shall read it there, nay travel with it, 'till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess.

King. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait
On her; a fair boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I'll study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you. [*Ex. King, Meg. and guard.*

Cle. Why, here's a male spirit for Hercules.

Dion. Sure she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttereth such balls of wild-fire. She has so nettled the king, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-found out antidote to cure her infection: That boy; that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else. But there I leave you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter CLEREMONT, DION, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. NAY, doubtless, 'tis true.

Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods,
That raised this punishment, to scourge the king
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us, that should write noble in the land,
For us, that should be freemen, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, pressed down from his royal right,
By this regardless king? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady,
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be
Married to yon strange prince, who, but that people
Please to let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that, which should be his most noble part,
His mind?

Thra. That man, that would not stir with you
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget,
That such a creature walks upon the earth.

Cle. Philaster is too backward in it himself.
The gentry do await it, and the people,
Against their nature, are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's moved
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

Dion. The only cause, that draws Philaster back
From this attempt, is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Thra. Perhaps, he'll not believe it.

Dion. Why, gentlemen,
'Tis without question so.

Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech,
She lives dishonestly: But how shall we,
If he be curious, work upon his faith?

Thra. We are all satisfied within ourselves.

Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge:
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.

Cle. It will be best.

Thra. 'Twill move him.

Enter PHILASTER.

Dion. Here he comes.
Good-morrow to your honour! We have spent
Some time in seeking you.

Phil. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgraced for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do
Worthy your acceptation?

Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth! Rise, and make a head.
The nobles and the people are all dulled
With this usurping king; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.
Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me, that have deserved none? Know, my friends,
(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
With too much courtesy) I could afford
To melt myself in thanks: But my designs
Are not yet ripe; suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time
Is short of what I would.
Dion. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect:
That, which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reached
By violence, may now be caught. As for the king,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess, whom they loved———
Phi. Why, what of her?
Dion. Is loathed as much as he.
Phi. By what strange means?
Dion. She's known a whore.
Phi. Thou liest.
Dion. My lord———
Phi. Thou liest, [*Offers to draw and is held.*
And thou shalt feel it. I had thought, thy mind
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin,
Not to be pardoned: Be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeemed, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood, whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.
Dion. This is most strange:
Sure he does love her.
Phi. I do love fair truth:
She is my mistress, and who injures her,
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.
Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.
Cle. Sir, remember this is your honoured friend,
That comes to do his service, and will shew
You why he uttered this.
Phi. I ask you pardon, sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back untruly, I had been
As much distempered and enraged as now.
Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.
Phi. Oh, say not so! good sir, forbear to say so!
'Tis then truth, that all womankind is false!
Urge it no more; it is impossible.
Why should you think the princess light?
Dion. Why, she was taken at it.
Phi. 'Tis false! Oh, Heaven! 'tis false! it cannot be!
Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for love of truth, speak!
Is't possible? Can women all be damned?
Dion. Why, no, my lord.
Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.
Dion. And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy?
Dion. A page, a boy, that serves her.
Phi. Oh, good gods!
A little boy?
Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?
Phi. Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you are deceived;
You are abused, and so is she, and I.
Dion. How you my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abused
In an unjust report.
Dion. Oh, noble sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman.
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.
Phi. Now all the devils, thou didst! Fly from my rage!
'Would thou hadst taken devils engendering plagues,
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from my eyes!
Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
'When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!
Thra. Have you known him so ill tempered?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me through?
Dion. Why, my lord, are you so moved at this?
Phi. When any falls from virtue, I'm distract;
I have an interest in't.
Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself,
And think what's best to be done.
Phi. I thank you; I will do it.
Please you to leave me: I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.
Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!
Thra. He was extreme impatient.
Cle. It was his virtue, and his noble mind.
[*Exeunt Dion, Cle. and Thra.*
Phi. Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire.
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:
And he, that tells me this, is honourable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves,
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, standing in their sight;

But take them from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the water of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.
But miserable man———See, see, you gods,

Enter BELLARIO.

He walks still; and the face, you let him wear
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? Do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.

Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you.

Phi. Oh, Bellario!
Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy: She has made thee brave.

Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow, that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her; or had preserved
Her life three times by my fidelity.
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one, that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harm,
So she does use me.

Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bel. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping, when she ends,
Than ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?

Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.

Bel. Methinks, your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceived, boy:
And she strokes thy head?

Bel. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?

Bel. She does, my lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!

Bel. How, my lord?

Phi. She kisses thee?

Bel. Not so, my lord.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does.

Bel. No, by my life.

Phi. Why then she does not love me. Come, she does.
I bad her do it. I charged her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights.
Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not paralleless? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?

Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplexed: When first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abused;
Some villain has abused you! I do see
Whereto you tend: Fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you! 'Tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come
Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discovered? Is she fallen to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.

Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.

Bel. Why, so you do.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice: But were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: could curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse:
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling!
Tell me when and where thou didst enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not!

Bel. Heaven knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loathed.
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow; and kiss those limbs,
Because you made them so.

Phi. Fearest thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue. I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game, that must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjured souls: Think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that, you charge me with. If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments,
You speak of; kill me.
Phi. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario!
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utterest them,
That though I know them false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But, thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: A love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost. It troubles me,
That I have called the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: Something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tenderest me,
Let me not see thee.
Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honoured mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace. [*Exit.*
Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deservest! Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature, too unkind,
That made no med'cine for a troubled mind! [*Exit.*

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, how I slept, walked, talked;
How I remembered him, when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sighed, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such; I should be angry at his stay.

Enter KING.

King, What, at your meditations? Who attends you?
Are. None but my single self. I need no guard.
I do no wrong, nor fear none.
King. Tell me, have you not a boy?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. What kind of boy?
Are. A page, a waiting-boy.
King. A handsome boy?
Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him;
I took him not for beauty.
King. He speaks, and sings and plays?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. About eighteen?
Are. I never asked his age.
King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir!
King. Put him away! he has done you that good service,
Shames me to speak of.
Are. Good sir, let me understand you.
King. If you fear me,
Shew it in duty: Put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.
King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself,
What you, myself, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?
King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly: Do it! Farewell. [*Exit King.*
Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make them truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it; and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments,
Where noble names lie sleeping; till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest mistress.
Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me.
Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these crystals

Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature, made again from what I was,
And newly spirited, I'll right your honour.
Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you give me———
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous! who?
Are. The king.
Phi. Oh, my fortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy. Let him go.
Are. Oh, cruel! are you hard-hearted too?
Who shall now tell you, how much I loved you?
Who shall swear it to you, and weep the tears I send?
Who shall now bring you letters, rings, bracelets?
Lose his health in service? Wake tedious nights
In stories of your praise? Who shall sing
Your crying elegies? And strike a sad soul
Into senseless pictures, and make them mourn?
Who shall take up his lute, and touch it, till
He crown a silent sleep upon my eye-lid,
Making me dream, and cry, 'Oh, my dear, dear 'Philaster!'
Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal. Mistress, forget
The boy: I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again, as my Bellario!
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith!
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all, that shall succeed thee for thy wrongs,
Sell and betray chaste love!
Phi. And all this passion for a boy?
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost them? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.
Are. Do what, sir? Would you sleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, ye gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty,
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laughed upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant king, that languishing
Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
That cursed boy!
Are. Nay, then I am betrayed:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!
Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom: Give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poisons must I seek,
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts,
What woman is, and help to save them from you:
How Heaven is in your eyes, but, in your hearts,
More hell than hell has: How your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heal and poison: How your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And sworn so by you: How that foolish man,
That reads the story of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever:
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
In the morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten: How your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone:
How you are, being taken altogether,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight!
[*Exit Phi.*
Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!
What way have I deserved this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy? Save me! how black

Enter BELLARIO.

And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now!
Oh, thou dissembler, that before thou spak'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies,
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fooled by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.
Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And led out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!

I durst not run away, in honesty,
From such a lady, like a boy, that stole,
Or made some grievous fault. The power of god
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die!
[*Exit Bel.*

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain, with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevel'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and attendants.*

King. What, are the hounds before, and all the woodmen;
Our horses ready, and our bows bent?

Dion. All, sir.

King. You're cloudy, sir: Come, we have forgotten
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; none dare utter it.
Is your boy turned away?

Are. You did command, sir, and I obeyed you.

King. 'Tis well done. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodged the deer?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots?

2 *Wood.* The princess.

1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.

2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone bow for me. I never loved his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings: He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, the steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to tift his hat withal. Who shoots else?

2 *Wood.* The lady Galatea.

1 *Wood.* She's liberal, and, by my bow, they say, she's honest; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more; Megra.

1 *Wood.* That's a firker, i'faith, boy. She rides well, and she pays well. Hark! let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods,
With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks,
Whereon she dwells; that might have strewed my bed
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours. This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body. Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak.
You, that are grieved, can pity: Hear, my lord!

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity!

Bel. Oh, my noble lord!
View my strange fortune; and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? Begone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming cloaths thou wearest,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for them:
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st, when first
I took thee up: Curse on the time! If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy art; I'll not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee?

For thine eyes are poison to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?
Bel. Any will serve. But I will chuse to have
That path in chace, that leads unto my grave.
[*Exeunt Phi. and Bel. severally.*

Enter DION *and the Woodmen.*

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance! You, Woodman!
1 *Wood.* My lord Dion!
Dion. Saw you a lady come this way, on a sable horse studded with stars of white?
2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?
Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?
2 *Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none.
[*Exeunt Wood.*

Enter CLEREMONT.

Dion. Pox of your questions then! What, is she found?
Cle. Nor will be, I think.
Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself.
Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us: Some say, her horse run away with her: some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: But, questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter KING *and* THRASILINE.

King. Where is she?
Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.
King. How is that? Answer me so again?
Cle. Sir, shall I lie?
King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not!
Sir, speak you; where is she?
Dion. Sir, I do not know.
King. Speak that again so boldly, and by Heaven,
It is thy last. You, fellows, answer me;
Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your king;
I wish to see my daughter; shew her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To shew her me! What, am I not your king?
If 'ay,' then am I not to be obeyed?
Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.
King. Things possible and honest? Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor! that dar'st confine thy king to things
Possible and honest; shew her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!
Dion. Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.
King. You have betrayed me; have let me lose
The jewel of my life: Go, bring her me,
And set her here, before me: 'Tis the king
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of Heaven. Speak, can it not?
Dion. No.
King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?
Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.
King. Is it so? Take heed!
Dion. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the powers,
That must be just.
King. Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be served, flattered, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And, when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings.
I have sinned, 'tis true, and here stand to be punished;
Yet would not thus be punished. Let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.
Dion. He articles with the gods: 'Would somebody would draw bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA.

King. What, is she found?
Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse:
He galloped empty by. There's some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood!
Why left you her?
Gal. She did command me.
King. Command! you should not.
Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth,
To disobey the daughter of my king.
King. You're all cunning to obey us, for our hurt;
But I will have her.
Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.
Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in his pocket?
Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the king,
A cook, and a tailor,
Dion. Yet you may do well
To spare your lady-bedfellow.
King. I see the injuries I have done must be revenged.
Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.
King. Run all; disperse yourselves! The man, that finds her,
Or (if she be killed), the traitor, I'll make him great.
Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.
Pha. Come, let us seek.
King. Each man a several way; here I myself.
Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here. [*Ex. omnes.*

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head:

I'll follow you, boldly, about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Yonder's my lady: Heaven knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity. Oh, hear, you that have plenty!
From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground. See,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart!
I fear she faints. Madam, look up! She breathes not.
Open once more those rosy twins, and send
Unto my lord your latest farewell. Oh, she stirs:
How is it, madam? Speak comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here?

Bel. My lord, help the princess.

Are. I am well: Forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this damned act! Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quenched with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!

Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enraged, and hear me.

Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturbed than I: I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
In sin, without controul. Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee, kill me: Thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse: Whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?

Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time,
So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me, then?

Are. Kill you?

Bel. Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: Thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transformed themselves to do. Be gone;
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: We are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, or suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousy, in the other world; no ill there?

Phi. No.

Are. Shew me then the way.

Phi. Then guide
My feeble hand, you, that have power to do it,
For I must perform a piece of justice. If your youth
Have any way offended heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared.

Enter a country fellow.

Coun. I'll see the king, if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!

Coun. Hold, dastard, strike a woman! Thou'rt a craven, I warrant thee: Thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of venies at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations?

Coun. God uds, I understand you not; but, I know, the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: It will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head;
Which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your rhetorick; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman. [*They fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest.
Are. Heavens guard my lord!
Coun. Oh, do you breathe?
Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me: Could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loath it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will, than force. [*Exit Phi.*
Coun. I cannot follow the rogue.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and Woodmen.*

Pha. What art thou?
Coun. Almost killed I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.
Pha. The princess, gentlemen! Where's the wound, madam?
Is it dangerous?
Are. He has not hurt me.
Coun. I'faith, she lies; he has hurt her in the breast; look else.
Pha. Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!
Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?
Are. I felt it not.
Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?
Coun. Is it the princess?
Dion. Ay.
Coun. Then I have seen something yet.
Pha. But who has hurt her?
Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.
Pha. Madam, who did it?
Are. Some dishonest wretch;
Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.
Coun. He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.
Pha. How will you have me kill him?
Are. Not at all;
'Tis some distracted fellow.
Pha. By this hand,
I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut,
And bring him all in my hat.
Are. Nay, good sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault.
Pha. I will.
Are. But swear.
Pha. By all my love, I will. Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing. Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.
[*Exeunt Are. Pha. Dion, Cle. Thra. and* 1 *Woodman.*
Coun. I pray you, friend, let me see the king.
2 *Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.
Coun. If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish,
I rather were a corse strewed o'er with you,
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake!

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her, that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abused,
And I a loathed villain: If she be,
She will conceal, who hurt her. He has wounds,
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.
Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast wronged, [*Cry within.*
So broken. Hark! I am pursued. Ye gods,
I'll take this offered means of my escape:
They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.
[*Wounds him.*
Bel. Oh! Death, I hope, is come: Blest be that hand!
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!
Phi. I have caught myself: [*Phi. falls.*
The loss of blood hath stayed my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: Take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death:
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers,
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee: Get a reward.
Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself.
Phi. How's this?
'Wouldst thou I should be safe?
Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have
Have not bled much; reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.
Phi. Art thou true to me?
Bel. Or let me perish loathed! Come, my good lord,
Creep in among those bushes: Who does know,
But that the gods may save your much-loved breath?
Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?
Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear them come.
Within. Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.
Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.

I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows
That I can stand no longer.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Pha. To this place we have tracked him by his blood.
Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.
Dion. Stay, sir! what are you?
Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods
By beasts: Relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.
Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'Tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that served her.
Pha. Oh, thou damned in thy creation!
What cause could'st thou shape to hurt the princess?
Bel. Then I am betrayed.
Dion. Betrayed! no, apprehended.
Bel. I confess,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did take my aim,
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed.
Bel. Mine own revenge.
Pha. Revenge! for what?
Bel. It pleased her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebbed,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, 'till they overflowed their banks,
Threatening the men that crossed them; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turned her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestowed; leaving me worse,
And more contemned, than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die revenged.
Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour. [*Philaster creeps out of a bush.*
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
Phi. Turn back, ye ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?
Pha. Who's that?
Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.
Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl,
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue! It was I, that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramid!
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth, that dwells in him!
Pha. How's this?
Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.
Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.
Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?
Phi. By all the oaths, that men ought most to keep,
And gods to punish most, when men do break,
He touched her not. Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown,
With perjury. By all that's good, 'twas I!
You know, she stood betwixt me and my right.
Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge.
Cle. It was Philaster.
Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, sirs, I fear me, we were all deceived.
Phi. Have I no friend here?
Dion. Yes.
Phi. Then shew it:
Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you, when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, and breathe out my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
Locked in the heart of earth, can buy away
This armful from me: This had been a ransom
To have redeemed the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe them. Forgive me, thou, that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and a Guard.*

King. Is the villain taken?
Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but, say it was Philaster?
Phi. Question it no more; it was.
King. The fellow, that did fight with him, will tell us that.
Are. Ah me! I know he will.
King. Did not you know him?
Are. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.
Phi. I was so. Oh, my stars! that I should live still.
King. Thou ambitious fool!
Thou, that hast laid a train for thy own life!
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear him to prison.
Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unrevenged,
I should to earth go weeping: Grant me, then,
(By all the love a father bears his child)
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures, and their death.

Dion. Death? Soft! our law
Will not reach that, for this fault.
King. 'Tis granted; take them to you, with a guard.
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match.
Cle. I pray, that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.
Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think it but a trick.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Thra. Has the king sent for him to death?
Dion. Yes; but the king must know, 'tis not in his power to war with Heaven.
Cle. We linger time; the king sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.
Thra. Are all his wounds well?
Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.
Cle. We dally, gentlemen.
Thra. Away!
Dion. We'll scuffle hard, before he perish.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO.

Are. Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.
Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.
Phi. Oh, Arethusa! oh, Bellario! leave to be kind:
I shall be shot from Heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man,
False to a pair of the most trusty ones,
That ever earth bore: Can it bear us all?
Forgive, and leave me! But the king hath sent
To call me to my death: Oh, shew it me,
And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.
Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing,
Worthy your noble thoughts: 'Tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I out-live you, I should then out-live
Virtue and honour; and, when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste my limbs to nothing!
Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,
Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do, by the honour of a virgin, swear
To tell no hours beyond it.
Phi. Make me not hated so.
Are. Come from this prison, all joyful to our deaths.
Phi. People will tear me, when they find ye true
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loathed.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep, forgotten with my faults!
Every just servant, every maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if ye be true.
Are. My dear lord, say not so.
Bel. A piece of you?
He was not born of woman, that can cut
It, and look on.
Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,
For else my heart will break with shame and sorrow.
Are. Why, 'tis well.
Bel. Lament no more.
Phi. What would you have done,
If you had wronged me basely, and had found
My life no price, compared to yours? For love, sirs,
Deal with me truly.
Bel. 'Twas mistaken, sir.
Phi. Why, if it were?
Bel. Then, sir, we would have asked you pardon.
Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?
Are. Enjoy it? ay.
Phi. Would you, indeed? Be plain.
Bel. We would, my lord.
Phi. Forgive me, then.
Are. So, so.
Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.
Phi. Lead to my death.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter KING, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?
Cle. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city,
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.
King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?
Thra. She waits your grace.
King. Tell her we stay.
Dion. King, you may be deceived yet:
The head, you aim at, cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off,
Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and, in that heat of pride,
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee, like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO *in a robe and garland.*

King. How now! what masque is this?
Bel. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But, having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The noblest of the mountain, where they grew
Straitest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept,
Free from the Sirian star, and the fell thunder-stroke,
Free from the clouds, when they were big with humour,
And delivered, in thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:
Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!
'Till never-pleased Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so; and did reign
Over the mountain, and choak up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun
Scorched them even to the roots, and dried them there:
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided. The god, that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children, mighty king; and I have done.
King. How, how?
Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
(For there's no masquing in't) this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arrived here, my dear husband.
King. Your dear husband! Call in
The captain of the citadel; there you shall keep
Your wedding. I'll provide a masque shall make
Your Hymen turn his saffron into a sullen coat,
And sing sad requiems to your departing souls:
Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An axe shall hang like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, ye gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance, in a lion
Cast among dogs, or robbed of his dear young,
The same, enforced more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!
Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I've done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.
Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue.
Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are, living; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument
(Though high and big as Pelion) shall be able
To cover this base murder: Make it rich
With brass, with purest gold, and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramids; lay on epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That only clothes my ashes, not my faults)
Shall far out-shine it. And, for after issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, king! There was a fault,
But I forgive it. Let that sin persuade you
To love this lady: If you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languished under you, and daily withered,
That, heaven knows, it is my joy to die:
I find a recreation in it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's the king?
King. Here.
Mes. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger:
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the lord Philaster.
Dion. Oh, brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons
In honour of your mistresses.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, arm!
King. A thousand devils take them!
Dion. A thousand blessings on them!
Mes. Arm, oh, king! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster.
[*Exit with Are. Phi. Bel.*
King. Away to the citadel: I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard,

And all the gentlemen, give strong attendance. [*Exit.*

Manent DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE.

Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.

Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceived us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour!
Oh, I could beat myself! or, do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp? Well, my dear countrymen What-ye-lack, if you continue, and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and graved in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troule you *in sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What if a toy take them in the heels now, and they run all away, and cry, 'the devil take the hindmost?'

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speeding! May they have murrains rain to keep the gentlemen at home, unbound in easy frieze! May the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! May their false lights undo them, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! May they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels; unless it be the Gothick Latin they write in their bonds; and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Enter the KING.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them, how they swarm together! What a hum they raise! Devils choke your wild throats! If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring them on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: They will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me, and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster: Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him! Oh, my wits, my wits! [*Exit Cle.*

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this: Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, sir, they'll flea him, and make church-buckets of his skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in his sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter CLEREMONT *with* PHILASTER.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me! Do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wronged you,
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born: Take your love,
And with her my repentance, and my wishes,
And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks this;
And if the least fall from me not performed,
May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess,
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach; which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not moved, sir: I shall bring you peace,
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee! [*Exeunt.*

Enter an old captain and citizens, with PHARAMOND.

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let's fall on! let our caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues forget your mother's gibberish, of what do you lack, and set your mouths up, children, till your palates fall frighted, half a fathom past the cure of bay-salt and gross pepper. And then cry Philaster, brave Philaster! Let Philaster be deeper in request, my ding-dongs, my pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs, than your cold water camlets, or your paintings spotted with copper. Let not your hasty silks, or your branched cloth of bodkin, or your tissues, dearly beloved of spiced cake and custard, your Robinhoods, Scarlets and Johns, tie your affections in darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers, up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought valours; and let your uncut choler make the king feel the measure of your mightiness. Philaster! cry, my rose-nobles, cry.

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince? These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things, that will not strike their top sails to a foist; and let a man of war, an argosy, hull and cry cockles.

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know; and give your greatness warning, that you talk no more such bug-words, or that soldered crown shall be scratched with a musquet. Dear prince Pippen, down with your noble blood; or, as I live, I'll have you coddled. Let him loose, my spirits! Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors, and let us see what this trim man dares do. Now, sir, have at you! Here I lie, and with this swashing blow (do you sweat, prince?) I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-legged, like a hare at a poulterer's, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murdered, wicked villains?

1 *Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, sir: We have not seen one foe a great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he? Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes; branch me his skin in flowers like a sattin, and between every flower a mortal cut. Your royalty shall ravel! Jag him, gentlemen: I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the seams. Oh, for a whip to make him galloon-laces! I'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!

Cap. Hold, hold; the man begins to fear, and know himself; he shall for this time only be seeled up, with a feather through his nose, that he may only see heaven, and think whither he is going. Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you: You would be king! Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale, thou slight prince of single sarcenet; thou royal ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing but poor mens' poultry, and have every boy beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!

Pha. Gods keep me from these hell hounds!

1 *Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain,

2 *Cit.* I'll have an arm.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge build a college, and clap it upon the gate.

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little gut to string a kit with; for, certainly, a royal gut will sound like silver.

Pha. 'Would they were in thy belly, and I past my pain at once!

5 *Cit.* Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.

Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortured.

1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your two-hand sword, and let me have his skin to make false scabbards.

2 *Cit.* He has no horns, sir, has he?

Cap. No, sir, he's a pollard. What would'st thou do with horns.

2 *Cit.* Oh, if he had, I would have made rare hafts and whistles of them; but his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter PHILASTER.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave prince Philaster!

Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal Rosiclear,
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers!
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? Is the king sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? Speak. If not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,
And run even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold, and be satisfied: I am myself;
Free as my thoughts are: by the gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the king?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their gummed golls, and cry, 'we are your servants?'
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I do desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul; forget my name,
And know my misery: set me safe aboard
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,
Perpetual imprisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do; nay, to despair;
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you. Friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you,
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 *Cit.* Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you:
He's a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,
And mail you like a hawk. [*He stirs.*

Phi. Away, away; there is no danger in him:

Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off.
Look ye, friends, how gently he leads. Upon my word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good my friends, go to your houses,
And by me have your pardons, and my love;
And know, there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.
To give you more thanks were to flatter you.
Continue still your love; and, for an earnest,
Drink this.

All. Long mayest thou live, brave prince! brave prince!
Brave prince! [*Ex. Phi. and Pha.*

Cap. Thou art the king of courtesy!
Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come, and every man trace to his house again, and hang his pewter up; then to the tavern, and bring your wives in muffs. We will have music; and the red grape shall make us dance, and rise, boys. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, CLEREMONT, DION, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, *and attendants.*

King. Is it appeased?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentleman!
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him: I have heaped a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.

Cle. My lord is come.

King. My son!
Blest be the time, that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast
For all the stings, that dwell there. Streams of grief,
That I have wronged thee, and as much of joy,
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her;
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten. For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeemed, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnished to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece?

Meg. Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or, have princes salves,
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and the boy together.

Dion. How now!

Meg. Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father.

Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left
For me to clear myself? It lies in your belief.
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great king, that I may speak
As freedom would; then I will call this lady
As base as be her actions! hear me, sir:
Believe your heated blood, when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely.

Phi. This lady? I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive them? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then, what were to be known
But death?

King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.

Phi. Command, whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above!
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.

King. Bear away that boy
To torture: I will have her cleared or buried.

Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy sir!
Ask something else! Bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him! it stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: here stands a man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have lived, till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful, but this last
Is pitiful; for, I, unwillingly,
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture! Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood, to carry this and live?
[*Offers to kill himself.*

Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand.

King. Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh will try your constancy.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

Dion. No! Help, sirs.

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Haste there! why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? will he confess?
Dion. Sir, so he says.
King. Speak then.
Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things than these
You hear not often.
King. Walk aside with him.
Dion. Why speakest thou not?
Bel. Know you this face, my lord?
Dion. No.
Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?
Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.
Bel. I have been often told,
In court, of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They, that would flatter my bad face, would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, dressed alike.
Dion. By heaven, and so there is.
Bel. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,
That I may escape this torture.
Dion. But thou speakest
As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge, that she lives
In pilgrimage?
Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it; and do scarce believe it.
Dion. Oh, my shame! Is't possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer? Where wert thou born?
Bel. In Syracusa.
Dion. What's thy name?
Bel. Euphrasia.
Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she!
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?
Bel. 'Would I had died indeed; I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.
King. What have you done?
Dion. All is discovered.
Phi. Why then hold you me?
[*He offers to stab himself.*
All is discovered! Pray you, let me go.
King. Stay him.
Are. What is discovered?
Dion. Why, my shame!
It is a woman: let her speak the rest.
Phi. How? that again!
Dion. It is a woman.
Phi. Blessed be you powers, that favour innocence!
King. Lay hold upon that lady.
Phi. It is a woman, sir! hark, gentlemen!
It is a woman! Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite of malice.
King. Speak you; where lies his shame?
Bel. I am his daughter.
Phi. The gods are just.
Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.
Phi. Take it freely; for, I know,
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well.
Are, And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.
Cle, Noble and worthy!
Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweighed it: all these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered
What now we know.
Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in
Like breath: then was I called away in haste,
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heaved from a sheep-cot to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above singing! after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so: alas! I found it love;
Yet far from lust; for could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and, understanding well,
That, when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seemed, that I might ever
Abide with you: then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.
King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,

And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.
Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But, if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.
Are. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Dressed like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here. Come, live with me;
Live free, as I do. She, that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her!
Phi. I grieve such virtues should be laid in earth,
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.
King. Set her at liberty; but leave the court;
This is no place for such! You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home,
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there,
Remember, 'twas your faults, that lost you her,
And not my purposed will.
Pha. I do confess,
Renowned sir.
King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy,
Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! let princes learn
By this, to rule the passions of their blood,
For what heaven wills can never be withstood.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

BONDMAN.

BY

MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

TIMOLEON, *the general of Corinth.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *the Prætor of Syracusa.*
DIPHILUS, *a senator of Syracusa.*
CLEON, *a fat impotent lord.*
PISANDER *(disguised) a gentleman of Thebes.*
POLIPHRON *(disguised) friend to Pisander.*
LEOSTHENES, *a gentleman of Syracusa, enamoured of Cleora.*
ASOTUS, *a foolish lover, and the son of Cleon.*
TIMAGORAS, *the son of Archidamus.*
GRACCULO, CIMBRIO, *bondmen.*
A Jailor.

WOMEN.

CLEORA, *Daughter of Archidamus.*
CORISCA, *a proud wanton lady, wife to Cleon.*
OLYMPIA, *a rich widow.*
STATILIA, *sister to Pisander, slave to Cleora.*
ZANTHIA, *slave to Corisca.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter TIMAGORAS *and* LEOSTHENES.

Timag. WHY should you droop, Leosthenes, or despair
My sister's favour? What, before, you purchased
By courtship, and fair language, in these wars
(For, from her soul, you know, she loves a soldier)
You may deserve by action.

Leost. Good Timagoras,
When I have said my friend, think all is spoken
That may assure me yours; and pray you, believe,
The dreadful voice of war, that shakes the city,
The thundering threats of Carthage, nor their army,
Raised to make good those threats, affright not me.
If fair Cleora were confirmed his prize,
That has the strongest arm and sharpest sword,
I'd court Bellona in her horrid trim,
As if she were a mistress, and bless fortune
That offers my young valour to the proof,
How much I dare do for your sister's love.
But, when that I consider how averse
Your noble father, great Archidamus,
Is, and hath ever been, to my desires,
Reason may warrant me to doubt and fear,
What seeds soever I sow in these wars
Of noble courage, his determinate will
May blast, and give my harvest to another,
That ne'er toiled for it.

Timag. Prithee, do not nourish
These jealous thoughts; I'm thine, and, pardon me,
Though I repeat it, my Leosthenes,
That, for thy sake, when the bold Theban sued,
Far-famed Pisander, for my sister's love,
Sent him disgraced and discontented home;
I wrought my father then; and I, that stopped not
In the career of my affection to thee,
When that renowned worthy brought with him
High birth, wealth, courage, as fee'd advocates
To mediate for him, never will consent,
A fool, that only has the shape of man,
Asotus, though he be rich Cleon's heir,
Shall bear her from thee.

Leost. In that trust I live.

Timag. Which never shall deceive you.

Enter PISANDER.

Pis. Sir, the general,
Timoleon, by his trumpets hath given warning
For a remove.

Timag. 'Tis well; provide my horse.

Pis. I shall, sir. [*Exit Pisander.*

Leost. This slave has a strange aspect?

Timag. Fit for his fortune; 'tis a strong limbed knave;
My father bought him for my sister's litter.
O pride of women! Coaches are too common;
They surfeit in the happiness of peace,
And ladies think they keep not state enough,
If, for their pomp and ease, they are not borne
In triumph on mens' shoulders.

Leost. Who commands
The Carthaginian fleet?
Timag. Gisco's their admiral,
And, 'tis our happiness, a raw young fellow,
One never trained in arms, but rather fashioned
To tilt with ladies lips than crack a lance,
Ravish a feather from a mistress' fan,
And wear it as a favour. A steel helmet,
Made horrid with a glorious plume, will crack
His woman's neck.
Leo. No more of him.—The motives
That Corinth gives us aid?
Timag. The common danger:
For Sicily being on fire, she is not safe;
It being apparent that ambitious Carthage,
(That to enlarge her empire strives to fasten
An unjust gripe on us, that live free lords
Of Syracusa) will not end, till Greece
Acknowledge her their sovereign.
Leost. I'm satisfied.
What think you of our general?
Timag. He is a man
Of strange and reserved parts; but a great soldier.
[*A trumpet sounds.*
His trumpets call us; I'll forbear his character:
To-morrow, in the senate-house, at large
He will express himself.
Leost. I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Senate House.*

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, CLEON, DIPHILUS, OLYMPIA, CORISCA, CLEORA, *and* ZANTHIA.

Arch. So careless we have been, my noble lords,
In the disposing of our own affairs,
And ignorant in the art of government,
That now we need a stranger to instruct us.
Yet we are happy that our neighbour Corinth
(Pitying the unjust gripe Carthage would lay
On Syracusa) hath vouchsafed to lend us
Her man of men, Timoleon, to defend
Our country and our liberties.
Diph. 'Tis a favour
We are unworthy of, and we may blush
Necessity compells us to receive it.
Arch. O shame! that we, that are a populous nation,
Engaged to liberal nature for all blessings
An island can bring forth; we that have limbs,
And able bodies, shipping, arms and treasure,
The sinews of the war, now we are called
To stand upon our guard, cannot produce
One, fit to be our general!
Cleon. I'm old and fat;
I could say something else.
Arch. We must obey
The time and our occasions; ruinous buildings,
Whose bases and foundations are infirm,
Must use supporters: We are circled round
With danger; o'er our heads with sail-stretched wings
Destruction hovers, and a cloud of mischief
Ready to break upon us; no hope left us,
That may divert it, but our sleeping virtue,
Roused up by brave Timoleon.
Cleon. When arrives he?
Diph. He is expected every hour.
Arch. The braveries
Of Syracusa, among whom my son
Timagoras, Leosthenes, and Asotus,
(Your hopeful heir, lord Cleon) two days since
Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to
The city; every minute we expect
To be blessed with his presence.
Cleon. What shout's this? [*Shout at a distance.*
Diph. 'Tis seconded with loud music.
[*Trumpets flourish within.*
Arch. Which confirms
His wished-for entrance. Let us entertain him
With all respect, solemnity, and pomp,
A man may merit, that comes to redeem us
From slavery and oppression.
Cleon. I'll lock up
My doors, and guard my gold; these lads of Corinth
Have nimble fingers, and I fear them more,
Being within our walls, than those of Carthage;
They are far off.
Arch. And, ladies, be it your care
To welcome him and his followers with all duty.
For rest resolved, their hands and swords must keep you
In that full height of happiness you live in:
A dreadful change else follows.
[*Exeunt* ARCH. CLEON. *and* DIPH.

Enter TIMAGORAS, LEOSTHENES, ASOTUS, TIMOLEON *in black, led in by* ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, *and* CLEON; *followed by* PISANDER, GRACCULO, CIMBRIO, *and other Slaves.*

Arch. It is your seat,
Which with a general suffrage,
As to the supreme magistrate, Sicily tenders,
And prays Timoleon to accept.
Timol. Such honours,
To one ambitious of rules or title,
Whose heaven or earth is placed in his command,
And absolute power o'er others, would with joy,
And veins swoln high, with pride be entertained.
They take not me; for I have ever loved
An equal freedom, and proclaim all such
As would usurp another's liberties,
Rebels to nature, to whose bounteous blessings
All men lay claim as true legitimate sons.
But such as have made forfeit of themselves
By vicious courses, and their birthright lost,
'Tis not injustice they are marked for slaves
To serve the virtuous. For myself, I know
Honours and great employments are great burdens,
And must require an Atlas to support them.
He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself, richly endued
With depth of understanding, height of courage,
And those remarkable graces which I dare not
Ascribe unto myself.
Arch. Sir, empty men
Are trumpets of their own deserts; but you,

That are not in opinion, but in proof,
Really good, and full of glorious parts,
Leave the report of what you are to fame,
Which, from the ready tongues of all good men,
Aloud proclaims you.
Diph. Besides, you stand bound,
Having so large a field to exercise
Your active virtues offered you, to impart
Your strength to such as need it.
Timol. 'Tis confessed:
And, since you'll have it so, such as I am,
For you, and for the liberty of Greece,
I am most ready to lay down my life:
But yet consider, men of Syracusa,
Before that you deliver up the power
(Which yet is yours) to me, to whom 'tis given;
To an impartial man, with whom nor threats
Nor prayers shall e'er prevail; for I must steer
An even course.
Arch. Which is desired of all.
Timol. Timophanes, my brother, for whose death
I'm tainted in the world, and foully tainted;
In whose remembrance I have ever worn,
In peace and war, this livery of sorrow,
Can witness for me, how much I detest
Tyrannous usurpation; with grief
I must remember it: For, when no persuasion
Could win him to desist from his bad practice,
To change the aristocracy of Corinth
Into an absolute monarchy, I chose rather
To prove a pious and obedient son
To my country, my best mother, than to lend
Assistance to Timophanes, tho' my brother,
That, like a tyrant, strove to set his foot
Upon the city's freedom.
Timag. 'Twas a deed
Deserving rather trophies than reproof.
Leost. And will be still remembered to your honour,
If you forsake us not.
Diph. If you free Sicily
From barbarous Carthage' yoke, it will be said
In him you slew a tyrant.
Arch. But, giving way
To her invasion, not vouchsafing us
(That fly to your protection) aid and comfort,
'Twill be believed, that for your private ends
You killed a brother.
Timol. As I then proceed,
To all posterity may that act be crowned
With a deserved applause, or branded with
The mark of infamy—Stay yet; ere I take
This seat of justice, or engage myself
To fight for you abroad, or to reform
Your state at home, swear all upon my sword,
And call the gods of Sicily to witness
The oath you take; that whatso'er I shall
Propound for safety of your commonwealth,
Not circumscribed or bound in, shall by you
Be willingly obeyed.
Arch. Diph. Cleon. So may we prosper,
As we obey in all things!
Timag. Leos. Aso. And observe
All your commands as oracles!
Timol. Do not repent it. [*Takes the State.*
First then, a word or two, but without bitterness,
(And yet mistake me not, I am no flatterer)
Concerning your government of the state.
In which the greatest, noblest, and most rich,
Stand, in the first file, guilty.
Cleon. Ha! how's this?
Timol. You have not, as good patriots should do, studied
The public good, but your particular ends;
Factious among yourselves, preferring such
To offices and honours, as ne'er read
The elements of saving policy;
But deeply skilled in all the principles,
That usher to destruction.
Leost. Sharp.
Timag. The better.
Timol. Your senate-house, which used not to admit
A man, however popular, to stand
At the helm of government, whose youth was not
Made glorious by action; whose experience
Crowned with grey heirs, gave warrant to his counsels,
Heard and received with reverence; is now filled
With green heads, that determine of the state
Over their cups, or when their sated lusts
Afford them leisure; or supplied by those
Who, rising from base arts and sordid thrift,
Are eminent for wealth, not for their wisdom:
Which is the reason that to hold a place
In council, which was once esteemed an honour,
And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost
Lustre and reputation, and is made
A mercenary purchase.
Timag. He speaks home.
Leost. And to the purpose.
Timol. From whence it proceeds
That the treasure of the city is ingrossed
By a few private men, the public coffers
Hollow with want; and they, that will not spare
One talent for the common good, to feed
The pride and bravery of their wives, consume
In plate, in jewels, and superfluous slaves,
What would maintain an army.
Cor. Have at us!
Olym. We thought we were forgot.
Cleora. But it appears
You will be treated of.
Timol. Yet in this plenty,
And fat of peace, your young men ne'er were trained
In martial discipline, and your ships unrigged
Rot in the harbour: no defence prepared,
But thought unuseful; as if the gods,
Indulgent to your sloth, had granted you
A perpetuity of pride and pleasure,
Nor change feared or expected. Now you find
That Carthage, looking on your stupid sleeps,

And dull security, was invited to
Invade your territories.
Arch. You've made us see, sir,
To our shame, the country's sickness: Now from you,
As from a careful and a wise physician,
We do expect the cure.
Timol. Old festered sores
Must be lanced to the quick and cauterized:
Which, borne with patience, after I'll apply
Soft unguents: For the maintenance of the war,
It is decreed all monies in the hands
Of private men, shall instantly be brought
To the public treasury.
Timag. This bites sore.
Cleon. The cure
Is worse than the disease; I'll never yield to it:
What could the enemy, though victorious,
Inflict more on us? All that my youth had toiled for,
Purchased with industry, and preserved with care,
Forced from me in a moment!
Diph. This rough course
Will never be allowed of.
Timol. O blind men!
If you refuse the first means that is offered
To give you health, no hope's left to recover
Your desperate sickness. Do you prize your muck
Above your liberties; and rather choose
To be made bondmen, than to part with that
To which already you are slaves? Or can it
Be probable in your flattering apprehensions,
You can capitulate with the conqueror,
And keep that yours which they come to possess,
And, while you kneel in vain, will ravish from you?
But take your own ways; brood upon your gold,
Sacrifice to your idol, and preserve
The prey entire, and merit the report
Of careful stewards: Yield a just account
To your proud masters, who with whips of iron
Will force you to give up what you conceal,
Or tear it from your throats: Adorn your walls
With Persian hangings wrought of gold and pearl:
Cover the floors on which they are to tread,
With costly Median silks; perfume the rooms
With cassia and amber, where they are
To feast and revel; while, like servile grooms,
You wait upon their trenchers; feed their eyes
With massy plate, until your cupboards crack
With the weight that they sustain; set forth your wives
And daughters in as varied shapes
As there are nations, to provoke their lusts,
And let them be embraced before your eyes,
The object may content you; and, to perfect
Their entertainment, offer up your sons,
And able men, for slaves; while you, that are
Unfit for labour, are spurnéd out to starve,
Unpitied, in some desert, no friend by,
Whose sorrow may spare one compassionate tear,
In the remembrance of what once you were.
Leost. The blood turns.
Timag. Observe how old Cleon shakes,
As if in picture he had shown him what
He was to suffer.
Cor. I am sick; the man
Speaks poignards and diseases.
Olymp. Oh! my doctor!
I never shall recover.
Cleora. If a virgin,
Whose speech was ever yet ushered with ear;
One knowing modesty and humble silence
To be the choicest ornaments of our sex,
In the presence of so many reverend men,
Struck dumb with terror and astonishment,
Presume to clothe her thought in vocal sounds,
Let her find pardon. First, to you, great sir!
A bashful maid's thanks, and her zealous prayers
Winged with pure innocence bearing them to heaven,
For all prosperity that the gods can give
To one whose piety must exact their care;
Thus low I offer.
Timol. 'Tis a happy omen.
Rise, blest one, and speak boldly: On my virtue
I am thy warrant, from so clear a spring
Sweet rivers ever flow.
Cleora. Then thus to you,
My noble father, and these lords, to whom
I next owe duty; no respect forgotten
To you, my brother, and these bold young men
(Such I would have them) that are, or should be,
The city's sword and target of defence;
To all of you I speak; and, if a blush
Steal on my cheeks, it is shown to reprove
Your paleness (willingly I would not say
Your cowardice or fear). Think you all treasure
Hid in the bowels of the earth, or shipwrecked
In Neptune's watry kingdom, can hold weight,
When liberty and honour fill one scale,
Triumphant justice sitting on the beam?
Or dare you but imagine that your gold is
Too dear a salary for such as hazard
Their blood and lives in your defence? For me
An ignorant girl, bear witness, heaven! So far
I prize a soldier, that, to give him pay,
With such devotion as our Flamens offer
Their sacrifices at the holy altar,
I do lay down these jewels, will make sale
Of my superfluous wardrobe, to supply
The meanest of their wants.
Timol. Brave masculine spirit!
Diph. We are shown, to our shame, what we in honour
Should have taught others.
Arch. Such a fair example
Must needs be followed.
Timag. Ever my dear sister,
But now our family's glory.
Leost. Were she deformed,
The virtues of her mind would force a stoic
To sue to be her servant.
Cleon. I must yield;

ough my heart-blood part with it, I will
r in my wealth.
. I would say something;
e truth is, I know not what.
d. We have money;
en must now be thought on.
i. We can press
urers in the country (men inured
l and heat) ten thousand,
i. Or, if need be,
f slaves, lusty and able varlets,
: for service.
n. They shall go for me;
ot pay and fight too.
ra. How! your slaves?
i of honour! Once more, sir, your pardon;
their shames let me deliver what
in justice you may speak.
d. Most gladly:
not wish my thoughts a better organ
our tongue to express them.
ra. Are you men?
e may qualify, though not excuse,
ckwardness of these) able young men?
w your country's liberty's at stake;
r and glorious triumph made a garland
h as dare deserve them; a rich feast
ed by Victory, of immortal viands,
r base men, but such as with their swords
orce admittance, and will be her guests;
n you coldly suffer such rewards
proposed to labourers and slaves?
you, that are born noble (to whom these,
at their best rate, are next to horses,
r beasts of carriage) cry, Ay me!
le lookers on, till their proud worth
hem become your masters?
d. By my hopes,
i fire and spirit enough in this to make
es valiant.
ra. No; far, far be it from you:
se of meaner quality contend,
an endure most labour; plow the earth,
ink they are rewarded when their sweat
home a fruitful harvest to their lords;
m prove good artificers, and serve you
e and ornament; but not presume
ch at what is noble: if you think them
thy to taste of those cates you feed on,
r such costly garments, will you grant them
ivilege and prerogative of great minds,
you were born to? Honour won in war,
be styled preservers of their country,
les fit for free and generous spirits,
t for bondmen. Had I been born a man,
ch ne'er-dying glories made the prize
l heroic courage, by Diana,
l not to my brother, nay, my father,
ed to part with the piece of honour
l gain in this action.

Timol. She's inspired,
Or in her speaks the genius of your country,
To fire your blood in her defence: I am rapped
With the imagination.—Noble maid,
Timoleon is your soldier, and will sweat
Drops of his best blood, but he will bring home
Triumphant conquest to you. Let me wear
Your colours, lady; and, though youthful heats,
That look no farther than your outward form,
Are long since buried in me, while I live,
I am a constant lover of your mind,
That does transcend all other precedents.
Cleora. 'Tis an honour, [*Gives her scarf.*
And so I do receive it.
Cor. Plague upon it!
She has got the start of us: I could even burst
With envy at her fortune,
Olym. A raw young thing!
We've too much tongue sometimes, our husbands say;
And she outstrip us!
Leost. I am for the journey.
Timag. May all diseases sloth and letchery bring,
Fall upon him that stays at home.
Arch. Though old,
I will be there in person.
Diph. So will I.
Methinks I am not what I was: Her words
Have made me younger by a score of years,
Than I was when I came hither.
Cleon. I am still
Old Cleon, fat and unwieldy; I shall never
Make a good soldier, and therefore desire
To be excused at home.
Aso. 'Tis my suit too:
I am a gristle, and these spider fingers
Will never hold a sword.—Let us alone
To rule the slaves at home, I can so yerk them;
But in my conscience I shall never prove
Good justice in the war.
Timol. Have your desires;
You would be burdens to us, no way aids.
Lead, fairest, to the temple; first we'll pay
A sacrifice to the gods for good success:
For all great actions the wished course do run,
That are, with their allowance, well begun.
[*Exeunt all but the slaves.*
Pis. Stay, Cimbrio and Gracculo.
Cimb. The business?
Pis. Meet me to-morrow night near to the grove,
Neighbouring the east part of the city.
Grac. Well.
Pis. And bring the rest of our condition with you.
I've something to impart may break our fetters,
If you dare second me.
Cimb. We'll not fail.
Grac. A cart-rope
Shall not bind me at home.
Pis. Think on't and prosper. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, TIMAGORAS, LEOSTHENES, *with gorgets, and* PISANDER.

Arch. So, so, 'tis well: How do I look?
Pis. Most sprightfully.
Arch. I shrink not in the shoulders; though I'm old
I'm tough; steel to the back: I have not wasted
My stock of strength in feather beds. Here's an arm too;
There's stuff in't, and I hope will use a sword
As well as any beardless boy of you all.
Timag. I'm glad to see you, sir, so well prepared
To endure the travail of the war.
Arch. Go to, sirrah!
I shall endure, when some of you keep your cabins,
For all your flaunting feathers. Nay, Leosthenes,
You're welcome too, all friends and fellows now.
Leost. Your servant, sir.
Arch. Pish! leave these compliments,
They stink in a soldier's mouth; I could be merry,
(For, now my gown's off, farewel gravity),
And must be bold to put a question to you,
Without offence, I hope.
Leost. Sir, what you please.
Arch. And you will answer truly?
Timag. On our words, sir.
Arch. Go to, then! I presume you will confess
That you are two notorious whoremasters.
Nay, spare your blushing, I've been wild myself.
Leost. Say we grant this,
(For if we should deny it you'll not believe us)
What will you infer upon it?
Arch. What you'll groan for,
I fear, when you come to the test. Old stories tell us,
There's a month called October, which brings in
Cold weather; there are trenches too, 'tis rumoured,
In which to stand all night to the knees in water,
In gallants breeds the toothach; there's a sport too,
Named, *lying perdue*, do you mark me? ('tis a game,
Which you must learn to play at, now in these seasons)
And choice variety of exercises,
(Nay I come to you) and fasts, not for devotion;

Enter DIPHILUS *and* CLEORA.

O welcome, welcome!
You've cut off my discourse, but I will perfect
My lecture in the camp.
Diph. Come, we are stayed for;
The general's afire for a remove,
And longs to be in action.
Arch. 'Tis my wish too.
We must part. Nay, no tears, my best Cleora;
I shall melt too, and that were ominous.
Millions of blessings on thee! All that's mine
I give up to thy charge; and, sirrah, look
You with that care and reverence observe her,
As you would pay to me. A kiss, farewell, girl!
Diph. Peace wait upon you, fair one!
[*Exeunt Arch. Diph. and Pis.*
Timag. 'Twere impertinence
To wish you to be careful of your honour,
That ever keep in pay a guard about you
Of faithful virtues. Farewell: friend, I leave you
To wipe our kisses off; I know that lovers
Part with more circumstance and ceremony;
Which I give way to. [*Exit Timag.*
Leost. 'Tis a noble favour,
For which I ever owe you. We're alone:
But how I should begin, or in what language
Speak the unwilling word of parting from you,
I'm yet to learn.
Cleora. And still continue ignorant;
For I must be most cruel to myself,
If I should teach you.
Leost. Yet it must be spoken,
Or you will chide my slackness: You have fired me
With the heat of noble action to deserve you;
And the least spark of honour that took life
From your sweet breath, still fanned by it and cherished,
Must mount up in a glorious flame, or I
Am much unworthy.
Cleora. May it yet burn here,
And, as a sea-mark, serve to guide true lovers
(Tossed on the ocean of luxurious wishes)
Safe from the rocks of lust, into the harbour
Of pure affection, rising up an example
Which after-times shall witness to our glory,
First took from us beginning!
Leost. 'Tis a happiness
My duty to my country, and mine honour,
Cannot consent to; besides, add to these,
It was your pleasure, fortified by persuasion
And strength of reason, for the general good,
That I should go.
Cleora. Alas! I then was witty
To plead against myself; and mine eye, fixed
Upon the hill of honour, ne'er descended
To look into the vale of certain dangers,
Through which you were to cut your passage to it
Leost. I'll stay at home, then.
Cleora. No, that must not be;
For so, to serve my own ends, and to gain
A petty wreath myself, I rob you of
A certain triumph, which must fall upon you,
Or Virtue's turned a hand-maid to blind Fortune:
How is my soul divided! to confirm you
In the opinion of the world most worthy

eloved (with me you're at the height,
n advance no farther), I must send you
rt the goddess of stern war, who, if
you with my eyes, will ne'er return you,
w enamoured of you.
t. Sweet, take comfort!
at I offer you, you must vouchsafe me,
n wretched: All the dangers that
ncounter in the war are trifles;
emies abroad to be contemned;
adful foes, that have the power to hurt me,
at home with you.
ra. With me?
t. Nay, in you,
y part about you; they are armed
t against me.
ra. Where?
t. There's no perfection
ou are mistress of, but musters up
n against me, and all sworn
destruction.
ra. This is strange!
t. But true, sweet:
of love can work such miracles.
his ivory forehead are intrenched
ousand rivals, and these suns command
s from all the world, on pain to forfeit
comfortable beams; these ruby lips,
exchequer to assure their pay;
and, Sibylla's golden bough to guard them
h hell and horror to the Elysian springs;
who'll not venture for? and, should I name
s the virtues of your mind invite,
numbers would be infinite.
ra. Can you think
be tempted?
t. You were never proved.
e, I have conversed with you no farther
would become a brother. I ne'er tuned
notes to your chaste ears; or brought rich
presents
y artillery, to batter down
rtress of your honour; nor endeavoured
ke your blood run high at solemn feasts,
iands that provoke (the speeding philtres):
ed no bawds to tempt you; never practised
nning and corrupting arts they study,
vander in the wild maze of desire;
t simplicity and truth were all
ents I employed; and when I came
you, it was with that reverence
eheld the altars of the gods;
ove, that came along with me, was taught
ve his arrows, and his torch behind,
hed in my fear to give offence.
ra. And 'twas
odesty that took me and preserves me,
fresh rose, in mine own natural sweetness;
, sullied with the touch of impure hands,
oth scent and beauty.
t. But, Cleora,
I am absent, as I must go from you,
(Such is the cruelty of my fate) and leave you,
Unguarded, to the violent assaults
Of loose temptations; when the memory
Of my so many years of love and service,
Is lost in other objects; you are courted
By such as keep a catalogue of their conquests
Won upon credulous virgins; when nor father
Is here to awe you, brother to advise you,
Nor your poor servant by, to keep such off,
By lust instructed how to undermine
And blow your chastity up; when your weak senses,
At once assaulted, shall conspire against you,
And play the traitors to your soul, your virtue:
How can you stand? 'Faith, though you fall, and I
The judge, before whom you then stood accused,
I should acquit you.
Cleora. Will you then confirm
That love and jealousy, though of different natures,
Must of necessity be twins; the younger
Created only to defeat the elder,
And spoil him of his birthright? 'tis not well.
But being to part, I will not chide, I will not;
Nor with one syllable or tear, express
How deeply I am wounded with the arrows
Of your distrust: But when that you shall hear
At your return how I have borne myself,
And what an austere penance I take on me,
To satisfy your doubts: When, like a vestal,
I shew you, to your shame, the fire still burning,
Committed to my charge by true affection,
The people joining with you in the wonder:
When, by the glorious splendor of my sufferings,
The prying eyes of jealousy are struck blind,
The monster, too, that feeds on fears, even starved
For want of seeming matter to accuse me,
Expect, Leosthenes, a sharp reproof
From my just anger.
Leost. What will you do?
Cleora. Obey me,
Or from this minute you're a stranger to me;
And do it without reply.—All-seeing sun,
Thou witness of my innocence, thus I close
Mine eyes against thy comfortable light,
'Till the return of this distrustful man.
[*He binds her eyes.*
Now bind them sure;—nay, do it: if uncompelled
I loose this knot, until the hands that made it
Be pleased to untie it, may consuming plagues
Fall heavy on me! Pray you, guide me to your lips.
This kiss, when you come back, shall be a virgin,
To bid you welcome.—Nay, I have not done yet:
I will continue dumb; and, you once gone,
No accent shall come from me: Now to my chamber;
My tomb, if you miscarry: There I'll spend
My hours in silent mourning, and thus much
Shall be reported of me to my glory,
And you confess it, whether I live or die,
My chastity triumphs o'er your jealousy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PISANDER *and* POLIPHRON, *bringing forth a Table.*

Pis. 'Twill take, I warrant thee.
Pol. You may do your pleasure;
But, in my judgment, better to make use of
The present opportunity.
Pis. No more.
Pol. I'm silenced.
Pis. More wine; pry'thee drink hard, friend,
And when we're hot, whatever I propound,

Enter CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, *and other Slaves.*

Second with vehemency.—Men of your words, all welcome!
Slaves use no ceremony; sit down, here's a health.
Pol. Let it run round, fill every man his glass.
Grac. We look for no waiters: this is wine.
Pis. The better,
Strong, lusty wine. Drink deep; this juice will make us
As free as our lords.
Grac. But, if they find we taste it,
We are all damned to the quarry during life,
Without hope of redemption.
Pis. Pish! for that
We'll talk anon: Another rouze, we lose time;
[*Drinks.*
When our low blood's wound up a little higher,
I'll offer my design:—nay, we are cold yet,
These glasses contain nothing;—do me right,
[*Takes the bottle.*
As e'er you hope for liberty. 'Tis done bravely:
How do you feel yourselves now?
Cim. I begin
To have strange conundrums in my head.
Grac. And I
To loath base water. I would be hanged in peace now,
For one month of such holidays.
Pis. An age, boys;
And yet defy the whip, if you are men,
Or dare believe you've souls.
Our lords are no gods?
Grac. They are devils to us, I am sure.
Pis. But subject to
Cold, hunger, and diseases.
Grac. In abundance:
Your lord, that feels no ach in his chine at twenty,
Forfeits his privilege; how should their chirurgeons build else,
Or ride on their foot-clothes?
Pis. Equal Nature fashioned us
All in one mould: The bear serves not the bear,
Nor the wolf the wolf; 'twas odds of strength in tyrants,
That plucked the first link from the golden chain,
With which that thing of things bound in the world.
Why then, since we are taught, by their examples,
To love our liberty, if not command,
Should the strong serve the weak, the fair deformed ones?
Or such as know the cause of things, pay tribute
To ignorant fools? All's but the outward gloss
And politic form that does distinguish us.
Cimbrio, thou art a strong man; if, in place
Of carrying burthens, thou hadst been trained up
In martial discipline, thou might'st have proved
A general, fit to lead and fight for Sicily,
As fortunate as Timoleon.
Cim. A little fighting
Will serve a general's turn.
Pis. Thou, Gracculo,
Hast fluency of language, quick conceit;
And, I think, covered with a senator's robe,
Formally set on the bench, thou wouldst appear
As brave a senator———
Grac. Would I had lands,
Or money to buy a place; and if I did not
Sleep on the bench with the drowsiest of 'em,
Play with my chain,
Look on my watch when my guts chim'd twelve, and wear
A state beard, with my barber's help; rank with them
In their most choice peculiar gifts; degrade me,
And put me to drink water again, which (now
I've tasted wine) were poison.
Pis. 'Tis spoke nobly,
And like a gown-man:—None of these, I think too,
But would prove good burghers.
Grac. Hum! the fools are modest:
I know their insides.—Here's an ill-faced fellow
(But that will not be seen in a dark shop),
If he did not in a month learn to out-swear,
In the selling of his wares, the cunningest tradesman
In Syracusa, I've no skill.—Here's another,
Observe but what a cozening look he has;
(Hold up thy head, man) if for drawing gallants
Into mortgages for commodities, cheating heirs
With your new counterfeit gold thread, and gummed velvets,
He does not transcend all that went before him,
Call in his patent. Pass the rest; they'll all make
Sufficient Beccos, and with their brow-antlers,
Bear up the cup of maintenance.
Pis. Is't not pity, then,
Men of such eminent virtues should be slaves?
Cim. Our fortune!
Pis. 'Tis your folly. Daring men
Command, and make their fates.—Say, at this instant,
I marked you out a way to liberty;
Possessed you of those blessings our proud lords
So long have surfeited in; and, what is sweetest,
Arm you with power, by strong hand to avenge
Your stripes, your unregarded toil, the pride,
The insolence, of such as tread upon
Your patient sufferings; fill your famished mouths
With the fat and plenty of the land; redeem you
From the dark vale of servitude, and seat you

Upon a hill of happiness: What would you do
To purchase this, and more?
Grac. Do any thing:
To burn a church or two, and dance by the light of it,
Were but a May-game.
Pol. I have a father living;
But, if the cutting of his throat could work this,
He should excuse me.
Cim. I would cut mine own,
Rather than miss it, so I might but have
A taste of it ere I die.
Pis. Be resolute men,
You shall run no such hazard; nor groan under
The burthen of such crying sins.
Cim. The means?
Grac. I feel a woman's longing.
Pol. Do not torment us
With expectation.
Pis. Thus then: Our proud masters,
And all the able freemen of the city
Are gone unto the wars—
Pol. Observe but that.
Pis. Old men, and such as can make no resistance,
Are only left at home.
Grac. And the proud young fool,
My master—If this take, I'll hamper him.
Pis. Their arsenal, their treasure's in our power,
If we have hearts to seize them. If our lords fall
In the present action, the whole country's ours.
Say they return victorious, we have means
To keep the town against them; at the worst
To make our own conditions. Now, if you dare
Fall on their daughters and their wives, break up
Their iron chests, banquet on their rich beds,
And carve yourselves of all delights and pleasures
You have been barred from, with one voice cry with me,
Liberty, liberty!
All. Liberty, liberty!
Pis. Go then, and take possession: Use all freedom;
But shed no blood.—So, this is well begun;
But not to be commended till it be done.
[*Exeunt all, crying liberty.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

PISANDER, *and* TIMANDRA.

Pis. Why, think you that I plot against myself?
Fear nothing; you are safe: These thickskinned slaves,
I use as instruments to serve my ends,
Pierce not my deep designs; nor shall they dare
To lift an arm against you.
Timan. With your will:
But turbulent spirits, raised beyond themselves,
With ease are not so soon laid: They oft prove
Dangerous to him that called them up.
Pis. 'Tis true,
In what is rashly undertook. Long since
I have considered seriously their natures,
Proceeded with mature advice, and know
I hold their will and faculties in more awe
Than I can do my own. Now, for their licence,
And riot in the city, I can make
A just defence and use: It may appear, too,
A politic prevention of such ills
As might with greater violence and danger
Hereafter be attempted; though some smart for it
It matters not:—However, I am resolved;
And sleep you with security. Holds Cleora
Constant to her rash vow?
Timan. Beyond belief;
To me that see her hourly, it seems a fable.
By signs I guess at her commands, and serve them
With silence; such her pleasure is made known
By holding her fair hand thus. She eats little,
Sleeps less, as I imagine: Once a-day
I lead her to this gallery, where she walks
Some half a dozen turns, and, having offered
To her absent saint a sacrifice of sighs,
She points back to her prison.
Pis. Guide her hither,
And make her understand the slaves revolt;
And with your utmost eloquence enlarge
Their insolence and rapes done in the city.
Forget not, too, I am their chief, and tell her
You strongly think my extreme dotage on her,
As I am Marullo, caused this sudden uproar
To make way to enjoy her.
Timan. Punctually
I will discharge my part. [*Exit Timandra.*

Enter POLIPHRON.

Pol. O, sir, I sought you:
You have missed the sport. Hell, I think, is broke loose,
There's such variety of all disorders,
As leaping, shouting, drinking, dancing, whoring,
Among the slaves; answered with crying, howling,
By the citizens and their wives; such a confusion
(In a word, not to tire you), as I think
The like was never read of.
Pis. I share in
The pleasure though I'm absent. This is some
Revenge for my disgrace.
Pol. But, sir, I fear,
If your authority restrain them not,
They'll fire the city, or kill one another,
They are so apt to outrage; neither know I
Whether you wish it, and came therefore to
Acquaint you with so much.
Pis. I will among them;
But must not long be absent.

Pol. At your pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

CLEORA, TIMANDRA, *a chair, a shout within.*

Timan. They're at our gates, my heart! affrights and horrors
Increase each minute: No way left to save us,
No flattering hope to comfort us, or means
By miracle to redeem us from base lust
And lawless rapine? are there gods, yet suffer
Such innocent sweetness to be made the spoil
Of brutish appetite? Or, since they decree
To ruin Nature's masterpiece (of which
They have not left one pattern), must they chuse,
To set their tyranny off, slaves to pollute
The spring of chastity, and poison it
With their most loathed embraces? And of those
He that should offer up his life to guard it?
Marullo, cursed Marullo, your own bondman,
Purchased to serve you, and fed by your favours.
[*Cleora starts.*
Nay, start not: it is he; he, the grand captain
Of these libidinous beasts, that have not left
One cruel act undone, that barbarous conquest
Yet ever practised in a captive city.
He, doating on your beauty, and to have fellows
In his foul sin, hath raised these mutinous slaves,
Who have begun the game by violent rapes,
Upon the wives and daughters of their lords:
And he, to quench the fire of his base lust,
By force comes to enjoy you:—Do not wring
[*Cleora wrings her hands.*
Your innocent hands, 'tis bootless; use the means
That may preserve you. 'Tis no crime to break
A vow when you are forced to it; shew your face,
And with the majesty of commanding beauty
Strike dead his loose affections. If that fail,
Give liberty to your tongue, and use entreaties;
There cannot be a breast of flesh and blood,
Or heart so made of flint, but must receive
Impression from your words; or eyes so stern,
But from the clear reflection of your tears,
Must melt, and bear them company: will you not
Do these good offices to yourself? Poor I, then,
Can only weep your fortune!—Here he comes.

Enter PISANDER, *speaking at the door.*

Pis. He that advances
A foot beyond this, comes upon my sword.
You have had your ways, disturb not mine.
Timan. Speak gently,
Her fears may kill her else.
Pis. Now Love inspire me!
Still shall this canopy of envious night
Obscure my suns of comfort? And those dainties,
Of purest white and red, which I take in at
My greedy eyes, denied my famished senses?
The organs of your hearing are yet open;
And you infringe no vow, though you vouchsafe
To give them warrant to convey unto
Your understanding parts, the story of
A tortured and despairing lover whom
Not fortune, but affection, marks your slave:
[*Cleora shakes.*
Shake not, best lady! for, believe it, you are
As far from danger as I am from force:
All violence I'll offer, tends no farther
Than to relate my sufferings, which I dare not
Presume to do, till by some gracious sign
You shew you're pleased to hear me.
Timan. If you are,
Hold forth your right-hand.
[*Cleora holds forth her right-hand.*
Pisan. So, 'tis done; and I
With my glad lips seal humbly on your foot,
My soul's thanks for the favour: I forbear
To tell you who I am, what wealth, what honours
I made exchange of, to become your servant:
And, though I knew worthy Leosthenes
(For sure he must be worthy, for whose love
You have endured so much) to be my rival;
When rage and jealousy counselled me to kill him,
(Which then I could have done with much more ease,
Than now, in fear to grieve you, I dare speak it)
Love, seconded with duty, boldly told me,
The man I hated, fair Cleora favoured:
And that was his protection. [*Cleora bows.*
Timan. See, she bows
Her head, in sign of thankfulness.
Pisan. He removed,
By the occasion of the war (my fires increasing
By being closed and stopt up), frantic affection
Prompted me to do something in his absence,
That might deliver you into my power,
Which you see is effected; and even now,
When my rebellious passions chide my dulness,
And tell me how much I abuse my fortunes;
Now it is in my power to bear you hence,
[*Cleora starts.*
Or take my wishes here, (nay, fear not, madam,
True love's a servant, brutish lust a tyrant,
I dare not touch those viands that ne'er taste well,
But when they're freely offered): Only thus much,
Be pleased I may speak in my own dear cause.
And think it worthy your consideration
I have loved truly (cannot say deserved;
Since duty must not take the name of merit),
That I so far prize your content, before
All blessings that my hope can fashion to me,
That willingly I entertain despair,
And for your sake embrace it. For I know,
This opportunity lost, by no endeavour
The like can be recovered. To conclude,
Forget not that I lose myself to save you.
For what can I expect but death and torture,
The war being ended? And (what is a task
Would trouble Hercules to undertake),
I do deny you to myself, to give you
A pure unspotted present to my rival.
I've said: If it distaste not, best of virgins,
Reward my temperance with some lawful favour,
Though you contemn my person.
[*Cleora kneels, then pulls off her glove, and offers her hand to Pisander.*

Timan. See, she kneels,
And seems to call upon the gods to pay
The debt she owes your virtue: To perform which
As a sure pledge of friendship, she vouchsafes you
Her right-hand.
Pis. I am paid for all my sufferings.
Now, when you please, pass to your private chamber,
My love and duty, faithful guards, shall keep you
[*Makes a low courtesy as she goes off.*
From all disturbance; and when you are sated
With thinking of Leosthenes, as a fee
Due to my service, spare one sigh for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter LEOSTHENES and TIMAGORAS.

Timag. I am so far from envy, I am proud
You have outstripped me in the race of honour.
Oh! 'twas a glorious day, and bravely won!
Your bold performance gave such lustre to
Timoleon's wise directions, as the army
Rests doubtful, to whom they stand most engaged
For their so great success.
Leost. The gods first honoured,
The glory be the general's; 'tis far from me
To be his rival.
Timag. You abuse your fortune,
To entertain her choice and gracious favours
With a contracted brow; plumed victory
Is truly painted with a cheerful look,
Equally distant from proud insolence,
And base dejection.
Leost. O Timagoras!
You only are acquainted with the cause,
That loads my sad heart with a hill of lead;
Whose ponderous weight, neither my new-got honour,
Assisted by the general applause
The soldiers crown it with, nor all war's glories,
Can lessen or remove: and, would you please,
With fit consideration, to remember,
How much I wronged Cleora's innocence
With my rash doubts; and what a grievous penance
She did impose upon her tender sweetness,
To pluck away the vulture jealousy,
That fed upon my liver, you cannot blame me,
But call it a fit justice on myself,
Though I resolve to be a stranger to
The thought of mirth or pleasure.
Timag. You have redeemed
The forfeit of your fault with such a ransom
Of honourable action, as my sister
Must of necessity confess her sufferings
Weighed down by your fair merits; and, when she views you,
Like a triumphant conqueror, carried through
The streets of Syracusa, the glad people
Pressing to meet you, and the senators
Contending who shall heap most honours on you;
The oxen, crowned with garlands, led before you,
Appointed for the sacrifice; and the altars
Smoaking with thankful incense to the gods;
The soldiers chaunting loud hymns to your praise;
The windows filled with matrons and with virgins,
Throwing upon your head, as you pass by,
The choicest flowers, and silently invoking
The queen of love, with their particular vows,
To be thought worthy of you; can Cleora,
(Though in the glass of self-love, she behold
Her best deserts) but with all joys acknowledge,
What she endured was but a noble trial
You made of her affection? and her anger,
Rising from your too amorous fears, soon drenched
In Lethe, and forgotten.
Leost. If those glories
You so set forth, were mine, they might plead for me:
But I can lay no claim to the least honour
Which you with foul injustice ravish from her.
Her beauty in me wrought a miracle,
Taught me to aim at things beyond my power,
Which her perfections purchased, and gave to me
From her free bounties; she inspired me with
That valour which I dare not call mine own;
And, from the fair reflection of her mind,
My soul received the sparkling beams of courage.
She, from the magazine of her proper goodness,
Stocked me with virtuous purposes; sent me forth
To trade for honour: and, she being the owner
Of the bark of my adventures, I must yield her
A just account of all, as befits a factor:
And, howsoever others think me happy,
And cry aloud, I have made a prosperous voyage,
One frown of her dislike at my return,
(Which, as a punishment for my fault, I look for)
Strikes dead all comfort.
Timag. Tush! these fears are needless;
She cannot, must not, shall not be so cruel.
A free confession of a fault wins pardon,
But, being seconded by desert, commands it.
The general is your own, and sure my father
Repents his harshness: for myself, I am
Ever your creature; one day shall be happy
In your triumph and your marriage.
Leost. May it prove so,
With her consent and pardon.
Timag. Ever touching
On that harsh string? she is your own, and you
Without disturbance seize on what's your due.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter PISANDER *and* TIMANDRA.

Pis. SHE has her health, then?
Timan. Yes, sir, and, as often
As I speak of you, lends attentive ear
To all that I deliver; nor seems tired,
Though I dwell long on the relation of
Your sufferings for her, heaping praise on praise
On your unequalled temperance, and command
You hold o'er your affections.
Pis. To my wish:
Have you acquainted her with the defeat
Of the Carthaginians, and with what honours
Leosthenes comes crowned home?
Timan. With all care.
Pis. And how does she receive it?
Timan. As I guess,
With a seeming kind of joy: but yet appears not
Transported, or proud of his happy fortune.
But when I tell her of the certain ruin
You must encounter with at their arrival
In Syracusa, and that death with torments
Must fall upon you, which you yet repent not,
Esteeming it a glorious martyrdom,
And a reward of pure unspotted love,
Preserved in the white robe of innocence,
Though she were in your power; and, still spurred on
By insolent lust, you rather chose to suffer
The fruit untasted, for whose glad possession
You have called on the fury of your lord,
Than that she should be grieved or tainted in
Her reputation—
Pis. Doth it work compunction?
Pities she my misfortune?
Timan. She expressed
All signs of sorrow, which, her vow observed,
Could witness a grieved heart. At the first hearing,
She fell upon her face, rent her fair hair,
Her hands held up to heaven, and invented sighs,
In which she silently seemed to complain
Of heaven's injustice.
Pis. 'Tis enough. Wait carefully,
And, upon all watched occasions, continue
Speech and discourse of me: 'Tis time must work her.
Timan. I'll not be wanting; but still strive to serve you. [*Exit* TIMAND.

Enter POLIPHRON.

Pis. Now, Poliphron, the news?
Pol. The conquering army
Is within ken.
Pis. How brook the slaves the object?
Pol. Cheerfully yet; they do refuse no labour,
And seem to scoff at danger: 'Tis your presence
That must confirm them; with a full consent
You're chosen to relate the tyranny
Of our proud masters; and what you subscribe to
They gladly will allow of, or hold out
To the last man.
Pis. I'll instantly among them:
If we prove constant to ourselves, good fortune
Will not, I hope, forsake us.
Pol. 'Tis our best refuge. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, LEOSTHENES, TIMAGORAS, *and others.*

Timol. Thus far we are returned victorious; crowned
With wreaths triumphant, (famine, blood and death
Banished your peaceful confines) and bring home
Security and peace. 'Tis therefore fit
That such as boldly stood the shock of war,
And with the dear expence of sweat and blood
Have purchased honour, should with pleasure reap
The harvest of their toil; and we stand bound
Out of the first file of the best deservers,
(Though all must be considered to their merits)
To think of you, Leosthenes, that stand,
And worthily, most dear in our esteem,
For your heroic valour.
Arch. When I look on
(The labour of so many men and ages)
This well-built city, not long since designed
To spoil and rapine, by the favour of
The gods, and you their ministers, preserved,
I cannot, in my height of joy, but offer
These tears for a glad sacrifice.
Diph. Sleep the citizens?
Or are they overwhelmed with the excess
Of comfort that flows to them?
Leost. We receive
A silent entertainment.
Timag. I have long since
Expected that the virgins and the matrons,
The old men striving with their age, the priests,
Carrying the images of their gods before them,
Should have met us with procession. Ha! the gates
Are shut against us!
Arch. And upon the walls
Armed men seem to defy us!

Enter above PISANDER, POLIPHRON, CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, *&c.*

Diph. I should know
These faces.—They are our slaves.
Timag. The mystery, rascals?
Open the ports, and play not with an anger
That will consume you.
Timol. This is above wonder!
Arch. Our bondmen stand against us?
Grac. Some such things
We were in man's remembrance.—The slaves are turned
Lords of the town, or so.—Nay, be not angry:
Perhaps, on good terms, giving security

You will be quiet men, we may allow you
Some lodgings in our garrets or out-houses:
Your great looks cannot carry it.
Cimb. The truth is,
We've been bold with your wives, toyed with your daughters——
Leost. O my prophetic soul?
Grac. Rifled your chests,
Been busy with your wardrobes.
Timag. Can we endure this!
Leost. O! my Cleora?
Grac. A caudle for the gentleman!
He'll die of the pip else.
Timag. Scorned too! Are you turned stone?
Hold parley with our bondmen? Force our entrance,
Then, villains, expect——
Timol. Hold! you wear men's shapes,
And if, like men, you've reason, shew a cause
That leads you to this desperate course, which must end
In your destruction.
Grac. That, as please the fates;
But we vouchsafe.—Speak, captain.
Timag. Hell and furies!
Arch. Bayed by our own curs!
Cimb. Take heed you be not worried.
Pol. We are sharp set.
Cimb. And sudden.
Pis. Briefly thus then,
Since I must speak for all.—Your tyranny
Drew us from our obedience. Happy those times
When lords were styled fathers of families,
And not imperious masters! when they numbered
Their servants almost equal with their sons,
Or one degree beneath them; when their labours
Were cherished and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings; when they did not press
Their duties or their wills beyond the power
And strength of their performance; all things ordered
With such decorum, as wise law-makers,
From each well-governed private house, derived
The perfect model of a commonwealth.
Humanity then lodged in the hearts of men,
And thankful masters carefully provided
For creatures wanting reason. The noble horse,
That in his fiery youth from his wide nostrils
Neighed courage to his rider, and broke through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory, old or wounded,
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
Marble, hewed for the temples of the gods,
The great work ended, were dismissed, and fed
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave;
Since pride stepped in and riot, and overturned
This goodly frame of concord, teaching masters
To glory in the abuse of such as are
Brought under their command; who, grown unuseful,
Are less esteemed than beasts.—This you have practised,
Practised on us with rigour; this hath forced us
To shake our heavy yokes off; and, if redress
Of these just grievances be not granted us,
We'll right ourselves, and by strong hand defend
What we are now possessed of.
Grac. And not leave
One house unfired.
Cimb. Or throat uncut of those
We have in our power.
Pol. Nor will we fall alone;
You shall buy us dearly.
Timag. O the gods!
Unheard of insolence?
Timol. What are your demands?
Pis. A general pardon, first, for all offences
Committed in your absence: Liberty
To all such as desire to make return
Into their countries; and to those that stay,
A competence of land freely allotted
To each man's proper use; no lord acknowledged;
Lastly, with your consent, to chuse them wives
Out of your families.
Timag. Let the city sink first.
Leost. And ruin seize on all, ere we subscribe
To such conditions.
Arch. Carthage, though victorious,
Could not have forced more from us.
Leost. Scale the wall!
Capitulate after.
Timol. He that wins the top first,
Shall wear a mural wreath. [*Exeunt.*
Pis. Each to his place. [*Flourish and arms.*
Or death or victory.—Charge them home, and fear not.

Enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, *and Senators.*

Timol. We wrong ourselves, and we are justly punished,
To deal with bondmen, as if we encountered
An equal enemy.
Arch. They fight like devils;
And run upon our swords, as if their breasts
Were proof beyond their armour.

Enter LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS.

Timag. Make a firm stand.——
The slaves, not satisfied they've beat us off,
Prepare to sally forth.
Timol. They are wild beasts,
And to be tamed by policy.—Each man take
A tough whip in his hand, such as you used
To punish them with as masters: In your looks
Carry severity and awe; 'twill frighten them
More than your weapons: Savage lions fly from
The sight of fire; and these that have forgot
That duty you ne'er taught them with your swords,
When, unexpected, they behold those terrors
Advanced aloft, that they were made to shake at,

'Twill force them to remember what they are,
And stoop to due obedience.

Enter CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, *and other Slaves.*

Arch. Here they come.
Cimb. Leave not a man alive: A wound is but a flea-biting,
To what we suffered being slaves.
Grac. O, my heart!
Cimbrio, what do we see? the whip! our masters!
Timag. Dare you rebel, slaves!
[*Senators shake their whips, and they throw away their weapons, and run off.*
Cimb. Mercy! mercy! where
Shall we hide us from their fury!
Grac. Fly! they follow.
Oh! we shall be tormented.
Timol. Enter with them,
But yet forbear to kill them. Still remember
They are part of your wealth; and being disarmed,
There is no danger.
Arch. Let us first deliver
Such as they have in fetters, and at leisure
Determine of their punishment.
Leost. Friend, to you
I leave the disposition of what's mine:
I cannot think I am safe without your sister.
She's only worth my thought: and till I see
What she has suffered I am on the rack,
And furies my tormentors. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter PISANDER *and* TIMANDRA.

Pis. I know I am pursued; nor would I fly,
Although the ports were open, and a convoy
Ready to bring me off—The baseness of
These villains, from the pride of all my hopes,
Has thrown me to the bottomless abyss
Of horror and despair. Had they stood firm,
I could have bought Cleora's free consent
With the safety of her father's life and brother's;
And forced Leosthenes to quit his claim,
And kneel a suitor to me.
Timan. You must not think
What might have been, but what must now be practised,
And suddenly resolve.
Pis. All my poor fortunes
Are at the stake, and I must run the hazard.
Unseen, convey me to Cleora's chamber;
For, in her sight, if it were possible,
I would be apprehended.—Do not enquire
The reason why, but help me.
Timan. Make haste—One knocks.
[*Exit Pisander.*

Enter LEOSTHENES.

Jove turn all to the best!—You are welcome, sir.
Leost. Thou giv'est it in a heavy tone.
Timan. Alas! sir,
We have so long fed on the bread of sorrow,
Drinking the bitter water of afflictions,
Made loathsome too by our continued fears,
Comfort's a stranger to us.
Leost. Fears? Your sufferings,
For which I am so overgone with grief,
I dare not ask, without compassionate tears,
The villain's name, that robbed thee of thy honour;
For being trained up in chastity's cold school,
And taught by such a mistress as Cleora,
'Twere impious in me to think Timandra
Fell with her own consent.
Timan. How mean you? Fell, sir!
I understand you not.
Leost. I would thou did'st not,
Or that I could not read upon thy face,
In blushing characters, the story of
Libidinous rape.—Confess it, for you stand not
Accountable for a sin, against whose strength
Your overmatched innocence could make no resistance,
Under which odds I know Cleora fell too,
Heaven's help in vain invoked!—the amazed sun,
Hiding his face behind a mask of clouds,
Not daring to look on it.—In her sufferings
All sorrow's comprehended.—What Timandra,
Or the city, has endured, her loss considered,
Deserves not to be named.
Timan. Pray you, do not bring, sir,
In the chimeras of your jealous fears,
New monsters to affright us.
Leost. O Timandra,
That I had faith enough but to believe thee!
I should receive it with a joy beyond
Assurance of Elysian shades hereafter,
Or all the blessings in this life a mother
Could wish her children crowned with.—But I must not
Credit impossibilities; yet I strive
To find out that, whose knowledge is a curse,
And ignorance a blessing.—Come, discover
What kind of look he had that forced thy lady,
(Thy ravisher I will enquire at leisure)
That when hereafter I behold a stranger
But near him in aspect, I may conclude
(Though men and angels should proclaim him honest)
He is a hell-bred villain.
Timan. You are unworthy
To know she is preserved, preserved untainted.
Sorrow (but ill bestowed) hath only made
A rape upon her comforts in your absence.
[*Exit, and returns with Cleora.*
Come forth, dear madam.
Leost. Ha! [*Kneels.*
Timan. Nay, she deserves
The bending of your heart, that to content you,
Has kept a vow, the breach of which a vestal
(Though the infringing it had called upon her
A living funeral) must of force have shrunk at.
No danger could compel her to dispense with
Her cruel penance; though hot lust came armed

To seize upon her; when one look or accent
Might have redeemed her.
Leost. Might? O do not shew me
A beam of comfort, and straight take it from me.
——The means by which she was freed?—Speak,
O speak quickly!
Each minute of delay's an age of torment:
O! speak, Timandra!
Timan. Free her from the oath;
Herself can best deliver it. [*Takes off the scarf.*
Leost. O blest office!
Never did galley-slave shake off his chains,
Or look on his redemption from the oar,
With such true feeling of delight as now
I find myself possessed of.—Now I behold
True light indeed: For, since these fairest stars
(Covered with clouds of your determinate will)
Denied their influence to my optic sense,
The splendor of the sun appeared to me
But as some little glimpse of his bright beams
Conveyed into a dungeon, to remember
The dark inhabitants there how much they wanted.
Open these long-shut lips, and strike mine ears
With music more harmonious than the spheres
Yield in their heavenly motions: And, if ever
A true submission for a crime acknowledged
May find a gracious hearing, teach your tongue,
In the first sweet articulate sounds it utters,
To sign my wished-for pardon.
Cleora. I forgive you.
Leost. How greedily I receive this! Stay, best lady,
And let me by degrees ascend the height
Of human happiness! All at once delivered,
The torrent of my joys will overwhelm me;—
So, now a little more; and pray excuse me,
If, like a wanton epicure, I desire
The pleasant taste these cares of comfort yield me,
Should not too soon be swallowed. Have you not
(By your unspotted truth I do conjure you
To answer truly) suffered in your honour,
(By force, I mean, for in your will I free you)
Since I left Syracusa?
Cleora. I restore
This kiss, (so help me, goodness!) which I borrowed
When I last saw you.
Leost. Miracle of virtue!
One pause more, I beseech you:—I am like
A man, whose vital spirit, consumed and wasted
With a long and tedious fever, unto whom
Too much of a strong cordial at once taken,
Brings death, and not restores him. Yet I cannot
Fix here; but must enquire the man to whom
I stand indebted for a benefit,
Which to requite at full, though in this hand
I grasped all scepters the world's empire bows to,
Would leave me a poor bankrupt.—Name him, lady;
If of a mean estate, I'll gladly part with
My utmost fortunes to him—but if noble,
In thankful duty study how to serve him:
Or, if of higher rank, erect him altars,
And as a god adore him.
Cleora. If that goodness
And noble temperance, the queen of virtues,
Bridling rebellious passions (to whose sway
Such as have conquered nations have lived slaves)
Did ever wing great minds to fly to heaven;
He, that preserved mine honour, may hope boldly,
To fill a seat among the gods, and shake off
Our frail corruption.
Leost. Forward.
Cleora. Or if ever
The powers above did mask in human shapes,
To teach mortality, not by cold precepts
Forgot as soon as told, but by examples
To imitate their pureness, and draw near
To their celestial natures—I believe
He's more than man.
Leost. You do describe a wonder.
Cleora. Which will increase, when you shall understand
He was a lover.
Leost. Not yours, lady?
Cleora. Yes;
Loved me, Leosthenes; nay more, so doted,
(If e'er affections scorning gross desires
May without wrong be styled so) that he durst not
With an immodest syllable or look,
In fear it might take from me, whom he made
The object of his better part, discover
I was the saint he sued to.
Leost. A rare temper!
Cleora. I cannot speak it to the worth: All praise
I can bestow upon it, will appear
Envious detraction. Not to rack you further,
Yet make the miracle full; though, of all men,
He hated you, Leosthenes, as his rival;
So high yet prized he my content, that, knowing
You were a man I favoured, he disdained not
Against himself to serve you.
Leost. You conceal still
To owner of these excellencies.
Cleora. 'Tis Marullo,
My father's bondman.
Leost. Ha, ha, ha!
Cleora. Why do you laugh?
Leost. To hear the labouring mountain of your praise
Delivered of a mouse.
Cleora. The man deserves not
This scorn, I do assure you.
Leost. Do you call
What was his duty merit?
Cleora. Yes, and place it
As high in my esteem, as all the honours
Descended from your ancestors, or the glory,
Which you may call your own, got in this action,
In which, I must confess, you have done nobly,
And, I would add, as I desired;—but that
I fear 'twould make you proud.

Leost. Why, lady, can you
Be won to give allowance that your slave
Should dare to love you?
Cleora. The immortal gods
Accept the meanest altars that are raised
By pure devotion; and sometimes prefer
An ounce of frankincense, honey or milk,
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabæan gums,
Offered in ostentation.—Are you sick [*Aside.*
Of your old disease? I'll fit you.
Leost. You seem moved.
Cleora. Zealous, I grant, in the defence of virtue.
Why, good Leosthenes, though I endured
A penance for your sake above example,
I have not so far sold myself, I take it,
To be at your devotion, but I may
Cherish desert in others, where I find it.
How would you tyrannize, if you stood possessed of
That, which is only yours in expectation,
That now prescribe such hard conditions to me?
Leost. One kiss, and I am silenced.
Cleora. I vouchsafe it;
Yet, I must tell you 'tis a favour that
Marullo, when I was his, not mine own,
Durst not presume to ask: No; when the city
Bowed humbly to licentious rapes and lust,
And when I was, of men and gods forsaken,
Delivered to his power, he did not press me
To grace him with one look or syllable,
Or urged the dispensation of an oath,
Made for your satisfaction—The poor wretch
Having related only his own sufferings,
And kissed my hand, which I could not deny him,
Defending me from others, never since
Solicited my favours.
Leost. Pray you end;
The story does not please me.
Cleora. Well, take heed
Of doubts and fears;—for know, Leosthenes,
A greater injury cannot be offered
To innocent chastity than unjust suspicion.
I love Marullo's fair mind, not his person;
Let that secure you. And I here command you,
If I have any power in you, to stand
Between him and all punishment, and oppose
His temperance to his folly; if you fail——
No more; I will not threaten. [*Exit.*
Leost. What a bridge
Of glass I walk upon, over a river
Of certain ruin! Mine own weighty fears
Cracking what should support me:—And those helps,
Which confidence yields to others, are from me
Ravished by doubts and wilful jealousy. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter TIMAGORAS, CLEON, ASOTUS, CORISCA, *and* OLYMPIA.

Cleon. But are you sure we're safe?
Timag. You need not fear:
They are all under guard; their fangs pared off:
The wounds their insolence gave you, to be cured
With the balm of your revenge.
Asot. And shall I be
The thing I was born, my lord?
Timag. The same wise thing——
'Slight, what a beast they have made thee! Africk never
Produced the like.
Asot. I think so.—Nor the land
Where apes and monkeys grow, like crabs and walnuts
On the same tree. Not all the catalogue
Of conjurers or wise women, bound together,
Could have so soon transformed me, as my rascal
Did with his whip; Not in outside only,
But in my own belief, I thought myself
As perfect a baboon——
Timag. An ass thou wert ever.
Asot. And would have given one leg, with all my heart,
For good security to have been a man
After three lives, or one and twenty years,
Though I had died on crutches.
Cleon. Never varlets
So triumphed o'er an old fat man—I was famished.
Timag. Indeed you are fallen away.
Asot. Three years of feeding
On cullises and jelly, though his cooks
Lard all he eats with marrow, or his doctors
Pour in his mouth restoratives as he sleeps,
Will not recover him.
Timag. How now, friend?
Looks our Cleora lovely?

Enter LEOSTHENES, *and* DIPHILUS, *with a guard.*

Leost. In my thoughts, sir.
Timag. But why this guard?
Diph. It is Timoleon's pleasure;
The slaves have been examined, and confess,
Their riot took beginning from your house;
And the first mover of them to rebellion,
Your slave Marullo.
Leost. Ha! I more than fear——
Timag. They may search boldly.

Enter TIMANDRA.

Timan. You are unmannered grooms
To pry into my lady's private lodgings;
There's no Marullos there.

Enter DIPHILUS *with* PISANDER.

Timag. Now I suspect too;
Where found you him?
Diph. Close hid in your sister's chamber.
Timag. Is that the villain's sanctuary?
Leost. This confirms
All she delivered, false.
Timag. But that I scorn
To rust my sword in thy slavish blood,
Thou now wert dead.

Pis. He's more a slave than fortune
Or misery can make me, that insults
Upon unweaponed innocence.
Timag. Prate, you dog!
Pis. Curs snap at lions in the toil, whose looks
Frighted them, being free.
Timag. As a wild beast,
Drive him before you.
Pis. O divine Cleora!
Leost. Darest thou presume to name her?
Pis. Yes, and love her:
And may say have deserved her.
Timag. Stop his mouth:
Load him with irons too.
[*Exit guard with Pisand.*
Cleon. I am deadly sick
To look on him.
Asot. If he get loose, I know it,
I caper like an ape again—I feel
The whip already.
Timan. This goes to my lady. [*Aside.*
Timag. Come, cheer you, sir; we will urge his punishment
To the full satisfaction of your anger.
Leost. He is not worth my thoughts. No corner left
In all the spacious rooms of my vexed heart,
But is filled with Cleora: and the rape
She has done upon her honour, with my wrong,
The heavy burthen of my sorrow's song.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter ARCHIDAMUS *and* CLEORA.

Arch. Thou art thine own disposer. Were his honours
And glories centupled, (as I must confess,
Leosthenes is most worthy) yet I will not,
However I may counsel, force affection.
Cleora. It needs not, sir; I prize him to his worth,
Nay, love him truly; yet would not live slaved
To his jealous humours: since, by the hopes of heaven,
As I am free from violence, in a thought
I am not guilty.
Arch. 'Tis believed, Cleora;
And much the rather (our great gods be praised for it),
In that I find, beyond my hopes, no sign
Of riot in my house, but all things ordered
As if I had been present.
Cleora. May that move you
To pity poor Marullo.
Arch. 'Tis my purpose
To do him all the good I can, Cleora:
But this offence, being against the state,
Must have a public trial. In the mean time,
Be careful of yourself, and stand engaged
No further to Leosthenes, than you may
Come off with honour: for, being once his wife,
You are no more your own, nor mine, but must
Resolve to serve and suffer his commands,
And not dispute them; ere it be too late,
Consider it duly. I must to the senate.
[*Exit Arch.*
Cleora. I am much distracted; in Leosthenes
I can find nothing justly to accuse,
But this excess of love, which I have studied
To cure with more than common means; yet still
It grows upon him. And, if I may call
His sufferings merit, I stand bound to think on
Marullo's dangers; though I save his life,
His love is unrewarded. I confess,
Both have deserved me; yet of force I must be
Unjust to one—such is my destiny.

Enter TIMANDRA.

How now? whence flow these tears?
Timan. I have met, madam,
An object of such cruelty, as would force
A savage to compassion.
Cleora. Speak! What is it?
Timan. Men pity beasts of rapine, if overmatched,
Though baited for their pleasure: but these monsters,
Upon a man that can make no resistance,
Are senseless in their tyranny. Let it be granted,
Marullo is a slave; he is still a man;
A capital offender; yet in justice
Not to be tortured, till the judge pronounce
His punishment.
Cleora. Where is he?
Timan. Dragged to prison
With more than barbarous violence; spurned and spit on
By the insulting officers, his hands
Pinioned behind his back; loaden with fetters;
Yet, with a saint-like patience, he still offers
His face to their rude buffets.
Cleora. O my grieved soul!
By whose command?
Timan. It seems, my lord your brother,
For he is a looker on: and it takes from
Honoured Leosthenes to suffer it,
For his respects to you, whose name in vain
The grieved wretch loudly calls on.
Cleora. By Diana,
'Tis base in both, and to their teeth I will tell them
That I am wronged in it.
Timan. What will you do? [*As going forth.*
Cleora. In person
Visit and comfort him.

Timan. That will bring fuel
To the jealous fires, which burn too hot already
In lord Leosthenes.
Cleora. Let them consume him!
I am mistress of myself. Where cruelty reigns,
There dwells no love nor honour. [*Exit Cleora.*
Timan. So, it works.
Though hitherto I have run a desperate course
To serve my brother's purposes, now 'tis fit

Enter LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS.

I study mine own ends. They come. Assist me
In these my undertakings, love's great patron,
As my intents are honest.
Leost. 'Tis my fault.
Distrust of others springs, Timagoras,
From diffidence in ourselves. But I will strive,
With the assurance of my worth and merits,
To kill this monster jealousy.
Timag. 'Tis a guest,
In wisdom, never to be entertained
On trivial probabilities; but when
He does appear in pregnant proofs, not fashioned
By idle doubts and fears, to be received.
They make their own horns that are too secure,
As well as such as give them growth and being
From mere imagination. Though I prize
Cleora's honour equal with mine own;
And know what large additions of power
This match brings to our family, I prefer
Our friendship, and your peace of mind, so far
Above my own respects or hers, that if
She hold not her true value in the test,
'Tis far from my ambition for her cure,
That you should wound yourself.
Timan. This argues for me. [*Aside.*
Timag. Why she should be so passionate for a bondman,
Falls not in compass of my understanding,
But for some nearer interest; or he raise
This mutiny, if he loved her (as, you say,
She does confess he did), but to enjoy
By fair or foul play, what he ventured for,
To me is a riddle.
Leost. I pray you, no more; already
I have answered that objection, in my strong
Assurance of her virtue.
Timag. 'Tis unfit, then,
That I should press it farther.
Timan. Now I must
[*Timandra steps out distractedly.*
Make in, or all is lost.
Timag. What would Timandra?
Leost. How wild she looks! How is it with thy lady?
Timag. Collect thyself and speak.
Timan. As you are noble,
Have pity, or love pity. Oh!
Leost. Take breath.
Timag. Out with it boldly.
Timan. Oh! the best of ladies,
I fear, is gone for ever.
Leost. Who, Cleora?
Timag. Deliver, how. 'Sdeath, be a man, sir! speak.
Timan. Take it, then, in as many sighs as words:
My lady———
Timag. What of her?
Timan. No sooner heard
Marullo was imprisoned, but she fell
Into a deadly swoon.
Timag. But she recovered?
Say so, or he will sink too: hold, sir! fie,
This is unmanly.
Timan. Brought again to life,
But with much labour, she awhile stood silent,
Yet in that interim vented sighs, as if
They laboured from the prison of her flesh,
To give her grieved soul freedom. On the sudden,
Transported on the wings of rage and sorrow,
She flew out of the house, and, unattended,
Entered the common prison.
Leost. This confirms
What but before I feared.
Timan. There you may find her;
And, if you love her as a sister———
Timag. Damn her!
Timan. Or you respect her safety, as a lover,
Procure Marullo's liberty.
Timag. Impudence
Beyond expression!
Leost. Shall I be a bawd
To her lust and my dishonour?
Timan. She will run mad, else,
Or do some violent act upon herself.
My lord, her father, sensible of her sufferings,
Labours to gain his freedom.
Leost. O, the devil!
Has she bewitched him too?
Timag. I will hear no more:
Come, sir, we will follow her; and if no persuasion
Can make her take again her natural form,
Which by lust's powerful spell she has cast off,
This sword shall disenchant her.
Leost. O my heart-strings!
[*Exeunt Leosthenes and Timagoras.*
Timan. I knew it would take. Pardon me, fair Cleora,
Though I appear a traitoress; which thou wilt do,
In pity of my woes, when I make known
My lawful claim, and only seek mine own. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter CLEORA, *Jailor, and* PISANDER.

Cleora. There's for your privacy.—Stay, unbind his hands.
Jailor. I dare not, madam.
Cleora. I will buy thy danger,
Take more gold.—Do not trouble me with thanks:
I do suppose it done. [*Exit Jailor.*
Pis. My better angel
Assumes this shape to comfort me, and wisely;

Since from the choice of all celestial figures,
He could not take a visible form, so full
Of glorious sweetness. [*Kneels.*
Cleora. Rise—I am flesh and blood,
And do partake thy tortures.
Pis. Can it be?
That charity should persuade you to descend
So far from your own height as to vouchsafe
To look upon my sufferings! How I bless
My fetters now, and stand engaged to fortune
For my captivity—no, my freedom rather!
For who dare think that place a prison, which
You sanctify with your presence? Or believe,
Sorrow has power to use her sting on him,
That is in your compassion armed, and made
Impregnable, though tyranny raise at once
All engines to assault him?
Cleora. Indeed virtue,
With which you have made evident proofs that you
Are strongly fortified, cannot fall, though shaken
With the shock of fierce temptations; but still triumphs
In spite of opposition. For myself,
I may endeavour to confirm your goodness,
(A sure retreat which never will deceive you)
And with unfeigned tears express my sorrow
For what I cannot help—— [*Weeps.*
Pis. Do you weep for me?
O! save that precious balm for noble uses!
I am unworthy of the smallest drop,
Which, in your prodigality of pity,
You throw away on me. Ten of these pearls
Were a large ransom to redeem a kingdom
From a consuming plague, or stop heaven's vengeance,
Called down by crying sins, though at that instant
In dreadful flashes falling on the roofs
Of bold blasphemers. I am justly punished
For my intent of violence to such pureness;
And all the torments flesh is sensible of,
A soft and gentle penance.
Cleora. Which is ended
In this your free confession.

Enter LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS *unseen.*

Leost. What an object
Have I encountered?
Timag. I am blasted too!
Yet hear a little further.
Pis. Could I expire now,
These white and innocent hands closing my eyes thus,
Twere not to die, but in a heavenly dream
To be transported, without the help of Charon,
To the Elysian shades.—You make me bold;
And, but to wish such happiness, I fear,
May give offence——
Cleora. No, for believe it, Marullo,
You've won so much upon me, that I know not
That happiness in my gift but you may challenge.
Leost. Are you yet satisfied?
Cleora. Nor can you wish
But what my vows will second, though it were
Your freedom first, and then in me full power
To make a second tender of myself,
And you receive the present. By this kiss
(From me a virgin bounty) I will practise
All arts for your deliverance; and, that purchased,
In what concerns your farther aims, I speak it,
Do not despair, but hope.
Timag. To have the hangman,
When he is married to the cross, in scorn
To say, gods give you joy.
Leost. But look on me, [*To Cleora.*
And be not too indulgent to your folly;
And then (but that grief stops my speech) imagine
What language I should use.
Cleora. Against thyself.——
Thy malice cannot reach me.
Timag. How?
Cleora. No, brother!
Though you join in the dialogue to accuse me,
What I have done, I'll justify; and these favours,
Which you presume will taint me in my honour,
Though jealousy use all her eyes to spy out
One stain in my behaviour, or envy
As many tongues to wound it, shall appear
My best perfections. For, to the world,
I can, in my defence, alledge such reasons,
As my accusers shall stand dumb to hear them;
When in his fetters this man's worth and virtues,
But truly told, shall shame your boasted glories,
Which fortune claims a share in.
Timag. The base villain
Shall never live to hear it.
[*Offers to stab Pisander, Cleora interposes.*
Cleora. Murder! help!
Through me you shall pass to him.

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, *and officers.*

Arch. What's the matter?
On whom is your sword drawn? Are you a judge?
Or else ambitious of the hangman's office
Before it be designed you? You are bold too!
Unhand my daughter.
Leost. She's my valour's prize.
Arch. With her consent, not otherwise. You may urge
Your title in the court; if it prove good,
Possess her freely: Guard him safely off too.
Timag. You'll hear me, Sir?
Arch. If you have aught to say,
Deliver it in public; all shall find
A just judge of Timoleon.
Diph. You must
Of force now use your patience.
[*Exeunt Arch. Diph. and Guards.*
Timag. Vengeance rather!
Whirlwinds of rage possess me! you are wronged
Beyond a stoic's sufferance; yet you stand
As you were rooted.
Leost. I feel something here,
That boldly tells me all the love and service

pay Cleora, is another's due,
And therefore cannot prosper.
Timag. Melancholy!
Which now you must not yield to.
Leost. 'Tis apparent.
In fact your sister is innocent, however
Changed by her violent will.
Timag. If you believe so,
Follow the chace still; and in open court
Plead your own interest. We shall find the judge
Our friend, I fear not.
Leost. Something I shall say,
But what———
Timag. Collect yourself as we walk thither.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Court of Justice.*

Enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, CLEORA, *and Officers.*

Timol. 'Tis wondrous strange! nor can it fall within
The reach of my belief, a slave should be
The owner of a temperance, which this age
Can hardly parallel in free-born lords,
Or kings, proud of their purple.
Arch. 'Tis most true;
And, though at first it did appear a fable,
All circumstances meet to give it credit;
Which works so on me, that I am compelled
To be a suitor, not to be denied,
He may have equal hearing.
Cleora. Sir, you graced me
With the title of your mistress: but my fortune
Is so far distant from command, that I
Lay by the power you gave me, and plead humbly
For the preserver of my fame and honour;
And pray you, sir, in charity believe,
That, since I had ability of speech,
My tongue hath been so much inured to truth,
I know not how to lie.
Timol. I'll rather doubt
The oracles of the gods, than question what
Your innocence delivers; and, as far
As justice with mine honour can give way,
He shall have favour. Bring him in unbound:
[*Exeunt Officers.*
And, though Leosthenes may challenge from me,
For his late worthy service, credit to
All things he can alledge in his own cause,
Marullo (so I think you call his name)
Shall find I do reserve an ear for him,

Enter CLEON, ASOTUS, DIPHILUS, OLYMPIA, *and* CORISCA.

To let in mercy. Sit, and take your places:
The right of this fair virgin first determined,
Your bondmen shall be censured.
Cleon. With all rigour
We do expect——
Cor. Tempered, I say, with mercy.

Enter at one door LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS; *at the other, Officers with* PISANDER *and* TIMANDRA.

Timol. Your hand, Leosthenes: I cannot doubt,
You that have been victorious in the war,
Should in a combat, fought with words, come off
But with assured triumph.
Leost. My deserts, sir,
(If without arrogance I may style them such)
Arm me from doubt and fear.
Timol. 'Tis nobly spoken!
Nor be thou daunted (howsoever thy fortune
Has marked thee out a slave) to speak thy merits:
For virtue, though in rags, may challenge more
Than vice, set off with all the trim of greatness.
Pis. I'd rather fall under so just a judge,
Than be acquitted by a man corrupt,
And partial in his censure.
Arch. Note his language!
It relishes of better breeding than
His present state dare promise.
Timol. I observe it.——
Place the fair lady in the midst, that both,
Looking with covetous eyes upon the prize
They are to plead for, may, from the fair object,
Teach Hermes eloquence.
Leost. Am I fallen so low?
My birth, my honour, and, what is dearest to me,
My love, and witness of my love, my service,
So undervalued, that I must contend
With one, where my excess of glory must
Make his overthrow a conquest? Shall my fulness
Supply defects in such a thing, that never
Knew any thing but want and emptiness,
Give him a name, and keep it such, from this
Unequal competition? If my pride,
Or any bold assurance of my worth,
Has plucked this mountain of disgrace upon me,
I'm justly punished, and submit; but if
I have been modest, and esteemed myself
More injured in the tribute of the praise,
Which no desert of mine, prized by self-love,
Ever exacted: may this cause and minute
For ever be forgotten. I dwell long
Upon mine anger, and now turn to you,
Ungrateful fair one; and, since you are such;
'Tis lawful for me to proclaim myself,
And what I have deserved.
Cleora. Neglect and scorn
From me, for this proud vaunt.
Leost. You nourish, lady,
Your own dishonour in this harsh reply,
And almost prove, what some hold of your sex,
You're all made up of passion: For, if reason
Or judgment could find entertainment with you,
Or that you would distinguish of the objects
You look on in a true glass, not seduced
By the false light of your too violent will,
I should not need to plead for that which you

With joy should offer.—Is my high birth a blemish?
Or does my wealth, which all the vain expence
Of women cannot waste, breed loathing in you?
The honours, I can call mine own, thought scandals?
Am I deformed, or, for my father's sins,
Mulcted by Nature? If you interpret these
As crimes, 'tis fit I should yield up myself,
Most miserably guilty; But, perhaps,
(Which yet I would not credit) you have seen
This gallant pitch the bar, or bear a burden
Would crack the shoulders of a weaker bondman;
Or any other boisterous exercise,
Assuring a strong back, to satisfy
Your loose desires, insatiate as the grave.
Cleora. You are foul-mouthed.
Arch. Ill-mannered too.
Leost. I speak
In the way of supposition, and entreat you,
With all the fervour of a constant lover,
That you would free yourself from these aspersions,
Or any imputation black-tongued slander
Could throw on your unspotted virgin whiteness;
To which there is no easier way, than by
Vouchsafing him your favour; him, to whom,
Next to the general, and to the gods,
The country owes her safety.
Timag. Are you stupid?
'Slight, leap into his arms, and there ask pardon—
Oh! you expect your slave's reply; no doubt
We shall have a fine oration; I will teach
My spaniel to howl in sweeter language,
And keep a better method.
Arch. You forget
The dignity of the place.
Diph. Silence!
Timol. Speak boldly.
Pis. 'Tis your authority gives me a tongue;
I should be dumb else; and I am secure,
I cannot clothe my thoughts, and just defence,
In such an abject phrase, but 'twill appear
Equal, if not above, my low condition.
I need no bombast language, stolen from such
As make nobility from prodigious terms
The hearers understand not; I bring with me
No wealth to boast of, neither can I number
Uncertain fortune's favours with my merits:
I dare not force affection, or presume
To censure her discretion, that looks on me
As a weak man, and not her fancy's idol.
How I have loved, and how much I have suffered,
And with what pleasure undergone the burthen
Of my ambitious hopes (in aiming at
The glad possession of a happiness,
The abstract of all goodness in mankind
Can at no part deserve), with my confession
Of mine own wants, is all that can plead for me.
But if that pure desire, not blended with
Foul thoughts, that like a river keeps his course,
Retaining still the clearness of the spring,
From whence it took beginning, may be thought
Worthy acceptance; then I dare rise up,
And tell this gay man to his teeth, I never
Durst doubt her constancy, that like a rock
Beats off temptations, as that mocks the fury
Of the proud waves; nor from my jealous fears
Question that goodness, to which, as an altar
Of all perfection, he, that truly loves,
Should rather bring a sacrifice of service,
Than raze it with the engines of suspicion;
Of which, when he can wash an Æthiop white,
Leosthenes may hope to free himself;
But, till then, never.
Timag. Bold, presumptuous villain!
Pis. I will go farther, and make good upon him,
In the pride of all his honours, birth and fortunes,
He's more unworthy than myself.
Leost. Thou liest.
Timag. Confute him with a whip, and, the doubt decided,
Punish him with a halter.
Pis. O the gods!
My ribs, though made of brass, cannot contain
My heart, swoln big with rage—The lie! A whip! [*Plucks off his disguise.*
Let fury then disperse these clouds, in which
I long have masked, disguised; that, when they know
Whom they have injured, they may faint with horror
Of my revenge, which, wretched men! expect,
As sure as fate, to suffer!
Leost. Ha! Pisander?
Timag. 'Tis the bold Theban!
Asot. There's no hope for me then!
I thought I should have put in for a share,
And borne Cleora from them both: But now,
This stranger looks so terrible, that I dare not
So much as look on her.
Pis. Now, as myself,
Thy equal at thy best, Leosthenes.—
For you, Timagoras, praise heaven you were born
Cleora's brother, 'tis your safest armour.
But I lose time.—The base lie cast upon me,
I thus return. Thou art a perjured man,
False and perfidious, and hast made a tender
Of love and service to this lady, when
Thy soul (if thou hast any) can bear witness,
That thou wert not thine own. For proof of this,
Look better on this virgin, and consider,
This Persian shape laid by, and she appearing
In a Greekish dress, such as when first you saw her,
If she resemble not Pisander's sister,
One called Statilia?
Leost. 'Tis the same! my guilt
So chokes my spirits, I cannot deny
My falsehood, nor excuse it.
Pis. This is she,
To whom thou wert contracted: This is the lady,
That, when thou wert my prisoner, fairly taken

In the Spartan war, that begged thy liberty,
And with it gave herself to thee, ungrateful!
Timan. No more, sir, I entreat you: I perceive
True sorrow in his looks, and a consent
To make me reparation in mine honour;
And then I am most happy.
Pis. The wrong done her
Drew me from Thebes with a full intent to kill thee:
But this fair object met me in my fury,
And quite disarmed me. Being denied to have her
By you, my lord Archidamus, and not able
To live far from her, love (the mistress of
All quaint devices) prompted me to treat
With a friend of mine, who as a pirate sold me
For a slave to you, my lord, and gave my sister
As a present to Cleora.
Timol. Strange meanders!
Pis. There how I bare myself needs no relation.
But, if so far descending from the height
Of my then flourishing fortunes, to the lowest
Condition of a man, to have means only
To feed my eye with the sight of what I honoured;
The dangers too I underwent; the suffering;
The clearness of my interest, may deserve
A noble recompence in your lawful favour;
Now 'tis apparent that Leosthenes
Can claim no interest in you, you may please
To think upon my service.
Cleora. Sir, my want
Of power to satisfy so great a debt,
Makes me accuse my fortune; but if that,
Out of the bounty of your mind, you think
A free surrender of myself full payment,
I gladly tender it.
Arch. With my consent too,
All injuries forgotten.
Timag. I will study,
In my future service, to deserve your favour
And good opinion.
Leost. Thus I gladly fee
This advocate to plead for me. [*Kissing Statilia.*
Pis. You will find me
An easy judge; when I have yielded reasons
Of your bondmen's falling off from their obedidience,
Then after, as you please, determine of me.
I found their natures apt to mutiny
From your too cruel usage, and made trial
How far they might be wrought on: to instruct you
To look with more prevention and care,
To what they may hereafter undertake
Upon the like occasions—The hurt's little
They have committed, nor was ever cure
But with some pain effected. I confess,
In hope to force a grant of fair Cleora
I urged them to defend the town against you:
Nor had the terror of your whips, but that
I was preparing for defence elsewhere,
So soon got entrance; In this I am guilty:
Now, as you please, your censure.
Timol. Bring them in;
And, though you have given me power, I do entreat
Such as have undergone their insolence,
It may not be offensive, though I study
Pity more than revenge.
Cor. 'Twill best become you.
Cleon. I must consent.
Asot. For me, I'll find a time
To be revenged hereafter.

Enter GRACCULO, CIMBRIO, POLIPHRON, ZANTHIA *and the other slaves, with halters about their necks.*

Grac. Give me leave;
I'll speak for all.
Timol. What canst thou say, to hinder
The course of justice?
Grac. Nothing. You may see
We are prepared for hanging, and confess
We have deserved it. Our most humble suit is,
We may not twice be executed.
Timol. Twice? How mean'st thou?
Grac. At the gallows first, and after in a ballad,
Sung to some villainous tune. There are ten-groat rhymers
About the town grown fat on these occasions.—
Let but a chapel fall, or a street be fired,
A foolish lover hang himself for pure love,
Or any such like accident, and before
They are cold in their graves, some damned ditty's made,
Which makes their ghosts walk.—Let the state take order
For the redress of this abuse, recording
'Twas done by my advice, and for my part,
I'll cut as clean a caper from the ladder
As ever merry Greek did.
Timol. Yet I think
You would shew more activity, to delight
Your master for a pardon.
Grac. O! I would dance
As I were all air and fire.
Timol. And ever be
Obedient and humble?
Grac. As his spaniel,
Though he kicked me for exercise; and the like
I promise for all the rest.
Timol. Rise then, you have it.
All Slaves. Timoleon! Timoleon!
Timol. Cease these clamours.
And now, the war being ended to our wishes,
And such as want the pilgrimage of love,
Happy in full fruition of their hopes,
'Tis lawful, thanks paid to the powers divine,
To drown our cares in honest mirth and wine.
[*Exeunt.*

THE

FATAL DOWRY.

BY

MASSINGER AND FIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.	WOMEN.
Charalois.	Beaumelle.
Romont.	Florimel.
Charmi.	Bellapert.
Novall, *sen.*	
Novall, *jun.*	*Advocates.*
Liladam.	*Three Creditors.*
Du Croy.	*Officers.*
Rochfort.	*Priest.*
Beaumont.	*Taylor.*
Pontalier.	*Barber.*
Malotin.	*Perfumer.*
Aymer.	

Scene—*Dijon, in Burgundy.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Charalois *with a paper,* Romont *and* Charmi.

Charmi. Sir, I may move the court to serve your will;
But therein shall both wrong you and myself.
Rom. Why think you so, sir?
Charmi. Because I am familiar
With what will be their answer: They will say,
'Tis against law, and argue me of ignorance,
For offering them the motion.
Rom. You know not, sir,
How, in this cause, they may dispense with law,
And therefore frame not you their answer for them,
But do your part.
Charmi. I love the cause so well,
That I could run the hazard of a check for it.
Rom. From whom?
Charmi. Some of the bench that watch to give it,
More than to do the office that they sit for:
But give me, sir, my fee.
Rom. Now you are noble.
Charmi. I shall deserve this better yet, in giving
My lord some counsel (if he please to hear it)
Than I shall do with pleading.
Rom. What may it be, sir?
Charmi. That it would please his lordship, as the presidents
And counsellors of court come by, to stand
Here and but shew yourself, and to some one
Or two make his request: There is a minute,
When a man's presence speaks in his own cause,
More than the tongues of twenty advocates.
Rom. I have urged that.

Enter Rochfort *and* Du Croy.

Charmi. Their lordships here are coming,
I must go get me a place. You'll find me in court,
And at your service. [*Exit Charmi.*
Rom. Now, put on your spirits!
Du Croy. The ease that you prepare yourself, my lord,
In giving up the place you hold in court,

Will prove, I fear, a trouble in the state;
And that no slight one.
Roch. Pray you, sir, no more.
Rom. Now, sir, lose not this offered means: Their looks
Fixed on you with a pitying earnestness,
Invite you to demand their furtherance
To your good purpose. This is such a dulness,
So foolish and untimely, as——
Du Croy. You know him?
Roch. I do; and much lament the sudden fall
Of his brave house. It is young Charalois,
Son to the marshal, from whom he inherits
His fame and virtues only.
Rom. Ha! they name you.
Du Croy. His father died in prison two days since.
Roch. Yes, to the shame of this ungrateful state;
That such a master in the art of war,
So noble and so highly meriting
From this forgetful country, should, for want
Of means to satisfy his creditors
The sum he took up for the general good,
Meet with an end so infamous.
Rom. Dare you ever hope for like opportunity?
Du Croy. My good lord!
Roch. My wish bring comfort to you.
Du Croy. The time calls us.
Roch. Good morrow, Colonel!
[*Exeunt Rochfort and Du Croy.*
Rom. This obstinate spleen,
You think becomes your sorrow, and sorts well
With your black suits: But, grant me wit or judgment,
And, by the freedom of an honest man,
And a true friend to boot, I swear, 'tis shameful;
And therefore flatter not yourself with hope,
Your sable habit, with the hat and cloak,
No, though the ribbons help, have power to work them
To what you would: For those that had no eyes
To see the great acts of your father, will not,
From any fashion sorrow can put on,
Be taught to know their duties.
Char. If they will not,
They are too old to learn, and I too young
To give them counsel; since, if they partake
The understanding and the hearts of men,
They will prevent my words and tears: If not,
What can persuasion, though made eloquent
With grief, work upon such as have changed natures
With the most savage beast? Blest, blest be ever
The memory of that happy age, when justice
Had no guards to keep off wronged innocence
From flying to her succours, and, in that,
Assurance of redress: Whereas now, Romont,
The damned with more ease may ascend from hell,
Than we arrive at her. One Cerberus there
Forbids the passage; in our courts a thousand,
As loud and fertile-headed; and the client,
That wants the sops to fill their ravenous throats,
Must hope for no access. Why should I, then,
Attempt impossibilities, you, friend, being
Too well acquainted with my dearth of means
To make my entrance that way?
Rom. Would I were not!
But, sir! you have a cause, a cause so just,
Of such necessity, not to be deferred,
As would compel a maid, whose foot was never
Set o'er her father's threshold, nor, within
The house where she was born, ever spake word,
Which was not ushered with pure virgin blushes,
To drown the tempest of a pleader's tongue,
And force corruption to give back the hire
It took against her. Let examples move you.
You see men great in birth, esteem, and fortune,
Rather than lose a scruple of their right,
Fawn basely upon such, whose gowns put off,
They would disdain for servants.
Char. And to these can I become a suitor?
Rom. Without loss:
Would you consider, that, to gain their favours,
Our chastest dames put off their modesties,
Soldiers forget their honours, usurers
Make sacrifice of gold, poets of wit,
And men religious part with fame and goodness.
Be therefore won to use the means that may
Advance your pious ends.
Char. You shall o'ercome.
Rom. And you receive the glory. Pray you now practise.
'Tis well.

Enter Old NOVALL, LILADAM, *and three Creditors.*

Char. Not look on me!
Rom. You must have patience——Offer it again.
Char. And be again contemned!
Nov. I know what's to be done.——
1 *Cred.* And, that your lordship
Will please to do your knowledge, we offer first
Our thankful hearts here, as a bounteous earnest
To what we will add.——
Nov. One word more of this,
I am your enemy. Am I a man,
Your bribes can work on? Ha?
Lilad. Friends! you mistake
The way to win my lord; he must not hear this,
But I, as one in favour, in his sight,
May hearken to you for my profit. Sir!
—I pray hear them.
Nov. 'Tis well.
Lilad. Observe him now.
Nov. Your cause being good, and your proceedings so,
Without corruption I am your friend;
Speak your desires.
2 *Cred.* Oh, they are charitable;
The marshal stood engaged unto us three,
Two hundred thousand crowns, which by his death

: defeated of. For which great loss
n at nothing but his rotten flesh;
that cruelty.
ed. I have a son
ilks of nothing but of guns and armour,
rears he'll be a soldier; 'tis an humour
l divert him from; and I am told,
I minister to him, in his drink,
made of this bankrupt marshal's bones,
ed that the carcase rot above ground,
:ure his foolish frenzy.
. You shew in it
er's care. I have a son myself,
ionable gentleman, and a peaceful:
ut I am assured he is not so given,
uld take of it too. Sir, what are you?
. A gentleman.
. So are many that rake dunghills.
have any suit, move it in court:
no papers in corners.
. Yes, as the matter may be carried; and
whereby
nage the conveyance—Follow him.
d. You're rude: I say he shall not pass.
Exeunt Novall, Charalois, and advocates.
. You say so? On what assurance?
: well-cutting of his lordship's corns,
g his toes, or any office else
to baseness?
d. Look upon me better;
ese the ensigns of so coarse a fellow?
l advised.
. Out, rogue! do not I know [*Kicks him.*
glorious weeds spring from the sordid dung-
hill
officious baseness? Wert thou worthy
thing from me, but my contempt,
ld do more than this,—more, you court-
spider!
d. But that this man is lawless, he should
find
am valiant.
ed. If your ears are fast,
thing. What's a blow or two? As much:
ed. These chastisements as useful are as
frequent
h as would grow rich.
. Are they so, rascals? I will befriend you
then— [*Kicks them.*
ed. Bear witness, sirs!
d. Truth, I have born my part already,
friends!
court you shall hear more. [*Exit.*
. I know you for
)rst of spirits, that strive to rob the tombs
it is their inheritance, the dead:
rers bred by a riotous peace;
old the charter of your wealth and free-
dom,
ig knaves and cuckolds, that never prayed,
ien you fear the rich heirs will grow wise,
p their lands out of your parchment toils
And then, the devil, your father, is called upon,
To invent some ways of luxury ne'er thought on.
Be gone, and quickly, or I'll leave no room
Upon your foreheads for your horns to sprout on;
Without a murmur, or I will undo you,
For I will beat you honest.
1 *Cred.* Thrift forbid!
We will bear this rather than hazard that.
[*Exeunt Creditors.*

Enter CHARALOIS.

Rom. I am somewhat eased in this yet.—
Char. Only friend!
To what vain purpose do I make my sorrow
Wait on the triumph of their cruelty?
Or teach their pride from my humility,
To think it has overcome? They are determined
What they will do; and it may well become me,
To rob them of the glory they expect
From my submiss entreaties.
Rom. Think not so, sir!
The difficulties that you encounter with,
Will crown the undertaking—Heaven! you weep,
And I could do so too; but that I know,
There's more expected from the son and friend
Of him whose fatal loss now shakes our natures,
Than sighs or tears, in which a village nurse,
Or cunning strumpet, when her knave is hanged,
May overcome us. We are men, young lord,
Let us not do like women. To the court,
And there speak like your birth: Wake sleeping
justice,
Or dare the axe. This is a way will sort
With what you are: I call you not to that
I will shrink from myself; I will deserve
Your thanks, or suffer with you—O how bravely
That sudden fire of anger shews in you!
Give fuel to it; since you are on a shelf
Of extreme danger, suffer like yourself. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ROCHFORT, NOVALL, *sen.* CHARMI, DU CROY, *advocates*, BEAUMONT, *officers, and three presidents.*

Du Croy. Your lordship is seated. May this
meeting prove
Prosperous to us, and to the general good of Bur-
gundy.
Nov. sen. Speak to the point!
Du Croy—Which is
With honour to dispose the place and power
Of premier president, which this reverend man,
Grave Rochfort (whom for honour's sake I name),
Is purposed to resign; a place, my lords,
In which he hath, with such integrity,
Performed the first and best parts of a judge,
That, as his life transcends all fair examples
Of such as were before him in Dijon,
So it remains to those that shall succeed him,
A precedent that they may imitate, but not equal.
Roch. I may not sit to hear this.

Du Croy. Let the love
And thankfulness we are bound to pay to goodness,
In this overcome your modesty.
Roch. My thanks
For this great favour shall prevent your trouble.
The honourable trust that was imposed
Upon my weakness, since you witness for me,
It was not ill discharged, I will not mention;
Nor now, if age had not deprived me of
The little strength I had to govern well
The province that I undertook, forsake it.
Nov. sen. That we could lend you of our years!
Du Croy. Or strength!
Nov. sen. Or, as you are, persuade you to continue
The noble exercise of your knowing judgement!
Roch. That may not be; nor can your lordships' goodness,
Since your employments have conferred upon me
Sufficient wealth, deny the use of it;
And though old age, when one foot is in the grave,
In many, when all humours else are spent,
Feeds no affection in them, but desire
To add height to the mountain of their riches;
In me it is not so; I rest content
With the honours and estate I now possess.
And, that I may have liberty to use,
What Heaven, still blessing my poor industry,
Hath made me master of, I pray the court
To ease me of my burthen; that I may
Employ the small remainder of my life
In living well, and learning how to die so.

Enter ROMANT *and* CHARALOIS.

Rom. See, sir, our advocate.
Du Croy. The court intreats
Your lordship will be pleased to name the man,
Which you would have your successor, and in me
All promise to confirm it.
Roch. I embrace it
As an assurance of their favour to me,
And name my lord Novall.
Du Croy. The court allows it.
Roch. But there are suitors wait here, and their causes
May be of more necessity to be heard,
And therefore wish that mine may be deferred,
And theirs have hearing.
Du Croy. If your lordship please
To take the place, we will proceed.
Charmi. The cause
We come to offer to your lordship's censure,
Is in itself so noble, that it needs not
Or rhetoric in me that plead, or favour
From your grave lordships, to determine of it;
Since to the praise of your impartial justice
(Which guilty, nay, condemned men, dare not scandal)
It will erect a trophy of your mercy
Which married to that justice——

Nov. sen. Speak to the cause.
Charmi. I will, my lord. To say, the late dead marshal,
The father of this young lord here, my client,
Hath done his country great and faithful service,
Might tax me of impertinence, to repeat
What your grave lordships cannot but remember:
He, in his life, became indebted to
These thrifty men, (I will not wrong their credits,
By giving them the attributes they now merit)
And failing, by the fortune of the wars,
Of means to free himself from his engagements,
He was arrested, and for want of bail,
Imprisoned at their suit: And not long after
With loss of liberty ended his life.
And, though it be a maxim in our laws,
All suits die with the person, these men's malice
In death finds matter for their hate to work on,
Denying him the recent rites of burial,
Which the sworn enemies of the christian faith
Grant freely to their slaves: May it therefore please
Your lordships so to fashion your decree,
That, what their cruelty doth forbid, your pity
May give allowance to.
Nov. sen. How long have you, sir, practised in court?
Charmi. Some twenty years, my lord.
Nov. sen. By your gross ignorance, it should appear,
Not twenty days.
Charmi. I hope I have given no cause in this, my lord——
Nov. sen. How dare you move the court
To the dispensing with an act confirmed
By parliament, to the terror of all bankrupts?
Go home! and with more care peruse the statutes:
Or the next motion, savouring of this boldness,
May force you to leap (against your will)
Over the place you plead at.
Charmi. I foresaw this.
Rom. Why, does your lordship think the moving of
A cause, more honest than this court had ever
The honour to determine, can deserve
A check like this?
Nov sen. Strange boldness!
Rom. 'Tis fit freedom:
Or, do you conclude, an advocate cannot hold
His credit with the judge, unless he study
His face more than the cause for which he pleads?
Charmi. Forbear!
Rom. Or cannot you, that have the power
To qualify the rigour of the laws,
When you are pleased, take a little from
The strictness of your sour decrees, enacted
In favour of the greedy creditor,
Against the overthrown debtor?
Nov. sen. Sirrah! you that prate
Thus saucily, what are you?
Rom. Why, I'll tell you,

urple-coloured man! I am one to whom
west the means thou hast of sitting there,
ıpt elder.
mi. Forbear!
The nose thou wearest is my gift, and
those eyes,
eet no object so base as their master,
en long since torn from that guilty head,
ɔu thyself slave to some needy Swiss,
ıot worn a sword, and used it better
thy prayers thou ever didst thy tongue.
sen. Shall such an insolence pass unpu-
nished?
mi. Hear me!
Yet I, that in my service done my coun-
try,
to be put in the scale with thee,
myself unworthy to be valued
e least part, nay, hair of the dead mar-
shal,
se so many glorious undertakings,
hoice of any one, and that the meanest,
ıed against the subtle fox of France,
itic Lewis, or the more desperate Swiss,
ill outweigh all the good purpose,
put in act, that ever gownman practised.
sen. Away with him to prison!
If that curses,
ustly, and breathed forth so, ever fell
e that did deserve them, let not mine
ıt in vain now, that thou, from this instant,
in thy fear that they will fall upon thee,
ible of the plagues they shall bring with
them.
denying of a little earth,
er what remains of our great soldier,
your wives prove whores, your factors
thieves,
hile you live, your riotous heirs undo you.
ɔu, the patron of their cruelty,
hy lordships live not to be owner
ıuch dung as will conceal a dog,
ıt is worse, thyself in. And thy years,
end thou mayst be wretched, I wish many;
thou hast denied the dead a grave,
isery in thy life make thee desire one,
men, and all the elements, keep from
thee:
begun well; imitate; exceed.
. Good counsel, were it a praise-worthy
deed.

[*Exeunt officers with Romont.*

Croy. Remember what we are.
. Thus low my duty
s your lordship's counsel. I will use,
few words with which I am to trouble
ɔrdship's ears, the temper that you wish
me;
ıt I fear to speak my thoughts as loud,
th a liberty beyond Romont:
ıt I know, for me, that am made up
hat's wretched, so to haste my end,

Would seem to most rather a willingness
To quit the burden of a hopeless life,
Than scorn of death, or duty to the dead.
I, therefore, bring the tribute of my praise
To your severity, and commend the justice,
That will not, for the many services
That any man hath done the commonwealth,
Wink at his least of ills: What though my father
Writ man before he was so, and confirmed it,
By numbering that day no part of his life,
In which he did not service to his country;
Was he to be free therefore from the laws,
And ceremonious form in your decrees?
Or else, because he did as much as man,
In those three memorable overthrows,
At Granson, Morat, Nancy, where his master,
The warlike Charalois (with whose misfortunes
I bear his name) lost treasure, men, and life,
To be excused from payment of those sums
Which (his own patrimony spent) his zeal
To serve his country, forced him to take up?

Nov. sen. The precedent were ill.

Char. And yet, my lord, thus much
I know you'll grant; after those great defeatures,
Which in their dreadful ruins buried quick,

Enter Officers.

Courage and hope in all men but himself,
He forced the proud foe, in his height of conquest,
To yield unto an honourable peace,
And in it saved an hundred thousand lives,
To end his own, that was sure proof against
The scalding summer's heat, and winter's frost,
Ill airs, the cannon, and the enemy's sword,
In a most loathsome prison.

Du Croy. 'Twas his fault
To be so prodigal.

Nov. sen. He had from the state
Sufficient entertainment for the army.

Char. Sufficient, my lord? You sit at home,
And, though your fees are boundless at the bar,
Are thrifty in the charges of the war—
But your wills be obeyed. To these I turn,
To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know
They're only good men that pay what they owe.

2 *Cred.* And so they are.

1 *Cred.* 'Tis the city doctrine;
We stand bound to maintain it.

Char. Be constant in it;
And, since you are as merciless in your natures,
As base and mercenary in your means,
By which you get your wealth, I will not urge
The court to take away one scruple from
The right of their laws, or one good thought
In you to mend your disposition with.
I know there is no music to your ears
So pleasing as the groans of men in prison,
And that the tears of widows, and the cries
Of famished orphans, are the feasts that take you.
That to be in your danger, with more care

Should be avoided than infectious air,
The loathed embraces of diseased women,
A flatterer's poison, or the loss of honour.
Yet, rather than my father's reverend dust
Shall want a place in that fair monument,
In which our noble ancestors lie entombed,
Before the court I offer up myself
A prisoner for it. Load me with those irons
That have worn out his life: in my best strength
I'll run to the encounter of cold hunger,
And chuse my dwelling where no sun dares enter,
So he may be released.

1 *Cred.* What mean you, sir?

2 *Advo.* Only your fee again: There's so much said
Already in this cause, and said so well,
That, should I only offer to speak in it,
I should not be heard, or laughed at for it.

1 *Cred.* 'Tis the first money advocate e'er gave back,
Though he said nothing.

Roch. Be advised, young lord,
And well considerate; you throw away
Your liberty and joys of life together:
Your bounty is employed upon a subject
That is not sensible of it, with which a wise man
Never abused his goodness; the great virtues
Of your dead father vindicate themselves
From these men's malice, and break ope the prison,
Though it contain his body.

Nov. sen. Let him alone:
If he love cords, a God's name, let him wear them,
Provided these consent.

Char. I hope they are not
So ignorant in any way of profit,
As to neglect a possibility
To get their own, by seeking it from that
Which can return them nothing but ill fame,
And curses for their barbarous cruelties.

3 *Cred.* What think you of the offer?

2 *Cred.* Very well.

1 *Cred.* Accept it by all means: Let us shut him up;
He is well shaped, and has a villainous tongue,
And, should he study that way of revenge,
As I dare almost swear he loves a wench,
We have no wives, nor ever shall get daughters,
That will hold out against him.

Du Croy. What's your answer?

2 *Cred.* Speak you for all.

1 *Cred.* Why, let our executions,
That lie upon the father, be returned
Upon the son, and we release the body.

Nov. sen. The court must grant you that.

Char. I thank your lordships;
They have in it confirmed on me such glory,
As no time can take from me. I am ready:
Come, lead me where you please: Captivity,
That comes with honour, is true liberty.

[*Exit Charalois, Creditors, and Officers.*

Nov. sen. Strange rashness.

Roch. A brave resolution rather,
Worthy a better fortune: but, however,
It is not now to be disputed; therefore
To my own cause. Already I have found
Your lordships bountiful in your favours to me:
And that should teach my modesty to end here,
And press your loves no farther.

Du Croy. There is nothing
The court can grant, but with assurance you
May ask it, and obtain it.

Roch. You encourage a bold petitioner, and 'tis not fit
Your favours should be lost. Besides, it has been
A custom many years, at the surrendering
The place I now give up, to grant the president
One boon that parted with it. And, to confirm
Your grace towards me, against all such as may
Detract my actions and life hereafter,
I now prefer it to you.

Du Croy. Speak it freely.

Roch. I then desire the liberty of Romont,
And that my lord Novall, whose private wrong
Was equal to the injury that was done
To the dignity of the court, will pardon it,
And now sign his enlargement.

Nov. sen. Pray you demand
The moiety of my estate, or any thing
Within my power but this.

Roch. Am I denied then—my first and last request?

Du Croy. It must not be.

2 *Pre.* I have a voice to give in it.

3 *Pre.* And I.
And, if persuasion will not work him to it,
We will make known our power.

Nov sen. You are too violent;
You shall have my consent. But would you had
Made trial of my love in any thing
But this, you should have found then—But it skills not.
You have what you desire.

Roch. I thank your lordships.

Du Croy. The court is up—Make way.

[*Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumont.*

Roch. I follow you—Beaumont!

Beaum. My lord?

Roch. You are a scholar, Beaumont,
And can search deeper into the intents of men,
Than those that are less knowing. How appeared
The piety and brave behaviour of
Young Charalois to you?

Beaum. It is my wonder,
Since I want language to express it fully;
And sure the colonel———

Roch. Fie! he was faulty.—What present money have I?

Beaum. There is no want
Of any sum a private man has use for.

Roch. 'Tis well:
I am strangely taken with this Charalois;
Methinks, from his example, the whole age
Should learn to be good, and continue so.
Virtue works strangely with us; and his goodness,
Rising above his fortune, seems to me,
Prince-like, to will, not ask a courtesy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter PONTALIER, MALOTIN *and* BEAUMONT.

Malot. 'Tis strange.
Beaum. Methinks so.
Pont. In a man but young,
Yet old in judgment; theorick and practick,
In all humanity, and (to increase the wonder)
Religious, yet a soldier, that he should
Yield his free-living youth a captive, for
The freedom of his aged father's corpse,
And rather chuse to want life's necessaries,
Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should
In death be kept from christian ceremony.
Malot. Come, 'tis a golden precedent in a son
To let strong Nature have the better hand,
(In such a case) of all affected reason.
What years sit on this Charalois?
Beaum. Twenty-eight;
For since the clock did strike him seventeen old,
Under his father's wing this son hath fought,
Served and commanded, and so aptly both,
That sometimes he appeared his father's father,
And never less than his son; the old man's virtues
So recent in him as the world may swear,
Nought but a fair tree could such fair fruit bear.
Pont. But wherefore lets he such a barbarous law,
And men more barbarous to execute it,
Prevail on his soft disposition,
That he had rather die alive for debt
Of the old man in prison, than they should
Rob him of sepulture, considering
These monies borrowed bought the lenders peace,
And all their means they enjoy, nor was diffused
In any impious or licentious path?
Beaum. True! for my part, were it my father's trunk,
The tyrannous ram-heads with their horns should gore it,
Or cast it to their curs, than they less currish,
Ere prey on me so, with their lion-law,
Being in my free will (as in his) to shun it.
Pont. Alas! he knows himself in poverty lost:
For in this partial avaricious age
What price bears honour? virtue? Long ago
It was but praised and freezed, but now-a-days
'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise;
Very praise now freezeth too: For nature
Did make the heathen far more christian then,
Than knowledge us (less heathenish) christian.
Malot. This morning is the funeral.
Pont. Certainly.
And from this prison 'twas the son's request,
That his dear father might interment have.
[*Recorders Music.*
See the young son enters alive the grave.
Beaum. They come—Observe their order.

Enter funeral. The body borne by four. Captains and soldiers, mourners, 'scutcheons, &c. in very good order. CHARALOIS *and* ROMONT *meet it. Charalois speaks. Romont weeping. Solemn musick. Three creditors.*

Char. How like a silent stream shaded with night,
And gliding softly with our windy sighs,
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity:
Tears, sighs and blacks filling the simile!
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
Of death, thus hollowly break forth!—Vouchsafe
To stay awhile.—Rest, rest in peace, dear earth!
Thou that broughtest rest to their unthankful lives,
Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death:
Here stands thy poor executor, thy son,
That makes his life prisoner to bail thy death:
Who gladlier puts on this captivity,
Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds:
Of all that ever thou hast done good to,
These only have good memories; for they
Remember best, forget not gratitude.
I thank you for this last and friendly love;
And though this country, like a viperous mother,
Not only hath eat up ungratefully
All means of thee her son, but last thyself,
Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent,
He cannot raise thee a poor monument,
Such as a flatterer or an usurer hath,
Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.
Pont. Sir!
Char. Peace! O peace! This scene is wholly mine.
What! Weep ye, soldiers?—Blanch not. Romont weeps.
Ha! let me see! my miracle is eased:
The jailors and the creditors do weep:
E'en they, that make us weep, do weep themselves.
Be these thy body's balm: These and thy virtue
Keep thy fame ever odoriferous,
Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man,
Alive, stinks in his vices, and, being vanished,
The golden calf that was an idol, decked
With marble pillars, jet and porphyry,
Shall quickly both in bone and name consume,
Though wrapt in lead, spice, searcloth and perfume.
1 *Cred.* Sir!
Char. What!—Away, for shame! your tears, prophane rogues!
Must not be mingled with these holy relicks:
This is a sacrifice—Our shower shall crown
His sepulchre with olive, myrrh and bays,
The plants of peace, of sorrow, victory;
Your tears would spring but weeds.

1 *Cred.* Would they so?
We'll keep them to stop bottles then.
Rom. No, keep them for your own sins, you rogues,
Till you repent; you'll die else, and be damned.
2 *Cred.* Damned, ha! ha! ha!
Rom. Laugh ye?
2 *Cred.* Yes, faith, sir; we would be very glad
To please you either way.
1 *Cred.* You are never content,
Crying nor laughing.
Rom. Both with a birth, ye rogues.
2 *Cred.* Our wives, sir, taught us.
Rom. Look, look, you slaves! your thankless cruelty,
And savage manners of unkind Dijon,
Exhaust these floods, and not his father's death.
1 *Cred.* 'Slid, sir! what would you, you're so cholerick!
2 *Cred.* Most soldiers are so, in faith.—Let him alone.
They've little else to live on; we have not had
A penny of him, have we?
3 *Cred.* 'Slight, would you have our hearts?
1 *Cred.* We have nothing but his body here in durance,
For all our money.
Priest. On.
Char. One moment more,
But to bestow a few poor legacies,
All I have left in my dead father's right,
And I have done. Captain, wear thou these spurs,
That yet ne'er made his horse run from a foe.
Lieutenant, thou this scarf; and may it tie
Thy valour and thy honesty together:
For so it did in him. Ensign, this cuirass,
Your general's necklace once. You gentle bearers,
Divide this purse of gold: This other strew
Among the poor.—'Tis all I have. Romont,
Wear thou this medal of himself, that like
A hearty oak, grew'st close to this tall pine,
(E'en in the wildest wilderness of war)
Whereon foes broke their swords, and tired themselves;
Wounded and hacked ye were, but never felled.
For me, my portion provide in heaven:
My root is earthed, and I, a desolate branch,
Left scattered in the highway of the world;
Trod under foot, that might have been a column
Mainly supporting our demolished house,
This would I wear as my inheritance.
And what hope can arise to me from it,
When I and it are here both prisoners?
Only may this, if ever we be free,
Keep or redeem me from all infamy.

SONG.

Fie! cease to wonder!
Though you hear Orpheus, with his ivory lute,
Move trees and rocks,
Charm bulls, bears, and men more savage, to be mute.
Weak foolish singer, here is one
Would have transformed thyself to stone.

1 *Cred.* No farther! look to them at your own peril.
2 *Cred.* No, as they please:—Their master's a good man.
I would they were at the Bermudas.
Jailor. You must no farther.——
The prison limits you, and the creditors
Exact the strictness.
Rom. Out, you wolfish mongrels!
Whose brains should be knocked out, like dogs in July,
Lest your infection poison a whole town.
Char. They grudge our sorrow.—Your ill wills, perforce,
Turn now to charity: They would not have us
Walk too far mourning; usurers relief
Grieves if the debtors have too much of grief.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter BEAUMELLE, FLORIMEL, *and* BELLAPERT, *on one side, and* NOVALL, *jun.* PONTALIER, MALOTIN, LILADAM, *and* AYMER, *on the other.*

Nov. jun. Best day to nature's curiosity,
Star of Dijon, the lustre of all France!
Perpetual spring dwell on thy rosy cheeks,
Whose breath is perfume to our continent;
See Flora trimmed in her varieties.
Bella. Oh divine lord!
Nov. jun. No autumn nor no age ever approach
This heavenly piece, which nature having wrought,
She lost her needle, and did then despair
Ever to work so lively and so fair.
Lilad. Uds-light, my lord, one of the purls of your band
Is, without all discipline, fallen out of his rank.
Nov. jun. How? I would not for a thousand crowns she had seen it. Dear Liladam, reform it.
Bella. Oh lord! *Per se,* lord! Quintessence of honour! she walks not under a weed that could deny thee any thing.
Beaumel. Prythee peace, wench! thou dost but blow the fire that flames too much already.
[*Liladam and Aymer trim Novall, whilst Bellapert her lady.*
Aymer. By gad, my lord, you have the divinest taylor in Christendom; he hath made you look like an angel in your cloth of tissue doublet.
Pont. This is a three-legged lord: There is a fresh assault. Oh! that men should spend time thus!—See, see how her blood drives to her heart, and strait vaults to her cheeks again.
Malot. What are these?
Pont. One of them there, the lower, is a good, foolish, knavish, sociable gallimaufry of a man, and has much caught my lord with singing; he is master of a music house. The other is his dres-

sing block, upon whom my lord lays all his cloaths and fashions, ere he vouchsafes them his own person; you shall see him in the morning in the galley-foist, at noon in the bullion, in the evening in Querpo, and all night in—

Malot. A bawdy-house.

Pont. If my lord deny, they deny; if he affirm, they affirm: They skip into my lord's cast skins some twice a year; and thus they live to eat, eat to live, and live to praise my lord.

Malot. Good sir, tell me one thing.

Pont. What's that?

Malot. Dare these men ever fight on any cause?

Pont. Oh, no, 'twould spoil their cloaths, and put their bands out of order.

Nov. jun. Must you hear the news: Your father has resigned his presidentship to my lord my father.

Malot. And lord Charalois undone for ever.

Pont. Troth, 'tis pity, sir!

A braver hope of so assured a father
Did never comfort France.

Lilad. A good dumb mourner.

Aymer. A silent black.

Nov. jun. Oh, fie upon him, how he wears his cloaths!

As if he had come this Christmas from St Omers,
To see his friends, and returned after twelf-tide.

Lilad. His colonel looks finely like a drover.—

Nov. jun. That had a winter lain perdue in the rain.

Aymer. What, he that wears a clout about his neck?

His cuffs in his pocket, and his heart in his mouth?

Nov. jun. Now, out upon him!

Beaumel. Servant, tie my hand.

How your lips blush, in scorn that they should pay
Tribute to hands, when lips are in the way!

Nov. jun. I thus recant; yet now your hand looks white,

Because your lips robbed it of such a right.
Monsieur Aymer, I prithee sing the song
Devoted to my mistress. [*Music.*

SONG.

A dialogue between a man and a woman.

Man. *Set, Phœbus! set; a fairer sun doth rise*
From the bright radiance of my mistress' eyes
Than ever thou begat'st: I dare not look;
Each hair a golden line, each word a hook,
The more I strive, the more still I am took.

Wom. *Fair servant! come; the day these eyes do lend*
To warm thy blood, thou dost so vainly spend,
Come strangle breath.

Man. *What note so sweet as this*
That calls the spirits to a further bliss?

Wom. *Yet this out-savours wine, and this perfume,*

Man. *Let's die, I languish, I consume.*

After the song, enter ROCHFORT *and* BEAUMONT.

Beaum. Romont will come, sir, straight.

Roch. 'Tis well.

Beaumel. My father!

Nov. jun. My honourable lord!

Roch. My lord Novall! this is a virtue in you,
So early up and ready before noon,
That are the map of dressing through all France!

Nov. jun. I rise to say my prayers, sir, here's my saint.

Roch. 'Tis well and courtly;—you must give me leave;
I have some private conference with my daughter;
Pray use my garden, you shall dine with me.

Lilad. We'll wait on you.

Nov. jun. Good morn unto your lordship,
Remember what you have vowed—
[*To Beaumelle.*

[*Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumelle.*

Beaumel. Perform I must.

Roch. Why how now, Beaumelle, thou look'st not well.
Thou art sad of late,—come cheer thee; I have found
A wholesome remedy for these maiden fits,
A goodly oak whereon to twist my vine,
Till her fair branches grow up to the stars.
Be near at hand, success crown my intent,
My business fills my little time so full,
I cannot stand to talk: I know thy duty
Is handmaid to my will, especially
When it presents nothing but good and fit.

Beaumel. Sir, I am yours.—Oh! if my fears prove true,
Fate hath wronged love, and will destroy me too.
[*Exit Beaumelle.*

Enter ROMONT *and Keeper.*

Rom. Sent you for me, sir?

Roch. Yes.

Rom. Your lordship's pleasure?

Roch. Keeper, this prisoner I will see forthcoming,
Upon my word—Sit down, good colonel.
[*Exit Keeper.*

Why I did wish you hither, noble sir,
Is to advise you from this iron carriage,
Which, so affected, Romont, you will wear
To pity, and to counsel you to submit
With expedition to the great Novall:
Recant your stern contempt and slight neglect
Of the whole court and him, and opportunely,
Or you will undergo a heavy censure
In public, very shortly.

Rom. Reverend sir,
I have observed you, and do know you well;
And am now more afraid you know not me,
By wishing my submission to Novall,
Than I can be of all the bellowing mouths
That wait upon him to pronounce the censure,
Could it determine me to torments and shame.
Submit and crave forgiveness of a beast?
'Tis true, this boil of state wears purple tissue,
Is high fed, proud:—So is his lordship's horse,

And bears as rich caparaisons. I know
This elephant carries on his back not only
Towers, castles, but the ponderous republic,
And never stoops for it; with his strong breathed trunk
Snuffs other's titles, lordships, offices,
Wealth, bribes, and lives, under his ravenous jaws:
What's this unto my freedom? I dare die;
And therefore ask this camel, if these blessings
(For so they would be understood by a man)
But mollify one rudeness in his nature,
Sweeten the eager relish of the law,
At whose great helm he sits. Helps he the poor
In a just business? Nay, does he not cross
Every deserved soldier and scholar,
As if, when nature made him, she had made
The general antipathy of all virtue?
How savagely and blasphemously he spake
Touching the general, the brave general, dead!
I must weep when I think on't.

Roch. Sir!

Rom. My lord, I am not stubborn: I can melt, you see,
And prize a virtue better than my life:
For though I be not learned, I ever loved
That holy mother of all issues good,
Whose white hand for a scepter holds a file,
To polish roughest customs, and in you
She has her right: See! I am calm as sleep;
But when I think of the gross injuries,
The godless wrong done to my general dead,
I rave indeed, and could eat this Novall;
A soulless dromedary!

Roch. Oh! be temperate;
Sir, though I would persuade, I'll not constrain;
Each man's opinion freely is his own,
Concerning any thing, or any body;
Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the judge's peril,

Enter BEAUMONT.

Beaum. These men, sir, wait without; my lord is come too.

Roch. Pay them those sums upon the table; take
Their full releases:—Stay—I want a witness:
Let me intreat you, colonel, to walk in,
And stand but by to see this money paid;
It does concern you and your friend; it was
The better cause you were sent for, though said otherwise.
The deed shall make this my request more plain.

Rom. I shall obey your pleasure, sir, though ignorant
To what it tends. [*Exeunt Romont and Servant.*

Enter CHARALOIS.

Roch. Worthiest sir,
You are most welcome: Fie, no more of this:
You have out-wept a woman, noble Charalois!
No man but has or must bury a father.

Char. Grave sir! I buried sorrow for his death
In the grave with him. I did never think
He was immortal—though I vow I grieve,
And see no reason why the vicious,
Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy men,
Should die alike.

Roch. They do not.

Char. In the manner
Of dying, sir, they do not, but all die,
And therein differ not: But I have done.
I spied the lively picture of my father,
Passing your gallery, and that cast this water
Into mine eyes: See—foolish that I am,
To let it do so.

Roch. Sweet and gentle Nature!
How silken is this well comparatively
To other men; I have a suit to you, sir,

Char. Take it; 'tis granted.

Roch. What?

Char. Nothing, my lord.

Roch. Nothing is quickly granted.

Char. Faith, my lord!
That nothing granted is even all I have,
For all know I have nothing left to grant.

Roch. Sir, have you any suit to me? I'll grant
You something, anything.

Char. Nay, surely, I, that can
Give nothing, will but sue for that again.
No man will grant me anything I sue for.
But begging nothing, every man will give it.

Roch. Sir, the love I bore your father, and the worth
I see in you, so much resembling his,
Made me thus send for you. And tender here
[*Draws a curtain.*
Whatever you will take, gold, jewels, both,
All, to supply your wants, and free yourself.
Where heavenly virtue in high-blooded veins
Is lodged, and can agree, men should kneel down,
Adore, and sacrifice all that they have;
And well they may, it is so seldom seen.
Put off your wonder, and here freely take,
Or send your servants: Nor, sir, shall you use
In aught of this a poor man's fee, or bribe
Unjustly taken of the rich, but what's
Directly gotten, and yet by the law.

Char. How ill, sir, it becomes those hairs to mock!

Roch. Mock? thunder strike me then.

Char. You do amaze me.
But you shall wonder too; I will not take
One single piece of this great heap. Why should I
Borrow, that have not means to pay; nay, am
A very bankrupt, even in flattering hope
Of ever raising any. All my begging
Is Romont's liberty.

Enter ROMONT, BEAUMONT, *and Creditors, loaded with money.*

Roch. Here is your friend,
Enfranchised ere you spake. I give him you;
And, Charalois, I give you to your friend,
As free a man as he: Your father's debts
Are taken off.

r. How?
s. Sir, it is most true.
he witness.
ed. Yes, faith, we are paid.
ed. Heaven bless his lordship—I did think
him wiser.
ed. He a statesman? He an ass—pay other
men's debts?
ed. That he was never bound for.
s. One more such
save the rest of pleaders.
r. Honoured Rochfort,
l my tongue, and blushes scald my cheeks,
ffer thanks in words for such great deeds.
l. Call in my daughter: Still I have a suit
to you. [*Exit Beaumont.*
you requite me?
r. With his life, I assure you.
l. Nay, would you make me now your
debtor, sir!

Enter BEAUMELLE.

my only child: What she appears,
ordship well may see: for education, Beau-
melle
s not any: For her mind, I know it
far fairer than her shape, and hope
continue so: If now her birth
too mean for Charalois, take her,
gin, by the hand, and call her wife,
ed with all my fortunes: Bless me so,
e me thus, and make me happier,
ing my poor empty name to yours,
my 'state were multiplied tenfold.
r. Is this the payment, sir, that you ex-
pect?
ou precipitate me more in debt,
othing but my life can ever pay.
eauty being your daughter (in which yours
conceive necessity of her virtue)
it all dowry is a prince's aim.
s she is, for poor and worthless me
uch too worthy! Waken me, Romont,
may know I dreamed, and find this va-
nished.
r. Sure I sleep not.
s. Your sentence—life or death.
r. Fair Beaumelle, can you love me?
mel. Yes, my lord.

NOVALL *jun.* PONTALIER, MALOTIN, LI-
LADAM, *and* AYMER.—*All salute.*

r. You need not question me if I can you.
e the fairest virgin in Dijon,
ochfort is your father.
jun. What's this change?
s. You met my wishes, gentlemen.
r. What make
dogs in doublets here?
mel. A visitation, sir.
r. Then thus, fair Beaumelle! I write my
faith,
Thus seal it in the sight of Heaven and men.
Your fingers tie my heart-strings with this touch,
In true-love knots, which nought but death shall
loose.
And let these tears (an emblem of our loves)
Like crystal rivers individually
Flow into one another; make one source,
Which never man distinguish, less divide!
Breath marry breath, and kisses mingle souls;
Two hearts and bodies here incorporate;
And, though with little wooing I have won,
My future life shall be a wooing time,
And every day new as the bridal one.
Oh, sir! I groan under your courtesies,
More than my father's bones under his wrongs.
You, Curtius-like, have thrown into the gulf
Of this his country's foul ingratitude,
Your life and fortunes, to redeem their shames.
Roch. No more, my glory! come, let's in, and
hasten
This celebration.
Romont, Malotin, Pontalier, and Beaumont.—
All fair bliss upon it.
[*Exeunt Rochfort, Charalois, Romont,
Beaumont, and Malotin.*
Nov. jun. Mistress!
Beaum. Oh servant, virtue strengthen me!
Thy presence blows round my affection's vane:
You will undo me if you speak again.
[*Exit Beaumelle.*
Lilad. Aym. Here will be sport for you. This
works. [*Exeunt Liladam and Aymer.*
Nov. jun. Peace! peace!
Pont. One word, my lord Novall!
Nov. jun. What, thou would'st money—there.
Pont. No, I'll none, I'll not be bought a slave,
A pandar, or a parasite, for all
Your father's worth; though you have saved my
life,
Rescued me often from my wants, I must not
Wink at your follies that will ruin you.
You know my blunt way, and my love to truth:
Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour,
Now you do see her made another man's,
And such a man's! so good, so popular;
Or you will pluck a thousand mischiefs on you.
The benefits you've done me are not lost,
Nor cast away; they are pursed here in my
heart;
But let me pay you, sir, a fairer way
Than to defend your vices, or to soothe them.
Nov. jun. Ha, ha, ha! what are my courses
unto thee?
Good cousin Pontalier, meddle with that
That shall concern thyself. [*Exit Novall.*
Pont. No more but scorn?
Move on then, stars! work your pernicious will!
Only the wise rule, and prevent your ill. [*Exit.*

Hautboys.—Here a passage over the stage, while the act is playing for the marriage of Charalois with Beaumelle, &c.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter NOVALL *jun. and* BELLAPERT.

Nov. jun. FLY not to these excuses: Thou hast been
False in thy promise—and, when I have said
Ungrateful, all is spoke.
Bella. Good my lord! but hear me only.
Nov. jun. To what purpose, trifler?
Can any thing that thou canst say make void
The marriage? Or those pleasures but a dream,
Which Charalois (oh Venus!) hath enjoyed?
Bella. I yet could say that you receive advantage
In what you think a loss, would you vouchsafe me;
That you were never in the way till now
With safety to arrive at your desires;
That pleasure makes love to you, unattended
By danger or repentance.
Nov. jun. That I could
But apprehend one reason how this might be,
Hope would not then forsake me.
Bella. The enjoying
Of what you most desire; I say the enjoying,
Shall, in the full possession of your wishes,
Confirm that I am faithful.
Nov. jun. Give some relish
How this may appear possible.
Bella. I will.
Relish and taste, and make the banquet easy.
You say my lady's married—I confess it:
That Charalois hath enjoyed her—'tis most true:
That with her he's already master of
The best part of my lord's estate. Still better:
But that the first or last should be your hindrance,
I utterly deny: For, but observe me,
While she went for, and was, I swear, a virgin,
What courtesy could she with her honour give,
Or you receive with safety?
Nov. jun. But for her marriage.
Bella. 'Tis a fair protection
'Gainst all arrests of fear or shame for ever.
Such as are fair, and yet not foolish, study
To have one at thirteen; but they are mad
That stay till twenty. Then, sir! for the pleasure;
To say adultery is sweeter, that is stale.
This only—Is not the contentment more,
To say, this is my cuckold, than my rival?
More I could say—but, briefly, she doats on you;
If it prove otherwise, spare not, poison me
With the next gold you give me.

Enter BEAUMELLE.

Beaumel. How is this, servant? courting my woman?
Bella. As an entrance to
The favour of the mistress; You are together,
And I am perfect in my cue. [*Going.*
Beaumel. Stay, Bellapert.
Bella. In this I must not, with your leave, obey you.
Your taylor and your tire-woman wait without,
And stay my counsel and direction for
Your next day's dressing. I have much to do,
Nor will your ladyship now, time is precious,
Continue idle; this choice lord will find
So fit employment for you. [*Exit* BELLAPERT.
Beaumel. I shall grow angry.
Nov. jun. Not so; you have a jewel in her, madam!
Beaumel. You come to chide me, servant, and bring with you
Sufficient warrant. You will say, and truly,
My father found too much obedience in me,
By being won too soon: Yet, if you please
But to remember all my hopes and fortunes
Had reference to his liking, you will grant,
That though I did not well towards you, I yet
Did wisely for myself.
Nov. jun. With too much fervour
I have so long loved, and still love you, mistress,
To esteem that an injury to me,
Which was to you convenient; that is past
My help, is past my cure. You yet may, lady,
In recompence of all my duteous service,
(Provided that your will answer your power)
Become my creditress.
Beaumel. I understand you;
And for assurance the request you make
Shall not be long unanswered, pray you sit,
And by what you shall hear, you'll easily find,
My passions are much fitter to desire
Than to be sued to.

Enter ROMANT *and* FLORIMEL.

Flor. Sir, it is not envy
At the start my fellow has got of me in
My lady's good opinion, that is the motive
Of this discovery; but due payment
Of what I owe her honour.
Rom. So I conceive it.
Flor. I have observed too much, nor shall my silence
Prevent the remedy——yonder they are,
I dare not be seen with you. You may do
What you think fit, which will be, I presume,
The office of a faithful and tried friend
To my young lord. [*Exit Florimel.*
Rom. This is no vision: Ha!
Nov. jun. With the next opportunity.
Beaumel. By this kiss, and this, and this.
Nov. jun. That you would ever swear thus!
Rom. If I seem rude, your pardon, lady! yours
I do not ask: Come, do not dare to shew me
A face of anger, or the least dislike;
Put on, and suddenly, a milder look;
I shall grow rough else.

Nov. jun. Whst have I done, sir,
To draw this harsh unsavoury language from you?
Rom. Done, popinjay? Why, dost thou think that, if
I e'er had dreamt that thou hadst done me wrong,
Thou shouldst outlive it?
Beaumel. This is something more
Than my lord's friendship gives commission for.
Nov. jun. Your presence and the place make him presume
Upon my patience.
Rom. As if thou e'er wert angry
But with thy taylor, and yet that poor shred
Can bring more to the making up of a man,
Than can be hoped from thee: Thou art his creature,
And, did he not each morning new create thee,
Thou would'st stink and be forgotten. I will not change
One syllable more with thee, until thou bring
Some testimony, under good men's hands,
Thou art a Christian. I suspect thee strongly,
And will be satisfied: 'Till which time, keep from me.
The entertainment of your visitation
Has made what I intended one a business.
Nov. jun. So we shall meet—madam!
Rom. Use that leg again, and I'll cut off the other.
Nov. jun. Very good. [*Exit Nov.*
Rom. So I respect you,
Not for yourself, but in remembrance of
Who is your father, and whose wife you now are,
That I chuse rather not to understand
Your nasty scoff, than——
Beaumel. What, you will not beat me,
If I expound it to you? Here's a tyrant
Spares neither man nor woman.
Rom. My intents,
Madam, deserve not this; nor do I stay
To be the whetstone of your wit: preserve it
To spend on such as know how to admire
Such coloured stuff. In me there is now speaks to you,
As true a friend and servant to your honour,
And one that will with as much hazard guard it,
As ever man did goodness. But then, lady!
You must endeavour, not alone to be,
But to appear, worthy such love and service.
Beaumel. To what tends this?
Rom. Why, to this purpose, lady;
I do desire you should prove such a wife
To Charalois (and such a one he merits)
As Cæsar, did he live, could not except at,
Not only innocent from crime, but free
From all taint and suspicion.
Beaumel. They are base that judge me otherwise.
Rom. But yet be careful!
Detraction is a bold monster, and fears not
To wound the fame of princes, if it find
But any blemish in their lives to work on:
But I will be plainer with you: had the people
Been learnt to speak, but what even now I saw,
Their malice out of that would raise an engine
To overthrow your honour. In my sight,
With yonder painted fool I frighted from you,
You used familiarity beyond
A modest entertainment: you embraced him
With too much ardour for a stranger, and
Met him with kisses neither chaste nor comely:
But learn you to forget him, as I will
Your bounties to him; you will find it safer
Rather to be uncourtly than immodest.
Beaumel. This pretty rag about your neck shews well,
And, being coarse and little worth, it speaks you
As terrible as thrifty.
Rom. Madam!
Beaumel. Yes.
And this strong belt, in which you hang your honour,
Will outlast twenty scarfs.
Rom. What mean you, lady?
Beaumel. And all else about you cap-a-pee,
So uniform in spite of handsomeness,
Shews such a bold contempt of comeliness,
That it is not strange your laundress in the Leaguer
Grew mad with love of you.
Rom. Is my free counsel
Answered with this ridiculous scorn?
Beaumel. These objects
Stole very much of my attention from me;
Yet something I remember, to speak truth,
Delivered gravely, but to little purpose,
That almost would have made me swear, some curate
Had stolen into the person of Romont,
And, in the praise of good-wife honesty,
Had read an homily.
Rom. By this hand——
Beaumel. And sword;
I will make up your oath, it will want weight else.
You are angry with me, and poor I laugh at it.
Do you come from the camp, which affords only
The conversation of cast suburb whores,
To set down to a lady of my rank
Limits of entertainment?
Rom. Sure a legion has possest this woman.
Beaumel. One stamp more would do well: yet I desire not
You should grow horn-mad till you have a wife.
You are come to warm meat, and perhaps clean linen:
Feed, wear it, and be thankful. For me, know,
That though a thousand watches were set on me,
And you the master-spy, I yet would use
The liberty that best likes me. I will revel,
Feast, kiss, embrace. Perhaps, grant larger favours.
Yet such as live upon my means, shall know
They must not murmur at it. If my lord

Be now grown yellow, and has chose out you
To serve his jealousy that way, tell him this.
You have something to inform him.
[*Exit Beaumelle.*
Rom. And I will!
Believe it, wicked one, I will. Hear, heaven!
But, hearing, pardon me: if these fruits grow
Upon the tree of marriage, let me shun it,
As a forbidden sweet. An heir and rich,
Young, beautiful; yet add to this, a wife,
And I will rather chuse a spital sinner,
Carted an age before, though three parts rotten,
And take it for a blessing, rather than
Be fettered to the hellish slavery
Of such an impudence.

Enter BEAUMONT *with writings.*

Beaum. Colonel! good fortune
To meet you thus: you look sad, but I will tell you
Something that shall remove it. O how happy
Is my lord Charalois in his fair bride!
Rom. A happy man indeed! pray you in what?
Beaum. I dare swear, you would think so good a lady
A dower sufficient.
Rom. No doubt. But on.
Beaum. So fair, so chaste, so virtuous: indeed
All that is excellent.
Rom. Women have no cunning to gull the world!
Beaum. Yet to all these, my lord,
Her father gives the full addition of
All he does now possess in Burgundy:
These writings to confirm it are new sealed,
And I most fortunate to present him with them;
I must go seek him out; can you direct me?
Rom. You will find him breaking a young horse.
Beaum. I thank you. [*Exit Beaumont.*
Rom. I must do something worthy Charalois' friendship.
If she were well inclined, to keep her so
Deserved not thanks: and yet, to stay a woman,
Spurred headlong by hot lust to her own ruin,
Is harder than to prop a falling tower
With a deceiving reed.

Enter ROCHFORT.

Roch. Some one seek for me,
As soon as he returns.
Rom. Her father! ha!——
How if I break this to him? Sure it cannot
Meet with an ill construction. His wisdom,
Made powerful by the authority of a father,
Will warrant and give priviledge to his counsels.
It shall be so—my lord!
Roch. Your friend, Romont:
Would you aught with me?
Rom. I stand so engaged
To your so many favours, that I hold it
A breach in thankfulness, should I not discover,
Though with some imputation to myself,
All doubts that may concern you.
Roch. The performance
Will make this protestation worth my thanks.
Rom. Then, with your patience, lend me your attention:
For what I must deliver, whispered only,
You will with too much grief receive.

Enter BEAUMELLE *and* BELLAPERT.

Beaumel. See, wench!
Upon my life as I forespake, he's now
Preferring his complaint: But be thou perfect,
And we will fit him.
Bella. Fear not me, pox on him!
A captain turned informer against kissing?
Would he were hanged up in his rusty armour!
But, if our fresh wits cannot turn the plots
Of such a mouldy murrion on itself,
Rich clothes, choice fare, and a true friend at a call,
Forsake us.
Roch. This in my daughter? Do not wrong her.
Bella. Now begin.
The game's afoot, and we in distance.
Beaumel. 'Tis thy fault, foolish girl! pin on my veil,
I will not wear those jewels. Am I not
Already matched beyond my hopes? Yet still
You prune and set me forth, as if I were
Again to please a suitor.
Bella. 'Tis the course
That our great ladies take.
Rom. A weak excuse!
Beaumel. Those that are better seen, in what concerns
A lady's honour and fair fame, condemn it.
You wait well: in your absence, my lord's friend,
The understanding, grave and wise Romont——
Rom. Must I be still her sport? [*Aside.*
Beaumel. Reproved me for it;
And he has travelled to bring home a judgment,
Not to be contradicted. You will say
My father, that owes more to years than he,
Has brought me up to music, language, courtship,
And I must use them. True, but not to offend,
Or render me suspected.
Roch. Does your fine story begin from this?
Beaumel. I thought a parting kiss
From young Novall would have displeased no more
Than heretofore it hath done; but I find
I must restrain such favours now; look, therefore,
As you are careful to continue mine,
That I no more be visited. I'll endure
The strictest course of life that jealousy
Can think secure enough, ere my behaviour
Shall call my fame in question.
Rom. Ten dissemblers
Are in this subtle devil. You believe this?
Roch. So far, that if you trouble me again
With a report like this, I shall not only

rou malicious in your disposition,
idy to repent what I have done
h a nature.
. Why, 'tis exceeding well.
i. And for you, daughter, off with this; off with it;
that confidence in your goodness, I,
will not consent to have you live
a recluse in a cloister: Go,
the gallants, let them make you merry,
fit liberty.
s. Blessing on you.
new preacher, with the sword and feather,
prove his doctrine for canonical,
uld have a fine world. [*Exit Bellapert.*
i. Sir, if you please
r yourself as fits a gentleman,
use is at your service; but, if not,
i you seek company elsewhere, your absence
it be much lamented—— [*Exit Rochfort.*
. If this be
compence of striving to preserve
ton gigglet honest, very shortly
nake all mankind pandars.—Do you smile,
ady looseness? Your whole sex is like you,
at man's mad that seeks to better any:
iew change have you next?
mel. Oh, fear not you, sir!
't into a thousand, but I will
t your heresy.
. What heresy? speak!
mel. Of keeping a lady that is married,
ntertaining servants.——

NOVALL *jun.* MALOTIN, LILADAM, AYMER, *and* PONTALIER.

're welcome.
y means to vex him,
ien with welcome follow me.
[*Exit Beaumel.*
. *jun.* You are tired
our grave exhortations, colonel!
d. How is it? Faith, your lordship may do well
p him to some church-preferment: 'Tis
he fashion for men of all conditions,
er they have lived, to end that way.
ier. That face would do well in a surplice.
i. Rogues, be silent—or—
t. S'death! will you suffer this?
i. And you, the master rogue, the coward rascal,
be with you suddenly.
. *jun.* Pontalier,
ould strike him, I know I shall kill him:
ierefore I would have thee beat him, for
good for nothing else.
d. His back
rs to me, as it would tire a beadle.
ien he has a knotted brow, would bruise
t-like hand to touch it.

Aymer. He looks like
A currier, when his hide's grown dear.
Pont. Take heed he curry not some of you.
Nov. jun. Gads me! he is angry.
Rom. I break no jests, but I can break my sword
About your pates.

Enter CHARALOIS *and* BEAUMONT.

Lilad. Here is more.
Aymer. Come, let us be gone!
We are beleaguered.
Nov. jun. Look, they bring up their troops.
Pont. Will you sit down with this disgrace?
You are abused most grossly.
Lilad. I grant you, sir, we are; and you would have us
Stay, and be more abused.
Nov. jun. My lord, I am sorry
Your house is so inhospitable, we must quit it.
[*Exeunt. Manent Charalois and Romont.*
Char. Prythee, Romont, what caused this uproar?
Rom. Nothing.
They laughed and used their scurvy wits upon me.
Char. Come, 'tis thy jealous nature: but I wonder
That you, which are an honest man and worthy,
Should foster this suspicion. No man laughs,
No one can whisper, but thou apprehendest
His conference and his scorn reflects on thee.
For my part, they should scoff their thin wits out,
So I not heard them; beat me, not being there.
Leave, leave these fits to conscious men, to such
As are obnoxious to those foolish things
As they can gibe at.
Rom. Well, sir?
Char. Thou art known
Valiant without defect, rightly defined,
Which is (as fearing to do injury,
As tender to endure it) not a brabbler,
A swearer.
Rom. Pish, pish! what needs this, my lord?
If I be known none such, how vainly you
Do cast away good counsel? I have loved you,
And yet must freely speak: So young a tutor
Fits not so old a soldier as I am.
And I must tell you, 'twas in your behalf
I grew enraged thus; yet had rather die
Than open the great cause a syllable further.
Char. In my behalf? Wherein hath Charalois
Unfitly so demeaned himself, to give
The least occasion to the loosest tongue
To throw aspersions on him? Or so weakly
Protected his own honour, as it should
Need defence from any but himself?
They're fools that judge me by my outward seeming;
Why should my gentleness beget abuse?
The lion is not angry that does sleep,
Nor every man a coward that can weep.
For God's sake speak the cause.

Rom. Not for the world.
Oh! it will strike disease into your bones,
Beyond the cure of physick; drink your blood,
Rob you of all your rest, contract your sight,
Leave you no eyes but to see misery,
And of your own; nor speech, but to wish thus,
Would I had perished in the prison's jaws,
From whence I was redeemed! 'Twill wear you old,
Before you have experience in that art
That causes your affliction.
Char. Thou dost strike
A deathful coldness to my heart's high heat,
And shrinkest my liver like the calenture.
Declare this foe of mine, and life's, that like
A man I may encounter and subdue it.
It shall not have one such effect in me
As thou denouncest: With a soldier's arm,
If it be strength, I'll meet it:
If a fault belonging to my mind, I'll cut it off
With mine own reason as a scholar should.
—Speak, though it make me monstrous.
Rom. I'll die first.
Farewell! continue merry, and high heaven
Keep your wife chaste.
Char. Hum!—Stay, and take this wolf
Out of my breast, that thou hast lodged there, or
For ever lose me.
Rom. Lose not, sir, yourself,
And I will venture—so the door is fast.
[*Locks the door.*
Now, noble Charalois, collect yourself;
Summon your spirits; muster all your strength
That can belong to man; sift passion
From every vein, and, whatsoe'er ensues,
Upbraid not me hereafter, as the cause of
Jealousy, discontent, slaughter and ruin:
Make me not parent to sin:—You will know
This secret that I burn with?
Char. Devil on't,
What should it be? Romont, I hear you wish
My wife's continuance of chastity.
Rom. There was no hurt in that.
Char. Why, do you know
A likelihood or possibility unto the contrary?
Rom. I know it not, but doubt it; these the grounds.
The servant of your wife now, young Novall,
The son unto your father's enemy,
(Which aggravates my presumption the more)
I have been warned of, touching her; nay, seen them
Tie heart to heart, one in another's arms,
Multiplying kisses, as if they meant
To pose arithmetic, or whose eyes would
Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's.
I saw their months engender, and their palms
Glewed, as if love had locked them; their words flow
And melt each other's, like two circling flames,
Where chastity, like a phœnix, methought, burned,
But left the world nor ashes nor an heir.
Why stand you silent thus? What cold dull phlegm,
As if you had no drop of choler mixed
In your whole constitution, thus prevails,
To fix you now thus stupid, hearing this?
Char. Ha! ha! ha!
Rom. Laugh you! E'en so did your wife,
And her indulgent father.
Char. They were wise.
Would'st have me be a fool?
Rom. No, but a man.
Char. There is no dram of manhood to suspect,
On such thin airy circumstance as this;
Mere compliment and 'courtship. Was this tale
The hideous monster which you so concealed?
Away, thou curious impertinent,
And idle searcher of such lean nice toys!
Go, thou seditious sower of debate!
Fly to such matches, where the bridgroom doubts
He holds not worth enough to countervail
The virtue and the beauty of his wife.
Thou buzzing drone, that 'bout my ears dost hum,
To strike thy rankling sting into my heart,
Whose venom, time nor medicine could assuage;
Thus do I put thee off, and, confident
In mine own innocency and desert,
Dare not conceive her so unreasonable,
To put Novall in balance against me,
An upstart, craned up to the height he has.
Hence, busy body! thou'rt no friend to me,
That must be kept to a wife's injury.
Rom. I'st possible?—Farewell fine honest man!
Sweet tempered lord, adieu! What apoplexy
Hath knit sense up? Is this Romont's reward?
Bear witness, the great spirit of thy father,
With what a healthful hope I did administer
This potion, that hath wrought so virulently!
I not accuse thy wife of act, but would
Prevent her precipice to thy dishonour,
Which now thy tardy sluggishness will admit!
Would I had seen thee graved with thy great sire,
Ere live to have men's marginal fingers point
At Charalois, as a lamented story.
An emperor put away his wife for touching
Another man; but thou wouldst have thine tasted,
And keep her, I think. Phoh! I am a fire
To warm a dead man, that waste out myself.
Blood!—What a plague, a vengeance, is't to me,
If you will be a cuckold? Here I shew
A sword's point to thee; this side you may shun,
Or that, the peril; if you will run on,
I cannot help it.
Char. Didst thou never see me
Angry, Romont?
Rom. Yes, and pursue a foe
Like lightning.
Char. Prithee see me so no more.
I can be so again.—Put up thy sword,
And take thyself away, lest I draw mine.

Rom. Come, fright your foes with this, sir; I
am your friend,
And dare stand by you thus.
Char. Thou'rt not my friend;
Or being so, thou'rt mad.—I must not buy
Thy friendship at this rate; had I just cause,
Thou knowest I durst pursue such injury
Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all
Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.
Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courts.
Farewell, uncivil man! let's meet no more.
Here our long web of friendship I untwist.
Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my wife
For nothing, from her birth's free liberty,
That opened mine to me? Yes; if I do——
The name of cuckold then dog me with scorn.
I am a Frenchman, no Italian born. [*Exit.*
Rom. A dull Dutch rather:—Fall and cool my
blood!
Boil not in zeal of thy friend's hurt so high,
That is so low, and cold himself in it! woman,
How strong art thou! how easily beguiled!
How thou dost rack us by the very horns!
Now wealth, I see, change manners and the man.
Something I must do, mine own wrath to assuage,
And note my friendship to an after-age. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter NOVALL *jun. as newly dressed, a Taylor, Barber, Perfumer,* LILADAM, AYMER, *and Page.*

Nov. jun. Mend this a little: Pox! thou hast burnt me. Oh! fie upon it!—O lard! he has made me smell, for all the world, like a flax, or a red-headed woman's chamber: Powder, powder, powder.

Perf. Oh, sweet lord!

[*Novall sits in a chair, barber orders his hair, perfumer gives powder, tailor sets clothes.*

Page. That's his perfumer.

Tayl. Oh, dear lord!

Page. That's his taylor.

Nov. jun. Monsieur Liladam! Aymer! how allow you the model of these clothes?

Aymer. Admirably, admirably; oh, sweet lord! assuredly it is pity the worms should eat thee.

Page. Here is a fine cell; a lord, a taylor, a perfumer, a barber, and a pair of monsieurs: Three to three, as little wit in the one, as honesty in the other. S'foot I'll into the country again, learn to speak truth, drink ale, and converse with my father's tenants: here I hear nothing all day, but—upon my soul! as I am a gentleman, and an honest man!

Aymer. I vow and affirm, your taylor must needs be an expert geometrician; he has the longitude, latitude, altitude, profundity, every dimension of your body, so exquisitely.—Here is a lace laid as directly, as if truth were a taylor.

Page. That were a miracle.

Lilad. With a hair's breadth's error, there is a shoulder-piece cut, and the base of a pickadille in puncto.

Aymer. You are right, monsieur, his vestments sit as if they grew upon him; or art had wrought them on the same loom, as nature framed his lordship; as if your taylor were deeply read in astrology, and had taken measure of your honourable body, with a Jacob's staff, an ephimerides.

Tayl. I am bound to ye, gentlemen!

Page. You are deceived; they will be bound to you: You must remember to trust them none.

Nov. jun. Nay, 'faith, thou art a reasonable, neat artificer, give the devil his due.

Page. Aye, if he would but cut the coat according to the cloth still.

Nov. jun. I now want only my mistress's approbation, who is, indeed, the most polite punctual queen of dressing in all Burgundy. Pah, and makes all other young ladies appear as if they came from board last week out of the country. Is it not true, Liladam?

Lilad. True, my lord! as if any thing your lordship could say, could be otherwise than true.

Nov. jun. Nay, o' my soul, it is so; what fouler object in the world, than to see a young, fair, handsome beauty, unhandsomely dighted, and incongruently accoutered; or a hopeful chevalier, unmethodically appointed, in the external ornaments of nature? For, even as the index tells us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapters, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman), give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin) all the internal quality and habilitment of the soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood and breeding, than a rude, unpolished, disordered, and slovenly outside.

Page. An admirable lecture! ah, all you gallants, that hope to be saved by your clothes, edify, edify!

Aymer. By the lard, sweet lard! thou deservest a pension of the state.

Page. O' the taylors; two such lords were able to spread taylors over the face of a whole kingdom.

Nov. jun. 'Pox o' this glass! It flatters.—I could find in my heart to break it.

Page. O, save the glass, my lord! and break their heads: They are the great flatterers, I assure you.

Aymer. Flatters! detracts, impairs.—Yet, put
it bye,

Lest thou, dear lord, Narcissus-like, should doat
Upon thyself, and die; and rob the world
Of Nature's copy, that she works forms by.
Lilad. Oh, that I were the infanta queen of Europe!
Who, but thyself, sweet lord, should marry me!
Nov. jun. I marry? Were there a queen of the world, not I.
Wedlock? No, padlock; horse-lock; I wear spurs [*He capers.*
To keep it off my heels; yes, my Aymer!
Like a free, wanton jennet in the meadows,
I look about, and neigh, take hedge and ditch,
Feed in my neighbour's pastures; pick my choice
Of all their fair maned mares: But, married once,
A man is staked or pounded, and cannot graze
Beyond his own hedge.

Enter PONTALIER *and* MALOTIN.

Pont. I have waited, sir,
Three hours to speak with you, and take it not well,
Such magpies are admitted, whilst I dance
Attendance.
Lilad. Magpies! What do ye take me for!
Pont. A long thing, with a most unpromising face.
Aymer. I'll never ask him what he takes me for.
Malot. Do not, sir!
For he'll go near to tell you.
Pont. Art not thou a barber-surgeon!
Barb. Yes, sirrah! why?
Pont. My lord is sorely troubled with two scabs.
Lilad. Aymer. Humph———
Pont. I prythee, cure him of them.
Nov. jun. Pish! no more;
Thy gall sure is overflown: These are my council,
And we were now in serious discourse.
Pont. Of perfume and apparel. Can you rise,
And spend five hours in dressing-talk with these?
Nov. jun. Thou wouldst have me be a dog: Up, stretch, and shake,
And ready for all day.
Pont. Sir! would you be
More curious in preserving of your honour
Trim, 'twere more manly. I am come to wake
Your reputation from this lethargy
You let it sleep in; to persuade, importune,
Nay, to provoke you, sir! to call to account
This colonel Romont, for the foul wrong,
Which, like a burden, he hath laid on you,
And, like a drunken porter, you sleep under.
'Tis all the town-talk; and, believe, sir,
If your tough sense persist thus, you are undone,
Utterly lost; you will be scorned and baffled
By every lacquey; season now your youth
With one brave thing, and it shall keep the odour
Even to your death, beyond; and on your tomb,
Scent like sweet oils and frankincense: Sir! this life,
Which once you saved, I never since counted mine;
I borrowed it of you, and now will pay it;
I tender you the service of my sword
To bear your challenge; if you'll write, your fate
I'll make mine own! Whate'er betide you, I,
That have lived by you, by your side will die.
Nov. jun. Ha! ha! wouldst have me challenge poor Romont:
Fight with close breeches? Thou may'st think I dare not;
Do not mistake me, coz: I'm very valiant;
But valour shall not make me such an ass.
What use is there of valour now-a-days?
'Tis sure, or to be killed, or to be hanged.
Fight thou as thy mind moves thee; 'tis thy trade:
Thou hast nothing else to do. Fight with Romont?
No, I'll not fight under a lord.
Pont. Farewell, sir! I pity you.
Such loving lords walk their dead honour's graves,
For no companions fit, but fools and knaves.
Come, Malotin. [*Exeunt Pontalier and Malotin.*

Enter ROMONT.

Lilad. 'Sfoot, Colbrand, the low giant!
Aymer. He has brought a battle in his face; let's go.
Page. Colbrand, do you call him? He'll make some of you smoke, I believe.
Rom. By your leave, sirs!
Aymer. Are you a concert?
Rom. Do you take me for
A fidler? you are deceived: Look. I'll pay you. [*Kicks him.*
Page. It seems he knows you one, he bumfiddles you so.
Lilad. Was there ever so base a fellow?
Aymer. A rascal.
Lilad. A most uncivil groom!
Aymer. Offer to kick a gentleman in a nobleman's
Chamber! A-pox of your manners.
Lilad. Let him alone, let him alone, thou shalt lose thy aim, fellow! if we stir against thee, hang us.
Page. 'Sfoot, I think they have the better of him, though they be kicked, they talk so.
Lilad. Let us leave the mad ape.
Nov. jun. Gentlemen!
Lilad. Nay, my lord! we will not offer to dishonour you so much as to stay by you, since he's alone.
Nov. jun. Hark you.
Aymer. We doubt the cause, and will not disparage you so much as to take your lordship's quarrel in hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our bands.
Page. I'll e'en away with them, for this soldier beats
Man, woman, and child.
[*Exeunt all but Novall and Romont.*

Nov. jun. What mean you, sir? My people!
Rom. Your boy is gone,
[*Locks the door.*
And door is locked, yet for no hurt to you,
But privacy: call up your blood again, sir!
And therefore come without more circumstance,
Tell me how far the passages have gone
'Twixt you and your fair mistress Beaumelle.
Tell me the truth, and, by my hope of Heaven,
It never shall go farther.
Nov. jun. Tell you? Why, sir?
Are you my confessor?
Rom. I will be your confounder, if you do not.
[*Draws a pocket dagger.*
Stir not, nor spend your voice.
Nov. jun. What will you do?
Rom. Nothing but line your brain-pan, sir! with lead,
If you not satisfy me suddenly.
I am desperate of my life, and command yours.
Nov. jun. Hold! hold! I'll speak. I vow to Heaven and you,
She's yet untouched, more than her face and hands.
I cannot call her innocent; for, I yield,
On my solicitous wooing she consented,
Where time and place met opportunity,
To grant me all requests.
Rom. But, may I build
On this assurance?
Nov. jun. As upon your faith.
Rom. Write this, sir! nay, you must.
[*Draws inkhorn and paper.*
Nov. jun. Pox of this gun.
Rom. Withall, sir! you must swear, and put your oath
Under your hand, (shake not) ne'er to frequent
This lady's company; nor ever send
Token, or message, or letter, to incline
This (too much prone already) yielding lady.
Nov. jun. 'Tis done, sir!
Rom. Let me see—this first is right;
And here you wish a sudden death may light
Upon your body, and hell take your soul,
If ever more you see her but by chance,
Much less allure her. Now, my lord! your hand.
Nov. jun. My hand to this?
Rom. Your heart else, I assure you.
Nov. jun. Nay, there 'tis.
Rom. So, keep this last article
Of your faith given, and instead of threatenings, sir,
The service of my sword and life is yours:
But not a word of it—'tis fairies' treasure;
Which, but revealed, brings on the blabber's ruin.
Use your youth better, and this excellent form
Heaven hath bestowed upon you. So, good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit.*
Nov. jun. Good devil to your rogueship. No man's safe.——
I'll have a cannon planted in my chamber
Against such roaring rogues.

Enter BELLAPERT.

Bella. My lord, away!——.
The coach stays: Now have your wish, and judge
If I have been forgetful.
Nov. jun. Ha!
Bella. Do you stand
Humming and hawing now! [*Exit.*
Nov. jun. Sweet wench, I come.
Hence, fear!
I swore,—that's all one; my next oath I'll keep
That I did mean to break, and then 'tis quit.
No pain is due to lovers' perjury:
If Jove himself laugh at it, so will I. [*Exit Novall.*

SCENE II.

Enter CHARALOIS *and* BEAUMONT.

Beaum. I grieve for the distaste
(Though I have manners
Not to inquire the cause) fallen out between
Your lordship and Romont.
Char. I love a friend,
So long as he continues in the bounds
Prescribed by friendship; but, when he usurps
Too far what is proper to myself,
And puts the habit of a governor on,
I must and will preserve my liberty.
But speak of something else; this is a theme
I take no pleasure in: What's this Aymer?
Whose voice for song, and excellent knowledge in
The chiefest parts of music, you bestow
Such praises on?
Beaum. He is a gentleman,
(For so his quality speaks him) well received
Among our greatest gallants; but yet holds
His main dependance from the young lord Novall.
Some tricks and crotchets he has in his head,
As all musicians have, and more of him
I dare not author: But, when you have heard him,
I may presume your lordship so will like him,
That you'll hereafter be a friend to music.
Char. I never was an enemy to it, Beaumont;
Nor yet do I subscribe to the opinion
Of those old captains, that thought nothing musical,
But cries of yielding enemies, neighing of horses,
Clashing of armour, loud shouts, drums and trumpets:
Nor, on the other side, in favour of it,
Affirm the world was made by musical discord,
Or that the happiness of our life consists
In a well-varied note upon the lute:
I love it to the worth of it, and no farther.
But let us see this wonder.
Beaum. He prevents my calling of him.

Enter AYMER.

Aymer. Let the coach be brought
To the back gate, and serve the banquet up:

My good lord Charalois! I think my house
Much honoured in your presence.
Char. To have means
To know you better, sir, has brought me hither,
A willing visitant; and you'll crown my welcome
In making me a witness to your skill,
Which, crediting from others, I admire.
Aymer. Had I been one hour sooner made acquainted
With your intent, my lord, you should have found me
Better provided: Now, such as it is,
Pray you grace with your acceptance.
Beaum. You are modest.
Aymer. Begin the last new air.
Char. Shall we not see them?
Aymer. This little distance from the instruments
Will to your ears convey the harmony
With more delight.
Char. I'll not contend.
Aymer. You are tedious.—
By this means shall I with one banquet please
Two companies, those within, and these gulls here.
[*Music, and a song above.*
Beaumel. within. Ha! ha! ha!
Char. How's this? It is my lady's laugh, most certain——
When I first pleased her, in this merry language,
She gave me thanks.
Beaum. How like you this?
Char. 'Tis rare——
Yet I may be deceived, and should be sorry,
Upon uncertain suppositions, rashly
To write myself in the black list of those
I have declaimed against, and to Romont.
Aymer. I would he were well off. Perhaps your lordship
Likes not these sad tunes: I have a new song,
Set to a lighter note, may please you better;
'Tis called *The Happy Husband.*
Char. Pray sing it.

Song below.—At the end of the song, BEAUMELLE *within.*

Beaumel. Ha! ha! 'tis such a groom.
Char. Do I hear this,
And yet stand doubtful? [*Exit Charalois.*
Aymer. Stay him!—I am undone,
And they discovered.
Beaum. What's the matter?
Aymer. Ah!
That women, when they're pleased, cannot hold,
But must laugh out.

Enter NOVALL *jun.* CHARALOIS, BEAUMELLE, *and* BELLAPERT.

Nov. jun. Help! save me! murder! murder!
Bella. Undone for ever!
Char. Oh, my heart!
Hold yet a little. Do not hope to escape
By flight, it is impossible: Though I might
On all advantage take thy life, and justly,
This sword, my father's sword, that ne'er was drawn
But to a noble purpose, shall not now
Do the office of a hangman; I reserve it
To right mine honour, not for a revenge
So poor, that though with thee it should cut off
Thy family, with all that are allied
To thee in lust or baseness, 'twere still short of
All terms of satisfaction. Draw!
Nov. jun. I dare not:
I have already done you too much wrong
To fight in such a cause.
Char. Why, darest thou neither
Be honest coward, nor yet valiant knave?
In such a cause! come, do not shame thyself;
Such whose blood's wrongs, or wrong done to themselves,
Could never heat, are yet, in the defence
Of their whores, daring. Look on her again.
You thought her worth the hazard of your soul,
And yet stand doubtful, in her quarrel, to
Venture your body.
Beaum. No, he fears his clothes
More than his flesh.
Char. Keep from me: Guard thy life;
Or, as thou hast lived like a goat, thou shalt
Die like a sheep.
Nov. jun. Since there is no remedy,
Despair of safety now in me prove courage!
[*They fight. Novall is slain.*
Char. How soon weak wrong's o'erthrown!
Lend me your hand;
Bear this to the caroch—Come, you have taught me
To say, you must and shall: I wrong you not;
You are but to keep company you love.
—Is't done? 'tis well. Raise officers! and take care,
All you can apprehend within the house
May be forth-coming. Do I appear much moved?
Beaum. No, sir.
Char. My griefs are now thus to be borne;
Hereafter I'll find time and place to mourn.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter ROMONT *and* PONTALIER.

Pont. I was bound to seek you, sir.
Rom. And, had you found me
In any place but in the street, I should
Have done, not talked to you. Are you the captain?
The hopeful Pontalier? whom I have seen
Do in the field such service, as then made you
Their envy that commanded, here at home
To play the parasite to a gilded knave,
And, it may be, the pandar?
Pont. Without this,
I come to call you to account for what
Is past already. I, by your example

Of thankfulness to the dead general,
By whom you were raised, have practised to be so
To my good lord Novall, by whom I live;
Whose least disgrace, that is or may be offered,
With all the hazard of my life and fortunes,
I will make good on you, or any man
That has a hand in't: and, since you allow me
A gentleman and a soldier, there's no doubt
You will except against me. You shall meet
With a fair enemy; you understand
The right I look for, and must have.
Rom. I do;
And with the next day's sun you shall hear from me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CHARALOIS *with a casket*, BEAUMELLE *and* BEAUMONT.

Char. Pray bear this to my father; at his leisure
He may peruse it: But, with your best language,
Intreat his instant presence. You have sworn
Not to reveal what I have done.
Beaum. Nor will I—but—
Char. Doubt me not. By Heaven, I will do nothing
But what may stand with honour. Pray you, leave me
[*Exit Beaumont.*
To my own thoughts.—if this be to me, rise:
[*Beaumel. kneels.*
I am not worthy the looking on, but only
To feed contempt and scorn; and that from you,
Who with the loss of your fair name have caused it,
Were too much cruelty.
Beaumel. I dare not move you
To hear me speak. I know my fault is far
Beyond qualification or excuse;
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you
To think of mercy; only I presume
To entreat you would be pleased to look upon
My sorrow for it, and believe these tears
Are the true children of my grief,
And not a woman's cunning.
Char. Can you, Beaumelle,
Having deceived so great a trust as mine,
Though I were all credulity, hope again
To get belief? No, no; if you look on me
With pity, or dare practise any means
To make my sufferings less, or give just cause
To all the world to think what I must do,
Was called upon by you, use other ways;
Deny what I have seen, or justify
What you have done; and, as you desperately
Made shipwreck of your faith, to be a whore,
Use the arms of such a one, and such defence,
And multiply the sin with impudence.
Stand boldly up, and tell me to my teeth,
That you have done but what is warranted
By great examples, in all places where
Women inhabit: Urge your own deserts,
Or want in me of merit: Tell me how
Your dower, from the low gulf of poverty,
Weighed up my fortunes to what now they are:
That I was purchased by your choice and practice
To shelter you from shame, that you might sin
As boldly as securely; that poor men
Are married to those wives that bring them wealth,
One day their husbands, but observers ever:
That when by this proud usage you have blown
The fire of my just vengeance to the height,
I then may kill you; and yet say, it was done
In heat of blood, and after die myself,
To witness my repentance.
Beaumel. O my fate!
That never would consent that I should see
How worthy thou wert both of love and duty,
Before I lost you; and my misery made
The glass, in which I now behold your virtue!
While I was good I was a part of you,
And of two, by the virtuous harmony
Of our fair minds, made one: But, since I wandered
In the forbidden labyrinth of lust,
What was inseparable is by me divided.
With justice, therefore, you may cut me off,
And from your memory wash the remembrance
That e'er I was; like to some vicious purpose,
Which, in your better judgment, you repent of,
And study to forget.
Char. O Beaumelle!
That you can speak so well and do so ill!
But you had been too great a blessing, if
You had continued chaste: See how you force me
To this, because mine honour will not yield
That I again should love you.
Beaumel. In this life
It is not fit you should: Yet you shall find,
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,
I dare not yet live one: Let those famed matrons,
That are canonized worthy of our sex,
Transcend me in their sanctity of life,
I yet will equal them in dying nobly,
Ambitious of no honour after life,
But that, when I am dead you will forgive me.
Char. How pity steals upon me! should I hear her [*Knocks within.*
But ten words more, I were lost.—One knocks, go in. [*Exit Beaumel.*
That to be merciful should be a sin!

Enter ROCHEFORT.

O, sir, most welcome! Let me take your cloak;
I must not be denied. Here are your robes;
As you love justice, once more put them on.
There is a cause to be determined of,
That does require such an integrity
As you have ever used. I'll put you to
The trial of your constancy and goodness;
And look that you, that have been eagle-eyed
In other men's affairs, prove not a mole
In what concerns yourself. Take you your seat;
I will before you presently. [*Exit.*
Roch. Angels guard me!

To what strange tragedy does this destruction
Serve for a prologue?

Enter CHARALOIS *with* NOVALL'S *body*, BEAUMELLE *and* BEAUMONT.

Char. So, set it down before
The judgment seat, and stand you at the bar:
For me, I am the accuser.
Roch. Novall slain?
And Beaumelle, my daughter, in the place
Of one to be arraigned!
Char. O, are you touched?
I find that I must take another course.
[*He hoodwinks Rochfort.*
Fear nothing; I will only blind your eyes,
For justice should do so, when 'tis to meet
An object, that may sway her equal doom
From what it should be aimed at. Good my lord!
A day of hearing.
Roch. It is granted, speak—You shall have justice.
Char. I then here accuse,
Most equal judge, the prisoner, your fair daughter,
For whom I owed so much to you: your daughter,
So worthy in her own parts, and that worth
Set forth by yours, to whose so rare perfections,
Truth witness with me, in the place of service,
I almost paid idolatrous sacrifice,
To be a false adultress.
Roch. With whom?
Char. With this Novall, here dead.
Roch. Be well advised,
And, ere you say adultress again,
Her fame depending on it, be most sure
That she is one.
Char. I took them in the act.
I know no proof beyond it.
Roch. O my heart!
Char. A judge should feel no passions.
Roch. Yet, remember
He is a man, and cannot put off nature.
What answer makes the prisoner!
Beaumel. I confess
The fact I am charged with, and yield myself
Most miserably guilty.
Roch. Heaven take mercy
Upon your soul, then! It must leave your body.——
Now free mine eyes: I dare unmoved look on her,
And fortify my sentence with strong reasons.
Since that the politic law provides the servants,
To whose care we commit our goods, shall die,
If they abuse our trust; what can you look for,
To whose charge this most hopeful lord gave up
All he received from his brave ancestors,
Or he could leave to his posterity?
His honour: wicked woman! in whose safety
All his life's joys and comforts were locked up,
Which thy lust, a thief, hath now stolen from him;
And therefore——
Char. Stay, just judge.—May not what's lost
By her one fault (for I am charitable,
And charge her not with many) be forgotten
In her fair life hereafter?
Roch. Never, sir!
The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed,
Repentant tears can never expiate;
And be assured, to pardon such a sin,
Is an offence as great as to commit it.
Char. I may not then forgive her?
Roch. Nor she hope it:
Nor can she wish to live. No sun shall rise,
But ere it set shall shew her ugly lust
In a new shape, and every one more horrid:
Nay, even those prayers, which with such humble fervour
She seems to send up yonder, are beat back;
And all suits which her penitence can proffer,
As soon as made, are with contempt thrown off
From all the courts of mercy.
Char. Let her die, then. [*He kills her.*
Better prepared I am sure I could not take her,
Nor she accuse her father as a judge,
Partial against her.
Beaumel. I approve his sentence,
And kiss the executioner: My lust
Is now run from me in that blood, in which
It was begot and nourished. [*Dies.*
Roch. Is she dead, then?
Char. Yes, Sir, this is her heart-blood, is it not?
I think it be.
Roch. And you have killed her?
Char. True, and did it by your doom.
Roch. But I pronounced it
As a judge only, and a friend to justice,
And, zealous in defence of your wronged honour,
Broke all the ties of nature; and cast off
The love and soft affection of a father.
I, in your cause, put on a scarlet robe
Of red dyed cruelty; but, in return,
You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.
I looked on you as a wronged husband; but
You closed your eyes against me as a father.
O Beaumelle! my daughter!
Char. This is madness.
Roch. Keep from me.—Could not one good thought rise up,
To tell you that she was my age's comfort,
Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,
And could not, therefore, but partake of frailty?
Or wherefore did not thankfulness step forth,
To urge my many merits, which I may
Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful;
Flinty-hearted Charalois!
Char. Nature does prevail above your virtue.
Roch. No; it gives me eyes,
To pierce the heart of your design against me.
I find it now; it was my estate was aimed at,
A nobler match was sought for, and the hours
I lived, grew tedious to you: my compassion
Towards you hath rendered me most miserable,
And foolish charity undone myself.

t there is a heaven above, from whose just wreak
mists of policy can hide offenders.

Enter NOVALL sen. *with Officers.*

Nov. sen. Force ope the doors.—O monster! cannibal!
hold on him—My son! my son!—O Rochfort!
as you gave liberty to this bloody wolf
worry all our comforts.—But this is

No time to quarrel; now give your assistance
For the revenge.
Rock. Call it a fitter name.
—Justice for innocent blood.
Char. Though all conspire
Against that life which I am weary of,
A little longer yet I'll strive to keep it,
To shew, in spite of malice and their laws,
His plea must speed, that hath an honest cause.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter LILADAM, *Tailor, and Officers.*

Lilad. Why, it is both most unconscionable and untimely,
arrest a gallant for his clothes, before
has worn them out. Besides, you said you asked
name in my lord's bond but for form only,
now you'll lay me up for it. Do not think
taking measure of a customer
a brace of varlets, though I rather wait
er so patiently, will prove a fashion
ich any courtier or Inns-of-court-man
uld follow willingly.
Tail. There I believe you.
, sir! I must have present monies, or
urance, to secure me when I shall——
I will see to your coming forth.
Lilad. Plague on it!
have provided for my entrance in:
t coming forth you talk of, concerns me.
at shall I do? You have done me a disgrace
he arrest, but more in giving cause
all the street, to think I cannot stand
hout these two supporters for my arms.
y you, let them loose me: For their satisfaction
ll not run away.
Tail. For theirs you will not;
for your own you would. Look to him, fellows!
Lilad. Why do you call them fellows? Do not wrong
r reputation, as you are merely
ilor, faithful, apt to believe in gallants.
are a companion at a ten crown supper
cloth of bodkin, and may with one lark
up three manchets, and no man observe you,
all your trade in question for it. But, when
study your debt-book, and hold correspondence
h officers of the hanger, and leave swordsmen,
learned conclude, the tailor and serjeant,
he expression of a knave or thief,
e synonymous. Look, therefore, to it!

And let us part in peace. I would be loth
You should undo yourself.

Enter Old NOVALL *and* PONTALIER.

Tail. To let you go
Were the next way. But, see! here is your old lord;
Let him but give his word I shall be paid,
And you are free.
Lilad. 'Slid! I'll put him to it;
I can be but denied: or—what say you?
His lordship owing me three times your debt,
If you arrest him at my suit, and let me
Go run before, to see the action entered,
'Twould be a witty jest.
Tail. I must have earnest.—
I cannot pay my debts so.
Pont. Can your lordship
Imagine, while I live, and wear a sword,
Your son's death shall be unrevenged?
Nov. sen. I know not
One reason why you should not do like others:
I am sure, of all the herd that fed upon him,
I cannot see in any, now he is gone,
In pity or in thankfulness, one true sign
Of sorrow for him.
Pont. All his bounties yet
Fell not in such unthankful ground: 'Tis true,
He had weaknesses, but such as few are free from.
And, though none soothed them less than I, for now,
To say that I foresaw the dangers that
Would rise from cherishing them, were but untimely,
I yet could wish the justice, that you seek for
In the revenge, had been trusted to me,
And not the uncertain issue of the laws:
It has robbed me of a noble testimony
Of what I durst do for him.—But, however,
My forfeit life, redeemed by him, though dead,
Shall do him service.
Nov. sen. As far as my grief
Will give me leave, I thank you.
Lilad. O, my lord!
Oh, my good lord! deliver me from these furies.

Pont. Arrested? This is one of them, whose base
And abject flattery helped to dig his grave:
He is not worth your pity, nor my anger.—
Go to the basket, and repent.
Nov. sen. Away!—I only know now to hate thee deadly:
I will do nothing for thee.
Lilad. Nor you, captain?
Pont. No: to your trade again; put off this case!
It may be, the discovering what you were,
When your unfortunate master took you up,
May move compassion in your creditor.
Confess the truth.
[*Exit. Novall sen. and Pontalier.*
Lilad. And, now I think on it better,
I will. Brother, your hand; your hand, sweet brother.
I am of your sect, and my gallantry but a dream,
Out of which these two fearful apparitions,
Against my will, have waked me. This rich sword
Grew suddenly out of a tailor's bodkin;
These hangers from my vails and fees in hell;
And where, as now this beaver fits, full often
A thrifty cap, composed of broad-cloth lists,
Near-'kin unto the cushion where I sat
Cross-legged, and yet ungartered, hath been seen;
Our breakfasts, famous for the buttered loaves,
I have with joy been oft acquainted with;
And therefore use a conscience, though it be
Forbidden in our hall towards other men,
To me that, as I have been, will again
Be of the brotherhood.
Officer. I know him now:
He was a 'prentice to Le Robe at Orleance.
Lilad. And from thence brought by my young lord, now dead,
Unto Dijon; and with him, till this hour,
Have been received here for a complete monsieur.
Nor wonder at it: for, but tythe our gallants,
Even those of the first rank, and you will find,
In every ten, one, peradventure two,
That smell rank of the dancing-school or fiddle,
The pantofle or pressing-iron:—But hereafter
We'll talk of this. I will surrender up
My suits again; there cannot be much loss.
'Tis but the turning of the lace, with one
Addition more you know of, and what wants
I will work out.
Tail. Then here our quarrel ends:
The gallant is turned tailor, and all friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ROMONT *and* BEAUMONT.

Rom. You have them ready.
Beaum. Yes; and they will speak
Their knowledge in this cause, when thou think'st fit
To have them called upon.
Rom. 'Tis well; and something
I can add to their evidence, to prove
This brave revenge, which they would have called murder,
A noble justice.
Beaum. In this you express
(The breach, by my lord's want of you, now made up)
A faithful friend.
Rom. That friendship's raised on sand,
Which every sudden gust of discontent,
Or flowing of our passions, can change,
As if it ne'er had been:—But do you know
Who are to sit on him?
Beaum. Monsieur Du Croy,
Assisted by Charmi.
Rom. The advocate,
That pleaded for the marshal's funeral,
And was checked for it by Novall?
Beaum. The same.
Rom. How fortunes that?
Beaum. Why, sir, my lord Novall,
Being the accuser, cannot be the judge;
Nor would grieved Rochfort, but lord Charalois
(However he might wrong him by his power)
Should have an equal hearing.
Rom. By my hopes
Of Charalois's acquittal, I lament
That reverend old man's fortune.
Beaum. Had you seen him,
As to my grief I have, now promise patience,
And ere it was believed, though spake by him,
That never breaks his word, enraged again
So far as to make war upon those hairs,
Which not a barbarous Scythian durst presume
To touch, but with a superstitious fear,
As something sacred:—and then curse his daughter;
But with more frequent violence himself,
As if he had been guilty of her fault,
By being incredulous of your report,
You would not only judge him worthy pity,
But suffer with him.—But here comes the prisoner;

Enter CHARALOIS, *with officers.*

I dare not stay to do my duty to him;
Yet, rest assured, all possible means in me
To do him service, keeps you company.
Rom. It is not doubted. [*Exit Beaumont.*
Char. Why, yet, as I came hither,
The people, apt to mock calamity,
And tread on the oppressed, made no horns at me,
Though they are too familiar I deserve them.
And, knowing too what blood my sword hath drunk,
In wreak of that disgrace, they yet forbear
To shake their heads, or to revile me for
A murderer; they rather all put on
(As for great losses the old Romans used)

A general face of sorrow, waited on
By a sad murmur, breaking through their silence,
And no eye but was readier with a tear
To witness 'twas shed for me, than I could
Discern a face made up with scorn against me.
Why should I, then, though for unusual wrongs
I chose unusual means to right those wrongs,
Condemn myself, as over partial
In my own cause?—Romont!
Rom. Best friend, well met!
By my heart's love to you, and join to that
My thankfulness that still lives to the dead,
I look upon you now with more true joy,
Than when I saw you married.
Char. You have reason
To give you warrant for it. My falling off
From such a friendship, with the scorn that answered
Your too prophetic counsel, may well move you
To think your meeting me, going to my death,
A fit encounter for that hate, which justly
I have deserved from you.
Rom. Shall I still, then,
Speak truth, and be ill understood?
Char. You are not.
I'm conscious I have wronged you, and allow me
Only a moral man, to look on you,
Whom foolishly I have abused and injured,
Must of necessty be more terrible to me,
Than any death the judges can pronounce
From the tribunal which I am to plead at.
Rom. Passion transports you.
Char. For what I have done
To my false lady, or Novall, I can
Give some apparent cause; but, touching you,
In my defence, child-like, I can say nothing,
But I am sorry for it; a poor satisfaction!
And yet, mistake me not; for it is more
Than I will speak, to have my pardon signed
For all I stand accused of.
Rom. You much weaken
The strength of your good cause, should you but think,
A man for doing well could entertain
A pardon, were it offered. You have given
To blind and slow-paced justice, wings and eyes,
To see and overtake impieties,
Which from a cold proceeding had received
Indulgence or protection.
Char. Think you so?
Rom. Upon my soul, nor should the blood you challenge
And took to cure your honour, breed more scruple
In your soft conscience, than if your sword
Had been sheathed in a tygress or she bear,
That in their bowels would have made your tomb.
To injure innocence is more than murder:
But when inhuman lusts transform us, then
As beasts we are to suffer, not like men,
To be lamented. Nor did Charalois ever
Perform an act so worthy the applause
Of a full theatre of perfect men,
As he hath done in this: The glory got
By overthrowing outward enemies,
Since strength and fortune are main sharers in it,
We cannot, but by pieces, call our own:
But, when we conquer our intestine foes,
Our passions bred within us, and of those
The most rebellious tyrant, powerful love,
Our reason suffering us to like no longer
Than the fair object, being good, deserves it,
That's a true victory; which, were great men
Ambitious to atchieve by your example,
Setting no price upon the breach of faith,
But loss of life, 'twould fright adultery
Out of their families; and make lust appear
As loathsome to us in the first consent,
As when 'tis waited on by punishment.
Char. You have confirmed me. Who would love a woman
That might enjoy, in such a man, a friend?
You've made me know the justice of my cause,
And marked me out the way how to defend it.
Rom. Continue to that resolution constant,
And you shall, in contempt of their worst malice,
Come off with honour.—Here they come.
Char. I am ready.

SCENE III.

Enter DU CROY, CHARMI, ROCHFORT, NOVALL *sen.* PONTALIER, *and* BEAUMONT.

Nov. sen. See, equal judges, with what confidence
The cruel murderer stands, as if he would
Out-face the court and justice!
Roch. But look on him,
And you shall find (for still methinks I do,
Though guilt hath dyed him black) something good in him,
That may perhaps work with a wiser man,
Than I have been, again to set him free,
And give him all he has.
Charm. This is not well.
I would you had lived so, my lord! that I,
Might rather have continued your poor servant,
Than sit here as your judge.
Du Croy. I am sorry for you.
Roch. In no act of my life I have deserved
This injury from the court, that any here
Should thus uncivilly usurp on what
Is proper to me only.
Du Croy. What distaste
Receives my lord?
Roch. You say you are sorry for him:
A grief in which I must not have a partner:
'Tis I alone am sorry, that when I raised
The building of my life, for seventy years,
Upon so sure a ground, that all the vices,
Practised to ruin man, though brought against me,
Could never undermine, and no way left
To send these gray hairs to the grave with sorrow,

Virtue, that was my patroness, betrayed me:
For, entering, nay, possessing, this young man,
It lent him such a powerful majesty,
To grace whatever he undertook, that freely
I gave myself up with my liberty,
To be at his disposing: Had his person,
Lovely I must confess, or far-famed valour,
Or any other seeming good, that yet
Holds a near neighbourhood with ill, wrought on me,
I might have borne it better: But, when goodness
And piety itself, in her best figure,
Were bribed to my destruction, can you blame me,
Though I forget to suffer like a man,
Or rather act a woman?
Beaum. Good my lord!
Nov. sen. You hinder our proceeding.
Charmi. And forget
The part of an accuser.
Beaum. 'Pray you, remember
To use the temper, which to me you promised.
Roch. Angels themselves must break, Beaumont, that promise,
Beyond their strength and patience of angels.
But I have done:—My good lord! pardon me,
A weak old man; and pray add to that
A miserable father; yet be careful
That your compassion of my age, nor his,
Move you to any thing, that may mis-become
The place on which you sit.
Charmi. Read the indictment.
Char. It shall be needless; I myself, my lords,
Will be my own accuser, and confess
All they can charge me with: nor will I spare
To aggravate that guilt with circumstance,
They seek to load me with: Only I pray,
That, as for them you will vouchsafe me hearing,
I may not be denied it for myself,
When I shall urge by what unanswerable reasons
I was compelled to what I did, which yet,
Till you have taught me better, I repent not.
Roch. The motion's honest.
Charmi. And 'tis freely granted.
Char. Then I confess, my lords, that I stood bound,
When, with my friends, even hope itself had left me,
To this man's charity for my liberty;
Nor did his bounty end there, but began:
For, after my enlargement, cherishing
The good he did, he made me master of
His only daughter and his whole estate:
Great ties of thankfulness, I must acknowledge;
Could any one, fee'd by you, press this further?
But yet consider, my most honoured lords!
If to receive a favour, make a servant,
And benefits are bonds to tie the taker
To the imperious will of him that gives,
There's none but slaves will receive courtesies,
Since they must fetter us to our dishonours.
Can it be called magnificence in a prince,
To pour down riches, with a liberal hand,
Upon a poor man's wants, if that must bind him
To play the soothing parasite to his vices?
Or any man, because he saved my hand,
Presume my hand and heart are at his service?
Or, did I stand engaged to buy my freedom
(When my captivity was honourable)
By making myself here, and fame hereafter,
Bondslaves to men's scorn and calumnious tongues?
Had his fair daughter's mind been like her features,
Or, for some little blemish, I had sought
For my content elsewhere, wasting on others
My body and her dowry; my forehead then
Deserved the brand of base ingratitude:
But if obsequious usage, and fair warning,
To keep her worth my love, could not preserve her
From being a whore, and yet no cunning one,
So to offend, and yet the fault kept from me;
What should I do? Let any free-born spirit
Determine truly, if that thankfulness,
Choice form, with the whole world given for a dowry,
Could strengthen so an honest man with patience,
As with a willing neck to undergo
The insupportable yoke of slave or wittol!
Charmi. What proof have you she did play false, besides
Your oath?
Char. Her own confession to her father.
I ask him for a witness.
Roch. 'Tis most true.
I would not willingly blend my last words
With an untruth.
Char. And then to clear myself,
That his great wealth was not the mark I shot at,
But that I held it, when fair Beaumelle
Fell from her virtue, like the fatal gold
Which Brennus took from Delphos, whose possession
Brought with it ruin to himself and army,
Here's one in court, Beaumont, by whom I sent
All grants and writings back which made it mine,
Before his daughter died by his own sentence,
As freely as unasked he gave it to me.
Beaum. They are here to be seen.
Charmi. Open the casket.
Peruse that deed of gift.
Rom. Half of the danger
Already is discharged: The other part
As bravely, and you are not only free,
But crowned with praise for ever.
Du Croy. 'Tis apparent.
Charmi. Your estate, my lord, again is yours.
Roch. Not mine;
I am not of the world: If it can prosper,
(And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine
Why it should be so fatal) do you bestow it
On pious uses: I'll go seek a grave.
And yet, for proof, I die in peace, your pardon.

I ask; and, as you grant it me, may Heaven,
Your conscience, and these judges, free you from
What you are charged with! So farewell for ever.
[*Exit Rochfort.*
Nov. sen. I'll be mine own guide. Passion, nor example,
Shall be my leaders. I have lost a son,
A son, grave judges! I require his blood
From his accursed homicide.
Charmi. What reply you,
In your defence, for this?
Char. I but attended
Your lordship's pleasure. For the fact, as of
The former, I confess it; but with what
Base wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it,
To my few words there are some other proofs
To witness this for truth. When I was married
(For there I must begin) the slain Novall
Was to my wife, in way of our French courtship,
A most devoted servant; but yet aimed at
Nothing but means to quench his wanton heat,
His heart being never warmed by lawful fires,
As mine was, lords; and though, on these presumptions,
Joined to the hate between his house and mine,
I might, with opportunity and ease,
Have found a way for my revenge, I did not;
But still he had the freedom as before,
When all was mine; and, told that he abused it
With some unseemly licence, by my friend,
My approved friend, Romont, I gave no credit
To the reporter, but reproved him for it,
As one uncourtly and malicious to him.
What could I more, my lords? Yet, after this,
He did continue in his first pursuit,
Hotter than ever, and at length obtained it;
But, how it came to my most certain knowledge,
For the dignity of the court, and my own honour,
I dare not say.
Nov. sen. If all may be believed
A passionate prisoner speaks, who is so foolish,
That durst be wicked, that will appear guilty?
No, my grave lords: In his impunity
But give example unto jealous men
To cut the throats they hate, and they will never
Want matter or pretence for their bad ends.
Charmi. You must find other proofs to strengthen these,
But mere presumptions.
Du Croy. Or we shall hardly
Allow your innocence.
Char. All your attempts
Shall fall on me, like brittle shafts on armour,
That break themselves; or like waves against a rock,
That leave no sign of their ridiculous fury
But foam and splinters; my innocence like these
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve
But for a trumpet to proclaim my conquest:
Nor shall you, though you do the worst fate can,
Howe'er condemn, affright an honest man.
Rom. May it please the court, I may be heard?
Nov. sen. You come not
To rail again? But do—You shall not find
Another Rochfort.
Rom. In Novall I cannot.
But I come furnished with what will stop
The mouth of his conspiracy against the life
Of innocent Charalois. Do you know this character?
Nov. sen. Yes, 'tis my son's.
Rom. May it please your lordships, read it,
And you shall find there, with what vehemency
He did solicit Beaumelle; how he had got
A promise from her to enjoy his wishes;
How after he abjured her company,
And yet—(but that 'tis fit I spare the dead)
Like a damned villain, as soon as recorded,
He brake that oath: To make this manifest,
Produce his bawds and her's.

Enter AYMER, FLORIMEL, *and* BELLAPERT.

Charmi. Have they took their oaths?
Rom. They have, and, rather than endure the rack,
Confess the time, the meeting, nay the act;
What would you more? Only this matron made
A free discovery to a good end;
And therefore I sue to the court, she may not
Be placed in the black list of the delinquents.
Pont. I see by this, Novall's revenge needs me;
And I shall do.
Charmi. 'Tis evident——
Nov. sen. That I
Till now was never wretched: Here's no place
To curse him or my stars. [*Exit Novall sen.*
Charmi. Lord Charalois!
The injuries, you have sustained, appear
So worthy of the mercy of the court,
That, notwithstanding you have gone beyond
The letter of the law, they yet acquit you.
Pont. But, in Novall, I do condemn him—thus.
[*Stabs him.*
Char. I am slain!
Rom. Can I look on? Oh, murderous wretch!
Thy challenge now I answer. So, die with him!
[*Stabs Pontalier.*
Charmi. A guard! disarm him!
Rom. I yield up my sword
Unforced—Oh, Charalois!
Char. For shame, Romont!
Mourn not for him that dies as he hath lived;
Still constant and unmoved: What's fallen upon me,
Is by Heaven's will; because I made myself
A judge in my own cause without their warrant:
But he, that lets me know thus much in death,
With all good men—forgive me. [*Dies.*
Pont. I receive
The vengeance, which my love, not built on virtue,
Has made me worthy of. [*Dies.*
Charmi. We're taught
By this sad precedent, how just soever

Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,
We're yet to leave them to their will and power,
That to that purpose have authority.
For you, Romont, although in your excuse
You may plead what you did was in revenge
Of the dishonour done unto the court,
Yet, since from us you had not warrant for it,
We banish you the state: For these, they shall,
As they are found guilty or innocent,
Or be set free, or suffer punishment. [*Exeunt.*

THE

FALSE ONE.

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

US CÆSAR, *emperor of Rome.*
OMY, *king of Egypt.*
REUS, *an honest counsellor, priest of Isis.*
INUS, *a politician, minion to Ptolomy.*
LLAS, *captain of the guard to Ptolomy.*
MIUS, *a revolted Roman villain.*
ENUS, *a Roman soldier, and nuncio.*
LODORUS, *guardian to Cleopatra.*
NY, BELLA, } *Cæsar's captains.*

SCEVA, *a free speaker, also captain to Cæsar.*
Three lame soldiers.
Guard.
Servants.

WOMEN.

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt. Cæsar's mistress.*
ARSINOE, *Cleopatra's sister.*
EROS, *Cleopatra's waiting woman.*

Scene,—Egypt.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter ACHILLAS *and* ACHOREUS.

oreus. I LOVE the king, nor do dispute his power,
at is not confined, nor to be censured
, that am his subject; yet allow me
berty of a man, that still would be
nd to justice, to demand the motives,
lid induce young Ptolomy, or Photinus,
hose directions he gives up himself,
hope wisely) to commit his sister,
rincess Cleopatra——If I said
ueen, Achillas, it were, I hope, no treason,
ing by her father's testament
e memory I bow to) left co-heir
he stood possessed of.
il. 'Tis confessed,
od Achoreus, that, in these eastern kingdoms,
Women are not exempted from the sceptre,
But claim a privilege equal to the male;
But how much such divisions have taken from
The majesty of Egypt, and what factions
Have sprung from those partitions, to the ruin
Of the poor subject, doubtful which to follow,
We have too many and too sad examples:
Therefore the wise Photinus, to prevent
The murders, and the massacres, that attend
On disunited government, and to shew
The king without a partner, in full splendour,
Thought it convenient the fair Cleopatra
(An attribute not frequent in this climate)
Should be committed to safe custody,
In which she is attended like her birth,
Until her beauty, or her royal dower,
Hath found her out a husband.
Achor. How this may
Stand with the rules of policy, I know not:
Most sure I am, it holds no correspondence

With the rites of Egypt, or the laws of nature.
But, grant that Cleopatra can sit down
With this disgrace, though insupportable,
Can you imagine, that Rome's glorious senate,
To whose charge, by the will of the dead king,
This government was delivered, or great Pompey,
That is appointed Cleopatra's guardian,
As well as Ptolomy's, will e'er approve
Of this rash counsel, their consent not sought for,
That should authorize it?
Achil. The civil war,
In which the Roman empire is embarked
On a rough sea of danger, does exact
Their whole care to preserve themselves, and give them
No vacant time to think of what we do,
Which hardly can concern them.
Achor. What's your opinion
Of the success? I have heard, in multitudes
Of soldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,
Pompey is much superior.
Achil. I could give you
A catalogue of all the several nations,
From whence he drew his powers; but that were tedious.
They have rich arms, are ten to one in number,
Which makes them think the day already won;
And Pompey being master of the sea,
Such plenty of all delicates are brought in,
As if the place, on which they are entrenched,
Were not a camp of soldiers, but Rome,
In which Lucullus and Apicius joined
To make a public feast. They at Dirachium
Fought with success; but knew not to make use of
Fortune's fair offer: So much, I have heard,
Cæsar himself confessed.
Achor. Where are they now?
Achil. In Thessaly, near the Pharsalian plains;
Where Cæsar, with a handful of his men,
Hems in the greater number. His whole troops
Exceed not twenty thousand, but old soldiers,
Fleshed in the spoils of Germany and France,
Inured to his command, and only know
To fight and overcome: And though that famine
Reigns in his camp, compelling them to taste
Bread made of roots, forbid the use of man.
(Which they, with scorn, threw into Pompey's camp,
As in derision of his delicates)
Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a banquet;
They still besiege him, being ambitious only
To come to blows, and let their swords determine
Who hath the better cause.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Achor. May victory
Attend on it, where'er it is.
Achil. We every hour
Expect to hear the issue.
Sept. Save my good lords!
By Isis and Osiris, whom you worship,
And the four hundred gods and goddesses,
Adored in Rome, I am your honours' servant.
Achor. Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths:
Achil. You're cruel;
If you deny him swearing, you take from him
Three full parts of his language.
Sept. Your honour's bitter.
Confound me, where I love, I cannot say it,
But I must swear it: Yet such is my ill fortune,
Nor vows nor protestations win belief;
I think, (and I can find no other reason)
Because I am a Roman.
Achor. No, Septimius;
To be a Roman were an honour to you,
Did not your manners and your life take from it,
And cry aloud, that from Rome you bring nothing
But Roman vices, which you would plant here,
But no seed of her virtues.
Sept. With your reverence,
I am too old to learn.
Achor. Any thing honest;
That I believe without an oath.
Sept. I fear
Your lordship has slept ill to-night, and that
Invites this sad discourse; it will make you old
Before your time. Oh, these virtuous morals,
And old religious principles, that fool us!
I have brought you a new song will make you laugh,
Though you were at your prayers.
Achor. What is the subject?
Be free, Septimius.
Sept. 'Tis a catalogue
Of all the gamesters of the court and city,
Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant
Sports with that merchant's wife; and does relate
Who sells her honour for a diamond,
Who for a tissue robe; whose husband's jealous,
And who so kind, that, to share with his wife,
Will make the match himself: Harmless conceits,
Though fools say they are dangerous. I sang it
The last night, at my lord Photinus' table.
Achor. How? as a fiddler?
Sept. No, sir, as a guest,
A welcome guest too; and it was approved of
By a dozen of his friends, though they were touched in it:
For, look you, it is a kind of merriment,
When we have laid by foolish modesty,
(As not a man of fashion will wear it)
To talk what we have done, at least to hear it;
If merrily set down, it fires the blood,
And heightens crest-fallen appetite.
Achor. New doctrine!
Achil. Was it of your own composing?
Sept. No, I bought it
Of a skulking scribbler for two Ptolomies;
But the hints were mine own: The wretch was fearful;
But I have damned myself, should it be questioned,
That I will own it.

Achor. And be punished for it?
Take heed, for you may so long exercise
Your scurrilous wit against authority,
The kingdom's counsels, and make profane jests
(Which to you, being an atheist, is nothing)
Against religion, that your great maintainers,
Unless they would be thought copartners with you,
Will leave you to the law; and then, Septimius,
Remember there are whips.
Sept. For whores, I grant you,
When they are out of date; 'till then they are safe too,
And, for mine own defence, I'll only add this;
I'll be admitted for a wanton tale,
To some most private cabinets, when your priesthood,
Though laden with the mysteries of your goddess,
Shall wait without unnoted: So I leave you
To your pious thoughts. [*Exit.*
Achil. 'Tis a strange impudence
This fellow does put on.
Achor. The wonder great,
He is accepted of.
Achil. Vices, for him,
Make as free way as virtues do for others.
'Tis the time's fault; yet great ones still have graced,
To make them sport, or rub them o'er with flattery,
Observers of all kinds.

Enter PHOTINUS *and* SEPTIMIUS.

Achor. No more of him,
He is not worth our thoughts; a fugitive
From Pompey's army, and now in a danger,
When he should use his service.
Achil. See how he hangs
On great Photinus' ear.
Sept. Hell, and the furies,
And all the plagues of darkness, light upon me,
You are my god on earth! and let me have
Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter!
Pho. Thou art believed; dost thou want money?
Sept. No, Sir.
Pho. Or hast thou any suit? These ever follow
Thy vehement protestations.
Sept. You much wrong me;
How can I want, when your beams shine upon me,
Unless employment to express my zeal
To do your greatness service. Do but think
A deed, so dark the sun would blush to look on,
For which mankind would curse me, and arm all
The powers above, and those below, against me;
Command me, I will on.
Pho. When I have use,
I'll put you to the test.
Sept. May it be speedy,
And something worth my danger. You are cold,
And know not your own powers: this brow was fashioned
To wear a kingly wreath, and your grave judgement
Given to dispose of monarchies, not to govern
A child's affairs. The people's eye is upon you,
The soldier courts you: Will you wear a garment
Of sordid loyalty, when it is out of fashion?
Pho. When Pompey was thy general, Septimius,
Thou saidst as much to him.
Sept. All my love to him,
To Cæsar, Rome, and the whole world, is lost
In the ocean of your bounties: I've no friend,
Project, design, or country, but your favour,
Which I'll preserve at any rate.
Pho. No more;
When I call on you, fall not off: Perhaps,
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you;
So, leave me for a while.
Sept. Ever your creature! [*Exit.*
Pho. Good day, Achoreus. My best friend, Achillas,
Hath fame delivered yet no certain rumour
Of the great Roman action?
Achil. That we are
To enquire and learn of you, sir, whose grave care
For Egypt's happiness, and great Ptolomy's good,
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.

Enter PTOLOMY, LABIENUS, *and guard.*

Pho. I'll not boast
What my intelligence costs me; but ere long
You shall know more. The king! with him a Roman.
Achor. The scarlet livery of unfortunate war
Dyed deeply on his face.
Achil. 'Tis Labienus,
Cæsar's lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,
And fortunate in all his undertakings:
But, since these civil jars, he turned to Pompey,
And, though he followed the better cause,
Not with the like success.
Pho. Such as are wise
Leave falling buildings, fly to those that rise.
But more of that hereafter.
Lab. In a word, sir,
These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,
Speak Pompey's loss. To tell you of the battle,
How many thousand several bloody shapes
Death wore that day in triumph; how we bore
The shock of Cæsar's charge; or with what fury
His soldiers came on, as if they had been
So many Cæsars, and, like him, ambitious
To tread upon the liberty of Rome;
How fathers killed their sons, or sons their fathers;
Or how the Roman pikes on each side
Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons
(The sword) succeeded, which, in civil wars,
Appoints the tent, on which winged victory
Shall make a certain stand: then, how the plains

In you, my sister, and the rest, to please us,
We should receive this as a saucy rudeness,
Offered our private thoughts. But your intents
Are to delight us: Alas, you wash an Ethiop!
Can Cleopatra, while she does remember
Whose daughter she is, and whose sister (oh,
I suffer in the name!) and that, in justice,
There is no place in Egypt, where I stand,
But that the tributary earth is proud
To kiss the foot of her, that is her queen;
Can she, I say, that is all this, e'er relish
Of comfort or delight, while base Photinus,
Bondman Achillas, and all other monsters,
That reign o'er Ptolomy, make that a court,
Where they reside; and this, where I, a prison?
But there's a Rome, a senate, and a Cæsar,
Though the great Pompey lean to Ptolomy,
May think of Cleopatra.

Apol. Pompey, madam——

Cleo. What of him? Speak! If ill, Apollodorus,
It is my happiness; and, for thy news,
Receive a favour, kings have kneeled in vain for,
And kiss my hand.

Apol. He's lost.

Cleo. Speak it again!

Apol. His army routed, he fled, and pursued
By the all-conquering Cæsar.

Cleo. Whither bends he?

Apol. To Egypt.

Cleo. Ha! In person?

Apol. 'Tis received
For an undoubted truth.

Cleo. I live again;
And if assurance of my love and beauty
Deceive me not, I now shall find a judge
To do me right! But how to free myself,
And get access? The guards are strong upon me;
This door I must pass through.—Apollodorus,
Thou often hast professed, to do me service,
Thy life was not thine own.

Apol. I am not altered;
And let your excellency propound a means,
In which I may but give the least assistance,
That may restore you to that you were born to,
Though it call on the anger of the king,
Or, what's more deadly, all his minion
Photinus can do to me, I, unmoved,
Offer my throat to serve you; ever provided,
It bear some probable show to be effected:
To lose myself upon no ground were madness,
Not loyal duty.

Cleo. Stand off!—To thee alone,
I will discover what I dare not trust
My sister with. Cæsar is amorous,
And taken more with the title of a queen,
Than feature or proportion; he loved Eunoe,
A moor, deformed too, I have heard, that brought
No other object to inflame his blood,
But that her husband was a king; on both
He did bestow rich presents: Shall I, then,
That, with a princely birth, bring beauty with me,
That know to prize myself at mine own rate,
Despair his favour? Art thou mine?

Apol. I am.

Cleo. I have found out a way shall bring me to him,
Spite of Photinus' watches. If I prosper,
As I am confident I shall, expect
Things greater than thy wishes.—Though I purchase
His grace with loss of my virginity,
It skills not, if it bring home majesty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter SEPTIMIUS, *with a head,* ACHILLAS, *and guard,*

Sept. 'Tis here, 'tis done! Behold, you fearful viewers,
Shake, and behold the model of the world here,
The pride, and strength! Look, look again; 'tis finished!
That, that whole armies, nay, whole nations,
Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at,
And fled before, winged with their fears and terrors;
That steel war waited on, and fortune courted,
That high-plumed honour built up for her own;
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,
Behold that child of war, with all his glories,
By this poor hand made breathless! Here, my Achillas;
Egypt, and Cæsar, owe me for this service,
And all the conquered nations.

Achil. Peace, Septimius;
Thy words sound more ungrateful than thy actions.
Though sometimes safety seek an instrument
Of thy unworthy nature, (thou loud boaster!)
Think not she's bound to love him too that's barbarous.
Why did not I, if this be meritorious,
And binds the king unto me, and his bounties,
Strike this rude stroke? I'll tell thee, thou poor Roman;
It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at,
Not heave a thought.

Sept. It was?

Achil. I'll tell thee truly,
And, if thou ever yet heardst tell of honour,
I'll make thee blush: It was thy general's;
That man's, that fed thee once, that man's, that bred thee;
The air, thou breathedst, was his, the fire, that warmed thee,
From his care kindled ever; Nay, I'll shew thee,

Because I'll make thee sensible of thy baseness,
And why a noble man durst not touch at it,
There was no piece of earth, thou put'st thy foot on,
But was his conquest, and he gave thee motion!
He triumphed three times: Who durst touch his person?
The very walls of Rome bowed to his presence;
Dear to the gods he was; to them, that feared him,
A fair and noble enemy. Didst thou hate him,
And for thy love to Cæsar sought his ruin?
Armed, in the red Pharsalian fields, Septimius,
Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glorious,
Where kings were fair competitors for honour,
Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have fought him,
There, sword to sword.

Sept. I killed him on commandment,
If kings commands be fair, when you all fainted,
When none of you durst look———

Achil. On deeds so barbarous.
What hast thou got?

Sept. The king's love, and his bounty,
The honour of the service; which though you rail at,
Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams on me,
Will dignify the cause, and make me glorious;
And I shall live———

Achil. A miserable villain.
What reputation and reward belong to it,
Thus, with the head, I seize on, and make mine:
And be not impudent to ask me why, sirrah,
Nor bold to stay; read in mine eyes the reason!
The shame and obloquy I leave thine own;
Inherit those rewards; they are fitter for thee.
Your oil's spent, and your snuff stinks: Go out basely!

Sept. The king will yet consider. [*Exit.*

Enter PTOLOMY, ACHOREUS, *and* PHOTINUS.

Achil. Here he comes.

Achor. Yet, if it be undone, hear me, great sir!
If this inhuman stroke be yet unstrucken,
If that adored head be not yet severed
From the most noble body, weigh the miseries,
The desolations, that this great eclipse works.
You are young, be provident; fix not your empire
Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt;
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits,
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder;
Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows,
That easy women's eyes shall never empty.

Pho. You have done well; and 'tis done. See Achillas,
And in his hand the head.

Ptol. Stay; come no nearer!
Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me!
I do remember him; he was my guardian,
Appointed by the senate to preserve me.
What a full majesty sits in his face yet!

Pho. The king is troubled. Be not frighted, sir;
Be not abused with fears: His death was necessary,
If you consider, sir, most necessary,
Not to be missed: And humbly thank great Isis,
He came so opportunely to your hands.
Pity must now give place to rules of safety.
Is not victorious Cæsar new arrived,
And entered Alexandria with his friends,
His navy riding by to wait his charges?
Did he not beat this Pompey, and pursued him?
Was not this great man his great enemy?
This godlike virtuous man, as people held him?
But what fool dare be friend to flying virtue?
I hear their trumpets; 'tis too late to stagger.
Give me the head; and be you confident.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, *and* SCEVA.

Hail, conqueror, and head of all the world,
Now this head's off!

Cæsar. Ha!

Pho. Do not shun me, Cæsar.
From kingly Ptolomy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
Thy travel and thy loss of blood no recompence;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:
Here they take life: here they inherit honour,
Grow fixed, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolomy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have given for it, all Egypt.

Achil. Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
Nor disesteem the benefit, that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got; it comes the safer:
Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
Though he opposed no strength of swords to win this,
Nor laboured through no showers of darts and lances,
Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,
An inward war: He was his grandsire's guest,
Friend to his father, and, when he was expelled
And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
Then in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
Strengthened, and cherished it, and set it right again:
This was a love to Cæsar.

Sce. Give me hate, gods!

Pha. This Cæsar may account a little wicked;
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,

Had fallen upon him, what it had been then;
If thine own sword had touched his throat, what that way!
He was thy son-in-law; there to be tainted
Had been most terible! Let the worst be rendered,
We have deserved for keeping thy hands innocent.
Cæsar. Oh, Sceva, Sceva, see that head! see, captains,
The head of godlike Pompey!
Sce. He was basely ruined;
But let the gods be grieved, that suffered it,
And be you Cæsar.
Cæsar. Oh, thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
What poor fate followed thee, and plucked thee on,
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?
The life and light of Rome, to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance shewed what a man was?
That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets,
And loose lascivious pleasures? to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life, to know thy goodness?
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,
In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey,
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee!
Thou hast most unnobly robbed me of my victory,
My love and mercy.
Ant. Oh, how brave these tears shew!
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy!
Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.
Cæsar. Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
Built to out-dare the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame, but heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And, with the body, give it noble burial:
Your earth shall now be blessed to hold a Roman,
Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance.
Sce. If thou be'st thus loving, I shall honour thee:
But great men may dissemble, it is held possible,
And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;
There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder
How he would look, if Pompey were alive again;
How would he see his face.
Cæsar. You look now, king,
And you, that have been agents in this glory,
For our special favour?
Ptol. We desire it.
Cæsar. And, doubtless, you expect rewards?
Sce. Let me give them:
I'll give them such as nature never dreamed of;
I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.
Cæsar. Peace! I forgive you all; that is recompence.
You are young, and ignorant; that pleads your pardon,
And fear, it may be, more than hate provoked you.
Your ministers, I must think, wanted judgment,
And so they erred: I'm bountiful to think this,
Believe me, most bountiful: Be you most thankful;
That bounty share amongst you. If I knew what
To send you for a present, king of Egypt,
I mean a head of equal reputation,
And that you loved, though it were your brightest sister's,
(But her you hate) I would not be behind you.
Ptol. Hear me, great Cæsar!
Cæsar. I have heard too much;
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest:
You are poor and open. I must tell you roundly,
That man, that could not recompence the benefits,
The great and bounteous services, of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allowed his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it:
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty;
And, but I stand environed with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths, and friends about my person,
I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy,
Above the pious love you shewed to Pompey.
You have found me merciful in arguing with ye;
Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor reeds of sun-burnt Egypt,
And now you have found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light, will be himself still;
Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies!
Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phœnix,
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes,
Divinely great, and fix him amongst the worthies!
Ptol. We will do all.
Cæsar. You have robbed him of those tears

His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
The virgins of their funeral lamentations;
And that kind earth, that thought to cover him,
(His country's earth) will cry out against your cruelty,
And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
'Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye!
My grief has stopt the rest! When Pompey lived,
He used you nobly; now he is dead, use him so.
[*Exit.*

Ptol. Now, where's your confidence, your aim, Photinus,
The oracles, and fair favours from the conqueror,
You rung into mine ears? How stand I now?
You see the tempest of his stern displeasure;
The death of him, you urged a sacrifice
To stop his rage, presaging a full ruin!
Where are your counsels now?

Achor. I told you, sir,
And told the truth, what danger would fly after:
And, though an enemy, I satisfied you
He was a Roman, and the top of honour;
And howsoever this might please great Cæsar,
I told you, that the foulness of his death,
The impious baseness——

Pho. Peace; you are a fool!
Men of deep ends must tread as deep ways to them;
Cæsar I know is pleased, and for all his sorrows,
Which are put on for forms, and mere dissemblings,
I am confident he is glad: To have told you so,
And thanked you outwardly, had been too open,
And taken from the wisdom of a conqueror.
Be confident, and proud you have done this service;
You have deserved, and you will find it, highly.
Make bold use of this benefit, and be sure
You keep your sister, the high-souled Cleopatra,
Both close and short enough, she may not see him.
The rest, if I may counsel, sir——

Ptol. Do all;
For in thy faithful service rests my safety.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Sept. Here's a strange alteration in the court;
Mens' faces are of other sets and motions,
Their minds of subtler stuff. I pass by now,
As though I were a rascal; no man knows me,
No eye looks after; as I were a plague,
Their doors shut close against me, and I wondered at,
Because I have done a meritorious murder:
Because I have pleased the time, does the time plague me?
I have known the day they would have hugged me for it;
For a less stroke than this, have done me reverence,
Opened their hearts, and secret closets to me,
Their purses and their pleasures, and bid me wallow.
I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,
And the huge leviathans of villainy
Sup up the merits, nay, the men and all,
That do them service, and spout them out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded
As drops of water, that are lost in the ocean.
I was loved once for swearing and for drinking,
And for other principal qualities, that became me;
Now a foolish unthankful murder has undone me,
If my lord Photinus be not merciful,
That set me on. And he comes; now, Fortune!

Enter PHOTINUS.

Pho. Cæsar's unthankfulness a little stirs me,
A little frets my blood: Take heed, proud Roman!
Provoke me not, stir not mine anger further!
I may find out a way unto thy life too,
Though armed in all thy victories, and seize it!
A conqueror has a heart, and I may hit it.

Sept. May't please your lordship——

Pho. Oh, Septimius!

Sept. Your lordship knows my wrongs?

Pho. Wrongs?

Sept. Yes, my lord;
How the captain of the guard, Achillas, slights me?

Pho. Think better of him, he has much befriended thee,
Shewed thee much love, in taking the head from thee.
The times are altered, soldier; Cæsar's angry,
And our design to please him, lost and perished:
Be glad, thou art unnamed; 'tis not worth the owning.
Yet, that thou mayest be useful——

Sept. Yes, my lord,
I shall be ready.

Pho. For I may employ thee
To take a rub or two out of my way,
As time shall serve; say, that it be a brother,
Or a hard father?

Sept. 'Tis most necessary;
A mother, or a sister, or whom you please, sir.

Pho. Or to betray a noble friend?

Sept. 'Tis all one.

Pho. I know thou wilt stir for gold.

Sept. 'Tis all my motion.

Pho. There, take that for thy service, and farewell!
I have greater business now.

Sept. I'm still your own, sir.

Pho. One thing I charge thee; see me no more, Septimius,
Unless I send. [*Exit.*

Sept. I shall observe your hour.
So! this brings something in the mouth, some favour:
This is the lord I serve, the power I worship,
My friends, allies; and here lies my allegiance.

Let people talk as they please of my rudeness,
And shun me for my deed; bring but this to them,
Let me be damned for blood, yet still I am honourable:
This god creates new tongues, and new affections;
And, though I'd killed my father, give me gold,
I'll make men swear I've done a pious sacrifice.
Now I will out-brave all, make all my servants,
And my brave deed shall be writ in wine for virtuous. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, *and* SCEVA.

Cæsar. Keep strong guards, and with wary eyes my friends;
There is no trusting to these base Egyptians:
They, that are false to pious benefits,
And make compelled necessities their faiths,
Are traitors to the gods.
Ant. We'll call ashore
A legion of the best.
Cæsar. Not a man, Antony;
That were to shew our fears, and dim our greatness:
No; 'tis enough my name's ashore.
Sce. Too much too;
A sleeping Cæsar is enough to shake them.
There are some two or three malicious rascals,
Trained up in villainy, besides that Cerberus,
That Roman dog, that licked the blood of Pompey.
Dol. 'Tis strange; a Roman soldier?
Sce. You are cozened;
There be of us, as be of all other nations,
Villains and knaves: 'Tis not the name contains him,
But the obedience; when that is once forgotten,
And duty flung away, then, welcome devil!
Photinus and Achillas, and this vermin,
That's now become a natural crocodile,
Must be with care observed.
Ant. And 'tis well counselled;
No confidence, nor trust——
Sce. I'll trust the sea first,
When with her hollow murmurs she invites me,
And clutches in her storms, as politic lions
Conceal their claws; I'll trust the devil first;
The rule of ill I'll trust, before the doer.
Cæsar. Go to your rests, and follow your own wisdoms,
And leave me to my thoughts; pray no more compliment;
Once more, strong watches.
Dol. All shall be observed, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Manet CÆSAR.

Cæsar. I'm dull and heavy, yet I cannot sleep.
How happy was I, in my lawful wars
In Germany, and Gaul, and Britany!
When every night with pleasure I set down
What the day ministered, the sleep came sweetly:
But, since I undertook this home-division,
This civil war, and passed the Rubicon,
What have I done, that speaks an ancient Roman,
A good, great man? I have entered Rome by force,
And on her tender womb, that gave me life,
Let my insulting soldiers rudely trample:
The dear veins of my country I have opened,
And sailed upon the torrents, that flowed from her,
The bloody streams, that in their confluence
Carried before them thousand desolations:
I robbed the treasury; and at one gripe
Snatched all the wealth so many worthy triumphs
Placed there as sacred to the peace of Rome:
I razed Massilia in my wanton anger;
Petreius and Afranius I defeated;
Pompey I overthrew; what did that get me?
The slubbered name of an authorized enemy.
[*Noise within.*
I hear some noise; they are the watches, sure.
What friends have I tied fast by these ambitions?
Cato, the lover of his country's freedom,
Is now passed into Africk to affront me;
Juba, that killed my friend, is up in arms too;
The sons of Pompey are masters of the sea,
And, from the relics of their scattered faction,
A new head's sprung: Say, I defeat all these too?
I come home crowned an honourable rebel.
I hear the noise still, and it comes still nearer.
Are the guards fast? Who waits there?

Enter SCEVA, *with a packet,* CLEOPATRA *in it.*

Sce. Are you awake, sir?
Cæsar. In the name of wonder——
Sce. Nay, I am a porter,
A strong one too, or else my sides would crack, sir:
An my sins were as weighty, I should scarce walk with them.
Cæsar. What hast thou there?
Sce. Ask them, which stay without,
And brought it hither. Your presence I denied them,
And put them by, took up the load myself.
They say 'tis rich, and valued at the kingdom;
I'm sure 'tis heavy: If you like to see it,
You may; if not, I'll give it back.
Cæsar. Stay, Sceva;
I would fain see it.
Sce. I'll begin to work then.
No doubt, to flatter you, they have sent you something
Of a rich value, jewels, or some rich treasure.
May-be, a rogue within, to do a mischief:
I pray you stand further off; if there be villainy,
Better my danger first; he shall escape hard too.
Ha! what art thou?
Cæsar. Stand further off, good Sceva!
What heavenly vision? Do I wake or slumber?
Further off, that hand, friend!
Sce. What apparition,

What spirit, have I raised? Sure, 'tis a woman;
She looks like one; now she begins to move too.
A tempting devil, o' my life! Go off, Cæsar!
Sir, if you be a soldier, come no nearer;
She's sent to dispossess you of your honour;
A sponge, a sponge, to wipe away your victories.
Be loyal to yourself!—Thou damned woman,
Dost thou come hither with thy flourishes,
Thy flaunts, and faces, to abuse men's manners?
And am I made the instrument?

Cæsar. Hold, on thy life, and be more temperate,
Thou beast!

Sce. Thou beast?

Cæsar. Couldst thou be so inhuman,
So far from noble man, to draw thy weapon
Upon a thing divine?

Sce. Divine, or human,
They're never better pleased, nor more at heart's ease,
Than when we draw with full intent upon them.

Cæsar. Move this way, lady: Pray you let me speak to you.

Sce. And, woman, you had best stand——

Cæsar. By the gods,
But that I see her here, and hope her mortal,
I should imagine some celestial sweetness,
The treasure of soft love!

Sce. Oh, this sounds mangily,
Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!
You'd best be troubled with the tooth-ache too,
For lovers ever are, and let your nose drop,
That your celestial beauty may befriend you.
At these years, do you learn to be fantastical?
After so many bloody fields, a fool?
She brings her bed along too (she'll lose no time),
Carries her litter to lie soft; do you see that?
Invites you like a gamester; note that impudence.
For shame, reflect upon yourself, your honour,
Look back into your noble parts, and blush!
Let not the dear sweat of the hot Pharsalia,
Mingle with base embraces! Am I he
That have received so many wounds for Cæsar?
Upon my target, groves of darts still growing;
Have I endured all, hungers, colds, distresses,
And, as I had been bred that iron that armed me,
Stood out all weathers, now to curse my fortune?
To ban the blood I lost for such a general?

Cæsar. Offend no more; be gone!

Sce. I will, and leave you,
Leave you to women's wars, that will proclaim you:
You'll conquer Rome now, and the capitol,
With fans and looking-glasses. Farewell, Cæsar!
[*Exit.*

Cleo. Now I am private, sir, I dare speak to you;
But thus low first, for as a god I honour you!
Contemn me not, because I kneel thus, Cæsar:
I am a queen, and co-heir to this country,
The sister to the mighty Ptolomy;
Yet one distressed, that flies unto thy justice,
One, that lays sacred hold on thy protection,
As on a holy altar, to preserve me.

Cæsar. Speak, queen of beauty, and stand up.

Cleo. I dare not;
'Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,
That godlike great humanity, to help me,
Thus, to thy knees must I grow, sacred Cæsar.
And, if it be not in thy will to right me,
And raise me, like a queen, from my sad ruins;
If these soft tears cannot sink to thy pity,
And waken, with their murmurs, thy compassions;
Yet, for thy nobleness, for virtue's sake,
And, if thou be'st a man, for despised beauty,
For honourable conquest, which thou dotest on,
Let not those cankers of this flourishing kingdom,
Photinus and Achillas, the one an eunuch,
The other a base boudman, thus reign over me,
Seize my inheritance, and leave my brother
Nothing of what he should be, but the title!
As thou art wonder of the world———

Cæsar. Stand up then,
And be a queen; this hand shall give it to you:
Or, chuse a greater name, worthy my bounty;
A common love makes queens: Chuse to be worshipped,
To be divinely great, and I dare promise it.
A suitor of your sort, and blessed sweetness,
That hath adventured thus to see great Cæsar,
Must never be denied. You have found a patron,
That dare not, in his private honour, suffer
So great a blemish to the heaven of beauty:
The god of love would clap his angry wings,
And from his singing bow let fly those arrows,
Headed with burning griefs and pining sorrows,
Should I neglect your cause, would make me monstrous;
To whom, and to your service, I devote me!

Enter SCEVA.

Cleo. He is my conquest now, and so I'll work him;
The conqueror of the world will I lead captive.

Sce. Still with this woman? tilting still with babies?
As you are honest, think the enemy,
Some valiant foe indeed, now charging on you,
Ready to break your ranks, and fling these——

Cæsar. Hear me,
But tell me true; if thou hadst such a treasure,
(And, as thou art a soldier, do not flatter me)
Such a bright gem, brought to thee, wouldst thou not
Most greedily accept?

Sce. Not as an emperor,
A man that first should rule himself, then others:
As a poor hungry soldier, I might bite, sir;
Yet that is a weakness too. Hear me, thou tempter!
And hear thou, Cæsar, too, for it concerns thee,
And if thy flesh be deaf, yet let thine honour,
The soul of a commander, give ear to me.

Thou wanton bane of war, thou gilded lethargy,
In whose embraces, ease (the rust of arms)
And pleasure (that makes soldiers poor) inhabits!
Cæsar. Fy! thou blasphemest.
Sce. I do, when she is a goddess.
Thou melter of strong minds, darest thou presume
To smother all his triumphs with thy vanities?
And tie him, like a slave, to thy proud beauties,
To thy imperious looks, that kings have followed,
Proud of their chains, have waited on? I shame, sir!
Cæsar. Alas, thou art rather mad! Take thy rest, Sceva;
Thy duty makes thee err; but I forgive thee.
Go, go, I say! shew me no disobedience!
[*Exit Sceva.*
'Tis well; farewell! The day will break, dear lady;
My soldiers will come in. Please you retire,
And think upon your servant?

Cleo. Pray you, sir, know me,
And what I am.
Cæsar. The greater, I more love you;
And you must know me too.
Cleo. So far as modesty,
And majesty gives leave, sir. You are too violent.
Cæsar. You are too cold to my desires.
Cleo. Swear to me,
And by yourself (for I hold that oath sacred),
You'll right me as a queen———
Cæsar. These lips be witness!
And, if I break that oath———
Cleo. You make me blush, sir;
And in that blush interpret me.
Cæsar. I will do.
Come, let us go in, and blush again. This one word,
You shall believe.
Cleo. I must; you are a conqueror. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter PTOLOMY *and* PHOTINUS.

Pho. Good sir, but hear!
Ptol. No more! you have undone me!
That, that I hourly feared, is fallen upon me,
And heavily, and deadly.
Pho. Hear a remedy.
Pho. A remedy, now the disease is ulcerous,
And has infected all? Your secure negligence
Has broke through all the hopes I have, and ruined me!
My sister is with Cæsar, in his chamber;
All night she has been with him; and, no doubt,
Much to her honour.
Pho. 'Would that were the worst, sir!
That will repair itself: But I fear mainly,
She has made her peace with Cæsar.
Ptol. 'Tis most likely;
And what am I then?
Pho. Plague upon that rascal,
Apollodorus, under whose command,
Under whose eye——

Enter ACHILLAS.

Ptol. Curse on you all, ye are wretches!
Pho. 'Twas providently done, Achillas.
Achil. Pardon me.
Pho. Your guards were rarely wise, and wondrous watchful!
Achil. I could not help it, if my life had lain for it.
Alas, who would suspect a pack of bedding,
Or a small truss of houshold furniture,
And, as they said, for Cæsar's use? or who durst,
Being for his private chamber, seek to stop it?
I was abused.

Enter ACHOREUS.

Achor. 'Tis no hour now for anger,
No wisdom to debate with fruitless choler.
Let us consider timely what we must do,
Since she is flown to his protection,
From whom we have no power to sever her,
Nor force conditions.
Ptol. Speak, good Achoreus.
Achor. Let indirect and crooked counsels vanish,
And straight and fair directions——
Pho. Speak your mind, sir.
Achor. Let us chuse Cæsar (and endear him to us)
An arbitrator in all differences
Betwixt you and your sister; this is safe now,
And will shew off, most honourable.
Pho. Base,
Most base and poor; a servile, cold submission!
Hear me, and pluck your hearts up, like stout counsellors;
Since we are sensible this Cæsar loathes us,
And have begun our fortune with great Pompey,
Be of my mind.
Achor. 'Tis most uncomely spoken,
And if I say most bloodily, I lie not:
The law of hospitality it poisons,
And calls the gods in question, that dwell in us.
Be wise, oh, king!
Ptol. I will be. Go, my counsellor,
To Cæsar go, and do my humble service;
To my fair sister my commends negociate;
And here I ratify whate'er thou treat'st on.
Achor. Crowned with fair peace, I go. [*Exit.*
Ptol. My love go with thee;
And from my love go you, you cruel vipers!
You shall know now I am no ward, Photinus.
[*Exit.*

Pho. This for our service? Princes do their pleasures,
And they, that serve, obey in all disgraces.
The lowest, we can fall to, is our graves;
There we shall know no difference. Hark, Achillas!
I may do something yet, when times are ripe,
To tell this raw unthankful king——
Achil. Photinus,
Whatever it be, I shall make one, and zealously:
For better die attempting something nobly,
Than fall disgraced.
Pho. Thou lovest me, and I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ANTONY, DOLABELLA, *and* SCEVA.

Dol. Nay, there is no rousing him; he is bewitched sure,
His noble blood curdled, and cold within him;
Grown now a woman's warrior.
Ant. Be not too angry,
For, by this light, the woman's a rare woman;
A lady of that catching youth and beauty,
That unmatched sweetness——
Dol. But why should he be fooled so?
Let her be what she will, why should his wisdom,
His age, and honour——
Ant. Say it were your own case,
Or mine, or any man's, that has heat in him:
'Tis true, at this time, when he has no promise
Of more security than his sword can cut through,
I do not hold it so discreet: But a good face, gentlemen,
And eyes, that are the winningest orators,
A youth, that opens like perpetual spring,
And, to all these, a tongue, that can deliver
The oracles of love——
Sce. I would you had her,
With all her oracles, and miracles:
She were fitter for your turn.
Ant. 'Would I had, Sceva,
With all her faults too! let me alone to mend them;
On that condition I made thee mine heir.
Sce. I would rather have your black horse than your harlots.
Dol. Cæsar writes sonnets now; the sound of war
Is grown too boisterous for his mouth; he sighs too.
Sce. And learns to fiddle most melodiously,
And sings—it would make your ears prick up, to hear him, gentlemen.
Shortly she will make him spin; and it is thought he will prove
An admirable maker of bonelace;
And what a rare gift will that be in a general!
Ant. I would he could abstain!
Sce. She is a witch sure,
And works upon him with some damned enchantment.
Dol. How cunning she will carry her behaviours,
And set her countenance in a thousand postures,
To catch her ends!
Sce. She will be sick, well, sullen,
Merry, coy, overjoyed, and seem to die,
All in one half-an-hour, to make an ass of him:
I make no doubt she will be drunk too, damnably,
And in her drink will fight; then she fits him.
Ant. That thou shouldst bring her in!
Sce. 'Twas my blind fortune.
My soldiers told me, by the weight, it was wicked.
'Would I had carried Milo's bull a furlong,
When I brought in this cow-calf! He has advanced me,
From an old soldier to a bawd of memory:
Oh, that the sons of Pompey were behind him,
The honoured Cato and fierce Juba with them,
That they might whip him from his whore, and rouse him;
That their fierce trumpets from his wanton trances
Might shake him, like an earthquake!

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Ant. What is this fellow?
Dol. Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by their cloaths.
Ant. By my faith, he is brave indeed! He is no commander?
Sce. Yes, he has a Roman face; he has been at fair wars,
And plenteous too, and rich; his trappings shew it.
Sept. An they'll not know me now, they'll never know me.
Who dare blush now at my acquaintance? Ha?
Am I not totally a span-new gallant,
Fit for the choicest eyes? Have I not gold,
The friendship of the world? If they shun me now,
(Though I were the arrantest rogue, as I'm well forward)
Mine own curse and the devil's are lit on me.
Ant. Is it not Septimius?
Sce. Yes.
Dol. He that killed Pompey?
Sce. The same dog scab; that gilded botch, that rascal!
Dol. How glorious villainy appears in Egypt!
Sept. Gallants, and soldiers! sure they do admire me.
Sce. Stand further off; thou stinkest.
Sept. A likely matter:
These cloaths smell mustily, do they not, gallants?
They stink, they stink, alas, poor things, contemptible!
By all the Gods in Egypt, the perfumes,
That went to trimming these cloaths, cost me——
Sce. Thou stinkest still.
Sept. The powdering of this head too——
Sce. If thou hast it,
I'll tell thee all the gums in sweet Arabia

Are not sufficient, were they burnt about thee,
To purge the scent of a rank rascal from thee.
Ant. I smell him now: Fy, how the knave perfumes him!
How strong he scents of traitor!
Dol. You had an ill milliner,
He laid too much of the gum of ingratitude
Upon your coat; you should have washed off that, sir;
Fy, how it choaks! too little of your loyalty,
Your honesty, your faith, that are pure ambers.
I smell the rotten smell of a hired coward;
A dead dog's sweeter.
Sept. Ye are merry, gentlemen,
And, by my troth, such harmless mirth takes me too.
You speak like good blunt soldiers! and it is well enough:
But did you live at court, as I do, gallants,
You would refine, and learn an apter language.
I've done ye simple service on your Pompey;
You might have looked him yet this brace of twelvemonths,
And hunted after him, like foundered beagles,
Had not this fortunate hand———
Ant. He brags on't too,
By the good gods, rejoices in it! Thou wretch,
Thou most contemptible slave!
Sce. Dog, mangy mongrel,
Thou murdering mischief, in the shape of soldier,
To make all soldiers hateful! thou disease,
That nothing but the gallows can give ease to!
Dol. Thou art so impudent, that I admire thee,
And know not what to say.
Sept. I know your anger,
And why you prate thus; I've found your melancholy:
Ye all want money, and ye are liberal captains,
And in this want will talk a little desperately.
Here's gold; come, share; I love a brave commander:
And be not peevish; do as Cæsar does;
He's merry with his wench now, be you jovial,
And let's all laugh and drink. Would ye have partners?
I do consider all your wants, and weigh them;
He has the mistress, you shall have the maids;
I'll bring them to ye, to your arms.
Ant. I blush,
All over me, I blush, and sweat to hear him;
Upon my conscience, if my arms were on now,
Through them I should blush too: Pray ye let's be walking.
Sce. Yes, yes: But, ere we go, I'll leave this lesson,
And let him study it: First, rogue! then, pandar!
Next, devil that will be! get thee from men's presence,
And, where the name of soldier has been heard of,
Be sure thou live not! To some hungry desart,
Where thou canst meet with nothing but thy conscience;
And that, in all the shapes of all thy villainies,
Attend thee still! where brute beasts will abhor thee,
And even the sun will shame to give thee light,
Go, hide thy head! or, if thou think'st it fitter,
Go hang thyself!
Dol. Hark to that clause.
Sce. And that speedily,
That Nature may be eased of such a monster!
[*Exeunt.*

Manet SEPTIMIUS.

Sept. Yet all this moves not me, nor reflects on me;
I keep my gold still, and my confidence.
Their want of breeding makes these fellows murmur;
Rude valours, so I let them pass, rude honours!
There is a wench yet, that I know affects me,
And company for a king; a young plump villain,
That, when she sees this gold, she'll leap upon me;

Enter EROS.

And here she comes: I'm sure of her.
My pretty Eros, welcome!
Eros. I have business.
Sept. Above my love, thou canst not.
Eros. Yes, indeed, sir,
Far, far above.
Sept. Why, why so coy? Pray you tell me.
We are alone.
Eros. I'm much ashamed we are so.
Sept. You want a new gown now, and a handsome petticoat,
A scarf, and some odd toys: I've gold here ready;
Thou shalt have any thing.
Eros. I want your absence.
Keep on your way; I care not for your company.
Sept. How? how? you are very short: Do you know me, Eros?
And what I have been to you?
Eros. Yes, I know you,
And I hope I shall forget you: Whilst you were honest,
I loved you too.
Sept. Honest? come, prithee kiss me.
Eros. I kiss no knaves, no murderers, no beasts,
No base betrayers of those men, that fed them;
I hate their looks; and though I may be wanton,
I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase,
Purchase so foully got. I pray you, unhand me;
I'd rather touch the plague, than one unworthy!
Go, seek some mistress that a horse may marry,
And keep her company; she's too good for you.
[*Exit.*
Sept. Marry, this goes near! now I perceive I'm hateful:
When this light stuff can distinguish, it grows dangerous;
For money, seldom they refuse a leper;
But sure I am more odious, more diseased too:

Enter three lame Soldiers.

It sits cold here. What are these? three poor soldiers?
Both poor and lame: Their misery may make them
A little look upon me, and adore me.
If these will keep me company, I'm made yet.
1 *Sold.* The pleasure, Cæsar sleeps in, makes us miserable:
We are forgot, our maims and dangers laughed at;
He banquets, and we beg.
2 *Sold.* He was not wont
To let poor soldiers, that have spent their fortunes,
Their bloods, and limbs, walk up and down like vagabonds.
Sept. Save ye, good soldiers! good poor men, heaven help ye!
Ye have borne the brunt of war, and shew the story.
1 *Sold.* Some new commander, sure.
Sept. You look, my good friends,
By your thin faces, as you would be suitors.
2 *Sold.* To Cæsar, for our means, sir.
Sept. And 'tis fit, sir.
3 *Sold.* We are poor men, and long forgot.
Sept. I grieve for it;
Good soldiers should have good rewards, and favours.
I'll give up your petitions, for I pity you,
And freely speak to Cæsar.
All. Oh, we honour you!
1 *Sold.* A good man sure you are; the gods preserve you!
Sept. And to relieve your wants the while, hold, soldiers! [*Gives money.*
Nay, 'tis no dream; 'tis good gold; take it freely;
'Twill keep you in good heart.
2 *Sold.* Now goodness quit you!
Sept. I'll be a friend to your afflictions,
And eat, and drink with you too, and we'll be merry;
And every day I'll see you!
1 *Sold.* You are a soldier,
And one sent from the gods, I think.
Sept. I'll cloath ye,
Ye are lame, and then provide good lodging for you;
And at my table, where no want shall meet you.

Enter SCEVA.

All. Was never such a man!
1 *Sold.* Dear honoured sir,
Let us but know your name, that we may worship you.
2 *Sold.* That we may ever thank——
Sept. Why, call me any thing,
No matter for my name—that may betray me.
Sce. A cunning thief! Call him Septimius, soldiers,
The villain, that killed Pompey!
All. How?
Sce. Call him the shame of men! [*Exit.*
1 *Sold.* Oh, that this money
Were weight enough to beat thy brains out! Fling all;
And fling our curses next; let them be mortal!
Out, bloody wolf! dost thou come gilded over,
And painted with thy charity, to poison us?
2 *Sold.* I know him now: May never father own thee,
But as a monstrous birth shun thy base memory!
And, if thou hadst a mother, (as I cannot
Believe thou wert a natural burden) let her womb
Be cursed of women for a bed of vipers!
3 *Sold.* Methinks the ground shakes to devour this rascal,
And the kind air turns into fogs and vapours,
Infectious mists, to crown his villainies:
Thou mayst go wander like a thing heaven-hated!
1 *Sold.* And valiant minds hold poisonous to remember!
The hangman will not keep thee company;
He has an honourable house to thine;
No, not a thief, though thou couldst save his life for it,
Will eat thy bread, nor one, for thirst starved, drink with thee!
2 *Sold.* Thou art no company for an honest dog,
And so we'll leave thee to a ditch, thy destiny.
[*Exeunt.*
Sept. Contemned of all? and kicked too? Now I find it!
My valour's fled, too, with mine honesty;
For since I would be knave, I must be coward.
This 'tis to be a traitor, and betrayer.
What a deformity dwells round about me!
How monstrous shews that man, that is ungrateful!
I am afraid the very beasts will tear me;
Inspired with what I have done, the winds will blast me!
Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me,
The wages of my fact; my soul's oppressed!
Honest and noble minds, you find more rest.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter PTOLOMY, ACHOREUS, PHOTINUS, *and* ACHILLAS.

Ptol. I have commanded, and it shall be so!
A preparation I have set on foot,
Worthy the friendship and the fame of Cæsar:
My sister's favours shall seem poor and withered;
Nay, she herself, trimmed up in all her beauties,
Compared to what I'll take his eyes withal,
Shall be a dream.
Pho. Do you mean to shew the glory
And wealth of Egypt?
Ptol. Yes; and in that lustre,
Rome shall appear, in all her famous conquests,
And all her riches, of no note unto it.

Achor. Now you are reconciled to your fair sister,
Take heed, sir, how you step into a danger,
A danger of this precipice. But note, sir,
For what Rome ever raised her mighty armies;
First for ambition, then for wealth. 'Tis madness,
Nay, more, a secure impotence, to tempt
An armed guest: Feed not an eye, that conquers,
Nor teach a fortunate sword the way to be covetous.
Ptol. Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to alter me;
Let all be ready, as I gave direction:
The secret way of all our wealth appearing
Newly, and handsomely; and all about it:
No more dissuading: 'Tis my will.
Achor. I grieve for it.
Ptol. I'll dazzle Cæsar with excess of glory.
Pho. I fear you'll curse your will; we must obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, *and* SCEVA, *above.*

Cæsar. I wonder at the glory of this kingdom,
And the most bounteous preparation,
Still as I pass, they court me with.
Sce. I'll tell you;
In Gaul and Germany we saw such visions,
And stood not to admire them, but possess them:
When they are ours, they're worth our admiration.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ant. The young queen comes; Give room!
Cæsar. Welcome, my dearest!
Come, bless my side.
Sce. Ay, marry, here's a wonder!
As she appears now, I am no true soldier,
If I be not readiest to recant.
Cleo. Be merry, sir;
My brother will be proud to do you honour,
That now appears himself.

Enter PTOLOMY, ACHOREUS, ACHILLAS, PHOTINUS, *and* APOLLODORUS.

Ptol. Hail to great Cæsar,
My royal guest! First I will feast thine eyes
With wealthy Egypt's store, and then thy palate,
And wait myself upon thee. [*Treasure brought in.*
Cæsar. What rich service!
What mines of treasure! richer still?
Cleo. My Cæsar,
What do you admire? Pray you turn, and let me talk to you.
Have you forgot me, sir? How, a new object?
Am I grown old on the sudden? Cæsar!
Cæsar. Tell me,
From whence comes all this wealth?
Cleo. Is your eye that way,
And all my beauties banished?
Ptol. I'll tell thee, Cæsar;
We owe for all this wealth to the old Nilus
We need no dropping rain to cheer the husbandman,
Nor merchant, that ploughs up the sea to seek
Within the wealthy womb of reverend Nilus
All this is nourished; who, to do thee honour
Comes to discover his seven deities,
His concealed heads, unto thee: See with sure.
Cæsar. The matchless wealth of this land
Cleo. Come, you shall hear me.
Cæsar. Away! Let me imagine.
Cleo. How! frown on me?
The eyes of Cæsar wrapt in storms!
Cæsar. I'm sorry:
But let me think——

Music.—Enter ISIS, *and three Labourers.*

Isis. *Isis, the goddess of this land,*
Bids thee, great Cæsar, understand
And mark our customs, and first know,
With greedy eyes these watch the flow
Of plenteous Nilus; when he comes,
With songs, with dances, timbrels, drums,
They entertain him; cut his way,
And give his proud heads leave to play:
Nilus himself shall rise, and shew
His matchless wealth in overflow.
Labourers. *Come, let us help the reverend*
He's very old; alas the while!
Let us dig him easy ways,
And prepare a thousand plays:
To delight his streams, let's sing
A loud welcome to our spring;
This way let his curling heads
Fall into our new-made beds;
This way let his wanton spawns
Frisk, and glide it o'er the lawns.
This way profit comes, and gain:
How he tumbles here amain!
How his waters haste to fall
Into our channels! Labour, all,
And let him; let Nilus flow,
And perpetual plenty shew.
With incense let us bless the brim,
And as the wanton fishes swim,
Let us gums and garlands fling,
And loud our timbrels ring.
Come, old father, come away!
Our labour is our holiday.

Enter NILUS.

Isis. *Here comes the aged River now,*
With garlands of great pearl his brow
Begirt and rounded: In his flow
All things take life, and all things grow.
A thousand wealthy treasures still,
To do him service at his will,
Follow his rising flood, and pour
Perpetual blessings in our store.
Hear him; and next there will advance
His sacred heads, to tread a dance

In honour of my royal guest:
Mark them too; and you have a feast.

Cleo. A little dross betray me?
Cæsar. I am ashamed I warred at home, my friends,
When such wealth may be got abroad! What honour,
Nay, everlasting glory, had Rome purchased,
Had she a just cause but to visit Egypt!

Nilus. Make room for my rich waters' fall,
And bless my flood;
Nilus comes flowing to you all
Encrease and good.
Now the plants and flowers shall spring,
And the merry ploughman sing.
In my hidden waves I bring
Bread, and wine, and every thing.
Let the damsels sing me in,
Sing aloud, that I may rise:
Your holy feasts and hours begin,
And each hand bring a sacrifice.
Now my wanton pearls I shew,
That to ladies' fair necks grow.
Now my gold
And treasures, that can ne'er be told,
Shall bless this land, by my rich flow,
And after this, to crown your eyes,
My hidden holy head arise. [Dance.

Cæsar. The wonder of this wealth so troubles me,
I am not well: Good night!
Sce. I'm glad you have it:
Now we shall stir again.
Dol. Thou wealth, still haunt him!
Sce. A greedy spirit set thee on! We're happy.
Ptol. Lights, lights for Cæsar, and attendance!
Cleo. Well,
I shall yet find a time to tell thee, Cæsar,
Thou hast wronged her love—The rest here.
Ptol. Lights along still:
Music, and sacrifice to sleep, for Cæsar.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter PTOLOMY, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, *and* ACHOREUS.

Achor. I told you carefully, what this would prove to,
What this inestimable wealth and glory
Would draw upon you: I advised your majesty
Never to tempt a conquering guest, nor add
A bait, to catch a mind, bent by his trade
To make the whole world his.
Pho. I was not heard, sir,
Or, what I said, lost and contemned: I dare say,
And freshly now, 'twas a poor weakness in you,
A glorious childishness! I watched his eye,
And saw how falcon-like it towered, and flew
Upon the wealthy quarry; how round it marked it:
I observed his words, and to what it tended;
How greedily he asked from whence it came,
And what commerce we held for such abundance.
The show of Nilus how he laboured at,
To find the secret ways the song delivered!
Achor. He never smiled, I noted, at the pleasures,
But fixed his constant eyes upon the treasure:
I do not think his ears had so much leisure,
After the wealth appeared, to hear the music.
Most sure he has not slept since; his mind's troubles
With objects, that would make their own still labour.
Pho. Your sister he ne'er gazed on; that's a main note:
The prime beauty of the world had no power over him.

Achor. Where was his mind the whilst?
Pho. Where was your carefulness,
To shew an armed thief the way to rob you?
Nay, would you give him this, it will excite him
To seek the rest: Ambition feels no gift,
Nor knows no bounds; indeed you have done most weakly.
Ptol. Can I be too kind to my noble friend?
Pho. To be unkind unto your noble self, but savours
Of indiscretion; and your friend has found it.
Had you been trained up in the wants and miseries
A soldier marches through, and known his temperance
In offered courtesies, you would have made
A wiser master of your own, and stronger.
Ptol. Why, should I give him all, he would return it:
'Tis more to him to make kings.
Pho. Pray be wiser,
And trust not, with your lost wealth, your loved liberty:
To be a king still at your own discretion,
Is like a king; to be at his, a vassal.
Now take good counsel, or no more take to you
The freedom of a prince.
Achil. 'Twill be too late else:
For, since the masque, he sent three of his captains,
Ambitious as himself, to view again
The glory of your wealth.
Pho. The next himself comes,
Not staying for your courtesy, and takes it.
Ptol. What counsel, my Achoreus?

Achor. I'll go pray, sir,
(For that's best counsel now) the gods may help you. [*Exit.*
Pho. I found you out a way, but 'twas not credited;
A most secure way: Whither will you fly now?
Achil. For when your wealth is gone, your power must follow.
Pho. And that diminished also, what's your life worth?
Who would regard it?
Ptol. You say true.
Achil. What eye
Will look upon king Ptolomy? If they do look,
It must be in scorn; for a poor king's a monster:
What ear remember ye? 'twill be then a courtesy,
A noble one, to take your life too from you:
But if reserved, you stand to fill a victory;
As who knows conquerors' minds, though outwardly
They bear fair streams? Oh, sir, does not this shake ye?
If to be honied on to these afflictions——
Ptol. I never will: I was a fool!
Pho. For then, sir,
Your country's cause falls with you too, and fettered:
All Egypt shall be ploughed up with dishonour.
Ptol. No more; I am sensible: And now my spirit
Burns hot within me.
Achil. Keep it warm and fiery.
Pho. And last, be counselled.
Ptol. I will, though I perish.
Pho. Go in: We'll tell you all, and then we'll execute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ARSINOE, *and* EROS.

Ars. You are so impatient!
Cleo. Have I not cause?
Women of common beauties, and low births,
When they are slighted, are allowed their angers:
Why should not I, a princess, make him know
The baseness of his usage?
Ars. Yes, it is fit:
But then again, you know, what man——
Cleo. He is no man!
The shadow of a greatness hangs upon him,
And not the virtue: He is no conqueror,
Has suffered under the base dross of nature;
Poorly delivered up his power to wealth,
The god of bed-rid men, taught his eyes treason;
Against the truth of love he has raised rebellion,
Defied his holy flames.
Eros. He will fall back again,
And satisfy your grace.
Cleo. Had I been old,
Or blasted in my bud, he might have shewed
Some shadow of dislike: But, to prefer
The lustre of a little trash, Arsinoe,
And the poor glow-worm light of some faint jewels,
Before the life of love, and soul of beauty,
Oh, how it vexes me! He is no soldier;
All honourable soldiers are love's servants;
He is a merchant, a mere wandering merchant,
Servile to gain: He trades for poor commodities,
And makes his conquests, thefts! Some fortunate captains,
That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,
Have flung the name of happy Cæsar on him;
Himself ne'er won it: He is so base and covetous,
He'll sell his sword for gold!
Ars. This is too bitter.
Cleo. Oh, I could curse myself, that was so foolish,
So fondly childish, to believe his tongue,
His promising tongue, ere I could catch his temper.
I had trash enough to have cloyed his eyes withal,
(His covetous eyes) such as I scorn to tread on,
Richer than ever he saw yet, and more tempting;
Had I known he had stooped at that, I had saved mine honour,
I had been happy still! But let him take it,
And let him brag how poorly I am rewarded;
Let him go conquer still weak wretched ladies:
Love has his angry quiver too, his deadly,
And, when he finds scorn, armed at the strongest.
I am a fool to fret thus for a fool,
An old blind fool too! I lose my health; I will not,
I will not cry; I will not honour him
With tears diviner than the gods he worships;
I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing!
Eros. Do not; you shall not need.
Cleo. 'Would I were prisoner
To one I hate, that I might anger him!
I will love any man, to break the heart of him!
Any, that has the heart and will to kill him!
Ars. Take some fair truce.
Cleo. I will go study mischief,
And put a look on, armed with all my cunnings,
Shall meet him like a basilisk, and strike him!
Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,
Into my smiles deceits, that I may torture him,
That I may make him love to death, and laugh at him!

Enter APPOLODORUS.

Apol. Cæsar commends his service to your grace.
Cleo. His service? what is his service?
Eros. Pray you be patient:
The noble Cæsar loves still.
Cleo. What is his will?
Apol. He craves access unto your highness.
Cleo. No;
Say, no; I will have none to trouble n .
Ars. Good sister!
Cleo. None, I say; I will be private.
'Would thou hadst flung me into Nilus, keeper,

When first thou gavest consent, to bring my body
To this unthankful Cæsar!
Apol. 'Twas your will, madam,
Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honoured you.
You know what danger I endured.
Cleo. Take this, [*Giving a jewel.*
And carry it to that lordly Cæsar sent thee;
There's a new love, a handsome one, a rich one,
One that will hug his mind: Bid him make love to it;
Tell the ambitious broker, this will suffer——

Enter CÆSAR.

Apol. He enters.
Cleo. How!
Cæsar. I do not use to wait, lady;
Where I am, all the doors are free and open.
Cleo. I guess so, by your rudeness.
Cæsar. You are not angry?
Things of your tender mould should be most gentle.
Why do you frown? Good Gods, what a set anger
Have you forced into your face? Come, I must temper you.
What a coy smile was there, and a disdainful!
How like an ominous flash it broke out from you!
Defend me, Love! Sweet, who has angered you?
Cleo. Shew him a glass! That false face has betrayed me,
That base heart wronged me!
Cæsar. Be more sweetly angry.
I wronged you, fair?
Cleo. Away with your foul flatteries;
They are too gross! But that I dare be angry,
And with as great a god as Cæsar is,
To shew how poorly I respect his memory,
I would not speak to you.
Cæsar. Pray you undo this riddle,
And tell me how I have vexed you?
Cleo. Let me think first,
Whether I may put on a patience,
That will with honour suffer me. Know, I hate you!
Let that begin the story: Now, I'll tell you.
Cæsar. But do it milder: In a noble lady
Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,
That moves like summer winds, cool, and blows sweetness,
Shews blessed, like herself.
Cleo. And that great blessedness
You reaped of me: Till you taught my nature,
Like a rude storm, to talk aloud, and thunder,
Sleep was not gentler than my soul, and stiller.
You had the spring of my affections,
And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste of;
You must expect the winter of mine anger.
You flung me off, before the court disgraced me,
When in the pride I appeared of all my beauty,
Appeared your mistress; took into your eyes
The common strumpet, love of hated lucre,
Courted with covetous heart the slave of nature,
Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of glory,
And minds adorned with noble love, would kick at!
Soldiers of royal mark scorn such base purchase;
Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot at.
I spake to you then, I courted you, and wooed you,
Called you 'dear Cæsar,' hung about you tenderly,
Was proud to appear your friend——
Cæsar. You have mistaken me.
Cleo. But neither eye, nor favour, not a smile,
Was I blessed back withal, but shook off rudely;
And, as you had been sold to sordid infamy,
You fell before the images of treasure,
And in your soul you worshipped: I stood slighted,
Forgotten and condemned; my soft embraces,
And those sweet kisses you called Elysium,
As letters writ in sand, no more remembered
The name and glory of your Cleopatra
Laughed at, and made a story to your captains!
Shall I endure?
Cæsar. You are deceived in all this;
Upon my life you are; 'tis your much tenderness.
Cleo. No, no; I love not that way; you are cozened:
I love with as much ambition as a conqueror;
And, where I love, will triumph!
Cæsar. So you shall;
My heart shall be the chariot, that shall bear you;
All, I have won, shall wait upon you.—By the gods,
The bravery of this woman's mind has fired me!—
Dear mistress, shall I but this night———
Cleo. How, Cæsar?
Have I let slip a second vanity,
That gives thee hope?
Cæsar. You shall be absolute,
And reign alone as queen; you shall be any thing!
Cleo. Make me a maid again, and then I'll hear thee;
Examine all thy art of war to do that,
And, if thou findest it possible, I'll love thee:
'Till when, farewell, unthankful!
Cæsar. Stay!
Cleo. I will not.
Cæsar. I command!
Cleo. Command, and go without, sir.
I do command thee, be my slave for ever,
And vex, while I laugh at thee.
Cæsar. Thus low, beauty———
Cleo. It is too late; when I have found thee absolute,
The man, that fame reports thee, and to me,
May-be I shall think better. Farewell, conqueror!
[*Exit.*
Cæsar. She mocks me too! I will enjoy her beauty;
I will not be denied; I'll force my longing!
Love is best pleased, when roundly we compel him;
And, as he is imperious, so will I be.

Stay, fool, and be advised; that dulls the appetite,
Takes off the strength and sweetness of delight.
By heaven she is a miracle! I must use
A handsome way to win——How now? What fear
Dwells in your faces? you look all distracted.

Enter SCEVA, ANTONY, *and* DOLABELLA.

Sce. If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing,
Not of ourselves; fear of your poor declining;
Our lives and deaths are equal benefits,
And we make louder prayers to die nobly,
Than to live high and wantonly. Whilst you are secure here,
And offer hecatombs of lazy kisses
To the lewd god of love and cowardice,
And most lasciviously die in delights,
You are begirt with the fierce Alexandrians.

Dol. The spawn of Egypt flow about your palace,
Armed all, and ready to assault.

Ant. Led on
By the false and base Photinus, and his ministers.
No stirring out, no peeping through a loop-hole,
But straight saluted with an armed dart.

Sce. No parley; they are deaf to all but danger.
They swear they'll flay us, and then dry our quarters;
A rasher of a salt lover is such a shoeing-horn!
Can you kiss away this conspiracy, and set us free?
Or will the giant god of love fight for you?
Will his fierce warlike bow kill a cock-sparrow?
Bring out the lady! she can quell this mutiny,
And with her powerful looks strike awe into them;
She can destroy and build again the city;
Your goddesses have mighty gifts! Shew them her fair form.
They are not above a hundred thousand, sir,
A mist, a mist! that, when her eyes break out,
Her powerful radiant eyes, and shake their flashes,
Will fly before her heats!

Cæsar. Begirt with villains?

Sce. They come to play you and your love a hunts-up.
You were told what this same whoreson wenching long ago would come to:
You are taken napping now! Has not a soldier
A time to kiss his friend, and a time to consider,
But he must lie still digging like a pioneer,
Making of mines, and burying of his honour there?
'Twere good you'd think——

Dol. And time too; or you'll find else
A harder task than courting a coy beauty.

Ant. Look out, and then believe.

Sce. No, no, hang danger;
Take me provoking broth, and then go to her,
Go to your love, and let her feel your valour.
When the sword is in your throat, sir,
You may cry, 'Cæsar!' and see, if that will help you.

Cæsar. I'll be myself again, and meet their furies,
Meet, and consume their mischiefs. Make some shift, Sceva,
To recover the fleet, and bring me up two legions,
And you shall see me, how I'll break like thunder
Amongst these beds of slimy eels, and scatter them.

Sce. Now you speak sense, I'll put my life to the hazard.
Before I go, no more of this warm lady!
She'll spoil your sword-hand.

Cæsar. Go. Come, let us to counsel,
How to prevent, and then to execute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Did you see this penitence?

2 *Sold.* Yes, I saw, and heard it.

3 *Sold.* And I too looked upon him, and observed it;
He is the strangest Septimius now——

1 *Sold.* I heard he was altered,
And had given away his gold to honest uses,
Cried monstrously.

2 *Sold.* He cries abundantly;
He is blind almost with weeping.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis most wonderful,
That a hard-hearted man, and an old soldier,
Should have so much kind moisture. When his mother died,
He laughed aloud, and made the wickedest ballads!

1 *Sold.* 'Tis like enough: he never loved his parents;
Nor can I blame him, for they never loved him.
His mother dreamed, before she was delivered,
That she was brought a-bed with a buzzard, and ever after
She whistled him up to the world. His brave clothes, too,
He has flung away, and goes like one of us now;
Walks with his hands in his pockets, poor and sorrowful,
And gives the best instructions!

2 *Sold.* And tells stories
Of honest and good people, that were honoured,
And how they were remembered; and runs mad,
If he but hear of an ungrateful person,
A bloody or betraying man.

3 *Sold.* If it be possible,
That an arch-villain may ever be recovered,
This penitent rascal will put hard. 'Twere worth our labour
To see him once again.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

1 *Sold.* He spares us that labour,
For here he comes.

Sept. Bless ye, my honest friends,

Bless ye from base unworthy men! Come not near me,
For I am yet too taking for your company.
1 *Sold.* Did I not tell ye?
2 *Sold.* What book is that?
1 *Sold.* No doubt,
Some excellent salve for a sore heart. Are you Septimius, that base knave, that betrayed Pompey?
Sept. I was, and am; unless your honest thoughts
Will look upon my penitence, and save me,
I must be ever villain. Oh, good soldiers,
You, that have Roman hearts, take heed of falsehood;
Take heed of blood; take heed of foul ingratitude!
The gods have scarce a mercy for those mischiefs.
Take heed of pride; it was that, that brought me to it.
2 *Sold.* This fellow would make a rare speech at the gallows.
3 *Sold.* 'Tis very fit he were hanged to edify us.
Sept. Let all your thoughts be humble and obedient;
Love your commanders, honour them, that feed ye;
Pray, that ye may be strong in honesty,
As in the use of arms; labour, and diligently,
To keep your hearts from ease, and har base issues,
Pride and ambitious wantonness; those spoiled me:
Rather lose all your limbs, than the least honesty;
You are never lame indeed, till loss of credit
Benumb ye through; scars, and those maims of honour,
Are memorable crutches, that shall bear,
When you are dead, your noble names to eternity!
1 *Sold.* I cry.
2 *Sold.* And so do I.
3 *Sold.* An excellent villain!
1 *Sold.* A more sweet pious knave, I never heard yet.
2 *Sold.* He was happy he was rascal, to come to this.

Enter ACHOREUS.

Who is this? a priest?
Sept. Oh, stay, most holy sir!
And, by the gods of Egypt, I conjure ye,
Isis, and great Osiris, pity me,
Pity a loaden man! and tell me truly,
With what most humble sacrifice I may
Wash off my sin, and appease the powers, that hate me?
Take from my heart those thousand thousand furies,
That restless gnaw upon my life, and save me!
Orestes' bloody hands fell on his mother,
Yet at the holy altar he was pardoned.
Achor. Orestes out of madness did his murder,
And therefore he found grace: Thou, worst of all men,
Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, base lucre,
Slewest thine own feeder! Come not near the altar,
Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the sacrifice;
Thou art marked for shame eternal! [*Exit.*
Sept. Look all on me,
And let me be a story, left to time,
Of blood and infamy! How base and ugly
Ingratitude appears, with all her profits!
How monstrous my hoped grace at court! Good soldiers,
Let neither flattery, nor the witching sound
Of high and soft preferment, touch your goodness:
To be valiant, old, and honest, oh, what blessedness!
1 *Sold.* Dost thou want any thing?
Sept. Nothing but your prayers.
2 *Sold.* Be thus, and let the blind priest do his worst;
We've gods as well as they, and they will hear us.
3 *Sold.* Come, cry no more: Thou hast wept out twenty Pompeys.

Enter PHOTINUS *and* ACHILLAS.

Pho. So penitent?
Achil. It seems so.
Pho. Yet for all this
We must employ him.
1 *Sold.* These are the armed soldier-leaders:
Away, and let's to the fort; we shall be snapt else. [*Exeunt.*
Pho. How now? Why thus? What cause of this dejection?
Achil. Why dost thou weep?
Sept. Pray leave me; you have ruined me,
You have made me a famous villain!
Pho. Does that touch thee?
Achil. He will be hard to win.
Pho. He must be won, or we shall want our right hand.
This fellow dares, and knows, and must be heartened.
Art thou so poor to blanch at what thou hast done?
Is conscience a comrade for an old soldier?
Achil. It is not that; it may be some disgrace,
That he takes heavily, and would be cherished.
Septimius ever scorned to shew such weakness.
Sept. Let me alone; I am not for your purpose;
I am now a new man.
Pho. We have new affairs for thee;
Those, that will raise thy head.
Sept. I would it were off,
And in your bellies, for the love you bear me!
I'll be no more knave; I have stings enough
Already in my breast.
Pho. Thou shalt be noble;
And who dares think then, that thou art not honest?

Achil. Thou shalt command in chief all our strong forces;
And if thou servest an use, must not all justify it?
Sept. I am rogue enough.
Pho. Thou wilt be more and baser;
A poor rogue's all rogues, open to all shames;
Nothing to shadow him. Dost thou think crying
Can keep thee from the censure of the multitude?
Or to be kneeling at the altar, save thee?
'Tis poor and servile! Wert thou thine own sacrifice,
'Twould seem so low, people would spit the fire out.
Achil. Keep thyself glorious still, though ne'er so stained,
And that will lessen it, if not work it out.
To go complaining thus, and thus repenting,
Like a poor girl that had betrayed her maidenhead——
Sept. I'll stop mine ears.
Achil. Will shew so in a soldier,
So simply and so ridiculously, so tamely——
Pho. If people would believe thee, it were some honesty;
And for thy penitence would not laugh at thee,
(As sure they will) and beat thee, for thy poverty;
If they'd allow thy foolery, there were some hope.
Sept. My foolery?
Pho. Nay, more than that, thy misery,
Thy monstrous misery.
Achil. He begins to hearken.——
Thy misery so great, men will not bury thee.
Sept. That this were true!
Pho. Why does this conquering Cæsar
Labour through the world's deep seas of toils and troubles,
Dangers, and desperate hopes? to repent afterwards?
Why does he slaughter thousands in a battle,
And whip his country with the sword? to cry for it?
Thou killedst great Pompey: He'll kill all his kindred,
And justify it; nay, raise up trophies to it.
When thou hearest him repent (he is held most holy too),
And cry for doing daily bloody murders,
Take thou example, and go ask forgiveness;
Call up the thing, thou namest thy conscience,
And let it work; then 'twill seem well, Septimius.
Sept. He does all this.
Achil. Yes, and is honoured for it;
Nay, called the honoured Cæsar: So mayst thou be;
Thou wert born as near a crown as he.
Sept. He was poor.
Pho. And desperate bloody tricks got him this credit.
Sept. I am afraid you will once more——
Pho. Help to raise thee.
Off with thy pining black; it dulls a soldier,
And put on resolution like a man:
A noble fate waits on thee.
Sept. I now feel
Myself returning rascal speedily,
Oh, that I had the power——
Achil. Thou shalt have all;
And do all through thy power. Men shall admire thee,
And the vices of Septimius shall turn virtues.
Sept. Off, off! thou must off; off, my cowardice!
Puling repentance, off!
Pho. Now thou speakest nobly.
Sept. Off, my dejected looks, and welcome, impudence!
My daring shall be deity, to save me.
Give me instructions, and put action on me,
A glorious cause upon my sword's point, gentlemen,
And let my wit and valour work. You will raise me,
And make me out-dare all my miseries.
Pho. All this, and all thy wishes.
Sept. Use me, then.
Womanish fear, farewell! I'll never melt more.
Lead on to some great thing, to wake my spirit!
I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell
This huge oak Cæsar, too.
Pho. Now thou singest sweetly,
And Ptolomy shall crown thee for thy service.
Achil. He's well wrought; put him on apace, before cooling. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and* DOLABELLA.

Ant. THE tumult still encreases.
Cæsar. Oh, my fortune!
My lustful folly rather! But 'tis well,
And worthily I'm made a bondman's prey,
That (after all my glorious victories,
In which I passed so many seas of dangers,
When all the elements conspired against me)
Would yield up the dominion of this head
To any mortal power; so blind and stupid,
To trust these base Egyptians, that proclaimed
Their perjuries in noble Pompey's death,
And yet that could not warn me!
Dol. Be still Cæsar,
Who ever loved to exercise his fate,
Where danger looked most dreadful.
Ant. If you fall,
Fall not alone; let the king and his sister

d in your ruins: On my life,
th are guilty! Reason may assure you,
nor Achillas durst attempt you,
e one dart, or sword, aimed at your
afety,
their warrant.
. For the young king, I know not
may be misled; but for his sister,
led Cleopatra, 'twere a kind
hemy to doubt her: Ugly treason
ever dwell in such a glorious building;
so clear and great a spirit as hers is
f falsehood.
Let us seize on him then;
re her to her fortune.
If he have power,
your security, and let
esty acquit him; if he be false,
great an honour he should die
victorious hand.
. He comes, and I
as I find cause.

TOLOMY, ACHOREUS, *and* APOLLODORUS.

Let not great Cæsar
the breach of hospitality
my guest, to me! I am contemned,
rebellious subjects lift their hands
my head; and 'would they aimed no fur-
her,
d, that I fell a sacrifice
you safety! That this is not feigned,
dness of my innocence may confirm you:
een privy to their bloody plot,
ad led them on, and given fair gloss
r bad cause, by being present with
hem;
hat yet taste of the punishment
false to Pompey, will not make
d fault to Cæsar, uncompelled:
ch as have not yet shook off obedience,
nyself to you, and will take part
ur dangers.
. This pleads your excuse,
eceive it.
. If they have any touch
e, or religion, I will use
hority of our gods, to call them back
eir bad purpose.
This part of the palace
efensible; we may make it good
r powers rescue us.
. Cæsar besieged?
n to my great actions! 'Twas my custom,
routed, as my feet had wings,
rst in the chase; nor walls, nor bulwarks
uard those, that escaped the battle's fury,
is strong arm; and I to be enclosed!
t! my heart! But 'tis necessity,
h the gods must yield, and I obey,
deem it by some glorious way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS, *and Soldiers.*

Pho. There's no retiring now; we are broke in;
The deed past hope of pardon. If we prosper,
'Twill be stiled lawful, and we shall give laws
To those, that now command us: Stop not at
Or loyalty, or duty; bold ambition
To dare, and power to do, gave the first difference
Between the king and subject. Cæsar's motto,
Aut Cæsar aut nihil, each of us must claim,
And use it as our own.
Achil. The deed is bloody,
If we conclude in Ptolomy's death.
Pho. The better;
The globe of empire must be so manured.
Sept. Rome, that from Romulus first took her name,
Had her walls watered with a crimson shower,
Drained from a brother's heart; nor was she raised
To this prodigious height, that overlooks
Three full parts of the earth, that pay her tribute,
But by enlarging of her narrow bounds,
By the sack of neighbour cities, not made hers
'Till they were cemented with the blood of those,
That did possess them: Cæsar, Ptolomy,
Now I am steeled, to me are empty names,
Esteemed as Pompey's was.
Pho. Well said, Septimius!
Thou now art right again.
Achil. But what course take we
For the princess Cleopatra?
Pho. Let her live
A while, to make us sport; she shall authorize
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,
As if what we do were by her command:
But, our triumvirate government once confirmed,
She bears her brother company: That's my province;
Leave me to work her.
Achil. I will undertake
For Ptolomy.
Sept. Cæsar shall be my task;
And as in Pompey I began a name,
I'll perfect it in Cæsar!

Enter above, CÆSAR, PTOLOMY, ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS, ANTONY, *and* DOLABELLA.

Pho. 'Tis resolved then;
We'll force our passage.
Achil. See, they do appear,
As they desired a parley.
Pho. I am proud yet
I have brought them to capitulate.
Ptol. Now, Photinus?
Pho. Now, Ptolomy?
Ptol. No addition?
Pho. We are equal,
Though Cæsar's name were put into the scale,

In which our worth is weighed.
Cæsar. Presumptuous villain!
Upon what grounds hast thou presumed to raise
Thy servile hand against the king? or me,
That have a greater name?
Pho. On those, by which
Thou didst presume to pass the Rubicon
Against the laws of Rome; and, at the name
Of traitor, smile, as thou didst, when Marcellus,
The consul, with the senate's full consent,
Pronounced thee for an enemy to thy country:
Yet thou went'st on, and thy rebellious cause
Was crowned with fair success. Why should we fear, then?
Think on that, Cæsar!
Cæsar. Oh, the gods! be braved thus?
And be compelled to bear this from a slave,
That would not brook great Pompey his superior!
Achil. Thy glories now have touched the highest point,
And must descend.
Pho. Despair, and think we stand
The champions of Rome, to wreak her wrongs,
Upon whose liberty thou hast set thy foot.
Sept. And that the ghosts of all those noble Romans,
That by thy sword fell in this civil war,
Expect revenge.
Ant. Darest thou speak, and remember
There was a Pompey?
Pho. There's no hope to escape us:
If that, against the odds we have upon you,
You dare come forth and fight, receive the honour
To die like Romans; if ye faint, resolve
To starve like wretches! I disdain to change
Another syllable with you.
Ant. Let us die nobly;
[*Exeunt Pho. Achil. Sept.*
And rather fall upon each other's sword,
Than come into these villains' hands.
Cæsar. That fortune,
Which to this hour hath been a friend to Cæsar,
Though for a while she cloathe her brow with frowns,
Will smile again upon me: Who will pay her
Or sacrifice, or vows, if she forsake
Her best of works in me? or suffer him,
Whom with a strong hand she hath led triumphant
Through the whole western world, and Rome acknowledged
Her sovereign lord, to end ingloriously
A life admired by all? The threatened danger
Must, by a way more horrid, be avoided,
And I will run the hazard. Fire the palace,
And the rich magazines, that neighbour it,
In which the wealth of Egypt is contained!
Start not; it shall be so; that while the people
Labour in quenching the ensuing flames,
Like Cæsar, with this handful of my friends,
Through fire, and swords, I force a passage to
My conquering legions. King, if thou darest, follow,
Where Cæsar leads; or live, or die, a freeman!
If not, stay here a bondman to thy slave,
And, dead, be thought unworthy of a grave!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter SEPTIMIUS.

Sept. I feel my resolution melts again,
And that I am not knave alone, but fool,
In all my purposes. This devil Photinus
Employs me as a property, mad, grown useless,
Will shake me off again: He told me so,
When I killed Pompey; nor can I hope better,
When Cæsar is dispatched. Services done
For such as only study their own ends,
Too great to be rewarded, are returned
With deadly hate: I learned this principle
In his own school. Yet still he fools me; well;
And yet he trusts me: Since I in my nature
Was fashioned to be false, wherefore should I,
That killed my general, and a Roman, one,
To whom I owed all nourishments of life,
Be true to an Egyptian? To save Cæsar,
And turn Photinus' plots on his own head,
(As it is in my power) redeem my credit,
And live, to lie, and swear again in fashion,
Oh, 'twere a master-piece! Ha! curse me! Cæsar?
How has he got off?

Enter CÆSAR, PTOLOMY, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS, *and soldiers.*

Cæsar. The fire has took,
And shews the city like a second Troy;
The navy too is scorched; the people greedy
To save their wealth and houses, while their soldiers
Make spoil of all: Only Achillas' troops
Make good their guard; break through them, we are safe.
I'll lead you like a thunder-bolt!
Sept. Stay, Cæsar.
Cæsar. Who's this? the dog Septimius?
Ant. Cut his throat.
Dol. You barked but now; fawn you so soon?
Sept. Oh, hear me!
What I'll deliver is for Cæsar's safety,
For all your good.
Ant. Good from a mouth like thine,
That never belched but blasphemy and treason,
On festival days!
Sept. I am an altered man,
Altered indeed; and I will give you cause
To say I am a Roman.
Dol. Rogue, I grant thee.
Sept. Trust me, I'll make the passage smooth and easy,
For your escape.
Ant. I'll trust the devil sooner,
And make a safer bargain.
Sept. I am trusted
With all Photinus' secrets.

Ant. There's no doubt then,
Thou wilt be false.
Sept. Still to be true to you.
Dol. And very likely.
Cæsar. Be brief; the means?
Sept. Thus, Cæsar:
To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths
Not to discover it, he hath revealed
A dismal vault, whose dreadful mouth does open
A mile beyond the city: In this cave
Lie but two hours concealed.
Ant. If you believe him,
He'll bury us alive.
Dol. I'll fly in the air first.
Sept. Then in the dead of night, I'll bring you back
Into a private room, where you shall find
Photinus, and Achillas, and the rest
Of their commanders, close at counsel.
Cæsar. Good;
What follows?
Sept. Fall me fairly on their throats:
Their heads cut off and shorn, the multitude
Will easily disperse.
Cæsar. Oh, devil! away with him!
Nor true to friend nor enemy? Cæsar scorns
To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs,
So base a way; or owe the means of life
To such a leprous traitor! I have towered
For victory, like a falcon in the clouds,
Not digged for it, like a mole. Our swords, and cause,
Make way for us: And that it may appear
We took a noble course, and hate base treason,
Some soldiers, that would merit Cæsar's favour,
Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow
The lane, this sword makes for you. [*Exit.*
1 *Sold.* Here is a belt;
Though I die for it, I'll use it.
2 *Sold.* 'Tis too good
To truss a cur in.
Sept. Save me! here is gold.
1 *Sold.* If Rome
Were offered for thy ransom, it could not help thee.
1 *Sold.* Goad him on with thy sword!
Thou dost deserve a worser end; and may
All such conclude so, that their friends betray!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter severally, ARSINOE, EROS, *and* CLEOPATRA.

Ars. We are lost!
Eros. Undone!
Ars. Confusion, fire and swords,
And fury in the soldiers' face more horrid,
Circle us round!
Eros. The king's command they laugh at,
And jeer at Cæsar's threats.
Ars. My brother seized on
By the Roman, as thought guilty of the tumult,
And forced to bear him company, as marked out
For his protection, or revenge.
Eros. They have broke
Into my cabinet; my trunks are ransacked.
Ars. I've lost my jewels too; but that's the least:
The barbarous rascals, against all humanity
Or sense of pity, have killed my little dog,
And broke my monkey's chain.
Eros. They rifled me:
But that I could endure, and tire them too,
Would they proceed no further.
Ars. Oh, my sister!
Eros. My queen, my mistress!
Ars. Can you stand unmoved, when
The earthquake of rebellion shakes the city,
And the court trembles?
Cleo. Yes, Arsinoe,
And with a masculine constancy deride
Fortune's worst malice, as a servant to
My virtues, not a mistress: Then we forsake
The strong fort of ourselves, when we once yield,
Or shrink at her assaults; I am still myself,
And though disrobed of sovereignty, and ravished
Of ceremonious duty, that attends it;
Nay, grant they had slaved my body, my free mind,
Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile,
Shall grow up straighter, and enlarge itself,
Spite of the envious weight, that loads it with.
Think of thy birth, Arsinoe; common burdens
Fit common shoulders: Teach the multitude,
By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch,
Their dim eyes, darkened by their narrow souls,
Cannot arrive at.
Ars. I am new created,
And owe this second being to you, best sister;
For now I feel you have infused into me
Part of your fortitude.
Eros. I still am fearful:
I dare not tell a lie: You, that were born
Daughters and sisters unto kings, may nourish
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble handmaid,
Must not presume to rival.
Cleo. Yet, my Eros,
Though thou hast profited nothing by observing
The whole course of my life, learn in my death,
Though not to equal, yet to imitate,
Thy fearless mistress.

Enter PHOTINUS.

Eros. Oh, a man in arms!
His weapon drawn too!
Cleo. Though upon the point
Death sat, I'll meet it, and out-dare the danger.
Pho. Keep the watch strong; and guard the passage sure,
That leads into the sea.
Cleo. What sea of rudeness
Breaks in upon us? or what subject's breath

Dare raise a storm, when we command a calm?
Are duty and obedience fled to heaven,
And, in their room, ambition and pride
Sent into Egypt? That face speaks thee Photinus,
A thing, thy mother brought into the world
My brother's and my slave: But thy behaviour,
Opposed to that, an insolent intruder
Upon that sovereignty, thou shouldst bow to!
If in the gulph of base ingratitude,
All loyalty to Ptolomy the king
Be swallowed up, remember who I am,
Whose daughter, and whose sister; or, suppose
That is forgot too, let the name of Cæsar
(Which nations quake at) stop thy desperate madness
From running headlong on to thy confusion.
Throw from thee quickly those rebellious arms,
And let me read submission in thine eyes;
Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,
But be a ready advocate to plead for thee
To Cæsar and my brother.

Pho. Plead my pardon!
To you I bow; but scorn as much to stoop thus
To Ptolomy, to Cæsar, nay the gods,
As to put off the figure of a man,
And change my essence with a sensual beast:
All my designs, my counsels, and dark ends,
Were aimed to purchase you.

Cleo. How durst thou, being
The scorn of baseness, nourish such a thought!

Pho. They, that have power, are royal; and those base,
That live at the devotion of another.
What birth gave Ptolomy, or fortune Cæsar,
By engines fashioned in this Protean anvil,
I have made mine; and only stoop at you,
Whom I would still preserve free, to command me.
For Cæsar's frowns, they are below my thoughts;
And, but in these fair eyes I still have read
The story of a monarchy supreme,
To which all hearts, with mine, gladly pay tribute,
Photinus' name had long since been as great
As Ptolomy's e'er was, or Cæsar's is.
This made me, as a weaker tie, to unloose
The knot of loyalty, that chained my freedom,
And slight the fear, that Cæsar's threats might cause;
That I and they might see no sun appear,
But Cleopatra, in the Egyptian sphere.

Cleo. Oh, giant-like ambition, married to
Cymerian darkness! Inconsiderate fool?
Can there be gods, and hear this, and no thunder
Ram thee into the earth!

Pho. They are asleep,
And cannot hear thee: Or, with open eyes
Did Jove look on us, I would laugh and swear
That his artillery is cloyed by me:
Or, if that they have power to hurt, his bolts
Are in my hand.

Cleo. Most impious!

Pho. I wil tame
That haughty courage, and make it stoop too.

Cleo. Never!
I was born to command, and I will die so.

Enter ACHILLAS, *and Soldiers, with the body of Ptolomy.*

Pho. The king dead? This is a fair entrance to
Our future happiness.

Ars. Oh, dear brother!

Cleo. Weep not, Arsinoe, (common women do so)
Nor lose a tear for him; it cannot help him;
But study to die nobly.

Pho. Cæsar fled?
'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart;
It choaks my vital spirits! Where was your care?
Did the guards sleep?

Achil. He roused them with his sword;
(We talk of Mars, but I am sure his courage
Admits of no comparison but itself!)
And, as inspired by him, his following friends,
With such a confidence as young eaglets prey,
Under the large wing of their fiercer dam,
Brake through our troops, and scattered them. He went on,
But still pursued by us: When, on the sudden,
He turned his head, and from his eyes flew terror,
Which struck in us no less fear and amazement,
Than if we had encountered with the lightning,
Hurled from Jove's cloudy brow.

Cleo. 'Twas like my Cæsar!

Achil. We fallen back, he made on; and, as our fear
Had parted from us with his dreadful looks,
Again we followed: But, got near the sea,
On which his navy anchored, in one hand
Holding a scroll he had above the waves,
And in the other grasping fast his sword,
As it had been a trident forged by Vulcan
To calm the raging ocean, he made away,
As if he had been Neptune; his friends, like
So many Tritons followed, their bold shouts
Yielding a chearful music. We showered darts
Upon them, but in vain; they reached their ships:
And in their safety we are sunk; for Cæsar
Prepares for war.

Pho. How fell the king?

Achil. Unable
To follow Cæsar, he was trod to death
By the pursuers, and with him the priest
Of Isis, good Achoreus.

Ars. May the earth
Lie gently on their ashes!

Pho. I feel now,
That there are powers above us; and that 'tis not
Within the searching policies of man
To alter their decrees.

Cleo. I laugh at thee!
Where are thy threats now, fool? thy scoffs and scorns
Against the gods? I see calamity

Is the best mistress of religion,
And can convert an atheist. [*Shout within.*
Pho. Oh, they come!
Mountains fall on me! Oh, for him to die,
That placed his heaven on earth, is an assurance
Of his descent to hell! Where shall I hide me?
The greatest daring to a man dishonest,
Is but a bastard courage, ever fainting. [*Exit.*

Enter CÆSAR, SCEVA, ANTONY, *and* DOLABELLA.

Cæsar. Look on your Cæsar! banish fear, my fairest;
You now are safe!
Sce. By Venus, not a kiss
Till our work be done! The traitors once dispatched,
To it, and we'll cry aim.
Cæsar. I will be speedy.
[*Exeunt Cæsar and train.*
Cleo. Farewell again!—Arsinoe! How now, Eros?
Ever faint-hearted?
Eros. But that I am assured
Your excellency can command the general,
I fear the soldiers.
Cleo. He is all honour;
Nor do I now repent me of my favours,
Nor can I think nature e'er made a woman,
That in her prime deserved him.

Enter CÆSAR, SCEVA, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, *and Soldiers, with the heads.*

Ars. He's come back.
Cæsar. Pursue no further; curb the soldiers' fury!
See, beauteous mistress, their accursed heads,
That did conspire against us.
Sce. Furies plague them!
They had too fair an end, to die like soldiers:
Pompey fell by the sword; the cross or halter
Should have dispatched them.
Cæsar. All's but death, good Sceva;
Be therefore satisfied. And now, my dearest,
Look upon Cæsar, as he still appeared,
A conqueror! And, this unfortunate king
Entombed with honour, we'll to Rome, where Cæsar
Will shew he can give kingdoms; for the senate,
Thy brother dead, shall willingly decree
The crown of Egypt, that was his, to thee.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

BONDUCA.

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CARATACH, *general of the Britons, cousin to Bonduca.*
NENNIUS, *a great soldier, a British commander.*
HENGO, *a brave boy, nephew to Caratach.*
SUETONIUS, *general to the Roman army in Britain.*
PENIUS, *a brave Roman commander, but stubborn to the general.*
JUNIUS, *a Roman captain, in love with Bonduca's daughter.*
PETILLIUS, *another Roman captain.*
DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, } *Roman commanders.*
REGULUS, DRUSIUS, MACER, CURIUS, } *Roman officers.*
JUDAS, *a corporal, a cowardly hungry knave.*
Herald.
Druids.
Soldiers.

WOMEN.

BONDUCA, *queen of the Iceni, a brave virago.*
Her two daughters, by Prasutagus.

Scene,—Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter BONDUCA, *Daughters*, HENGO, NENNIUS, *and Soldiers.*

Bond. THE hardy Romans? Oh, ye gods of Britain,
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!
Are these the men, that conquer by inheritance?
The fortune-makers? these the Julians,

Enter CARATACH.

That with the sun measure the end of nature,
Making the world but one Rome, and one Cæsar?
Shame, how they flee! Cæsar's soft soul dwells in them;
Their mothers got them sleeping, Pleasure nursed them;
Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love's allurements,
Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman girls? is Britain grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat them, Nennius, scattered them;
And through their big-boned Germans, on whose pikes
The honour of their actions sits in triumph,
Made themes for songs to shame them: And a woman,
A woman beat them, Nennius; a weak woman,
A woman, beat these Romans!

Car. So it seems;
A man would shame to talk so.

Bond. Who's that?

Car. I.

Bond. Cousin, do you grieve my fortunes?

Car. No, Bonduca;
If I grieve, it is the bearing of your fortunes:
You put too much wind to your sail; discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And, nursed together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed;
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
And not our tongues; a truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing;
For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
And we, that have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.

Bond. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour bid us do,
And what the gods allow us?

Car. No, Bonduca;
So what we say exceed not what we do.
You call the Romans 'fearful, fleeing Romans,
'And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures:'
Does this become a doer? are they such?
Bond. They are no more.
Car. Where is your conquest then?
Why are your altars crowned with wreaths of flowers?
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire?
The holy Druides composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory?
Why are these triumphs, lady? for a May-game?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans?
Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers,
Put out our holy fires, no timbrel ring,
Let's home and sleep; for such great overthrows
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A glow-worm's tail too full of flame. Oh, Nennius,
Thou hadst a noble uncle, knew a Roman,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes.
Bond. By the gods, I think
You doat upon these Romans, Caratach!
Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly given:
I love an enemy; I was born a soldier;
And he that in the head of his troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress. Yellow-tressed Hymen
Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man, that wounds me:
And are not all these Roman? Ten struck battles
I sucked these honoured scars from, and all Roman;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
(When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,
And made it doubtful, whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought through,
And all to try these Romans. Ten times a-night
I have swam the rivers, when the stars of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my battered sides with troops of agues;
And still to try these Romans, whom I found
(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)
As ready, and as full of that I brought,
(Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanced as forward as the Britons,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And, followed, will be impudence, Bonduca,
And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
Have not I seen the Britons———
Bond. What?
Car. Disheartened,
Run, run, Bonduca! not the quick rack swifter;
The virgin from the hated ravisher
Not half so fearful; not a flight drawn home,
A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,
E'er made that haste, that they have. By the gods,
I've seen these Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
Basely for mercy roaring; the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to them.
Bond. Oh, ye powers,
What scandals do I suffer!
Car. Yes, Bonduca,
I've seen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;
Yea, run apace, both; then, when Penius
(The Roman girl!) cut through your armed carts,
And drove them headlong on ye, down the hill;
Then, when he hunted ye like Britain foxes,
More by the scent than sight; then did I see
These valiant and approved men of Britain,
Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.
Nen. And what did you then, Caratach?
Car. I fled too,
But not so fast; your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there; he trasht me, Nennius:
For, when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
And in the head of all the Roman fury
Took him, and, with my tough belt, to my back
I buckled him; behind him, my sure shield;
And then I followed. If I say I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the son of virtue, Penius,
Seeing me steer through all these storms of danger,
My helm still in my hand (my sword), my prow
Turned to my foe (my face), he cried out nobly,
'Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely;
Thy manly sword has ransomed thee; grow strong,
And let me meet thee once again in arms;
Then, if thou standest, thou art mine.' I took his offer,
And here I am to honour him.
Bond. Oh, cousin,
From what a flight of honour hast thou checked me!
What wouldst thou make me, Caratach?
Car. See, lady,
The noble use of others in our losses.
Does this afflict you? Had the Romans cried this,
And, as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes,
Railed on our base condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as the earth was ours, to shew us
Nothing but sea could stop our flights, despised us,
And held it equal, whether banquetting

Or beating of the Britons were more business,
It would have galled you.
Bond. Let me think we conquered.
Car. Do; but so think, as we may be conquered;
And, where we have found virtue, though in those,
That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.
There's not a blow we gave, since Julius landed,
That was of strength and worth, but like records,
They file to after-ages. Our registers
The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;
And shall we brand their mentions with upbraidings?
Bond. No more; I see myself. Thou hast made me, cousin,
More than my fortunes durst; for they abused me,
And wound me up so high, I swelled with glory:
Thy temperance has cured that tympany,
And given me health again, nay more, discretion.
Shall we have peace? for now I love these Romans.
Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.
Bond. Your reason?
Nen. Is not peace the end of arms?
Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest:
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our landmarks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against commotions,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as life,
The gods we worship, and next those, our honours,
And with those swords, that know no end of battle:
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour;
Those minds, that where the day is, claim inheritance,
And where the sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,
And where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome, and here in the bowels on us;
It must not be. No, as they are our foes,
And those, that must be so, untill we tire them,
Let's use the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,
But in our hands our swords. That hardy Roman,
That hopes to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under-ground,
And be allied in ashes.
Bond. Caratach,
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver:
The Romans shall have worthy wars.
Car. They shall:
And, little sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
And when I see you able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tie you to a sword.
Hengo. And what then, uncle?
Car. Then you must kill, sir, the next valiant Roman,
That calls you knave.
Hengo. And must I kill but one?
Car. An hundred, boy, I hope.
Hengo. I hope five hundred.
Car. That's a noble boy! Come, worthy lady,
Let us to our several charges, and henceforth
Allow an enemy both weight and worth.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter JUNIUS *and* PETILLIUS.

Pet. What ail'st thou, man? dost thou want meat?
Jun. No.
Pet. Clothes?
Jun. Neither. For heaven's love, leave me!
Pet. Drink?
Jun. You tire me.
Pet. Come, it is drink; I know it is drink.
Jun. 'Tis no drink.
Pet. I say, it is drink; for what affliction
Can light so heavy on a soldier,
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?
Thou shalt have drink.
Jun. Prithee, Petillius——
Pet. And, by mine honour, much drink, valiant drink:
Never tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,
Like a true friend, into thy wants; it is drink;
And, when I leave thee to a desolation,
Especially of that dry nature, hang me.
Jun. Why do you do this to me?
Pet. For I see,
Although your modesty would fain conceal it,
Which sits as sweetly on a soldier
As an old side-saddle——
Jun. What do you see?
Pet. I see as fair as day, that thou wantest drink.
Did I not find thee gaping, like an oyster
For a new tide? Thy very thoughts lie bare,
Like a low ebb; thy soul, that rid in sack,
Lies moored for want of liquor. Do but see
Into thyself; for, by the gods, I do;
For all thy body's chapped and cracked like timber,
For want of moisture: What is it thou wantest there, Junius,
An if it be not drinking?
Jun. You have too much of it.
Pet. No, it shall never be said in our country,
Thou died of the chin-cough. Hear, thou noble Roman,
The son of her that loves a soldier,
Hear what I promised for thee! thus I said:
Lady, I take thy son to my companion;
Lady, I love thy son, thy son loves war,

The war loves danger, danger drink, drink discipline,
Which is society and lechery;
These two beget commanders: Fear not, lady;
Thy son shall lead.
Jun. 'Tis a strange thing, Petillius,
That so ridiculous and loose a mirth
Can master your affections.
Pet. Any mirth,
And any way, of any subject, Junius,
Is better than unmanly mustiness.
What harm is in drink? in a good wholesome wench?
I do beseech you, sir, what error? Yet
It cannot out of my head handsomely,
But thou wouldst fain be drunk: come, no more fooling;
The general has new wine, new come over.
Jun. He must have new acquaintance for it too,
For I will none, I thank ye.
Pet. 'None, I thank you?'
A short and touchy answer! 'None, I thank you?'
You do not scorn it, do you?
Jun. Gods defend you, sir!
I owe him still more honour.
Pet. 'None, I thank you?'
No company, no drink, no wench, 'I thank you?'
You shall be worse entreated, sir.
Jun. Petillius,
As thou art honest, leave me!
Pet. 'None, I thank you?'
A modest and a decent resolution,
And well put on. Yes; I will leave you, Junius,
And leave you to the boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute you, by your new sirname,
Of Junius 'None I thank you.' I would starve now,
Hang, drown, despair, deserve the forks, lie open
To all the dangerous passes of a wench,
Bound to believe her tears, wed her aches,
Ere I would own thy follies. I have found you,
Your lays, and out-leaps, Junius, haunts, and lodges;
I have viewed you, and I have found you, by my skill,
To be a fool of the first head, Junius,
And I will hunt you: You are in love, I know it;
You are an ass, and all the camp shall know it;
A peevish idle boy, your dame shall know it;
A wronger of my care, yourself shall know it.

Enter JUDAS *and four Soldiers.*

Judas. A bean? a princely diet, a full banquet,
To what we compass.
1 *Sold.* Fight like hogs for acorns?
2. *Sold.* Venture our lives for pig-nuts?
Pet. What ail these rascals?
3 *Sold.* If this hold, we are starved.
Judas. For my part, friends,
Which is but twenty beans a day (a hard world
For officers, and men of action!),
And those so clipt by master mouse, and rotten—
(For understand them French beans, where the fruits
Are ripened like the people, in old tubs)
For mine own part, I say, I am starved already,
Not worth another bean, consumed to nothing,
Nothing but flesh and bones left, miserable:
Now, if this musty provender can prick me
To honourable matters of atchievement, gentlemen,
Why, there is the point.
4 *Sold.* I'll fight no more.
Pet. You'll hang then!
A sovereign help for hunger. Ye eating rascals,
Whose gods are beef and brewis! whose brave angers
Do execution upon these, and chibbals!
Ye dog's heads in the porridge-pot! ye fight no more?
Does Rome depend upon your resolution
For eating mouldy pye-crust?
3 *Sold.* Would we had it!
Judas. I may do service, captain.
Pet. In a fish-market.
You, corporal Curry-comb, what will your fighting
Profit the commonwealth? do you hope to triumph?
Or dare your vamping valour, goodman Cobler,
Clap a new sole to the kingdom? 'Sdeath, ye dog-whelps,
You fight, or not fight?
Judas. Captain!
Pet. Out, ye flesh-flies!
Nothing but noise and nastiness!
Judas. Give us meat,
Whereby we may do.
Pet. Whereby hangs your valour?
Judas. Good bits afford good blows.
Pet. A good position;
How long is it since thou eatest last? Wipe thy mouth,
And then tell truth.
Judas. I have not eat to the purpose——
Pet. 'To the purpose!' what is that? half a cow and garlic?
Ye rogues, my company eat turf, and talk not;
Timber they can digest, and fight upon it;
Old mats, and mud with spoons, rare meats. Your shoes, slaves;
Dare ye cry out for hunger, and those extant?
Suck your sword-hilts, ye slaves; if ye be valiant,
Honour will make them marchpane. 'To the purpose?'
A grievous penance! Dost thou see that gentleman,
That melancholy monsieur!
Jun. Pray you, Petillius!
Pet. He has not eat these three weeks.
2 *Sold.* He has drunk the more then.
3 *Sold.* And that is all one.
Pet. Nor drunk nor slept these two months.
Judas. Captain, we do besecch you, as poor soldiers,

Men, that have seen good days, whose mortal stomachs
May sometime feel afflictions—— [*To Junius.*
Jun. This, Petillius,
Is not so nobly done.
Pet. 'Tis common profit;
Urge him to the point, he'll find you out a food,
That needs no teeth nor stomach; a strange furmity
Will feed you up as fat as hens in the foreheads,
And make ye fight like fichoks; to him.
Judas. Captain——
Jun. Do you long to have your throats cut?
Pet. See what metal
It makes in him: Two meals more of this melancholy,
And there lies Caratach.
Judas. We do beseech you——
2 *Sold.* Humbly beseech your valour——
Jun. Am I only
Become your sport, Petillius?
Judas. But to render
In way of general good, in preservation——
Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye slaves!
4 *Sold.* Or rather pity——
3 *Sold.* Your warlike remedy against the mawworms.
Judas. Or notable receipt to live by nothing.
Pet. Out with your table-books!
Jun. Is this true friendship?
And must my killing griefs make other's Maygames?
Stand from my sword's point, slaves! your poor starved spirits
Can make me no oblations; else, oh, love,
Thou proudly-blind destruction! I would send thee
Whole hetacombs of hearts, to bleed my sorrows.
Judas. Alas, he lives by love, sir. [*Exit Junius.*
Pet. So he does, sir;
And cannot you do so too? All my company
Are now in love; ne'er think of meat, nor talk
Of what provant is: *Ay me's!* and hearty *hey hoes!*
Are sallads fit for soldiers. Live by meat?
By larding up your bodies? 'tis lewd, and lazy,
And shews ye merely mortal, dull, and drives ye
To fight like camels, with baskets at your noses.
Get ye in love! handsomely
Fall but in love now, as ye see example,
And follow it but with all your thoughts, *probatum,*
There is so much charge saved, and your hunger's ended. [*Drum afar off.*
Away! I hear the general. Get ye in love all,
Up to the ears in love, that I may hear
No more of these rude murmurings; and discreetly
Carry your stomachs, or I prophesy
A pickled rope will choke ye. Jog, and talk not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, *drum and colours.*

Suet. Demetrius, is the messenger dispatched
To Penius, to command him to bring up
The Volans regiment?
Dem. He is there by this time.
Suet. And are the horse well viewed, we brought from Mona?
Dec. The troops are full and lusty.
Suet. Good Petillius,
Look to those eating rogues, that bawl for victuals,
And stop their throats a day or two: Provision
Waits but the wind to reach us.
Pet. Sir, already
I have been tampering with their stomachs, which I find
As deaf as adders to delays: Your clemency
Hath made their murmurs, mutinies; nay rebellions;
Now, an they want but mustard, they are in uproars!
No oil but Candy, Lusitanian figs,
And wine from Lesbos, now can satisfy them;
The British waters are grown dull and muddy,
The fruit disgustful; Orontes must be sought for,
And apples from the happy isles; the truth is,
They are more curious now, in having nothing,
Than if the sea and land turned up their treasures.
This lost the colonies, and gave Bonduca
(With shame we must record it) time and strength
To look into our fortunes; great discretion
To follow offered victory; and last, full pride
To brave us to our teeth, and scorn our ruins.
Suet. Nay, chide not, good Petillius! I confess
My will to conquer Mona, and long stay
To execute that will, let in these losses:
All shall be right again, and as a pine
Rent from Oeta by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again, and made a mast, defies
Those angry winds, that split him; so will I,
Pieced to my never-failing strength and fortune,
Steer through these swelling dangers, plow their prides up,
And bear like thunder through their loudest tempests.
They keep the field still?
Dem. Confident and full.
Pet. In such a number, one would swear they grew:
The hills are wooded with their partizans,
And all the vallies overgrown with darts,
As moors are with rank rushes; no ground left us
To charge upon, no room to strike. Say fortune
And our endeavours bring us into them,
They are so infinite, so ever-springing,
We shall be killed with killing; of desperate women,

her fear or shame e'er found, the devil
ed amongst them multitudes; say the
en fail,
ison us with their petticoats; say they fail,
priests enough to pray us into nothing.
ese are imaginations, dreams of nothing;
that doubts or fears——
am free of both.
The self-same I.
nd I as free as any;
s of my flesh, of that we call life,
lose it nobly, as indifferent
re my diet. Yet, noble general,
isdom learned from you, I learned it,
ıy of a soldier's care, most worthy,
with most deliberate circumstance
of accidents, above their offers;
on and get; to save a Roman,
e life is more worth in way of doing,
ons of these painted wasps; how, view-
;
vantage out; how, found, to follow it
ıself and discretion, lest mere fortune
im the victory.
'is true, Petillius,
ıily remembered: The rule is certain,
no less excellent; but where time
ccasions, danger, time and all
present peril, 'tis required
s and manhoods be best counsellors,
litions, precedents. To win is nothing,
eason, Time, and Counsel are our
np-masters;
to bear the field, then to be conquerors,
le destruction takes us, takes us beaten,
ınd mutinies, ourselves but handfulls,
rselves our own fears, needs a new way,
and a desperate execution:
to save, is loss; to be wise, dangerous;
esent well-united strength,
s made up for all attempts, dispatch it:
and delay here cool the courage;
gives time for doubts; (things infinite,
to the spirit they are preached to:)
ke them, and names for after-ages,
l the soldier, his own shame help to
n him:
g forced his spirit, ere he cools,
upon his enemies; sudden and swift,
s amongst foxes, we must fight for it:
t be our fortune; shame, we have lost,
: in our sides to prick us forward:
o other wisdom nor discretion
Due to this day of ruin, but destruction;
The soldier's order first, and then his anger.
Dem. No doubt they dare redeem all.
Suet. Then no doubt
The day must needs be ours. That the proud woman
Is infinite in number better likes me,
Than if we dealt with squadrons; half her army
Shall choke themselves, their own swords dig their graves.
I'll tell ye all my fears; one single valour,
The virtues of the valiant Caratach,
More doubts me than all Britain: He's a soldier
So forged out, and so tempered for great fortunes,
So much man thrust into him, so old in dangers,
So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere name
Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,
To make him Roman: But no more. Petillius,
How stands your charge?
Pet. Ready for all employments,
To be commanded too, sir.
Suet. 'Tis well governed;
To-morrow we'll draw out, and view the cohorts:
In the mean time, all apply their offices.
Where's Junius?
Pet. In his cabin, sick of the mumps, sir.
Suet. How?
Pet. In love, indeed in love, most lamentably loving,
To the tune of Queen Dido.
Dec. Alas, poor gentleman!
Suet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With what lady?
I'll be a spokesman for him.
Pet. You'll scant speed, sir.
Suet. Who is it?
Pet. The devil's dam, Bonduca's daughter,
Her youngest, cracked in the ring.
Suet. I'm sorry for him:
But sure his own discretion will reclaim him;
He must deserve our anger else. Good captains,
Apply yourselves in all the pleasing forms
Ye can, unto the soldiers; fire their spirits,
And set them fit to run this action;
Mine own provisions shall be shared amongst them,
'Till more come in; tell them, if now they conquer,
The fat of all the kingdom lies before them.
Their shames forgot, their honours infinite,
And want for ever banished. Two days hence,
Our fortunes, and our swords, and gods be for us!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

NIUS, REGULUS, MACER, *and* DRUSIUS.

MUST come?
So the general commands, sir.
Pen. I *must* bring up my regiment?
Macer. Believe, sir,
I bring no lie.
Pen. But, did he say I *must* come?
Macer. So delivered.

Pen. How long is it, Regulus, since I commanded
In Britain here?
Reg. About five years, great Penius.
Pen. The general, some five months! Are all my actions
So poor and lost, my services so barren,
That I'm remembered in no nobler language
But *must* come up?
Macer. I do beseech you, sir,
Weigh but the time's estate.
Pen. Yes, good lieutenant,
I do, and his that sways it. *Must* come up?
Am I turned bare centurion? *Must*, and *shall*,
Fit embassies to court my honour?
Macer. Sir——
Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my men
Against an hundred thousand barbarous slaves,
That have marched name by name with Rome's best doers?
Serve them up some other meat; I'll bring no food
To stop the jaws of all those hungry wolves;
My regiment's mine own. I *must*, my language?

Enter CURIUS.

Cur. Penius, where lies the host?
Pen. Where fate may find them.
Cur. Are they ingirt?
Pen. The battle's lost.
Cur. So soon?
Pen. No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won;
The Britons must be victors. Whoever saw
A troop of bloody vultures hovering
About a few corrupted carcasses,
Let him behold the silly Roman host,
Girded with millions of fierce Britain's swains,
With deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his shame!
I scorn my life, yet dare not lose my name.
Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous end,
When both our names and lives are sacrificed
For Rome's encrease?
Pen. Yes, Curius; but mark this too:
What glory is there, or what lasting fame
Can be to Rome or us, what full example,
When one is smothered with a multitude,
And crowded in amongst a nameless press?
Honour got out of flint, and on their heads
Whose virtues, like the sun, exhaled all vapours,
Must not be lost in mists and fogs of people,
Noteless, and out of name, both rude and naked:
Nor can Rome task us with impossibilities,
Or bid us fight against a flood; we serve her,
That she may proudly say she has good soldiers,
Not slaves to choke all hazards. Who but fools,
That make no difference betwixt certain dying,
And dying well, would fling their fames and fortunes
Into this Britain gulf, this quicksand ruin,
That, sinking, swallows us? what noble hand
Can find a subject fit for blood there? or what sword
Room for his execution? what air to cool us,
But poisoned with their blasting breaths and curses,
Where we lie buried quick above the ground,
And are with labouring sweat, and breathless pain,
Killed like to slaves, and cannot kill again?
Drus. Penius, mark antient wars, and know, that then
A captain weighed an hundred thousand men.
Pen. Drusius, mark antient wisdom, and you'll find then,
He gave the overthrow, that saved his men.
I must not go.
Reg. The soldiers are desirous,
Their eagles all drawn out, sir.
Pen. Who drew up? Regulus?
Ha? speak! did you? whose bold will durst attempt this?
Drawn out? why, who commands, sir? on whose warrant
Durst they advance?
Reg. I keep mine own obedience.
Drus. 'Tis like the general cause, their love of honour,
Relieving of their wants——
Pen. Without my knowledge?
Am I no more? my place but at their pleasures?
Come, who did this?
Drus. By heaven, sir, I am ignorant.
[*Drum softly within, then enter Soldiers, with drum and colours.*
Pen. What! am I grown a shadow?—Hark! they march.
I'll know, and will be myself. Stand! Disobedience?
He, that advances one foot higher, dies for it.
Run through the regiment, upon your duties,
And charge them, on command, beat back again;
By heaven, I'll tithe them all else!
Reg. We'll do our best. [*Exe. Drus. and Reg.*
Pen. Back! cease your bawling drums there!
I'll beat the tubs about your brains else. Back!
Do I speak with less fear than thunder to ye?
Must I stand to beseech ye? Home, home!—Ha!
D'ye stare upon me? Are those minds I moulded,
Those honest valiant tempers I was proud
To be a fellow to, those great discretions
Made your names feared and honoured, turned to wildfires?
Oh, gods, to disobedience? Command, farewell!
And ye be witness with me, all things sacred,
I have no share in these mens' shames! March, soldiers,
And seek your own sad ruins; your old Penius
Dares not behold your murders.
1 *Sold.* Captain!
2 *Sold.* Captain!
3 *Sold.* Dear, honoured captain!
Pen. Too, too dear-loved soldiers,
Which made ye weary of me, and heaven yet knows,
Though in your mutinies, I dare not hate you;

Take your own wills! 'tis fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule yourselves; I wrong ye,
In wishing ye to save your lives and credits,
To keep your necks whole from the axe hangs o'er ye:
Alas, I much dishonoured ye; go, seek the Britons,
And say ye come to glut their sacrifices;
But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,
How excellent in all parts, good, and governed,
Is only left of my command, for story;
What now ye are, for pity. Fare ye well!

Enter DRUSIUS *and* RHOULUS.

Drus. Oh, turn again, great Penius! see the soldier
In all points apt for duty.
Reg. See his sorrow
For his disobedience, which he says was haste,
And haste, he thought, to please you with. See, captain,
The toughness of his courage turned to water;
See how his manly heart melts.
Pen. Go; beat homeward;
There learn to eat your little with obedience;
And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye.
Macer. My answer, sir. [*Exeunt soldiers.*
Pen. Tell the great general,
My companies are no faggots to fill breaches;
Myself no man that *must*, or *shall*, can carry:
Bid him be wise, and where he is, he's safe then;
And when he finds out possibilities,
He may command me. Commend me to the captains.
Macer. All this I shall deliver.
Pen. Farewell, Macer! [*Exit.*
Cur. Pray gods this breed no mischief!
Reg. It must needs,
If stout Suetonius win; for then his anger,
Besides the soldiers' loss of due and honour,
Will break together on him.
Drus. He's a brave fellow;
And but a little hide his haughtiness,
(Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes)
He shows the worthiest Roman this day living.
You may, good Curius, to the general
Make all things seem the best.
Cur. I shall endeavour.
Pray for our fortunes, gentlemen; if we fall,
This one farewell serves for a funeral.
The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our hearts!
Reg. We dare, alas, but cannot fight our parts.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter JUNIUS, PETILLIUS, *and a Herald.*

Pet. Let him go on. Stay; now he talks.
Jun. Why,
Why should I love mine enemy? what's beauty?
Of what strange violence, that, like the plague,
It works upon our spirits? Blind they feign him;
I'm sure, I find it so——
Pet. A dog shall lead you.
Jun. His fond affections blinder——
Pet. Hold you there still?
Jun. It takes away my sleep——
Pet. Alas, poor chicken!
Jun. My company, content, almost my fashion——
Pet. Yes, and your weight too, if you follow it.
Jun. 'Tis sure the plague, for no man dare come near me
Without an antidote; 'tis far worse, hell.——
Pet. Thou'rt damned without redemption then.
Jun. The way to it
Strewed with fair western smiles, and April blushes,
Led by the brightest constellations; eyes,
And sweet proportions, envying heaven; but from thence
No way to guide, no path, no wisdom brings us.
Pet. Yes, a smart water, Junius.
Jun. Do I fool?
Know all this, and fool still? Do I know further,
That, when we have enjoyed our ends, we lose them,
And all our appetites are but as dreams
We laugh at in our ages?——
Pet. Sweet philosopher!
Jun. Do I know on still, and yet know nothing? Mercy, gods!
Why am I thus ridiculous?
Pet. Motley on thee!
Thou art an arrant ass.
Jun. Can red and white,
An eye, a nose, a cheek——
Pet. But one cheek, Junius?
An half-faced mistress!
Jun. With a little trim,
That wanton fools call fashion, thus abuse me?
Take me beyond my reason? Why should not I
Doat on my horse well trapt, my sword well hatched?
They are as handsome things, to me more useful,
And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yet 'twere excusable, my youth would bear it;
But to love there, and that no time can give me,
Mine honour dare not ask (she has been ravished),
My nature must not know (she hates our nation),
Thus to dispose my spirit!
Pet. Stay a little; he will declaim again.
Jun. I will not love! I am a man, have reason,
And I will use it; I'll no more tormenting,
Nor whining for a wench; there are a thousand——
Pet. Hold thee there, boy!
Jun. A thousand will entreat me.
Pet. Ten thousand, Junius.
Jun. I am young and lusty,
And to my fashion valiant. I will be man again.

Pet. Now mark the working!
The devil and the spirit tug for it: Twenty pound
Upon the devil's head!
Jun. I must be wretched!
Pet. I knew I'd won.
Jun. Nor have I so much power
To shun my fortune.
Pet. I will hunt thy fortune
With all the shapes imagination breeds, [*Music.*
But I will fright thy devil. Stay, he sings now.
[*Song, by Junius, and Petillius after him, in mockage.*
Jun. Must I be thus abused?
Pet. Yes, marry must you.
Let's follow him close: Oh, there he is; now read it.
Herald [*reading*]. "It is the general's command, that all sick persons, old and unable, retire within the trenches; he, that fears, has liberty to leave the field: Fools, boys, and cowards must not come near the regiments, for fear of their infections; especially those cowards, they call lovers."
Jun. Ha?
Pet. Read on.
Herald [*Reading*]. "If any common soldier love an enemy, he's whipped and made a slave: If any captain, cast, with loss of honours, flung out of the army, and made unable ever after to bear the name of a soldier."
Jun. The pox consume ye all, rogues! [*Exit.*
Pet. Let this work;
He has something now to chew upon. He's gone;
Come, shake no more.
Herald. Well, sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for Europe;
I would have given my life for a bent two-pence.
If I e'er read to lovers, whilst I live, again,
Or come within their confines——
Pet. There's your payment,
And keep this private.
Herald. I am schooled for talking. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Pet. How now, Demetrius? are we drawn?
Dem. 'Tis doing;
Your company stands fair. But pray you, where's Junius?
Half his command are wanting, with some forty,
That Decius leads.
Pet. Hunting for victuals.
Upon my life, free-booting rogues! their stomachs
Are, like a widow's, never satisfied.
Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the enemy
Master of all the country.
Pet. Resolute hungers
Know neither fears nor faiths; they tread on ladders,
Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers.
Dem. They may be hanged though.
Pet. There's their joyful supper.
And no doubt they are at it.
Dem. But, for heaven's sake,
How does young Junius?
Pet. Drawing on, poor gentleman.
Dem. What, to his end?
Pet. To the end of all flesh, woman.
Dem. This love has made him a stout soldier.
Pet. Oh, a great one,
Fit to command young goslings, But what news?
Dem. I think the messenger's come back from Penius
By this time; let's go know.
Pet. What will you say now
If he deny to come, and take exceptions
At some half syllable, or sound delivered
With an ill accent, or some style left out?
Dem. I cannot think he dare.
Pet. He dare speak treason,
Dare say what no man dares believe, dares do——
But that's all one: I'll lay you my black armour
To twenty crowns, he comes not.
Dem. Done.
Pet. You'll pay?
Dem. I will.
Pet. Then keep thine old use, Penius!
Be stubborn and vainglorious, and I thank thee.
Come, let's go pray for six hours; most of us
I fear will trouble heaven no more: Two good blows
Struck home at two commanders of the Britons,
And my part's done.
Dem. I do not think of dying.
Pet. 'Tis possible we may live; But, Demetrius,
With what strange legs, and arms, and eyes, and noses,
Let carpenters and copper-smiths consider,
If I can keep my heart whole, and my windpipe,
That I may drink yet like a soldier——
Dem. Come, let's have better thoughts; mine's on your armour.
Pet. Mine's in your purse, sir; let's go try the wager! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter JUDAS *and his four companions (halters about their necks),* BONDUCA, *her daughters, and* NENNIUS *following.*

Bond. Come, hang them presently.
Nen. What made your rogueships
Harrying for victuals here? Are we your friends?
Or do you come for spies? Tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hanged now? Do not ye long for it?
Judas. What say ye? shall we hang in this vein? Hang we must,
And 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily.
1 *Sold.* Any way,
So it be handsome.
3 *Sold.* I had as lieve 'twere toothsome too:
But all agree, and I'll not stick out, boys.

4 *Sold.* Let us hang pleasantly.
Judas. Then pleasantly be it:
Captain, the truth is, we had as lieve hang
With meat in our mouths, as ask your pardon empty.
Bond. These are brave hungers.
What say you to a leg of beef now, sirrah?
Judas. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.
Bond. Torment them, wenches, (I must back) then hang them. [*Exit.*
Judas. We humbly thank your Grace!
1 *Daugh.* The rogues laugh at us.
2 *Daugh.* These are the merry Romans, the brave madcaps:
'Tis ten to one we'll cool your resolutions.
Bring out the whips.
Judas. 'Would your good ladyships
Would exercise them too!
4 *Sold.* Surely, ladies,
We'll shew you a strange patience.
Nen. Hang them, rascals!
They'll talk thus on the wheel.

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Now, what's the matter?
What are these fellows? what's the crime committed,
That they wear necklaces?
Nen. They are Roman rogues,
Taken a-foraging.
Car. Is that all, Nennius?
Judas. 'Would I were fairly hanged! This is the devil,
The kill-cow Caratach.
Car. And you would hang them?
Nen. Are they not enemies?
1 *Daugh.* Are they not our tormentors?
Car. Tormentors? flea-traps!
Pluck off your halters, fellows.
Nen. Take heed, Caratach;
Taint not your wisdom.
Car. Wisdom, Nennius?
Why, who shall fight against us, make our honours,
And give a glorious day into our hands,
If we dispatch our foes thus? What's their offence?
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger?
A piece of greasy bacon, or a pudding?
Do these deserve the gallows? They are hungry.
Poor hungry knaves, no meet at home left, starved:
Art thou not hungry?
Judas. Monstrous hungry.
Car. He looks
Like hunger's self. Get them some victuals,
And wine to cheer their hearts; quick! Hang up poor pilchers?
2 *Sold.* This is the bravest captain———
Nen. Caratach,
I'll leave you to your will.
Car. I'll answer all, sir.
2 *Daugh.* Let's up and view his entertainment of them!
I am glad they are shifted any way; their tongues else
Would still have murdered us.
1 *Daugh.* Let's up and see it! [*Exeunt.*

Enter HENGO.

Car. Sit down, poor knaves! Why, where's this wine and victuals?
Who waits there?
Serv. [*within.*] Sir, 'tis coming.
Hengo. Who are these, uncle?
Car. They are Romans, boy.
Hengo. Are these they,
That vex my aunt so? can these fight? they look
Like empty scabbards all, no mettle in them;
Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from orchards:
Why, I dare fight with these.
Car. That's my good chicken!—
And how d'ye? how d'ye feel your stomachs?
Judas. Wondrous apt, sir;
As shall appear, when time calls.
Car. That's well; down with it.
A little grace well serve your turns. Eat softly!
You'll choke, ye knaves, else. Give them wine!
Judas. Not yet, sir;
We're even a little busy.
Hengo. Can that fellow
Do any thing but eat? Thou fellow!
Judas. Away, boy;
Away; this is no boy's play.
Hengo. By heaven, uncle,
If his valour lie in his teeth, he is the most valiant.
Car. I am glad to hear you talk, sir.
Hengo. Good uncle, tell me,
What's the price of a couple of crammed Romans?
Car. Some twenty Britons, boy; these are good soldiers.
Hengo. Do not the cowards eat hard too?
Car. No more, boy.
Come, I'll sit with you too. Sit down by me, boy.
Judas. Pray bring your dish then.
Car. Hearty knaves! more meat there.
1 *Sold.* That's a good hearing.
Car. Stay now, and pledge me.
Judas. This little piece, sir.
Car. By heaven, square eaters!
More meat, I say! Upon my conscience,
The poor rogues have not eat this month! how terribly
They charge upon their victuals! Dare ye fight thus?
Judas. Believe it, sir, like devils.
Car. Well said, Famine!
Here's to thy general.
Judas. Most excellent captain,
I will now pledge thee.
Car. And tomorrow-night, say to him,
His head is mine.
Judas. I can assure you, captain,
He will not give it for this washing.

Car. Well said. [*Daughters above.*
1 *Daugh.* Here's a strange entertainment:
How the thieves drink!
2 *Daugh.* Danger is dry; they looked for colder liquor.
Car. Fill them more wine; give them full bowls. Which of you all now,
In recompense of this good, dare but give me
A sound knock in the battle?
Judas. Delicate captain,
To do thee a sufficient recompense,
I'll knock thy brains out.
Car. Do it.
Hengo. Thou darest as well
Be damned! thou knock his brains out? thou skin of man?
Uncle, I will not hear this.
Judas. Tie up your whelp.
Hengo. Thou kill my uncle? 'Would I had but a sword
For thy sake, thou dried dog!
Car. What a mettle
This little vermin carries!
Hengo. Kill mine uncle?
Car. He shall not, child.
Hengo. He cannot; he is a rogue,
An only eating rogue! kill my sweet uncle?
Oh, that I were a man!
Judas. By this wine, which I
Will drink to captain Junius, who loves
The queen's most excellent majesty's little daughter
Most sweetly, and most fearfully, I'll do it.
Hengo. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.
Car. No more, boy!
I'll pledge thy captain. To ye all, good fellows!
2 *Daugh.* In love with me? that love shall cost your lives all.
Come, sister, and advise me; I have here
A way to make an easy conquest of them,
If fortune favour me. [*Exeunt daughters.*
Car. Let's see you sweat,
Tomorrow, blood and spirit, boys; this wine
Turned to stern valour.
1 *Sold.* Hark you, Judas;
If he should hang us after all this?
Judas. Let him:
I'll hang like a gentleman, and a Roman.
Car. Take away there;
They have enough.
Judas. Captain, we think you heartily
For your good cheer; and if we meet tomorrow,
One of us pays for it.
Car. Get them guides; their wine
Has over-mastered them.

Enter second Daughter and a Servant.

2 *Daugh.* That hungry fellow
With the red beard there, give it him, and this,
To see it well delivered.
Car. Farewell, knaves!
Speak nobly of us; keep your words to-morrow,

Enter a Guide.

And do something worthy your meat. Go, guide them,
And see them fairly onward. [*Exit.*
Judas. Meaning me, sir?
Serv. The same.
The youngest daughter to the queen entreats you
To give this privately to captain Junius;
This for your pains.
Judas. I rest her humble servant;
Commend me to thy lady. Keep your files, boys.
Serv. I must instruct you further.
Judas. Keep your files there!
Order, sweet friends; faces about now.
Guide. Here, sir;
Here lies your way.
Judas. Bless the founders, I say!
Fairly, good soldiers, fairly! march now; close, boys! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, *and* MACER.

Suet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe? not come, because commanded?
Was it not thus?
Macer. It was, sir.
Pet. What now think you?
Suet. Must come so heinous to him, so distasteful?
Pet. Give me my money.
Dem. I confess 'tis due, sir,
And presently I'll pay it.
Suet. His obedience
So blind at his years and experience,
It cannot find where to be tendered?
Macer. Sir,
The regiment was willing, and advanced too,
The captains at all points steeled up; their preparations
Full of resolve and confidence; youth and fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,
Gilded their phalanx; when the angry Penius
Stept, like a stormy cloud, betwixt them and hopes.
Suet. And stopped their resolutions?
Macer. True; his reason
To them was odds, and odds so infinite,
Discretion durst not look upon.
Suet. Well, Penius,
I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think; thou hast lopt a limb off from me;
And let it be thy glory, thou was stubborn,
Thy wisdom, that thou left'st thy general naked!
Yet, ere the sun set, I shall make thee see
All valour dwells not in thee, all command
In one experience. Thou wilt too late repent this,
And wish 'I *must* come up' had been thy blessing.
Pet. Let's force him.

Suet. No, by no means; he's a torrent
We cannot easily stem.
Pet. I think, a traitor.
Suet. No ill words! let his own shame first revile him.
That wine I have, see it, Demetrius,
Distributed amongst the soldiers,
To make them high and lusty; when that's done,
Petillius, give the word through, that the eagles
May presently advance; no man discover,
Upon his life, the enemies' full strength,
But make it of no value. Decius,
Are your starved people yet come home?
Dec. I hope so.
Suet. Keep them in more obedience: This is no time
To chide, I could be angry else, and say more to you;
But come, let's order all. Whose sword is sharpest,
And valour equal to his sword this day,
Shall be my saint.
Pet. We shall be holy all, then. [*Exeunt.*

Manet DECIUS. *Enter* JUDAS *and his company.*

Judas. Captain, captain, I've brought them off again;
The drunkennest slaves!
Dec. Pox confound your rogueships!
I'll call the general, and have ye hanged all.
Judas. Pray who will you command, then?
Dec. For you, sirrah,
That are the ringleader to these devices,
Whose maw is never crammed, I'll have an engine—
Judas. A wench, sweet captain.
Dec. Sweet Judas, even the forks,
Where you shall have two lictors, with two whips,
Hammer your hide.
Judas. Captain, good words, fair words,
Sweet words, good captain; if you like not us,
Farewell! we have employment.
Dec. Where hast thou been?
Judas. There, where you dare not be, with all your valour.
Dec. Where's that?
Judas. With the best good fellow living.
1 *Sold.* The king of all good fellows.
Dec. Who's that?
Judas. Caratach.
Shake now, and say, we have done something worthy!
Mark me, with Caratach; by this Heaven, Caratach!
Do you as much now, an you dare. Sweet Caratach!
You talk of a good fellow, of true drinking;
Well, go thy ways, old Caratach! Besides the drink, captain,
The bravest running banquet of black puddings,
Pieces of glorious beef——
Dec. How escaped ye hanging?
Judas. Hanging's a dog's death, we are gentlemen;
And I say still, old Caratach!
Dec. Belike, then,
You are turned rebels all.
Judas. We are Roman boys all,
And boys of mettle. I must do that, captain,
This day, this very day——
Dec. Away, ye rascal!
Judas. Fair words, I say again!
Dec. What must you do, sir?
Judas. I must do that my heart-strings yearn to do;
But my word's past.
Dec. What is it?
Judas. Why, kill Caratach.
That's all he asked us for our entertainment.
Dec. More than you'll pay.
Judas. Would I had sold myself
Unto the skin, I had not promised it!
For such another Caratach——
Dec. Come, fool,
Have you done your country service?
Judas. I've brought that
To captain Junius——
Dec. How!
Judas. I think will do all;
I cannot tell; I think so.
Dec. How! to Junius?
I'll more enquire of this. You'll fight now?
Judas. Promise,
Take heed of promise, captain!
Dec. Away, and rank then.
Judas. But, hark you, captain; there is wine distributing;
I would fain know what share I have.
Dec. Be gone;
You have too much.
Judas. Captain, no wine, no fighting:
There's one called Caratach, that has wine.
Dec. Well, sir,
If you'll be ruled now, and do well——
Judas. Do excellent.
Dec. You shall have wine, or any thing. Go file;
I'll see you have your share. Drag out your dormice,
And stow them somewhere, where they may sleep handsomely;
They'll hear a hunts-up shortly.
Judas. Now I love thee:
But no more forks nor whips!
Dec. Deserve them not then.
Up with your men; I'll meet you presently;
And get them sober quickly.
Judas. Arm, arm, bullies!
All's right again and straight; and, which is more,
More wine, more wine. Awake, ye men of Memphis!
Be sober and discreet; we've much to do, boys.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare there for the sacrifice! the queen comes.

Music. Enter in solemnity the Druids singing, the second daughter strewing flowers; then BONDUCA, CARATACH, NENNIUS, *and others.*

Bond. Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers!
Hear us, ye great revengers! and this day
Take pity from our swords, doubt from our valours,
Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs
In every breast! the vengeance due to those
Make infinite and endless! On our pikes
This day pale terror sit, horrors and ruins
Upon our executions; claps of thunder
Hang on our armed carts; and before our troops
Despair and death; shame beyond these attend them!
Rise from the dust, ye relicks of the dead,
Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing!
Oh, rise, ye valiant bones! let not base earth
Oppress your honours, whilst the pride of Rome
Treads on your stocks, and wipes out all your stories!

Nen. Thou great Tiranes, whom our sacred priests,
Armed with dreadful thunder, place on high
Above the rest of the immortal gods,
Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts,
And shoot them home; stick in each Roman heart
A fear fit for confusion; blast their spirits,
Dwell in them to destruction; through their phalanx
Strike as thou strikest a proud tree; shake their bodies,
Make their strengths totter, and their topless fortunes
Unroot, and reel to ruin!

1 *Daugh.* Oh, thou god,
Thou feared god, if ever to thy justice
Insulting wrongs, and ravishments of women,
(Women derived from thee) their shames, the sufferings
Of those that daily filled thy sacrifice
With virgin incense, have access, now hear me!
Now snatch thy thunder up, now on these Romans,
Despisers of thy power, of us defacers;
Revenge thyself; take to thy killing anger,
To make thy great work full, the justice spoken,
An utter rooting, from this blessed isle,
Of what Rome is, or has been!

Bond. Give more incense!
The gods are deaf and drowsy, no happy flame
Rises to raise our thoughts. Pour on.

2 *Daugh.* See, Heaven,
And all you powers that guide us, see and shame,
We kneel so long for pity! O'er your altars,
Since 'tis no light oblation, that you look for,
No incense-offering, will I hang mine eyes;
And as I wear these stones with hourly weeping,
So will I melt your powers into compassion.
This tear for Prosutagus, my brave father;
(Ye gods, now think on Rome!) this for my mother,
And all her miseries; yet see, and save us!
But now ye must be open-eyed. See, heaven,
Oh, see thy showers stolen from thee; our dishonours,
[*A smoke from the altar.*
Oh, sister, our dishonours! Can ye be gods,
And these sins smothered?

Bond. The fire takes.

Car. It does so,
But no flame rises. Cease your fretful prayers,
Your whinings, and your tame petitions!
The gods love courage armed with confidence,
And prayers fit to pull them down: Weak tears
And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,
They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute them:
Divine Andate! thou, who holdst the reins
Of furious battles, and disordered war,
And proudly roll'st thy swarty chariot-wheels
Over the heaps of wounds and carcasses,
Sailing through seas of blood; thou sure-steeled sternness,
Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows of both sides, wounds, that fear or flight
Can claim no share in; steel us both with angers
And warlike executions, fit thy viewing;
Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Britain,
Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring!
And then look on, thou red-eyed god! who does best,
Reward with honour; who despair makes fly,
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy!
Grant this, divine Andate! 'tis but justice;
And my first blow, thus, on thy holy altar
I sacrifice unto thee. [*A flame rises.*

Bond. It flames out. [*Music.*

Car. Now sing, ye Druids. [*Song.*

Bond. It is out again.

Car. He has given us leave to fight yet; we ask no more;
The rest hangs on our resolutions:
Tempt him no more.

Bond. I would know further, cousin.

Car. His hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours,
Our valours are our best gods. Chear the soldier,
And let him eat.

Mes. He is at it, sir.
Car. Away then;
When he has done, let us march. Come, fear not, lady;
This day the Roman gains no more ground here,
But what his body lies in.
Bond. Now I am confident. [*Exeunt. Recorders.*

SCENE II.

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Dec. We dare not hazard it; beside our lives,
It forfeits all our understandings.
Jun. Gentlemen,
Can ye forsake me in so just a service,
A service for the commonwealth, for honour?
Read but the letter; you may love too.
Dec. Read it.
If there be any safety in the circumstance,
Or likelihood 'tis love, we will not fail you:
Read it, good Curius.
Cur. Willingly.
Jun. Now mark it.
Cur. [*reading.*] "Health to thy heart, my honoured Junius,
All thy love requited! I am thine,
Thine everlastingly; thy love has won me;
And led it breed no doubt, our new acquaintance
Compels this; 'tis the gods' decree to bless us.
The times are dangerous to meet, yet fail not;
By all the love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
Without distrust of danger, to come to me!
For I have purposed a delivery
Both of myself and fortune this blessed day
Into thy hands, if thou thinkest good. To shew thee
How infinite my love is, even my mother
Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without hazard;
For I beheld your danger like a lover,
A just affecter of thy faith: Thy goodness,
I know, will use us nobly; and our marriage,
If not redeem, yet lessen Rome's ambition:
I'm weary of these miseries. Use my mother
(If you intend to take her) with all honour;
And let this disobedience to my parent
Be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee, Junius,
Spirits resolved to fetch me off, the noblest;
Forty will serve the turn, just at the joining
Of both the battles; we will be weakly guarded,
And for a guide, within this hour, shall reach thee
A faithful friend of mine. The gods, my Junius,
Keep thee, and me to serve thee! Young Bonvica."
Cur. This letter carries much belief, and most objections
Answered, we must have doubted.
Dec. Is that fellow
Come to you for a guide yet?
Jun. Yes.
Dec. And examined?
Jun. Far more than that; he has felt tortures, yet
He vows he knows no more than this truth.
Dec. Strange!
Cur. If she mean what she writes, as it may be probable,
'Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.
Jun. I'll pawn my soul she means truth.
Dec. Think an hour more;
Then if your confidence grow stronger on you,
We'll set in with you.
Jun. Nobly done! I thank ye.
Ye know the time.
Cur. We will be either ready
To give you present counsel, or join with you.

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* MACER.

Jun. No more, as ye are gentlemen. The general!
Suet. Draw out apace; the enemy waits for us.
Are ye all ready?
Jun. All our troops attend, sir.
Suet. I am glad to hear you say so, Junius;
I hope you are dispossessed.
Jun. I hope so too, sir.
Suet. Continue so. And, gentlemen, to you now!
To bid you fight is needless; ye are Romans;
The name will fight itself: To tell ye who
You go to fight against, his power, and nature,
But loss of time; ye know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it so: To tell ye further,
His body shews more dreadful than it has done,
To him that fears, less possible to deal with,
Is but to stick more honour on your actions,
Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories
Tie never-dying time and fortune constant.
Go on in full assurance! draw your swords
As daring and as confident as justice;
The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitched on the topless Apennine, where the snow dwells,
And blows to all the under-world, all nations,
The seas and unfrequented deserts; wakens
The ruined monuments; and there, where nothing
But eternal death and sleep is, informs again
The dead bones with your virtues. Go on, I say:
Valiant and wise rule heaven, and all the great
Aspects! attend them, do but blow upon
This enemy, who, but that we want foes,
Cannot deserve that name; and, like a mist,
A lazy fog, before your burning valours
You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all;
We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Romans,
Heirs to their endless valours; fight and conquer!
Dec. Dem. It is done.
Pet. That man, that loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he die fameless and forgot!

Suet. Sufficient!
Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder;
March close and sudden, like a tempest: All executions [*March.*
Done without sparkling of the body; keep your phalanx
Sure lined, and pieced together, your pikes forward,
And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day run,
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CARATACH *and* NENNIUS.

Nen. The Roman is advanced; from yon hill's brow
We may behold him, Caratach. [*A march.*
Car. Let us thither;
[*Drums within at one place afar off.*
I see the dust fly. Now I see the body.
Observe them, Nennius; by heaven, a handsome body,
And, of a few, strongly and wisely jointed!
Suetonius is a soldier.
Nen. As I take it,
That is he, that gallops by the regiments,
Viewing their preparations.
Car. Very likely;
He shews no less than general. See how bravely
The body moves, and in the head how proudly
The captains stick like plumes; he come apace on.
Good Nennius, go, and bid my stout lieutenant
Bring on the first square body to oppose them,
And, as he charges, open to enclose them;
The queen move next with her's, and wheel about,
To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the vanguard.
We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see by it.
Haste thee, good Nennius; I'll follow instantly.
[*Exit Nennius.*
How close they march, as if they grew together,
[*March.*
No place but lined alike, sure from oppression!
They will not change this figure; we must charge them,
And charge them home at both ends, van and rear; [*Drums in another place afar off.*
They never totter else. I hear our music,
And must attend it: Hold, good sword, but this day,
And bite hard, where I hound thee! and hereafter
I'll make a relic of thee, for young soldiers
To come like pilgrims to, and kiss for conquests.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Jun. Now is the time; the fellow stays.
Dec. What think ye?
Cur. I think it is true.
Jun. Alas, if it were a question,
If any doubt or hazard fell into it,
Do ye think mine own discretion so self-blind,
My care of ye so naked, to run headlong?
Dec. Let us take Petillius with us!
Jun. By no means;
He is never wise but to himself, nor courteous,
But where the end is his own: we are strong enough,
If not too many. Behind yonder hill,
The fellow tells me, she attends, weak guarded,
Her mother and her sister.
Cur. I would venture.
Jun. We shall not strike five blows for it. Weigh the good,
The general good may come.
Dec. Away! I'll with ye;
But with what doubt——
Jun. Fear not; my soul for all!
[*Exeunt. Alarms, drums and trumpets in several places afar off, as at a main battle.*

SCENE V.

Enter DRUSIUS *and* PENIUS *above.*

Drus. Here you may see them all, sir; from this hill
The country shews off level.
Pen. Gods defend me,
What multitudes they are, what infinites!
The Roman power shews like a little star,
Hedged with a double halo.—Now the knell rings:
[*Loud shouts.*
Hark, how they shout to the battle! how the air
Totters and reels, and rends apieces, Drusius,
With the huge-vollied clamours!
Drus. Now they charge
(Oh, gods!) of all sides, fearfully.
Pen. Little Rome,
Stand but this growing hydra one short hour,
And thou hast out-done Hercules!
Drus. The dust
Hides them; we cannot see what follows.
Pen. They are gone,
Gone, swallowed, Drusius; this eternal sun
Shall never see them march more.
Drus. Oh, turn this way,
And see a model of the field! some forty,
Against four hundred!
Pen. Well fought, bravely followed!
Oh, nobly charged again, charged home too! Drusius,
They seem to carry it. Now they charge all;
[*Loud shouts.*
Close, close, I say! they follow it. Ye gods,
Can there be more in men? more daring spirits?
Still they make good their fortunes. Now they are gone too,
For ever gone! see, Drusius, at their backs
A fearful ambush rises. Farewell, valours,

Excellent valours! oh, Rome, where is thy wisdom?
Drus. They are gone indeed, sir.
Pen. Look out toward the army;
I am heavy with these slaughters.
Drus. 'Tis the same still,
Covered with dust and fury. [*They retire.*

Enter the two Daughters, with JUNIUS, CURIUS, DECIUS, *Soldiers, and Servants.*

2 *Daugh.* Bring them in;
Tie them, and then unarm them.
1 *Daugh.* Valiant Romans,
Ye are welcome to your loves!
2 *Daugh.* Your death, fools!
Dec. We deserve them;
And, women, do your worst.
1 *Daugh.* Ye need not beg it.
2 *Daugh.* Which is kind Junius?
Serv. This.
2 *Daugh.* Are you my sweetheart?
It looks ill on it! How long is it, pretty soul,
Since you and I first loved? Had we not reason
To doat extremely upon one another?
How does my love? This is not he; my chicken
Could prate finely, sing a love-song.
Jun. Monster———
2 *Daugh.* Oh, now it courts!
Jun. Armed with more malice
Than he, that got thee, has, the devil.
2 *Daugh.* Good!
Proceed, sweet chick.
Jun. I hate thee; that is my last.
2 *Daugh.* Nay, an you love me, forward!—No? Come, sister,
Let us prick our answers on our arrows' points,
And make them laugh a little. Ye damned lechers,
Ye proud improvident fools, have we now caught ye?
Are ye in the noose? Since ye are such loving creatures,
We'll be your Cupids: Do ye see these arrows?
We'll send them to your wanton livers, goats.
1 *Daugh.* Oh, how I'll trample on your hearts, ye villains,
Ambitious salt-itch slaves, Rome's master-sins!
2 *Daugh.* Dogs,
Thieves, honour's hangmen, do ye grin? Perdition
Take me for ever, if, in my fell anger,
I do not out-do all example.

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Where,
Where are the ladies? Ye keep noble quarter!
Your mother thinks you dead or taken, upon which
She will not move her battle.—Sure these faces
I have beheld and known; they are Roman leaders!
How came they here?
2 *Daugh.* A trick, sir, that we used;
A certain policy conducted them
Unto our snare: We have done you no small service.
These used as we intend, we are for the battle.
Car. As you intend? Taken by treachery?
1 *Daugh.* Is it not allowed?
Car. Those, that should gild our conquest,
Make up a battle worthy of our winning,
Catched up by craft?
2 *Daugh.* By any means that's lawful.
Car. A woman's wisdom in our triumphs? Out!
Out, out, ye sluts, ye follies! From our swords
Filch our revenges basely?—Arm again, gentlemen!
Soldiers, I charge ye help them.
Dispatch there!
1 *Daugh.* I will not off thus!
Car. He that stirs to execute,
Or she, though it be yourselves, by him that got me,
Shall quickly feel mine anger! One great day given us,
Not to be snatched out of our hands but basely,
And must we shame the gods from whence we have it,
With setting snares for soldiers? I'll run away first,
Be hooted at, and children call me coward,
Before I set up stales for victories.
Give them their swords.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, Gods!
Car. Bear off the women
Unto their mother!
2 *Daugh.* One shot, gentle uncle!
Car. Bear them off, I say.
1 *Daugh.* The devil take this fortune!
Car. Learn to spin, [*Exeunt Daughters.*
And curse your knotted hemp!—Go, gentlemen,
Safely go off, up to your troops; be wiser;
There thank me like tall soldiers: I shall seek ye.
[*Exit.*
Cur. A noble worth!
Dec. Well, Junius?
Jun. Pray ye, no more!
Cur. He blushes; do not load him.
Dec. Where is your love now?
[*Drums loud again.*
Jun. Puff! there it flies. Come, let us redeem our follies.
[*Exeunt Junius, Curius, and Decius.*

DRUSIUS *and* PENIUS *come forward.*

Drus. Awake, sir; yet the Roman body's whole;
I see them clear again.
Pen. Whole? it is impossible;
Drusius, they must be lost.
Drus. By heaven, they are whole, sir,
And in brave doing; see, they wheel about,
To gain more ground.
Pen. But see there, Drusius, see,
See that huge battle moving from the mountains!
Their gilt coats shine like dragon's scales, their march

Like a rough tumbling storm; see them, and view them,
And then see Rome no more. Say they fail, look,
Look where the armed carts stand; a new army!
Look how they hang like falling rocks! as murdering
Death rides in triumph, Drusius, fell Destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.
Move me again, when they charge, when the mountain
Melts under their hot wheels, and from their axletrees
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before them!
'Till then, I'll dream what Rome was. [*They retire.*

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* MACER.

Suet. Oh, bravely fought!
Honour till now ne'er shewed her golden face
In the field: Like lions, gentlemen, you have held
Your heads up this day. Where is young Junius, Curius, and Decius?
Pet. Gone to heaven, I think, sir.
Suet. Their worths go with them! Breathe a while. How do ye?
Pet. Well; some few scurvy wounds; my heart's whole yet.
Dem. Would they would give us more ground!
Suet. Give? we'll have it.
Pet. Have it, and hold it too, despite the devil.

Enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, *and* CURIUS.

Jun. Lead up to the head, and line sure! The queen's battle
Begins to charge like wildfire. Where's the general?
Suet. Oh, they are living yet. Come, my brave soldiers,
Come, let me pour Rome's blessing on ye: Live,
Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.
Jun. Best;
We shall appear the sterner to the foe.
Dec. More wounds, more honour.
Pet. Lose no time.
Suet. Away then;
And stand this shock, ye have stood the world.
Pet. We'll grow to it.
Is not this better now than lousy loving?
Jun. I am myself, Petillius.
Pet. 'Tis I love thee. [*Exeunt Romans.*

Enter BONDUCA, CARATACH, *Daughters, and* NENNIUS.

Car. Charge them in the flanks! Oh, you have played the fool,
The fool extremely, the mad fool!
Bond. Why, cousin?
Car. The woman fool! Why did you give the word
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people,
In gross before the enemy? We pay for it;
Our own swords cut our throats! Why, pox on it!
Why do you offer to command? The devil,
The devil, and his dam too! who bid you
Meddle in men's affairs?
Bond. I'll help all.
Car. Home, [*Exeunt Queen, &c.*
Home and spin, woman, spin, go spin! you trifle.
Open before there, or all's ruined!—How? [*Shouts within.*
Now comes the tempest on ourselves, by heaven!
Within. Victoria!
Car. Oh, woman, scurvy woman, beastly woman!
[*Exeunt omnes præter Drusius and Penius.*
Drus. Victoria, victoria!
Pen. How is that, Drusius!
Drus. They win, they win, they win! Oh, look, look, look, sir,
For Heaven's sake, look! The Britons fly, the Britons fly! Victoria!

Enter SUETONIUS, *Soldiers, and Captains.*

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft, excellent soldiers!
Close, my brave fellows, honourable Romans!
Oh, cool thy mettle, Junius; they are ours,
The world cannot redeem them: Stern Petillius,
Govern the conquest nobly. Soft, good soldiers! [*Exeunt.*

Enter BONDUCA, *Daughters, and Britons.*

Bond. Shame! whither fly ye, ye unlucky Britons?
Will ye creep into your mothers' wombs again?
Back, cowards!
Hares, fearful hares, doves in your angers! leave me?
Leave your queen desolate? her hapless children,

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO.

To Roman rape again, and fury?
Car. Fly, ye buzzards!
Ye've wings enough, ye fear! Get thee gone, woman, [*Loud shout within.*
Shame tread upon thy heels! All's lost, all's lost!
Hark,
Hark how the Romans ring our knells! [*Ex. Bond. &c.*
Hengo. Good uncle,
Let me go too.
Car. No, boy; thy fortune's mine;
I must not leave thee. Get behind me; shake not;

Enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, *and* DECIUS.

I'll breech you, if you do, boy.—Come, brave Romans!
All is not lost yet.
Jun. Now I'll thank thee, Caratach. [*Fight. Drus*
Car. Thou art a soldier; strike home, hon
have at you!

Pen. His blows fall like huge sledges on an anvil.
Dec. I'm weary.
Pet. So am I.
Cer. Send more swords to me.
Jun. Let's sit and rest. [*Sit down.*
Drus. What think you now?
Pen. Oh, Drusius,
I've lost mine honour, lost my name, lost all
That was my light: These are true Romans, and I
A Briton coward, a base coward! Guide me,
Where nothing is but desolation,
That I may never more behold the face
Of man, or mankind know me! Oh, blind fortune,
Hast thou abused me thus!
Drus. Good sir, be comforted;
It was your wisdom ruled you. Pray you go home;
Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
Shall be but foil unto it. [*Retreat.*

Pen. Fool, fool, coward!
[*Exeunt Penius and Drusius.*

Enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, *Soldiers, drum and colours.*

Suet. Draw in, draw in!—Well have you fought, and worthy
Rome's noble recompense. Look to your wounds;
The ground is cold and hurtful. The proud queen
Has got a fort, and there she and her daughters
Defy us once again: To-morrow morning
We'll seek her out, and make her know our fortunes
Stop at no stubborn walls. Come, sons of honour,
True virtue's heirs, thus hatched with Britain blood,
Let's march to rest, and set in gules like suns.
Beat a soft march, and each one ease his neighbours! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, DECIUS, *and* DEMETRIUS, *singing.*

Pet. *Smooth was his cheek,*
Dec. *And his chin it was sleek,*
Jun. *With, whoop, he has done wooing!*
Dem. *Junius was this captain's name,*
A lad for a lass's viewing.
Pet. *Full black his eye, and plump his thigh,*
Dec. *Made up for love's pursuing.*
Dem. *Smooth was his cheek,*
Pet. And his chin it was sleek,
Jun. *With, whoop, he has done wooing!*

Pet. Oh, my vexed thief, art thou come home again?
Are thy brains perfect?
Jun. Sound as bells.
Pet. Thy back-worm
Quiet, and cast his sting, boy?
Jun. Dead, Petillius,
Dead to all folly, and now my anger only——
Pet. Why, that's well said; hang Cupid and his quiver,
A drunken brawling boy! Thy honoured saint
Be thy ten shillings, Junius; there's the money,
And there's the ware; square dealing: Thus but sweats thee
Like a nesh nag, and makes thee look pin-buttocked;
The other runs thee whining up and down
Like a pig in a storm, fills thy brains full of ballads,
And shews thee like a long lent, thy brave body
Turned to a tail of green fish without butter.

Dec. When thou lovest next, love a good cup of wine,
A mistress for a king! she leaps to kiss thee,
Her red and white's her own, she makes good blood,
Takes none away.
Jun. I am counselled;
And henceforth, when I doat again——
Dem. Take heed;
Ye had almost paid for it.
Pet. Love no more great ladies;
Thou canst not step amiss then; there's no delight in them:
All's in the whistling of their snatcht-up silks;
They're only made for handsome view, not handling.
Jun. Thou speakest truly:
The wars shall be my mistress now.
Pet. Well chosen!
For she's a bouncing lass; she'll kiss thee at night, boy,
And break thy pate in the morning.
Jun. Yesterday
I found those favours infinite.
Dem. Wench good enough,
But that she talks too loud.
Pet. She talks to the purpose,
Which never woman did yet. She'll hold grappling,
And he that lays on best is her best servant;
All other loves are mere catching of dottrels.
Here comes the general.

Enter SUETONIUS, CURIUS, *and* MACER.

Suet. I'm glad I've found ye:
Are those come in yet, that pursued bold Caratach?

Pet. Not yet, sir, for I think they mean to lodge him;
Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.
Suet. Then haste, Petillius, haste to Penius:
I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace
He has pulled upon himself, will be his ruin;
I fear his soldiers' fury too: Haste presently;
I would not lose him for all Britain. Give him, Petillius——
Pet. That, that shall choke him. [*Aside.*
Suet. All the noble counsel,
His fault forgiven too, his place, his honour——
Pet. For me, I think, as handsome——
[*Aside.*
Suet. All the comfort;
And tell the soldier, 'twas on our command
He drew not to the battle.
Pet. I conceive, sir,
And will do that shall cure all.
Suet. Bring him with you
Before the queen's fort, and his forces with him;
There you shall find us following of our conquest.
Make haste!
Pet. The best I may. [*Exit.*
Suet. And, noble gentlemen,
Up to your companies! we'll presently
Upon the queen's pursuit. There's nothing done
'Till she be seized; without her, nothing won.
[*Exeunt. Short flourish.*

SCENE II.

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO.

Car. How does my boy?
Hengo. I would do well; my heart's well;
I do not fear.
Car. My good boy!
Hengo. I know, uncle,
We must all die; my little brother died,
I saw him die, and he died smiling; sure
There's no great pain in it, uncle. But pray tell me,
Whither must we go when we're dead?
Car. Strange questions!—
Why, to the blessedest place, boy—Ever sweetness
And happiness dwell there.
Hengo. Will you come to me?
Car. Yes, my sweet boy.
Hengo. Mine aunt too, and my cousins?
Car. All, my good child.
Hengo. No Romans, uncle?
Car. No, boy.
Hengo. I should be loth to meet them there.
Car. No ill men,
That live by violence, and strong oppression,
Come thither; 'tis for those the gods love, good men.
Hengo. Why, then, I care not when I go, for surely
I am persuaded they love me: I never
Blasphemed them, uncle, nor transgressed my parents;
I always said my prayers.
Car. Thou shalt go then,
Indeed thou shalt.
Hengo. When they please.
Car. That's my good boy!
Art thou weary, Hengo?
Hengo. Weary, uncle?
I've heard you say you've marched all day in armour.
Car. I have, boy.
Hengo. Am not I your kinsman?
Car. Yes.
Hengo. And am not I as fully allied unto you
In those brave things, as blood?
Car. Thou art too tender.
Hengo. To go upon my legs? they were made to bear me.
I can play twenty mile a-day; I see no reason,
But, to preserve my country and myself,
I should march forty.
Car. What wouldst thou be, living
To wear a man's strength?
Hengo. Why, a Caratach,
A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from heaven
To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom.
Hark, [*Drum.*
Hark, uncle, hark! I hear a drum.

Enter JUDAS *and his people to the door.*

Judas. Beat softly,
Softly, I say; they're here. Who dare charge?
1 *Sold.* He,
That dares be knocked on the head: I'll not come near him.
Judas. Retire again, and watch then. How he stares!
He has eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the boy well;
If we could take or kill him—A pox on ye,
How fierce ye look! See, how he broods the boy?
The devil dwells in his scabbard. Back, I say!
Apace, apace! he has found us. [*They retire.*
Car. Do ye hunt us?
Hengo. Uncle, good uncle, see! the thin starved rascal,
The eating Roman, see where he thrids the thickets:
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him! one good blow
To knock his brains into his breech; strike his head off.
Car. Do ye make us foxes?
Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place, boy!
I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.
Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels! [*Exit.*
Hengo. Now he pays them;
Oh, that I had a man's strength!

Enter JUDAS, *&c.*

Judas. Here's the boy;
Mine own, I thank my fortune.
Hengo. Uncle, uncle!
Famine is fallen upon me, uncle.
Judas. Come, sir,
Yield willingly, (your uncle's out of hearing)
I'll tickle your young tail else.
Hengo. I defy thee,
Thou mock-made man of mat? Charge home, sirrah!
Hang thee, base slave, thou shakest.
Judas. Upon my conscience,
The boy will beat me! how it looks, how bravely,
How confident the worm is! a scabbed boy
To handle me thus!—Yield, or I cut thy head off.
Hengo. Thou darest not cut my finger; here 'tis, touch it.
Judas. The boy speaks sword and buckler! Prithee yield, boy;
Come, here's an apple, yield.
Hengo. By Heaven, he fears me!
I'll give you sharper language: When, ye coward,
When come ye up?
Judas. If he should beat me——
Hengo. When, sir?
I long to kill thee! Come, thou canst not escape me;
I've twenty ways to charge thee, twenty deaths
Attend my bloody staff.
Judas. Sure, 'tis the devil,
A dwarf devil in a doublet!
Hengo. I have killed
A captain, sirrah, a brave captain, and when I've done,
I've kicked him thus. Look here; see how I charge
This staff!
Judas. Most certain this boy will cut my throat yet.

Enter two Soldiers running.

1 *Sold.* Flee, flee! he kills us.
2 *Sold.* He comes, he comes!
Judas. The devil take the hindmost!
[*Exeunt Judas, &c.*
Hengo. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues, ye rank rogues!
A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes! that's he, boys!
What a brave cry they make!

Enter CARATACH, *with a head.*

Car. How does my chicken?
Hengo. 'Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great soldier;
For, by the virtue of your charging-staff,
And a strange fighting face I put upon it,
I've out-braved Hunger.
Car. That's my boy, my sweet boy!
Here, here's a Roman's head for thee.
Hengo. Good provision!
Before I starve, my sweet-faced gentleman,
I'll try your favour.
Car. A right complete soldier!
Come, chicken, let's go seek some place of strength
(The country's full of scouts) to rest a while in;
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Must be your food a while, boy.
Hengo. Any thing;
I can eat moss, nay, I can live on anger,
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.
Car. I warrant thee; come cheerfully.
Hengo. And boldly! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter PENIUS, DRUSIUS, *and* REGULUS.

Reg. The soldier shall not grieve you.
Pen. Pray ye forsake me;
Look not upon me, as ye love your honours!
I am so cold a coward, my infection
Will choke your virtues like a damp else.
Drus. Dear captain!
Reg. Most honoured sir!
Pen. Most hated, most abhorred!
Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.
Oh, my dear credit, my dear credit!
Reg. Sure
His mind is dangerous.
Drus. The good gods cure it!
Pen. My honour got through fire, through stubborn breaches,
Through battles, that have been as hard to win as heaven,
Through Death himself, in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen!
And now I'm left to scornful tales and laughters,
To hootings at, pointing with fingers, 'That's he,
'That's the brave gentleman forsook the battle,
'The most wise Penius, the disputing coward.'
Oh, my good sword, break from my side, and kill me;
Cut out the coward from my heart!
Reg. You are none.
Pen. He lies, that says so; by heaven, he lies, lies basely,
Baser than I have done! Come, soldiers, seek me;
I have robbed ye of your virtues! Justice seek me;
I have broke my fair obedience! Last, Shame take me,
Take me, and swallow me, make ballads of me,
Shame, endless shame! and, pray, do you forsake me!
Drus. What shall we do?
Pen. Good gentlemen, forsake me;
You were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray do it,
And do not fear; for, as I am a coward,
I will not hurt myself, (when that mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help) I dare not.
Throws himself upon the ground.

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. Good-morrow, gentlemen! Where's the tribune?
Reg. There.
Drus. Whence come you, good Petillius?
Pet. From the general.
Drus. With what, for Heaven's sake?
Pet. With good counsel, Drusius,
And love, to comfort him.
Drus. Good Regulus,
Step to the soldier and allay his anger;
For he is wild as winter. [*Exeunt Drus. and Reg.*
Pet. Oh, are you there? have at you!—Sure he's dead,
It cannot be he dare out-live this fortune;
He must die, 'tis most necessary; men expect it,
And thought of life in him goes beyond coward.
Forsake the field so basely? Fy upon it!
So poorly to betray his worth, so coldly
To cut all credit from the soldier? Sure
If this man mean to live, (as I should think it
Beyond belief) he must retire, where never
The name of Rome, the voice of arms, or honour,
Was known or heard of yet. He's certain dead,
Or strongly means it; he's no soldier else,
No Roman in him; all he has done but outside,
Fought either drunk or desperate. Now he rises.
How does lord Penius?
Pen. As you see.
Pet. I'm glad on't;
Continue so still. The lord general,
The valiant general, great Suetonius——
Pen. No more of me is spoken; my name is perished.
Pet. He that commanded fortune and the day,
By his own valour and discretion,
(When, as some say, Penius refused to come,
But I believe them not) sent me to see you.
Pen. Ye are welcome; and pray see me, see me well;
You shall not see me long.
Pet. I hope so, Penius.—
The gods defend, sir!
Pen. See me and understand me: This is he,
Left to fill up your triumph; he, that basely
Whistled his honour off to the wind, that coldly
Shrunk in his politic head, when Rome, like reapers,
Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off; that fool,
That, having gold and copper offered him,
Refused the wealth, and took the waste; that soldier,
That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Labour in one hand that propounds us gods,
And, in the other, Glory that creates us,
Yet durst doubt and be damned!
Pet. It was an error.
Pen. A foul one, and a black one.
Pet. Yet the blackest
May be washed white again.
Pen. Never.
Pet. Your leave, sir;
And I beseech you note me, for I love you,
And bring along all comfort: Are we gods,
Allied to no infirmities? are our natures
More than men's natures? When we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost?
Is there no medicine called sweet mercy?
Pen. None, Petillius;
There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should; I've sinned beyond it.
Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults.
Pen. 'Tis all faults,
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven;
'Tis loss of whole man in me, my discretion,
To be so stupid, to arrive at pardon!
Pet. Oh, but the general——
Pen. He is a brave gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving; and, I dare say,
He would, as far as honour durst direct him,
Make even with my fault; but 'tis not honest,
Nor in his power: examples, that may nourish
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
Must not be played withal; nor out of pity
Make a general forget his duty;
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.
Pet. What would you do?
Pen. Die.
Pet. So would sullen children,
Women that want their wills, slaves disobedient,
That fear the law. Die? Fy, great captain! you
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives
Under your regiment, and let your passion
Betray your reason? I bring you all forgiveness,
The noblest kind commends, your place, your honour——
Pen. Prithee no more; tis foolish. Didst not thou
(By Heaven, thou didst; I overheard thee, there,
There where thou standest now) deliver me for rascal,
Poor, dead, cold coward, miserable, wretched,
If I outlive this ruin?
Pet. I?
Pen. And thou didst it nobly,
Like a true man, a soldier; and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good Petillius, thus I thank thee!
Pet. Since you are so justly made up, let me tell you,
'Tis fit you die indeed.
Pen. Oh, how thou lovest me!
Pet. For say he had forgiven you, say the people's whispers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
What must your own command think, from whose swords
You have taken off the edges, from whose valours
The due and recompense of arms; nay, made it doubtful
Whether they knew obedience! must not these kill you?

Say they are won to pardon you, by mere miracle
Brought to forgive you, what old valiant soldier,
What man that loves to fight, and fight for Rome,
Will ever follow you more! Dare you know these ventures?
If so, I bring you comfort; dare you take it?
Pen. No, no, Petillius, no.
Pet. If your mind serve you,
You may live still; but how? yet pardon me:
You may out-wear all too; but when? and certain
There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
A man will take it upon conditions.
Pen. No, by no means: I am only thinking now, sir,
(For I am resolved to go) of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my fault. I'll hang.
Pet. You shall not; you are a gentleman I honour;
I would else flatter you, and force you live,
Which is far baser. Hanging? 'tis a dog's death,
An end for slaves.
Pen. The fitter for my baseness.
Pet. Besides, the man, that is hanged, preaches his end,
And sits a sign for all the world to gape at.
Pen. That is true; I'll take a fitter: poison.
Pet. No,
'Tis equal ill; the death of rats and women,
Lovers, and lazy boys, that fear correction;
Die like a man.
Pen. Why, my sword, then.
Pet. Ay, if your sword be sharp, sir,
There is nothing under heaven that's like your sword;
Your sword is a death indeed!
Pen. It shall be sharp, sir.
Pet. Why, Mithridates was an arrant ass
To die by poison, if all Bosphorus
Could lend him swords: Your sword must do the deed;
'Tis shame to die choaked, fame to die and bleed.
Pen. Thou hast confirmed me; and, my good Petillius,
Tell me no more I may live.
Pet. 'Twas my commission;
But now I see you in a nobler way,
A way to make all even.
Pen. Farewell, captain!
Be a good man, and fight well; be obedient;
Command thyself, and then thy men. Why shakest thou?
Pet. I do not, sir.
Pen. I would thou hadst, Petillius!
I would find something to forsake the world with,
Worthy the man that dies: a kind of earthquake
Through all stern valours but mine own.
Pet. I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.
Pen. Keep it still;
As thou lovest virtue, keep it.
Pet. And, brave captain,

The great and honoured Penius!——
Pen. That again!
Oh, how it heightens me! again, Petillius!
Pet. Most excellent commander!——
Pen. Those were mine,
Mine, only mine!
Pet. They are still.
Pen. Then, to keep them
From ever falling more, have at ye! Heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I'm yours: The work is done, [*Kills himself.*
That neither fire, nor age, nor melting envy,
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words
To the great general: kiss his hands, and say,
My soul I give to Heaven, my fault to justice,
Which I have done upon myself; my virtue,
If ever there was any in poor Penius,
Made more, and happier, light on him!—I faint—
And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune.
I die. Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth! [*Dies.*
Pet. And on my sin! Farewell, great Penius!
The soldier is in fury; now I'm glad [*Noise within.*
'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
The way of toil; for thee, the way of honour! [*Exit.*

Enter DRUSIUS *and* REGULUS, *with soldiers.*

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him!
Drus. What will ye do?
Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers——
Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him!
Drus. Kill us first; we command too.
Reg. Valiant soldiers,
Consider but whose life ye seek.—Oh, Drusius,
Bid him be gone; he dies else.—Shall Rome say,
Ye most approved soldiers, her dear children
Devoured the fathers of the fight? shall rage
And stubborn fury guide those swords to slaughter,
To slaughter of their own, to civil ruin?
Drus. Oh, let them in; all's done, all's ended, Regulus;
Penius has found his last eclipse. Come, soldiers,
Come, and behold your miseries; come bravely,
Full of your mutinous and bloody angers,
And here bestow your darts. Oh, only Roman!
Oh, father of the wars!
Reg. Why stand ye stupid?
Where be your killing furies? whose sword now
Shall first be sheathed in Penius? Do ye weep?
Howl out, ye wretches! ye have cause; howl ever!
Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose valour
Preserve ye to the glory of your country?
Who shall march out before ye, coyed and courted
By all the mistresses of war, Care, Counsel,
Quick-eyed Experience, and Victory twined to him?
Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your names, and keep your honours living,

When children fail, and Time, that takes all with him,
Build houses for ye to oblivion?
Drus. Oh, ye poor desperate fools, no more now soldiers,
Go home, and hang your arms up; let rust rot them;
And humble your stern valours to soft prayers!
For ye have sunk the frame of all your virtues;
The sun, that warmed your bloods, is set for ever.
I'll kiss thy honoured cheek. Farewell, great Penius,
Thou thunderbolt, farewell!—Take up the body:
To-morrow, mourning, to the camp convey it,
There to receive due ceremonies. That eye
That blinds itself with weeping, gets most glory.
[*Exeunt with a dead march.*

Enter SUETONIS, JUNIUS, DECIUS, DEMETRIUS, CURIUS, *and Soldiers:* BONDUCA, *two Daughters, and* NENNIUS *above. Drum and colours.*

Suet. Bring up the catapults, and shake the wall;
We will not be outbraved thus.
Nen. Shake the earth,
Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your rams,
And with their armed heads make the fort totter,
Ye do but rock us into death. [*Exit Nen.*
Jun. See, sir,
See the Icenian queen in all her glory,
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes!
Dec. Yield, queen.
Bond. I am unacquainted with that language, Roman.
Suet. Yield, honoured lady, and expect our mercy;
We love thy nobleness. [*Exit Decius.*
Bond. I thank ye! ye say well;
But mercy and love are sins in Rome and hell.
Suet. You cannot escape our strength; you must yield, lady;
You must adore and fear the power of Rome.
Bond. If Rome be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her?
She's vicious; and, your partial selves confess,
Aspires the height of all impiety;
Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
The thatched houses, where the Britons dwell
In careless mirth; where the blessed household gods
See nought but chaste and simple purity.
'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line;
But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stored,
Make people noble, and the place adored.
Suet. Beat the wall deeper!
Bond. Beat it to the centre,
We will not sink one thought.
Suet, I'll make ye.
Bond. No.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, mother, these are fearful hours; speak gently
To these fierce men, they will afford ye pity.

Enter PETILLIUS, *who whispers* SUETONIUS.

Bond. Pity? Thou fearful girl, 'tis for those wretches,
That misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less?
Wast not thou born a princess? Can my blood,
And thy brave father's spirit, suffer in thee
So base a separation from thyself,
As mercy from these tyrants? Say they had mercy,
The devil a relenting conscience,
The lives of kings rest in their diadems,
Which to their bodies lively souls do give,
And, ceasing to be kings, they cease to live.
Shew such another fear, and, by the gods,
I'll fling thee to their fury.
Suet. He is dead then?
Pet. I think so certainly; yet all my means, sir,
Even to the hazard of my life——
Suet. No more:
We must not seem to mourn here.

Enter DECIUS.

Dec. There is a breach made;
Is it your will we charge, sir?
Suet. Once more, mercy,
Mercy to all that yield!
Bond. I scorn to answer;
Speak to him, girl, and hear thy sister.
1 *Daugh.* General,
Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me,
Directly in my face, my woman's face,
Whose only beauty is the hate it bears ye;
See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes,
Into my soul, and see what there inhabits;
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools,
Poor Fortune's fools, we were not born for triumphs,
To follow your gay sports, and fill your slaves
With hoots and acclamations.
Pet. Brave behaviour!
1 *Daugh.* The children of as great as Rome, as noble,
Our names before her, and our deeds her envy,
Must we gild o'er your conquest, make your state,
That is not fairly strong, but fortunate?
No, no, ye Romans! We have ways to escape ye,
To make ye poor again, indeed our prisoners,
And stick our triumphs full.
Pet. 'Sdeath, I shall love her.
1 *Daugh.* To torture ye with suffering, like our slaves;
To make ye curse our patience, wish the world
Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem
The end of all ambitions.
Bond. Do ye wonder?
We'll make our monuments in spite of fortune;
In spite of all your eagles' wings, we'll work
A pitch above ye; and from our heart we'll stoop

As fearless of your bloody soars, and fortunate,
As if we preyed on heartless doves.
Suet. Strange stiffness!
Decius, go charge the breach. [*Exit Decius.*
Bond. Charge it home, Roman;
We shall deceive thee else. Where's Nennius?

Enter NENNIUS.

Nen. They have made a mighty breach.
Bond. Stick in thy body,
And make it good but half an hour.
Nen. I'll do it.
1 *Daugh.* And then be sure to die.
Nen. It shall go hard else.
Bond. Farewell, with all my heart! We shall meet yonder,
Where few of these must come.
Nen. Gods take thee, lady! [*Exit Nennius.*
Bond. Bring up the swords, and poison.

Enter one with swords and a great cup.

2 *Daugh.* Oh, my fortune!
Bond. How, how?
2 *Daugh.* Good mother, nothing to offend you.
Bond. Here, wench;
Behold us, Romans!
Suet. Mercy yet.
Bond. No talking!
Puff! there goes all your pity. Come, short prayers,
And let us dispatch the business! You begin;
Shrink not, I'll see you do it.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, gentle mother!
Oh, Romans! Oh, my heart! I dare not.
Suet. Woman, woman,
Unnatural woman!
2 *Daugh.* Oh, persuade her, Romans!
Alas, I'm young, and would live. Noble mother,
Can ye kill that, ye gave life? Are my years
Fit for destruction?
Suet. Yield, and be a queen still,
A mother, and a friend.
Bond. Ye talk! Come, hold it,
And put it home.
1 *Daugh.* Fy, sister, fy!
What would you live to be?
2 *Daugh.* Mercy!
Suet. Hear her, thou wretched woman!
2 *Daugh.* Mercy, mother!
Oh, whither will you send me? I was once
Your darling, your delight.
Bond. Oh, gods! fear in my family?
Do it, and nobly.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, do not frown, then.
1 *Daugh.* Do it, worthy sister;
'Tis nothing; 'tis a pleasure: We'll go with you.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, if I knew but whither!
1 *Daugh.* To the blessed;
Where we shall meet our father——
Suet. Woman!
Bond. Talk not.
1 *Daugh.* Where nothing but true joy is——
Bond. That's a good wench!
Mine own sweet girl! put it close to thee.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, [*Stabs herself.*
Comfort me still, for heaven's sake.
1 *Daugh.* Where eternal
Our youths are, and our beauties; where no wars come.
2 *Daugh.* A long farewell to this world! [*Dies.*
Bond. Good; I'll help thee.
1 *Daugh.* The next is mine. Shew me a Roman lady, [*Stabs herself.*
In all your stories, dare do this for her honour;
They are cowards, eat coals like compelled cats:
Your great saint, Lucrece,
Died not for honour.
Pet. By heaven,
I am in love! I would give an hundred pound now
But to lie with this woman's behaviour. Oh, the devil!
1 *Daugh.* Ye shall see my example: All your Rome,
If I were proud and loved ambition,
If I were greedy, all the wealth ye conquer——
Bond. Make haste.
1 *Daugh.* I will—could not entice to live,
But two short hours, this frailty. Would ye learn
How to die bravely, Romans, to fling off
This case of flesh, lose all your cares for ever?
Live, as we have done, well, and fear the gods;
Hunt honour, and not nations, with your swords;
Keep your minds humble, your devotions high;
So shall ye learn the noblest part to die. [*Dies.*
Bond. I come, wench.—To ye all, Fate's hangmen, you,
That ease the aged destinies, and cut
The threads of kingdoms as they draw them! here,
Here is a draught would ask no less than Cæsar
To pledge it for the glory's sake!
Cur. Great lady!
Suet. Make up your own conditions.
Bond. So we will.
Suet. Stay!
Dem. Stay!
Suet. Be any thing.
Bond. A saint, Suetonius,
When thou shalt fear, and die like a slave. Ye fools,
Ye should have tied up death first, when ye conquered:
Ye sweat for us in vain else: See him here, [*Drinks.*
He's ours; and still our friend; laughs at your pities;
And we command him with as easy reins
As do our enemies.—I feel the poison.—
Poor vanquished Romans, with what matchless tortures
Could I now rack ye! But I pity ye,
Desiring to die quiet: Nay, so much
I hate to prosecute my victory,
That I will give ye counsel ere I die:

If you will keep your laws and empire whole,
Place in your Roman flesh a Briton soul. [*Dies.*

Enter DECIUS.

Suet. Desperate and strange!
Dec. 'Tis won, sir, and the Britons
All put to the sword.
Suet. Give her fair funeral;
She was truly noble, and a queen.
Pet. Pox take it,
A love-mange grown upon me? What a spirit!
Jun. I am glad of this! I have found you.
Pet. In my belly,
Oh, how it tumbles!
Jun. Ye good gods, I thank ye! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

CARATACH *upon a rock, and* HENGO *by him sleeping.*

Car. Thus we afflicted Britons climb for safeties,
And to avoid our dangers, seek destructions;
Thus we awake to sorrows. Oh, thou woman,
Thou agent for adversities, what curses
This day belong to thy improvidence!
To Britain, by thy means, what sad millions
Of widows' weeping eyes! The strong man's valour
Thou hast betrayed to fury, the child's fortune
To fear, and want of friends, whose pieties
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his sorrows
A house of rest by his blessed ancestors:
The virgins thou hast robbed of all their wishes,
Blasted their blowing hopes, turned their songs,
Their mirthful marriage-songs, to funerals;
The land thou hast left a wilderness of wretches.
The boy begins to stir; thy safety made,
'Would my soul were in Heaven!
Hengo. Oh, noble uncle,
Look out; I dreamed we were betrayed.
Car. No harm, boy; [*A soft dead march within.*
'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds these fancies:
Thou shalt have meat anon.
Hengo. A little, uncle,
And I shall hold out bravely.—What are those,
(Look, uncle, look!) those multitudes that march there!
They come upon us stealing by.
Car. I see them;
And prithee be not fearful.
Hengo. Now you hate me;
Would I were dead!
Car. Thou knowest I love thee dearly.
Hengo. Did I ever shrink yet, uncle? Were I a man now,
I should be angry with you.

Enter DRUSIUS, REGULUS, *and Soldiers, with* PENIUS's *hearse, drums, and colours.*

Car. My sweet chicken!—
See, they have reached us; and, as it seems, they bear
Some soldier's body, by their solemn gestures,
And sad solemnities; it well appears, too,
To be of eminence.—Most worthy soldiers,
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me
What noble body that is, which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious grief,
As if ye meant to woo the world and nature,
To be in love with death! Most honourable,
Excellent Romans, by your ancient valours,
As ye love fame, resolve me!
Sold. 'Tis the body
Of the great captain Penius, by himself
Made cold and spiritless.
Car. Oh, stay, ye Romans,
By the religion, which ye owe those gods,
That lead ye on to victories! by those glories,
Which made even pride a virtue in ye!
Drus. Stay.
What is thy will, Caratach?
Car. Set down the body,
The body of the noblest of all Romans;
As ye expect an offering at your graves
From your friends' sorrows, set it down awhile,
That with your griefs an enemy may mingle,
(A noble enemy, that loves a soldier)
And lend a tear to virtue! Even your foes,
Your wild foes, as you called us, are yet stored
With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,
Though sometime stubborn, yet when virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers:
Oh, set it down!
Drus. Set down the body, soldiers.
Car. Thou hallowed relic, thou rich diamond,
Cut with thine own dust; thou, for whose wide fame
The world appears too narrow, man's all thoughts,
Had they all tongues, too silent: thus I bow
To thy most honoured ashes! Though an enemy,
Yet friend to all thy worths, sleep peaceably;
Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
And make thy grave an everlasting triumph!
Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,
And honest arms, adieu! All noble battles,
Maintained in thirst of honour, not of blood,
Farewell for ever!
Hengo. Was this Roman, uncle,
So good a man?
Car. Thou never knewest thy father.
Hengo. He died before I was born.
Car. This worthy Roman
Was such another piece of endless honour,

Such a brave soul dwelt in him; their proportions
And faces were not much unlike, boy. Excellent nature!
See how it works into his eyes! mine own boy!
Hengo. The multitudes of these men, and their fortunes,
Could never make me fear yet; one man's goodness——
Car. Oh, now thou pleasest me; weep still, my child,
As if thou sawest me dead! with such a flux
Or flood of sorrow; still thou pleasest me.
And, worthy soldiers, pray receive these pledges,
These hatchments of our griefs, and grace us so much
To place them on his hearse. Now, if ye please,
Bear off the noble burden: raise his pile
High as Olympus, making heaven to wonder,
To see a star upon earth outshining theirs:
And ever-loved, ever-living be
Thy honoured and most sacred memory!
Drus. Thou hast done honestly, good Caratach;
And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous Romans
Shall sing thy soul to heaven. Now march on, soldiers. [*Exeunt. A dead march.*
Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.
Hengo. Are they all gone?
I could have wept this hour yet.
Car. Come, take cheer,
And raise thy spirit, child; if but this day
Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming,
I'll fashion our escape.
Hengo. Pray fear not me;
Indeed I am very hearty.
Car. Be so still;
His mischiefs lessen, that controuls his ill.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. What do I ail, in the name of heaven? I did but see her
And see her die; she stinks by this time strongly,
Abominably stinks. She was a woman,
A thing I never cared for; but to die so,
So confidently, bravely, strongly—Oh, the devil,
I have the bots! by heaven, she scorned us strangely,
All we could do, or durst do: threatened us
With such a noble anger, and so governed
With such a fiery spirit—The plain bots!
A pox upon the bots, the love-bots! Hang me,
Hang me even out of the way, directly hang me!
Oh, penny pipers, and most painful penners
Of bountiful new ballads, what a subject,
What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,
Is crept upon ye!

Enter JUNIUS.

Jun. Here he is; have at him! [*Sings.*

She set the sword unto her breast,
Great pity it was to see,
That three drops of her life-warm blood,
Run trickling down her knee.

Art thou there, bonny boy? And, in faith, how dost thou?
Pet. Well, gramercy; how dost thou? He has found me,
Scented me out; the shame the devil owed me,
He has kept his day with. And what news, Junius?
Jun. It was an old tale ten thousand times told,

Of a young lady was turned into mould,
Her life it was lovely, her death it was bold.

Pet. A cruel rogue! now he has drawn pursuit on me,
He hunts me like a devil. No more singing!
Thou hast got a cold: Come, let us go drink some sack, boy.
Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Pet. Why dost thou laugh?
What mare's nest hast thou found?
Jun. Ha, ha, ha!
I cannot laugh alone: Decius! Demetrius!
Curius! oh, my sides! ha, ha, ha, ha!
The strangest jest!
Pet. Prithee no more.
Jun. The admirablest fooling!
Pet. Thou art the prettiest fellow!
Jun. Sirs!
Pet. Why, Junius,
Prithee away, sweet Junius!
Jun. Let me sing then.
Pet. Whoa, here's a stir now! Sing a song of sixpence!
By heaven, if—prithee—pox on't, Junius!
Jun. I must either sing or laugh.
Pet. And what's your reason?
Jun. What's that to you?
Pet. And I must whistle.
Jun. Do so.
Oh, I hear them coming.
Pet. I have a little business.
Jun. Thou shalt not go, believe it: What! a gentleman
Of thy sweet conversation?
Pet. Captain Junius,
Sweet captain, let me go with all celerity!
Things are not always one; and do not question,
Nor jeer, nor gibe: None of your doleful ditties,
Nor your sweet conversation: you will find then
I may be angered.
Jun. By no means, Petillius;
Anger a man that never knew passion?
'Tis most impossible: A noble captain,
A wise and generous gentleman?

Pet. Tom Puppy,
Leave this way to abuse me: I have found you,
But, for your mother's sake, I will forgive you.
Your subtle understanding may discover,
As you think, some trim toy to make you merry,
Some straw to tickle you; but do not trust to it;
You are a young man, and may do well; be sober,
Carry yourself discreetly.

Enter DECIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* CURIUS.

Jun. Yes, forsooth.
Dem. How does the brave Petillius?
Jun. Monstrous merry.
We two were talking what a kind of thing
I was, when I was in love; what a strange monster
For little boys and girls to wonder at:
How like a fool I looked!
Dec. So they do all,
Like great dull slavering fools.
Jun. Petillius saw too.
Pet. No more of this; it is scurvy; peace!
Jun. How nastily,
Indeed how beastly, all I did became me!
How I forgot to blow my nose! There he stands,
An honest and a wise man; if himself
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
Should find himself in love——
Pet. I am angry.
Jun. Surely
His wise self would hang his beastly self;
His understanding self so maul his ass self——
Dec. He is bound to do it; for he knows the follies,
The poverties, and baseness, that belong to it;
He has read upon the reformations long.
Pet. He has so.
Jun. 'Tis true, and he must do it: Nor is it fit, indeed,
Any such coward——
Pet. You'll leave prating?
Jun. Should dare
Come near the regiments, especially
Those curious puppies (for believe there are such)
That only love behaviour: Those are dog-whelps,
Dwindle away because a woman dies well;
Commit with passions only; fornicate
With the free spirit merely. You, Petillius,
For you have long observed the world——
Pet. Dost thou hear?
I'll beat thee damnably within these three hours!
Go pray; may be I'll kill thee. Farewell, jackdaws!
Dec. What a strange thing he is grown!
[*Exit Pet.*
Jun. I am glad he is so;
And stranger he shall be before I leave him.
Cur. Is it possible her mere death——
Jun. I observed him,
And found him taken, infinitely taken,
With her bravery; I have followed him,
And seen him kiss his sword since, (
scabbard,
Call *dying* dainty dear, her *brave mind*
Casting a thousand ways to give those f
That he might lie with them, and get old
He had got me on the hip once; it shal
friends,
But he shall find his own coin.

Enter MACER.

Dec. How now, Macer?
Is Judas yet come in?

Enter JUDAS.

Macer. Yes, and has lost
Most of his men too. Here he is.
Cur. What news?
Judas. I've lodged him; rouse him, he t
Dem. Where, Judas?
Judas. On a steep rock in the woods, too with him;
And there he swears he'll keep his C
gentlemen,
But he will come away with full conditi
Bravely, and like a Briton. He paid p
Yet I think we fought bravely: For n
part,
I was four several times at half-sw
him,
Twice stood his partizan; but the plain
He's a mere devil, and no man. In the
swinged us,
And swinged us soundly too: He fights
craft;
Yet, for all that, I saw him lodged.
Jun. Take more men,
And scout him round. Macer, march y
What victuals has he?
Judas. Not a piece of biscuit,
Not so much as will stop a tooth, nor w
More than they make themselves: The
Just like a brace of bear whelps, close, a
Sucking their fingers for their food.
Dec. Cut off, then,
All hope of that way; take sufficient fo
Jun. But use no foul play, on your li
man,
That does him mischief by deceit, I'll ki
Macer. He shall have fair play; he d
Judas. Hark ye!
What should I do there then? You are b
tains,
Most valiant men: Go up yourselves; u
See what will come on't; pray the gent
To come down, and be taken. Ye all k
I think ye've felt him too! There ye
him,
His sword by his side, plumbs of a pou
by him,
Will make your chops ache! You'll find
labour
To win him living, than climbing of a cr

Away, and compass him; we shall come
p,
within these two hours. Watch him
ose.
. He shall flee through the air, if he es-
ape us.
What's this loud lamentation?
[*Sad noise within.*
. The dead body
eat Perius is new come to the camp, sir.
Dead?
. By himself, they say.
feared that fortune.
Peace guide him up to heaven!
Away, good Macer.
[*Exe. Macer and Judas.*

ETONIUS, DRUSIUS, REGULUS, *and* PETILLIUS.

If thou be'st guilty,
len plague, thou hatest most, light upon
ee!
nent return on Junius;
deserves it.
o!
Draw out three companies,
Decius, Junius, and thou, Petillius)
e up instantly to Caratach;
he wood before ye: We shall follow,
e ceremony done to the dead,
e dead. Come, let's go burn the body.
[*Exeunt all but Petillius.*
he regiment given from me? disgraced
enly?
oo with a trifle to abuse me?
world, a fine world! served seven years
ass of both sides? sweet Petillius,
brought your hogs to a fine market!
ou are wise, sir,
ourable brain-pan full of crotchets,
rstanding gentleman; your projects
assurance ever! Wouldst not thou now
d about the pate, Petillius!
o that, sweet soldier! surely, surely,
ou would; pulled by the nose, kicked?
ng thee,
the arruntest rascal! Trust thy wisdom
thing of weight? the wind with feathers!
blind puppy! you command? you go-
rn?
groat a-day, or serve a swine-herd,
e for thy nature too!—I must up;
I shall do there, let time discover.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

ACER *and* JUDAS, *with meat and a bottle.*

. Hang it on the side of the rock, as
ough the Britons
ner to relieve him: Who first ventures
it off, is ours. I cannot see him.

Judas. He lies close in a hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his anger. Ha! no; 'tis not he.
Macer. 'Tis but the shaking of the boughs
Judas. Pox shake them!
I'm sure they shake me soundly.—There!
Macer. 'Tis nothing.
Judas. Make no noise; if he stir, a deadly tempest
Of huge stones falls upon us. 'Tis done! away, close! [*Exeunt.*

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly, child; 'tis all thou feedest on.
No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity,
To bring thee food? Poor knave, thou art sick, extreme sick,
Almost grown wild for meat; and yet thy goodness
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the woods
Are double lined with soldiers; no way left us
To make a noble escape. I'll sit down by thee,
And, when thou wakest, either get meat to save thee,
Or lose my life in the purchase; good gods comfort thee!

SCENE IV.

Enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, PETILLIUS, *and Guide.*

Guide. You are not far off now, sir.
Jun. Draw the companies
The closest way through the woods; we'll keep on this way.
Guide. I will, sir: Half a furlong more you'll come
Within the sight of the rock. Keep on the left side;
You'll be discovered else: I'll lodge your companies
In the wild vines beyond ye.
Dec. Do you mark him?
Jun. Yes, and am sorry for him.
Pet. Junius,
Pray let me speak two words with you.
Jun. Walk afore;
I'll overtake you straight.
Dec. I will. [*Exit.*
Jun. Now, captain?
Pet. You have oft told me, you have loved me, Junius.
Jun. Most sure I told you truth then.
Pet. And that your love
Should not deny me any honest thing.
Jun. It shall not.
Pet. Dare you swear it?
I have forgot all passages between us
That have been ill, forgiven too; forget you.
Jun. What would this man have?—By the gods, I do, sir,
So it be fit to grant you.
Pet. 'Tis most honest.

Jun. Why, then I'll do it.
Pet. Kill me.
Jun. How!
Pet. Pray kill me.
Jun. Kill you?
Pet. Ay, kill me quickly, suddenly;
Now kill me.
Jun. On what reason? You amaze me!
Pet. If you do love me, kill me; ask me not why:
I would be killed, and by you.
Jun. Mercy on me!
What ails this man? Petillius!
Pet. Pray you dispatch me;
You are not safe, whilst I live: I am dangerous,
Troubled extremely, even to mischief, Junius,
An enemy to all good men. Fear not; 'tis justice;
I shall kill you else.
Jun. Tell me but the cause,
And I will do it.
Pet. I am disgraced, my service
Slighted and unrewarded by the general,
My hopes left wild and naked; besides these,
I am grown ridiculous, an ass, a folly,
I dare not trust myself with: Prithee, kill me!
Jun. All these may be redeemed as easily
As you would heal your finger.
Pet. Nay——
Jun. Stay, I'll do it;
You shall not need your anger. But first, Petillius,
You shall unarm yourself; I dare not trust
A man so bent to mischief.
Pet. There's my sword,
And do it handsomely.
Jun. Yes, I will kill you,
Believe that certain; but first I'll lay before you
The most extreme fool you have played in this,
The honour purposed for you, the great honour
The general intended you.
Pet. How?
Jun. And then I'll kill you,
Because you shall die miserable. Know, sir,
The regiment was given me, but 'till time
Called you to do some worthy deed, might stop
The peoples' ill thoughts of you for lord Perius,
I mean his death. How soon this time's come to you,
And hasted by Suetonius! Go, says he,
Junius and Decius, and go thou, Petillius,
(Distinctly, *thou*, *Petillius*) and draw up,
To take stout Caratach; there's the deed purposed,
A deed to take off all faults, of all natures:
And thou, Petillius, mark it! there's the honour;
And that done, all made even.
Pet. Stay!
Jun. No, I'll kill you.
He knew thee absolute, and full in soldier,
Daring beyond all dangers, found thee out
According to the boldness of thy spirit,
A subject, such a subject——

Pet. Hark you, Junius!
I will live now.
Jun. By no means—wooed thy worth,
Held thee by the chin up, as thou sunkest, and shewed thee
How honour held her arms out. Come, make ready,
Since you will die an ass.
Pet. Thou wilt not kill me?
Jun. By heaven, but I will, sir. I'll have no man dangerous
Live to destroy me afterward. Besides, you have gotten
Honour enough; let young men rise now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the general, (which is
One main cause you shall die, however he carry it)
Such a strong doting on you, that I fear
You shall command in chief; how are we paid then?
Come, if you'll pray, dispatch it.
Pet. Is there no way?
Jun. Not any way to live.
Pet. I will do any thing,
Redeem myself at any price: Good Junius,
Let me but die upon the rock, but offer
My life up like a soldier!
Jun. You will seek then
To out-do every man.
Pet. Believe it, Junius,
You shall go stroke by stroke with me.
Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble, and a soldier,
For ever these mad fancies?
Pet. Dare you trust me?
By all that is good and honest——
Jun. There's your sword then;
And now, come on, a new man: Virtue guide thee! [*Exeunt.*

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO, *on the rock.*

Car. Courage, my boy! I have found meat: Look, Hengo,
Look where some blessed Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink: Cheer up, boy;
Do not forsake me now!
Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long; yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I am heart-whole,
And would live.
Car. Thou shalt, long, I hope.
Hengo. But my head, uncle!
Methinks the rock goes round.

Enter MACER *and* JUDAS.

Macer. Mark them well, Judas.
Judas. Peace, as you love your life!
Hengo. Do not you hear
The noise of bells?
Car. Of bells, boy? 'Tis thy fancy;
Alas, thy body's full of wind.

Hengo. Methinks, sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of state: Nay, weep not,
Mine own sweet uncle! you will kill me sooner.
Car. Oh, my poor chicken!
Hengo. Fy! faint-hearted, uncle?
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.
Car. I'll go myself, boy.
Hengo. No, as you love me, uncle!
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I desire; pray tie me.
Car. I will, and all my care hang over thee!
Come, child,
My valiant child!
Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 'tis most certain
A Roman train: And you must hold me sure too.
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,
We'll be as merry——
Car. Go, in the name of Heaven, boy!
Hengo. Quick, quick, quick, uncle! I have it. Oh!
Car. What ail'st thou! [*Judas shoots Hengo.*
Hengo. Oh, my best uncle, I am slain!
Car. I see you, [*Car. kills Judas with a stone.*
And heaven direct my hand!—Destruction
Go with thy coward soul! How dost thou boy?
Oh, villain, pocky villain!
Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
Oh, how it pricks me—am I preserved for this?—
Extremely pricks me!
Car. Coward, rascal coward!
Dogs eat thy flesh!
Hengo. Oh, I bleed hard; I faint too; out upon it,
How sick I am! The lean rogue, uncle!
Car. Look, boy;
I have laid him sure enough.
Hengo. Have you knocked his brains out?
Car. I warrant thee for stirring more: Cheer up, child.
Hengo. Hold my sides hard; stop, stop; oh, wretched fortune,
Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.
Car. Heaven look upon this noble child!
Hengo. I once hoped
I should have lived to have met these bloody Romans
At my sword's point, to have revenged my father,
To have beaten them. Oh, hold me hard! But, uncle——
Car. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. Shall I draw it?
Hengo. You draw away my soul, then; I would live
A little longer, (spare me, Heavens!) but only
To thank you for your tender love! Good uncle,
Good noble uncle, weep not!
Car. Oh, my chicken,
My dear boy, what shall I lose?
Hengo. Why, a child,
That must have died however; had this escaped me,
Fever or famine——I was born to die, sir.
Car. But thus unblown, my boy?
Hengo. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure I shall know you,
When you come, uncle?
Car. Yes, boy.
Hengo. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness,
You told me off.
Car. Most certain, child.
Hengo. I grow cold;
Mine eyes are going.
Car. Lift them up!
Hengo. Pray for me;
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew! Mercy!
Car. Mercy!
You blessed angels, take him!
Hengo. Kiss me! so.
Farewell, farewell! [*Dies.*
Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain!
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever! Time and death,
You have done your worst. Fortune, now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph: Look,
Look what thou hast brought this land to. Oh, fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins shew, how sweetly
Even death embraces thee! The peace of heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee!

Enter PETILLIUS *and* JUNIUS *on the rock.*

Ha! Dare ye, Romans? Ye shall win me bravely.
Thou art mine! [*Fight.*
Jun. Not yet, sir.
Car. Breathe ye, ye poor Romans,
And come up all, with all your antient valours;
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and send them—

Enter SUETONIUS, *and all the Roman captains.*

Suet. Yield thee, bold Caratach! By all the gods,
As I am soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thyself, thou valiant Briton.
Pet. Brave soldier, yield, thou stock of arms and honour,
Thou filler of the world with fame and glory!
Jun. Most worthy man, we'll woo thee, be thy prisoners.
Suet. Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,
That more to me than conquest, that true happiness,
To be my friend!
Car. Oh, Romans, see what here is!
Had this boy lived——
Suet. For fame's sake, for thy sword's sake,
As thou desirest to build thy virtues greater!
By all that's excellent in man, and honest——
Car. I do believe. Ye've made me a brave foe;
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness,
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in!

Suet. He shall have fitting funeral.
Car. I yield then;
Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.
Pet. Thus we conduct, then, to the arms of peace,
The wonder of the world!
Suet. Thus I embrace thee; [*Flourish.*
And let it be no flattery, that I tell thee,
Thou art the only soldier!
Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your usage.
I am for Rome?
Suet. You must.
Car. Then Rome shall know
The man, that makes her spring of glory grow.
Suet. Petillius, you have shewn much worth this day,
Redeemed much error; you have my love again;
Preserve it. Junius, with you I make him
Equal in the regiment.
Jun. The elder and the nobler;
I will give place, sir.
Suet. You shew a friend's soul.
March on, and through the camp, in every tongue,
The virtues of great Caratach be sung! [*Exeunt.*

THE

RIVAL QUEENS;

OR,

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

BY

NATHANIEL LEE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.
CLYTUS, *master of the horse.*
LYSIMACHUS, *prince of the blood.*
HEPHESTION, *Alexander's favourite.*
CASSANDER, *son of Antipater,*
POLYPERCHON, *commander of the Phalanx,*
PHILIP, *brother to Cassander,*
THESSALUS *the Median,*
} *conspirators.*
PERDICCAS,
EUMENES,
MELEAGER,
} *great commanders.*
ARISTANDER, *a soothsayer.*

WOMEN.

SYSIGAMBIS, *mother of the royal family.*
STATIRA, *daughter of Darius, married to Alexander.*
ROXANA, *daughter of Cohortanus, first wife of Alexander.*
PARISATIS, *sister to Statira, in love with Lysimachus.*
Attendants, Slaves, Ghost, Dancers, Guards.

Scene,—Babylon.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter HEPHESTION, LYSIMACHUS, *fighting*; CLYTUS parting them.

Cly. WHAT, are you madmen? ha!—Put up, I say——
Then, mischief's in the bosom of you both.
Lys. I have his sword.
Cly. But must not have his life.
Lys. Must not, old Clytus?
Cly. Mad Lysimachus, you must not.
Heph. Coward flesh! O feeble arm!
He dallied with my point, and when I thrust,
He frowned and smiled, and foiled me like a fencer.
O reverend Clytus, father of the war,
Most famous guard of Alexander's life,
Take pity on my youth, and lend a sword:
Lysimachus is brave, and will but scorn me;
Kill me, or let me fight with him again.
Lys. There, take thy sword, and since thou art resolved
For death, thou hast the noblest from my hand.

Cly. Stay thee, Lysimachus; Hephestion, hold;
I bar you both, my body interposed.
Now let me see, which of you dares to strike!
By Jove, ye have stirred the old man; that rash arm,
That first advances, moves against the gods,
Against the wrath of Clytus, and the will
Of our great king, whose deputy I stand.
Lys. Well, I shall take another time.
Heph. And I.
Cly. 'Tis false.
Another time, what time? what foolish hour?
No time shall see a brave man do amiss.
And what's the noble cause, that makes this madness?
What big ambition blows this dangerous fire?
A Cupid's puff, is it not, woman's breath?
By all your triumphs in the heat of youth,
When towns were sacked, and beauties prostrate lay,
When my blood boiled, and nature worked me high,
Clytus ne'er bowed his body to such shame:
The brave will scorn the cobweb arts——The souls
Of all that whining, smiling, cozening sex,
Weigh not one thought of any man of war.
Lys. I confess our vengeance was ill-timed.
Cly. Death! I had rather this right arm were lost,
To which I owe my glory, than our king
Should know your fault——what, on this famous day!
Heph. I was to blame.
Cly. This memorable day,
When our hot master, that would tire the world,
Out-ride the labouring sun, and tread the stars,
When he, inclined to rest, comes peaceful on,
Listening to songs: while all his trumpets sleep,
And plays with monarchs, whom he used to drive;
Shall we begin disorders, make new broils?
We, that have temper learnt, shall we awake
Hushed Mars, the lion, that had left to roar?
Lys. 'Tis true; old Clytus is an oracle.
Put up, Hephestion——did not passion blind
My reason, I on such occasion too
Could thus have urged,
Heph. Why is it then we love?
Cly. Because unmanned.————
Why, is not Alexander grown example?
O that a face should thus bewitch a soul,
And ruin all, that's right and reasonable!
Talk be my bane, yet the old man must talk:
Not so he loved, when he at Issus fought,
And joined in mighty duel great Darius,
Whom from his chariot, flaming all with gems,
He hurled to earth, and crushed the imperial crown;
Nor could the gods defend their images,
Which with the gaudy coach lay overturned:
'Twas not the shaft of love, that did the feat;
Cupid had nothing there to do; but now
Two wives he takes, two rival queens disturb
The court; and while each hand does beauty hold,
Where is there room for glory?
Heph. In his heart.
Cly. Well said.
You are his favourite, and I had forgot
Who I was talking to. See Sysigambis comes,
Reading a letter to your princess; go,
Now make your claim, while I attend the king.
Exit.

Enter SYSIGAMBIS, PARISATIS.

Par. Did not you love my father? Yes, I see
You did; his very name but mentioned brings
The tears, however unwilling, to your eyes.
I loved him too; he would not thus have forced
My trembling heart, which your commands may break,
But never bend.
Sys. Forbear thy lost complaints;
Urge not a suit, which I can never grant.
Behold the royal signet of the king,
Therefore resolve to be Hephestion's wife,
Par. No! since Lysimachus has won my heart,
My body shall be ashes, e'er another's.
Sys. For sixty rolling years who ever stood
The shock of state so unconcern'd as I?
This, whom I thought to govern, being young,
Heaven, as a plague to power, has rendered strong;
Judge my distresses, and my temper prize;
Who, though unfortunate, would still be wise.
Lys. To let you know, that misery doth sway
Both kneel.
An humbler fate than yours, see at your feet
The lost Lysimachus: O mighty queen,
I have but this to beg, impartial stand;
And, since Hephestion serves by your permission,
Disdain not me, who ask your royal leave
To cast a throbbing heart before her feet.
Heph. A blessing, like possession of the princess,
No services, not crowns, nor all the blood,
That circles in our bodies, can deserve:
Therefore I take all helps, much more the king's,
And what your majesty vouchsafed to give;
Your word is past, where all my hopes must hang.
Lys. There perish too—all words want sense in love;
But love and I bring such a perfect passion,
So nobly pure, 'tis worthy of her eyes,
Which without blushing she may justly prize.
Heph. Such arrogance, should Alexander woo,
Would lose him all the conquests he has won.
Lys. Let not a conquest once be named by you,
Who this dispute must to my mercy owe.
Sys. Rise, brave Lysimachus, Hephestion, rise:
'Tis true Hephestion first declared his love;
And 'tis as true, I promised him my aid;
Your glorious king turned mighty advocate.
How noble, therefore, were the victory,
If we could vanquish this disordered love?

Heph. It will never be.
Lys. No, I will yet love on,
And hear from Alexander's mouth, in what
Hephestion merits more than I.
Sys. I grieve,
And fear the boldness, which your love inspires;
But lest her sight should haste your enterprize,
'Tis just I take the object from your eyes.
[*Exeunt Sys. and Par.*
Lys. She's gone, and see, the day, as if her look
Had kindled it, is lost, now she is vanished.
Heph. A sudden gloominess and horror comes
About me.
Lys. Let's away to meet the king;
You know my suit.
Heph. Yonder Cassander comes,
He may inform us.
Lys. No, I would avoid him;
There's something in that busy face of his,
That shocks my nature.
Heph. Where and what you please. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CASSANDER.

Cass. The morning rises black, the lowering sun,
As if the dreadful business he foreknew,
Drives heavily his sable chariot on:
The face of day now blushes scarlet deep,
As if it feared the stroke which I intend,
Like that of Jupiter——Lightning and thunder!
The lords above are angry, and talk big,
Or rather walk the mighty cirque like mourners
Clad in long clouds, the robes of thickest night,
And seem to groan for Alexander's fall.
'Tis as Cassander's soul could wish it were,
Which, whensoe'er it flies at lofty mischief,
Would startle fate, and make all heaven concerned.
A mad Chaldean, in the dead of night,
Came to my bed-side with a flaming torch;
And bellowing o'er me, like a spirit damned,
He cried, 'Well had it been for Babylon,
'If cursed Cassander never had been born.'

Enter THESSALUS, *and* PHILIP, *with letters.*

Thess. My lord Cassander.
Cass. Ha! who's there?
Phil. Your friends.
Cass. Welcome dear Thessalus, and brother Philip.
Papers——with what contents?
Phil. From Macedon
A trusty slave arrived——great Antipater
Writes, that your mother laboured with you long,
Your birth was slow, and slow is all your life.
Cass. He writes, dispatch the king—Craterus comes,
Who in my room must govern Macedon;
Let him not live a day—he dies to-night;
And thus my father but forestalls my purpose:
Why am I slow then? If I rode on thunder,
I must a moment have to fall from heaven,
Ere I could blast the growth of this Colossus.
Thess. The haughty Polyperchon comes this way,
A mal-content, on whom I lately wrought,
That for a slight affront, at Susa given,
Bears Alexander most pernicious hate.
Cass. So, when I mocked the Persians, that adored him,
He struck me in the face, and by the hair
He swung me to his guards to be chastised;
For which and for my father's weighty cause,
When I abandon what I have resolved,
May I again be beaten like a slave.
But lo, where Polyperchon comes! now fire him
With such complaints, that he may shoot to ruin.

Enter POLYPERCHON.

Pol. Sure I have found those friends, dare second me;
I hear fresh murmurs as I pass along:
Yet, rather than put up, I'll do it alone.
Did not Pausanias, a youth, a stripling,
A beardless boy, swelled with inglorious wrong,
For a less cause his father Philip kill?
Peace then, full heart! move like a cloud about,
And when time ripens thee to break, O shed
The stock of all thy poison on his head.
Cass. All nations bow their heads with homage down,
And kiss the feet of this exalted man:
The name, the shout, the blast from every mouth,
Is Alexander: Alexander bursts
Your cheeks, and with a crack so loud
It drowns the voice of Heaven; like dogs ye fawn,
The earth's commanders fawn, and follow him;
Mankind starts up to hear his blasphemy:
And if this hunter of this barbarous world
But wind himself a God, you echo him
With universal cry.
Pol. I echo him?
I fawn, or fall, like a far eastern slave,
And lick his feet? Boys hoot me from the palace,
To haunt some cloister with my senseless walk,
When thus the noble soul of Polyperchon
Lets go the aim of all his actions, honour.
Thess. The king shall slay me, cut me up alive,
Ply me with fire and scourges, rack me worse
Than once he did Philotas, e'er I bow.
Cass. Curse on thy tongue for mentioning Philotas!
I had rather thou hadst Aristander been,
And to my soul's confusion raised up hell,
With all the furies brooding upon horrors,
Than brought Philotas' murder to remembrance.
Phil. I saw him racked, a sight so dismal sad
My eyes did ne'er behold.
Cass. So dismal! Peace!
It is unutterable; let me stand,
And think upon the tragedy you saw;
By Mars it comes! ay! now the rack's set for
Bloody Craterus, his inveterate foe,
With pitiless Hephestion standing by:
Philotas, like an angel seized by fiends,

Is straight disrobed, a napkin ties his head,
His warlike arms with shameful cords are bound,
And every slave can now the valiant wound.
Pol. Now, by the soul of royal Philip fled,
I dare pronounce young Alexander, who
Would be a god, is cruel as a devil.
Cass. Oh, Polyperchon, Philip, Thessalus,
Did not your eyes rain blood, your spirits burst,
To see your noble fellow-soldier burn,
Yet without trembling, or a tear, endure
The torments of the damned? O barbarians,
Could you stand by, and yet refuse to suffer?
Ye saw him bruised, torn, to the bones made bare;
His veins wide lanced, and the poor quivering flesh
With pincers from his manly bosom ript,
Till ye discovered the great heart lie panting.
Pol. Why killed we not the king, to save Philotas?
Cass. Asses! fools! but asses will bray, and fools be angry.
Why stood ye then like statues? there's the case,
The horror of the sight had turned ye marble.
So the pale Trojans, from their weeping walls,
Saw the dear body of the godlike Hector,
Bloody and soiled, dragged on the famous ground,
Yet senseless stood, nor with drawn weapons ran,
To save the great remains of that prodigious man.
Phil. Wretched Philotas! bloody Alexander!
Thess. Soon after him the great Parmenio fell,
Stabbed in his orchard by the tyrant's doom.
But where's the need to mention public loss,
When each receives particular disgrace?
Pol. Late I remember, to a banquet called,
After Alcides' goblet swift had gone
The giddy round, and wine had made me bold,
Stirring the spirits up to talk with kings,
I saw Craterus with Hephestion enter
In Persian robes; to Alexander's health
They largely drank; then, turning eastward, fell
Flat on the pavement, and adored the sun.
Straight to the king they sacred reverence gave,
With solemn words, 'O son of thundering Jove,
Young Ammon, live for ever;' then kissed the ground.
I laughed aloud, and, scoffing, asked them, why
They kissed no harder;——but the king leapt up,
And spurned me to the earth with this reply:
'Do thou!'——whilst with his foot he prest my neck,
Till from my ears, my nose, and mouth, the blood
Gushed forth, and I lay foaming on the earth—
For which I wish this dagger in his heart.
Cass. There spoke the spirit of Calisthenes;
Remember he's a man, his flesh as soft
And penetrable as a girl's: we have seen him wounded,
A stone has struck him, yet no thunderbolt:
A pebble felled this Jupiter along:
A sword has cut him, a javelin pierced him,
Water will drown him, fire burn him,
A surfeit, nay a fit of common sickness,
Brings this immortal to the gate of death.
Pol. Why should we more delay the glorious business?
Are your hearts firm?
Phil. Hell cannot be more bent
To any ruin, that I to the king's.
Thess. And I.
Pol. Behold my hand: and if you doubt my truth,
Tear up my breast, and lay my heart upon it.
Cass. Join then, O worthy, hearty, noble hands,
Fit instruments for such majestic souls!
Remember Hermolaus, and be hushed.
Pol. Still as the bosom of the desert night,
As fatal planets, or deep plotting fiends.
Cass. To day he comes from Babylon to Susa,
With proud Roxana.
Ah! who's that?———look there!

Enter the Ghost of King Philip, shaking a truncheon at them, walks over the Stage.

Cass. Now by the gods, or furies, which I ne'er
Believed,——there's one of them arrived to shake us.
What art thou? glaring thing, speak! What, the spirit
Of our king Philip, or of Polyphemus?
Nay hurl thy truncheon, second it with thunder;
We will abide——Thessalus, saw you nothing?
Thess. Yes, and am more amazed than you can be.
Phil. 'Tis said, that many prodigies were seen
This morn, but none so horrible as this.
Pol. What! can you fear? though the earth yawned so wide,
That all the labours of the deep were seen,
And Alexander stood on the other side,
I'd leap the burning ditch to give him death,
Or sink myself for ever: Pray, to the business.
Cass. As I was saying, this Roxana, whom,
To aggravate my hate to him, I love,
Meeting him as he came triumphant from
The Indies, kept him revelling at Susa;
But as I found, a deep repentance since
Turns his affections to the queen Statira,
To whom he swore (before he could espouse her)
That he would never bed Roxana more.
Pol. How did the Persian queen receive the news
Of his revolt?
Thess. With grief incredible!
Great Sysigambis wept, but the young queen
Fell dead among her maids;
Nor could their care
With richest cordials, for an hour or more,
Recover life.
Cass. Knowing how much she loved,
I hoped to turn her all into Medea;
For, when the first gust of her grief was past,
I entered, and with breath prepared did blow
The dying sparks into a towering flame,

Describing the new love he bears Roxana,
Conceiving, not unlikely, that the line
Of dead Darius in her cause might rise.
Is any panther's, lioness's rage
So furious, any torrent's falls so swift,
As a wronged woman's hate? Thus far it helps
To give him troubles; which perhaps may end him,
And set the court in universal uproar.
But see! it ripens more than I expected;
The scene works up; kill him, or kill thyself;
So there be mischief any way, 'tis well;
Now change the vizor, every one disperse,
And with a face of friendship meet the king.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter SYSIGAMBIS, STATIRA, PARISATIS, *Attendants.*

Stat. Give me a knife, a draught of poison, flames;
Swell heart, break, break, thou stubborn thing!
Now, by the sacred fire, I'll not be held;
Why do ye wish my life, yet stifle me
For want of air? pray give me leave to walk.
Sys. Is there no reverence to my person due?
Darius would have heard me: trust not rumour.
Stat. No, he hates,
He loaths the beauties, which he has enjoyed.
O, he is false, that great, that glorious man
Is tyrant midst of his triumphant spoils,
Is bravely false, to all the gods forsworn:
Yet, who would think it! no, it cannot be,
It cannot———What, that dear protesting man!
He, that has warmed my feet with thousand sighs,
Then cooled them with his tears, died on my knees,
Outwept the morning with his dewy eyes,
And groaned and swore the wandering stars away!
Sys. No, 'tis impossible, believe thy mother,
That knows him well,
Stat. Away, and let me die:
O 'tis my fondness, and my easy nature,
That would excuse him; but I know he's false,
'Tis now the common talk, the news of the world,
False to Statira, false to her, that loved him;
That loved him, cruel victor as he was,
And took him, bathed all o'er in Persian blood;
Kissed the dear cruel wounds, and washed them o'er
And o'er in tears——then bound them with my hair,
Laid him all night upon my panting bosom,
Lulled like a child, and hushed him with my songs.
Par. If this be true, ah, who will ever trust
A man again?
Stat. A man! a man! my Parisatis;
Thus with thy hand held up, thus let me swear thee—
By the eternal body of the sun,
Whose body, O forgive the blasphemy,
I loved not half so well as the least part
Of my dear precious faithless Alexander;
For I will tell thee, and to warn thee of him,
Not the spring's mouth, nor breath of jessamin,
Nor violet's infant-sweets, nor opening buds,
Are half so sweet as Alexander's breast;
From every pore of him a perfume falls,
He kisses softer than a southern wind,
Curls like a vine, and touches like a god.
Sys. When will thy spirits rest, these transports cease?
Stat. Will you not give me leave to warn my sister?
As I was saying——but I told his sweetness;
Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk!
Even when the joy he sighed for is possest,
He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,
Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace,
That 'tis a kind of heaven to be deluded by him.
Par. But what was it, that you would have me swear?
Stat. Alas, I had forgot! let me walk by,
And weep awhile, and I shall soon remember.
Sys. Have patience, child, and give her liberty;
Passions, like seas, will have their ebbs and flows:
Yet, while I see her thus, not all the losses
We have received, since Alexander's conquest,
Can touch my hardened soul; her sorrow reigns
Too fully there.
Par. But what if she should kill herself?
Stat. Roxana, then, enjoys my perjured love:
Roxana clasps my monarch in her arms;
Doats on my conqueror, my dear lord, my king,
Devours his lips, eats him with hungry kisses:
She grasps him all, she, the curst happy she!
By heaven I cannot bear it, 'tis too much;
I'll die, or rid me of the burning torture.
I will have remedy, I will, I will,
Or go distracted; madness may throw off
The mighty load, and drown the flaming passion.
Madam, draw near, with all that are in presence,
And listen to the vow, which here I make.
Sys. Take heed, my dear Statira, and consider,
What desperate love enforces you to swear.
Stat. Pardon me, for I have considered well;
And here I bid adieu to all mankind.
Farewell, ye cozeners of the easy sex,
And thou the greatest, falsest, Alexander!
Farewell, thou most beloved, thou faithless dear!
If I but mention him, the tears will fall;
Sure there is not a letter in his name,
But is a charm to melt a woman's eyes.
Sys. Clear up thy griefs; thy king, thy Alexander,
Comes on to Babylon.
Stat. Why, let him come,
Joy of all eyes but the forlorn Statira's.
Sys. Wilt thou not see him?
Stat. By heaven I never will,

This is my vow, my sacred resolution; [*Kneels.*
And when I break it——
Sys. Ah, do not ruin all!
Stat. May I again be flattered and deluded,
May sudden death, and horrid, come instead
Of what I wished, and take me unprepared!
Sys. Still kneel, and with the same breath call again
The woful imprecation thou hast made.
Stat. No, I will publish it through all the court,
Then, in the bowers of great Semiramis,
For ever lock my woes from human view.
Sys. Yet be persuaded.
Stat. Never urge me more;
Lest, driven to rage, I should my life abhor,
And in your presence put an end to all
The fast calamities, that round me fall.
Par. O angry heaven! what have the guiltless done?
And where shall wretched Parisatis run?
Sys. Captives in war, our bodies we resigned;
But now made free, love does our spirits bind.
Stat. When to my purposed loneness I retire,
Your sight I through the grates shall oft desire,
And after Alexander's health enquire.
And if this passion cannot be removed,
Ask how my resolution he approved,
How much he loves, how much he is beloved?
Then, when I hear that all things please him well,
Thank the good gods, and hide me in my cell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Notes of trumpets sounding far off.—The scene draws, and discovers a battle of crows and ravens in the air; an eagle and a dragon meet and fight; the eagle drops down with all the rest of the birds, and the dragon flies away. Soldiers walk off, shaking their heads. The conspirators come forward.

Cass. He comes, the fatal glory of the world,
The headlong Alexander, with a guard
Of thronging crowns, comes on to Babylon,
Though warned, in spite of all the powers above,
Who, by these prodigies, foretell his ruin.
Pol. Why all this noise, because a king must die?
Or does heaven fear, because he swayed the earth,
His ghost will war with the high thunderer?
Curse on the babbling fates, that cannot see
A great man tumble, but they must be talking.
Cass. The spirit of king Philip, in those arms
We saw him wear, passed groaning through the court,
His dreadful eye-balls rolled their horror upwards;
He waved his arms, and shook his wondrous head.
I have heard, that, at the crowing of the cock,
Lions will roar, and goblins steal away;
But this majestic air stalks stedfast on,
Spite of the morn, that calls him from the east,
Nor minds the opening of the ivory door.
Phil. 'Tis certain, there was never day like this.
Cass. Late as I musing walked behind the palace,
I met a monstrous child, that, with his hands,
Held to his face, which seemed all over eyes,
A silver bowl, and wept it full of blood:
But having spied me, like a cockatrice,
He glared a while; then, with a shriek so shrill
As all the winds had whistled from his mouth,
He dashed me with the gore he held, and vanished.
Pol. That, which befel me, though it was horrid, yet
When I consider, it appears ridiculous:
For as I passed through a bye vacant place,
I met two women, very old and ugly,
That wrung their heads, and howled, and beat their breasts,
And cried out, poison: When I asked the cause,
They took me by the ears, and with strange force
Held me to the earth, then laughed, and disappeared.
Cass. O how I love destruction with a method,
Which none discern, but those, that weave the plot!
Like silk-worms we are hid in our own web,
But we shall burst at last through all the strings;
And, when time calls, come forth in a new form,
Not insects to be trod, but dragons winged.
Thess. The face of all the court is strangely altered:
There is not a Persian I can meet, but stares
As if he were distracted. Oxyartes,
Statira's uncle, openly declaimed
Against the perjury of Alexander.
Phil. Others, more fearful, are removed to Susa,
Dreading Roxana's rage, who comes in the rear
To Babylon.
Cass. It glads my rising soul,
That we shall see him racked before he dies:
I know he loves Statira more than life,
And on a crowd of kings, in triumph borne,
Comes big with expectation to enjoy her.
But when he hears the oaths, which she has taken,
Her last adieu made public to the world,
Her vowed divorce, how will remorse consume him,
Prey, like the bird of hell, upon his liver!
Pol. To baulk his longing, and delude his lust,
Is more than death, 'tis earnest for damnation.
Cass. Then comes Roxana, who must help our party;
I know her, jealous, bloody, and ambitious.
Sure it was the likeness of her heart to mine,

And sympathy of natures, caused me love her:
'Tis fixed, I must enjoy her, and no way
So proper as to make her guilty first.
Pol. To see two rival queens of different humours,
With a variety of torments vex him!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, *and* HEPHESTION.

Cass. Of that anon: But see Lysimachus,
And the young favourite. Sort, sort yourselves,
And, like to other mercenary souls,
Adore this mortal god, that soon must bleed.
Lys. Here I will wait the king's approach, and stand
His utmost anger, if he do me wrong.
Heph. That cannot be, from power so absolute
And high as his.
Lys. Well, you and I have done.
Pol. How the court thickens!
[*Trumpets sound.*
Cass. Nothing to what it will—Does he not come
To hear a thousand thousand embassies,
Which from all parts to Babylon are brought;
As if the parliament of the world
Had met, and he came on, a god, to give
The infinite assembly glorious audience.

Enter CLYTUS, ARISTANDER *in his robes, with a wand.*

Arist. Haste, reverend Clytus, haste and stop the king!
Cly. He is already entered: Then the press
Of princes, that attend so thick about him,
Keep all, that would approach, at certain distance.
Arist. Though he were hemmed with deities I'd speak to him,
And turn him back from this highway to death.
Cly. Here place yourself within his trumpet's sound.
Lo, the Chaldean priests appear; behold
The sacred fire, Nearchus and Eumenes,
With their white wands, and dressed in eastern robes,
To soothe the king, who loves the Persian mode:
But see, the master of the world appears.

Enter ALEXANDER; *all kneel but* CLYTUS.

Heph. O son of Jupiter, live for ever.
Alex. Rise all; and thou my second self, my love,
O my Hephestion, raise thee from the earth
Up to my breast, and hide thee in my heart.
Art thou grown cold? Why hang thine arms at distance?
Hug me, or, by Heaven, thou lovest me not.
Heph. Not love, my lord! break not the heart you framed,
And moulded up to such an excellence!
Then stamped on it your own immortal image.
Not love the king? such is not woman's love;
So fond a friendship, such a sacred flame,
As I must doubt to find in breasts above.
Alex. Thou dost, thou lovest me, crown of all my wars,
Thou dearer to me than my groves of laurel:
I know thou lovest thy Alexander more
Than Clytus does the king. No tears, Hephestion;
I read thy passion in thy manly eyes,
And glory in those planets of my life,
Above the rival lights, that shine in Heaven.
Lys. I see, that death must wait me, yet I'll on.
Alex. I'll tell thee, friend, and mark it, all ye princes,
Though never mortal man arrived to such
A height as I; yet I would forfeit all,
Cast all my purples, and my conquered crowns,
And die to save this darling of my soul.
Give me thy hand, share all my sceptres while
I live; and, when my hour of fate is come,
I leave thee, what thou merit'st more than I, the world.
Lys. Dread sir, I cast me at your royal feet.
Alex. What! my Lysimachus, whose veins are rich
With our illustrious blood? My kinsman, rise;
Is not that Clytus?
Cly. Your old faithful soldier.
Alex. Come to my hands, thus double arm the king:
And now, methinks, I stand like the dread God,
Who, while his priests and I quaffed sacred blood,
Acknowledged me his son. My lightning thou,
And thou my mighty thunder——I have seen
Thy glittering sword out-fly celestial fire:
And when I cried, 'Begone and execute,'
I've seen him run swifter than starting hinds,
Nor bent the tender grass beneath his feet;
Swifter than shadows fleeting o'er the fields;
Nay, even the winds, with all their stock of wings,
Have puffed behind, as wanting breath to reach him.
Lys. But if your majesty——
Cly. Who would not lose
The last dear drop of blood for such a king?
Alex. Witness, my elder brothers of the sky,
How much I love a soldier——O my Clytus,
Was it not when we passed the Granicus,
Thou didst preserve me from unequal force?
It was then, when Spithridates and Rhesaces,
Fell both upon me with two dreadful strokes,
And clove my tempered helmet quite in sunder,
Then I remember, then thou didst me service;
I think my thunder split them to the navel.
Cly. To your great self you owe that victory,
And sure your arms did never gain a nobler.
Alex. By Heaven, they never did; for well thou know'st,
And I am prouder to have passed that stream,
Than that I drove a million o'er the plain:
Can none remember? Yes, I know all must,
When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood,

Perched on my beaver in the Granick flood;
When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighted on the shore,
When the immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appeared the leading god.
Aris. But all the honours, which your youth has won,
Are lost, unless you fly from Babylon;
Haste with your griefs, to Susa take your way,
Fly for your life, destructive is your stay.
This morning having viewed the angry sky,
And marked the prodigies, that threatened nigh,
To our bright God I did for succour fly.
But oh———
Alex. What fears thy reverend bosom shake?
Or dost thou from some dream of horror wake?
If so, come grasp me with thy shaking hand,
Or fall behind, while I the danger stand.
Aris. To Orosmades' cave I did repair,
Where I atoned the dreadful God with prayer:
But as I prayed I heard long groans within,
And shrieks as of the damned, that howl for sin:
I knew the omen, and I feared to stay,
But prostrate on the trembling pavement lay.
When he bodes happiness, he answers mild:
'Twas so of old, and the great image smiled:
But now in abrupt thunder he replied,
Loud as rent rocks, or roaring seas, he cried,
'All empires, crowns, glory of Babylon,
Whose head stands wrapped in clouds, must tumble down.'
Alex. If Babylon must fall, what is it to me?
Or can I help immutable decree?
Down, then, vast frame, with all thy lofty towers,
Since it is so ordered by almighty powers:
Pressed by the fates, unloose your golden bars,
'Tis great to fall the envy of the stars.

Enter Perdiccas, Meleager.

Mel. O horror!
Per. Dire portents!
Alex. Out with them, then;
What, are ye ghosts, ye empty shapes of men?
If so, the mysteries of hell unfold,
Be all the scrolls of destiny unrolled,
Open the brazen leaves, and let it come;
Point with a thunder-bolt your monarch's doom.
Per. As Meleager and myself in field,
Your Persian horse about the army wheeled,
We heard a noise as of a rushing wind,
And a thick storm the eye of day did blind:
A croaking noise resounded through the air,
We looked, and saw big ravens battling there;
Each bird of night appeared himself a cloud,
They met and fought, and their wounds rained black blood.
Mel. All, as for honour, did their lives expose;
Their talons clashed, and beaks gave mighty blows,
Whilst dreadful sounds did our scared sense assail,
As of small thunder, or huge Scythian hail.
Per. Our augurs shook, when, with a horrid groan,
We thought that all the clouds had tumbled down.
Soldiers and chiefs,—who can the wonder tell!
Struck to the ground, promiscuously fell;
While the dark birds, each ponderous as a shield,
For fifty furlongs hid the fatal field.
Alex. Be witness for me, all ye powers divine,
If ye be angry, it is no fault of mine;
Therefore let furies face me with a band
From hell, my virtue shall not make a stand;
Though all the curtains of the sky be drawn,
And the stars wink, young Ammon shall go on:
While my Statira shines, I cannot stay,
Love lifts his torch to light me on my way,
And her bright eyes create another day.
Lys. Ere you remove, be pleased, dread sir, to hear
A prince allied to you by blood.
Alex. Speak quickly.
Lys. For all that I have done for you in war,
I beg the princess Parisatis.
Alex. Ha———
Is not my word already past? Hephestion,
I know he hates thee, but he shall not have her;
We heard of this before——Lysimachus,
I here command you nourish no design
To prejudice my person in the man
I love, and will prefer to all the world.
Lys. I never failed to obey your majesty,
Whilst you commanded what was in my power;
Nor could Hephestion fly more swift to serve,
When you commanded us to storm a town,
Or fetch a standard from the enemy:
But, when you charge me not to love the princess,
I must confess, I disobey you, as
I would the gods themselves, should they command.
Alex. You should, brave sir? hear me, and then be dumb;
When by my order curst Calisthenes
Was, as a traitor, doomed to live in torments,
Your pity sped him in despite of me.
Think not I have forgot your insolence;
No, though I pardoned it, yet if again
Thou darest to cross me with another crime,
The bolts of fury shall be doubled on thee.
In the mean time think not of Parisatis;
For if thou dost, by Jupiter Ammon,
By my own head, and by king Philip's soul,
I'll not respect that blood of mine thou sharest,
But use thee as the vilest Macedonian.
Lys. I doubted not at first but I should meet
Your indignation, yet my soul's resolved;
And I shall never quit so brave a prize,
While I can draw a bow, or lift a sword.
Alex. Against my life! Ah! was it so? how now?
'Tis said, that I am rash, of hasty humour;
But I appeal to the immortal gods,
If ever petty poor provincial lord

Had temper like to mine: My slave, whom I
Could tread to clay, dares utter bloody threats.
Cly. Contain yourself, dread sir; the noble prince,
I see it in his countenance, would die
To justify his truth; but love makes many faults.
Lys. I meant his minion there should feel my arm;
Love asks his blood, nor shall he live to laugh
At my destruction.
Alex. Now be thy own judge;
I pardon thee for my old Clytus' sake;
But, if once more thou mention thy rash love,
Or darest attempt Hephestion's precious life,
I'll pour such storms of indignation on thee,
Philotus' rack, Calisthenes' disgrace,
Shall be delight to what thou shalt endure.

Enter SYSIGAMBIS, PARISATIS.

Heph. My lord, the queen comes to congratulate
Your safe arrival.
Alex. O thou, the best of women,
Source of my joy, blest parent of my love!
Sys. Permit me kneel, and give those adorations,
Which from the Persian family are due:
Have you not raised us from our ruins high?
And when no hand could help, nor any eye
Behold us with a tear, your's pitied me;
You, like a god, snatched us from sorrow's gulf,
Fixed us in thrones above our former state.
Par. Which, when a soul forgets, advanced so nobly,
May it be drowned in deeper misery!
Alex. To meet me thus, was generously done;
But still there wants, to crown my happiness,
Life of my empire, treasure of my soul,
My dear Statira: O that heavenly beam,
Warmth of my brain, and fire of my heart;
Had she but shot to see me, had she met me,
By this time I had been amongst the gods,
If any extasy can make a height,
Or any rapture hurl us to the heavens.
Cly. Now, who shall dare to tell him the queen's vow?
Alex. How fares my love? ha—neither answer me!
Ye raise my wonder, darkness overwhelms me;
If royal Sysigambis does not weep!
Trembling and horror pierce me, cold as ice.
Is she not well? what none, none answer me?
Or is it worse? Keep down, ye rising sighs,
And murmur in the hollow of my breast:
Run to my heart, and gather more sad wind;
That, when the voice of Fate shall call you forth,
Ye may, at one rush, from the seat of life,
Blow the blood out, and burst like a bladder.
Heph. I would relate it, but my courage fails me.
Alex. If she be dead—That if is impossible;
And let none here affirm it for his soul:
For he, that dares but think so damned a lie,
I'll have his body straight impaled before me,
And glut my eyes upon his bleeding entrails.
Cass. How will this engine of unruly passion
Roar, when we have rammed him to the mouth with poison? [*Aside.*
Alex. Why stand you all, as you were rooted here,
Like the senseless trees, while to the stupid grove
I, like a wounded lion, groan my griefs,
And none will answer—what, not my Hephestion?
If thou hast any love for Alexander,
If ever I obliged thee by my care,
When my quick sight has watched thee in the fight;
Or if to see thee bleed I sent forth cries,
And like a mother, washed thee with my tears;
If this be true, if I deserve thy love,
Ease me, and tell the cause of my disaster.
Heph. Your mourning queen (which I had told before
Had you been calm) has no disease but sorrow,
Which was occasioned first by jealous pangs:
She heard, (for what can escape a watchful lover?)
That you at Susa, breaking all your vows,
Relapsed, and conquered by Roxana's charms,
Gave up yourself devoted to her arms.
Alex. I know that subtle creature, in my riot,
My reason gone, seduced me to her bed;
But when I waked I shook the Circe off,
Though that enchantress held me by the arm,
And wept, and gazed with all the force of love;
Nor grieved I less for that, which I had done,
Than when at Thais' suit, enraged with wine,
I set the famed Persepolis on fire.
Heph. Your queen Statira took it so to heart,
That, in the agony of love, she swore
Never to see your majesty again;
With dreadful imprecations she confirmed
Her oath, and I much fear that she will keep it.
Alex. Ha! did she swear? did that sweet creature swear?
I'll not believe it; no, she is all softness,
All melting, mild, and calm as a rocked infant,
Nor can you wake her into cries: By heaven
She is the child of love, and she was born in smiles.
Par. I and my weeping mother heard her swear.
Sys. And with such fierceness she did aggravate
The foulness of your fault, that I could wish
Your majesty would blot her from your breast.
Alex. Blot her, forget her, hurl her from my bosom,
For ever lose that star that gilds my life,
Guide of my days, and goddess of my nights!
No, she shall stay with me in spite of vows,
My soul and body both are twisted with her.
The god of love empties his golden quiver,
Shoots every grain of her into my heart;

She is all mine, by Heaven I feel her here,
Panting and warm, the dearest—O Statira!
Sys. Have patience, son, and trust to Heaven and me.
If my authority, or the remembrance
Of dead Darius, or her mother's soul,
Can work upon her, she again is yours.
Alex. O mother, help me, help your wounded son,
And move the soul of my offended dear;
But fly, haste, ere the sad procession's made.
Spend not a thought in reply—Begone,
If you would have me live—and, Parisatis,
Hang thou about her knees, wash them with tears:
Nay haste, the breath of gods, and eloquence
Of angels, go along with you—Oh my heart!
[*Exeunt Sys. and Par.*
Lys. Now let your majesty, who feels the torments
And sharpest pangs of love, encourage mine.
Alex. Ha——
Cly. Are you a madman? Is this a time?
Lys. Yes; for I see he cannot be unjust to me,
Lest something worse befal himself.
Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus to my undoing?
Death thou shouldst have, were it not courted so:
But know, to thy confusion, that my word,
Like destiny, admits not a reverse;
Therefore in chains thou shalt behold the nuptials
Of my Hephestion——Guards, take him prisoner.
Lys. I shall not easily resign my sword,
Till I have dyed it in my rival's blood.
Alex. I charge you, kill him not, take him alive;
The dignity of kings is now concerned,
And I will find a way to tame this beast.
Cly. Kneel, for I see lightning in his eyes.
Lys. I neither hope nor ask a pardon of him;
But if he should restore my sword, I would
With a new violence run against my rival.
Alex. Sure we at last shall conquer this fierce lion:
Hence from my sight, and bear him to a dungeon!
Perdiccas, give this lion to a lion;
None speak for him! fly! stop his mouth, away!
Cly. The king's extremely moved.
Eum. I dare not speak.
Cly. This comes of love and women; 'tis all madness;
Yet were I heated now with wine, I should
Be preaching to the king for this rash fool.
Alex. Come hither, Clytus, and my dear Hephestion;
Lend me your arms, help, for I'm sick on the sudden.
I fear betwixt Statira's cruel love,
And fond Roxana's arts, your king will fall.
Cly. Better the Persian race were all undone.
Heph. Look up, my lord, and bend not thus your head,
As if you'd leave the empire of this world,
Which you with toil have won.
Alex. Would I had not!
There's no true joy in such unwieldy fortune.
Eternal gazers lasting troubles make,
All find my spots, but few my brightness take.
Stand off, and give me air———
Why was I born a prince, proclaimed a god,
Yet have no liberty to look abroad?
Thus palaces in prospect bar the eye,
Which, pleased and free, would o'er the cottage fly,
O'er flowery lands to the gay distant sky.
Farewell, then, empire, and the racks of love;
By all the gods, I will to wilds remove;
Stretched like a Sylvan god on grass lie down,
And quite forget, that e'er I wore a crown.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Eumenes, Philip, Thessalus, Perdiccas, Lysimachus, *Guards.*

Eum. Farewell, brave spirit! when you come above,
Commend us to Philotas and the rest
Of our great friends.
Thess. Perdiccas, you are grown
In trust, be thankful for your noble office.
Per. As noble as you sentence me, I'd give
This arm, that Thessalus were so employed.
Lys. Cease these untimely jars, farewell to all.
Fight for the king as I have done, and then
You may be worthy of a death like mine——
Lead on.

Enter Parisatis.

Par. Ah, my Lysimachus, where are you going?
Whither? to be devoured? O barbarous prince!
Could you expose your life to the king's rage,
And yet remember mine was tied to yours?
Lys. The gods preserve you ever from the ills
That threaten me: Live, madam, to enjoy
A nobler fortune, and forget this wretch.
I ne'er had worth, nor is it possible
That all the blood, which I shall lose this day,
Should merit this rich sorrow from your eyes.
Par. The king, I know, is bent to thy destruction;
Now by command they forced me from his knees:
But take this satisfaction in thy death,

No power, command, my mother's, sister's tears,
Shall cause me to survive thy cruel loss.
Lys. Live, princess, live, howe'er the king disdain me:
Perhaps, unarmed and fighting for your sake,
I may perform what shall amaze the world,
And force him yet to give you to my arms.
Away, Perdiccas——Dear Eumenes, take
The princess to your charge.
[*Exeunt Perd. Lys. Guards.*
Eum. O cruelty!
Par. Lead me, Eumenes, lead me from the light,
Where I may wait till I his ruin hear,
Then free my soul to meet him in the air.
[*Exeunt Par. and Eum.*
Phil. See where the jealous proud Roxana comes,
A haughty vengeance gathers on her brow.
Thess. Peace! they have raised her to their ends; observe.

Enter ROXANA, CASSANDER, POLYPERCHON.

Rox. O you have ruined me, I shall be mad:
Said you so passionately? is it possible?
So kind to her, and so unkind to me?
Cass. More than your utmost fancy can invent.
He swooned thrice at hearing of her vow,
And when our care as oft had brought back life,
He drew his sword, and offered at his breast.
Pol. Then railed at you with such unheard of curses!
Rox. Away, begone, and give a whirlwind room,
Or I will blow you up like dust; avaunt!
Madness but meanly represents my toil.
Roxana and Statira, they are names
That must for ever jar: eternal discord,
Fury, revenge, disdain, and indignation
Tear my swollen breast, make way for fire and tempest.
My brain is burst, debate and reason quenched,
The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart
Splits with the rack, while passions, like the winds,
Rise up to heaven, and put out all the stars.
What saving hand, or what a mighty arm
Can raise me sinking?
Cass. Let your own arm save you!
'Tis in your power, your beauty is almighty:
Let all the stars go out, your eyes can light them.
Wake then, bright planet, that should rule the world,
Wake, like the moon, from your too long eclipse,
And we, with all the instruments of war,
Trumpets and drums, will help your glorious labour.
Pol. Put us to act, and with a violence,
That fits the spirit of a most wronged woman:
Let not Medea's dreadful vengeance stand
A pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,
It may for ever be original.
Cass. Touch not, but dash with strokes so bravely bold,
Till you have formed a face of so much horror,
That gaping furies may run frighted back;
That envy may devour herself for madness,
And sad Medusa's head be turned to stone.
Rox. Yes, we will have revenge, my instruments;
For there is nothing you have said of me,
But comes far short, wanting of what I am.
When in my nonage I at Zogdia lived,
Amongst my she companions I would reign;
Drew them from idleness, and little arts
Of coining looks, and laying snares for lovers,
Broke all their glasses, and their tires tore,
Taught them, like Amazons, to ride and chase
Wild beasts in deserts, and to master men.
Cass. Her looks, her words, her every motion fires me.
Rox. But when I heard of Alexander's conquests;
How with a handful he had millions slain,
Spoiled all the east, their queens his captives made,
Yet with what chastity, and godlike temper,
He saw their beauties, and with pity bowed;
Methought I hung upon my father's lips,
And wished him tell the wondrous tale again:
Left all my sports, the woman now returned,
And sighs uncalled would from my bosom fly;
And all the night, as my Adraste told me,
In slumbers groaned, and murmured Alexander.
Cass. Curse on the name, but I will soon remove
That bar of my ambition and my love. [*Aside.*
Rox. At last to Zogdia this triumpher came,
And, covered o'er with laurels, forced our city:
At night I by my father's order stood,
With fifty virgins waiting at a banquet.
But oh! how glad was I to hear his court,
To feel the pressure of his glowing hand,
And taste the dear, the false protesting lips!
Cass. Wormwood and hemlock henceforth grow about them! [*Aside.*
Rox. Gods! that a man should be so great and base!
What said he not, when in the bridal bed,
He clasped my yielding body in his arms!
Cass. Yet after this prove false!
Pol. Horrid perjury!
Cass. Not to be matched!
Pol. O you must find revenge!
Cass. A person of your spirit be thus slighted,
For whose desire all earth should be too little!
Rox. And shall the daughter of Darius hold him?
That puny girl, that ape of my ambition?
That cried for milk, when I was nursed in blood!
Shall she, made up of watry elements,
A cloud, shall she embrace my proper god,
While I am cast like lightning from his hand?
No, I must scorn to prey on common things;

Though hurled to earth by this disdainful Jove,
I will rebound to my own orb of fire,
And with the wreck of all the heavens expire.
Cass. Now you appear yourself;
'Tis noble anger.
Rox. May the illustrious blood, that fills my womb,
And ripens to be perfect godhead born,
Come forth a fury; may Barsina's bastard
Tread it to hell, and rule as sovereign lord,
When I permit Statira to enjoy
Roxana's right, and strive not to destroy.

Enter SYSIGAMBIS, STATIRA, *in mourning.*

Cass. Behold her going to fulfil her vow;
Old Sysigambis, whom the king engaged,
Resists and awes her with authority.
Rox. 'Twas rashly vowed indeed, and I should pity her.
Sys. O my Statira, how has passion changed thee!
Think if thou drive the king to such extremes,
What in his fury may he not denounce
Against the poor remains of lost Darius?
Stat. I know, I know he will be kind to you,
And to my mourning sister for my sake;
And tell him, how with my departing breath,
I railed not, but spoke kindly of his person,
Nay wept to think of our divided loves,
And sobbing sent, at last, forgiveness to him.
Rox. Grant, heaven, some ease to this distracted wretch!
Let her not linger out a life in torments,
Be these her last words, and at once dispatch her.
Sys. No, by the everlasting fire I swear,
By my Darius' soul, I never more
Will dare to look on Alexander's face,
If you refuse to see him.
Rox. Curse on that cunning tongue, I fear her now.
Cass. No, she's resolved.
Stat. I cast me at your feet,
To bathe them with my tears; or, if you please,
I'll let you life, and wash them with my blood,
But still conjure you not to rack my soul,
Nor hurry my wild thoughts to perfect madness.
Should now Darius' awful ghost appear,
And my pale mother stand beseeching by,
I would persist to death, and keep my vow.
Rox. She shews a certain bravery of soul,
Which I should praise in any but my rival.
Sys. Die then, rebellious wretch! thou art not now
That soft beloved, nor durst thou share my blood.
Go hide thy baseness in the lonely grot,
Ruin thy mother, and thy royal house,
Pernicious creature! shed the innocent
Blood, and sacrifice to the king's wrath
The lives of all thy people; fly, begone,
And hide thee, where bright virtue never shone:
The day will shun thee, nay the stars, that view
Mischiefs and murders, deeds to thee not new,
Will start at this——Go, go, thy crimes deplore,
And never think of Sysigambis more. [*Exeunt.*
Rox. Madam, I hope you will a queen forgive:
Roxana weeps to see Statira grieve.
How noble is the brave resolve you make,
To quit the world for Alexander's sake?
Vast is your mind, you dare thus greatly die,
And yield the king to one so mean as I:
'Tis a revenge will make the victor smart,
And much I fear your death will break his heart.
Stat. You counterfeit, I fear, and know too well
How much your eyes all beauties else excel:
Roxana, who, though not a princess born,
In chains could make the mighty victor mourn.
Forgetting power when wine had made him warm,
And senseless, yet even then you knew to charm:
Preserve him by those arts, that cannot fail,
While I the loss of what I loved bewail.
Rox. I hope your majesty will give me leave
To wait you to the grove, where you would grieve;
Where like the turtle, you the lose will moan
Of that dear mate, and murmur all alone.
Stat. No, proud triumpher o'er my falling state,
Thou shalt not stay to fill me with my fate:
Go to the conquest, which your wiles may boast,
And tell the world you left Statira lost.
Go seize my faithless Alexander's hand,
Both hand and heart were once at my command:
Grasp his loved neck, die on his fragrant breast,
Love him like me, whose love can't be exprest,
He must be happy, and you more than blest;
While I in darkness hide me from the day,
That with my mind I may his form survey,
And think so long, till I think life away.
Rox. No, sickly virtue, no,
Thou shalt not think, nor thy love's loss bemoan,
Nor shall past pleasures through thy fancy run;
That were to make thee blest as I can be:
But thy no-thought I must, I will decree.
As thus, I'll torture thee till thou art mad,
And then no thought to purpose can be had.
Stat. How frail, how cowardly is woman's mind?
We shriek at thunder, dread the rustling wind,
And glittering swords the brightest eyes will blind.
Yet when strong jealousy inflames the soul,
The weak will roar, and calms to tempests roll.
Rival, take head, and tempt me not too far!
My blood may boil, and blushes shew a war.
Rox. When you retire to your romantic cell,
I'll make thy solitary mansion hell;
Thou shalt nor rest by day, nor sleep by night,
But still Roxana shall thy spirit fright:
Wanton in dreams if thou darest dream of bliss,
Thy roving ghost may think to steal a kiss;

But when to his sought bed, thy wandring air
Shall for the happiness it wished repair,
How will it groan to find thy rival there?
How ghastly wilt thou look, when thou shalt see,
Through the drawn curtains, that great man and me,
Wearied with laughing, joys shot to the soul,
While thou shalt grinning stand, and gnash thy teeth, and howl?

Stat. O barbarous rage! my tears I cannot keep,
But my full eyes in spite of me will weep.

Ror. The king and I in various pictures drawn,
Clasping each other, shaded o'er with lawn,
Shall be the daily presents I will send,
To help thy sorrow to her journey's end.
And when we hear at last thy hour draws nigh,
My Alexander, my dear love and I,
Will come and hasten on thy lingering fates,
And smile and kiss thy soul out through the grates.

Stat. 'Tis well, I thank thee; thou hast waked a rage,
Whose boiling now no temper can assuage:
I meet thy tides of jealousy with more,
Dare thee to duel, and dash thee o'er and o'er.

Ror. What would you dare?

Stat. Whatever you dare do,
My warring thoughts the bloodiest tracts pursue;
I am by love a fury made, like you:
Kill or be killed, thus acted by despair.

Ror. Sure the disdained Statira does not dare?

Stat. Yes, towering proud Roxana, but I dare.

Ror. I tower indeed o'er thee;
Like a fair wood, the shade of kings I stand;
While thou, sick weed, do but infest the land.

Stat. No, like an ivy I will curl thee round,
Thy sapless trunk of all its pride confound,
Then, dry and withered, bend thee to the ground.
What Sysigambis' threats, objected fears,
My sister's sighs, and Alexander's tears,
Could not effect, thy rival rage has done:
My soul, whose start at breach of oaths begun,
Shall to thy ruin violated run.
I'll see the king in spite of all I swore,
Though curst, that thou mayest never see him more.

Enter PERDICCAS, ALEXANDER, SYSIGAMBIS, *attendants, &c.*

Per. Madam, your royal mother, and the king.

Alex. O my Statira! O my angry dear!
Turn thine eyes on me, I would talk to them:
What shall I say to work upon thy soul?
Where shall I throw me? whither shall I fall?

Stat. For me you shall not fall.

Alex. For thee I will,
Before thy feet I'll have a grave dug up,
And perish quick, be buried straight alive:
Give but, as the earth grows heavy on me,
A tender look, and a relenting word,
Say but, 'twas pity that so great a man,
Who had ten thousand deaths in battles 'scaped,
For one poor fault so early should remove,
And fall a martyr to the god of love.

Ror. Is then Roxana's love and life so poor,
That for another you can chuse to die,
Rather than live for her? what have I done?
How am I altered since at Susa last
You swore, and sealed it with a thousand kisses,
Rather than lose Roxana's smallest charm,
You would forego the conquest of the world?

Alex. Madam, you best can tell what magic drew
Me to your charms, but let it not be told
For your own sake; take that conquered world,
Dispose of crowns and scepters as you please,
Let me but have the freedom of an hour,
To make account with this wronged innocence.

Stat. You know, my lord, you did commit a fault:
I ask but this, repeat your crime no more.

Alex. O never, never.

Ror. Am I rejected, then?

Alex. Exhaust my treasures,
Take all the spoils of the fair conquered Indies;
But, for the ease of my afflicted soul,
Go, where I never may behold thee more.

Ror. Yes, I will go, ungrateful as thou art,
Bane to my life! thou torment of my days,
Thou murderer of the world! for, as thy sword
Hath cut the lives of thousand thousand men,
So will thy tongue undo all woman-kind.
But I'll be gone; this last disdain hath cured me,
And I am now grown so indifferent,
I could behold you kiss without a pang,
Nay, take a torch and light you to your bed:
But do not trust me, no, for if you do,
By all the furies and the flames of love,
By love, which is the hottest burning hell,
I'll set you both on fire to blaze for ever. [*Exit.*

Stat. O Alexander, is it possible? Good gods,
That guilt can shew so lovely!—yet I pardon,
Forgive thee all, by thy dear life I do.

Alex. Ha, pardon! saidst thou, pardon me?

Sys. Now all thy mother's blessings fall upon thee,
My best, my most beloved, my own Statira!

Alex. Is it then true, that thou hast pardoned me?
And is it given me thus to touch thy hand,
And fold thy body in my longing arms?
To gaze upon thy eyes, my happier stars,
To taste thy lip, and thy dear balmy breath,
While every sigh comes forth so fraught with sweets,
'Tis incense to be offered to a god.

Stat. Yes, dear impostor, 'tis most true, that I
Have pardoned thee; and 'tis as true, that while
I stand in view of thee, thy eyes will wound,
Thy tongue will make me wanton as thy wishes;
And while I feel thy hand, my body glows:
Therefore be quick, and take your last adieu,
These your last sighs, and these your parting tears:
Farewell, farewell, a long and last farewell!

Alex. O my Hephestion, bear me, or I sink.
Stat. Nay, you may take—Heaven, how my heart throbs!
You may, you may, if yet you think me worthy,
Take from these trembling lips a parting kiss.
Alex. No, let me starve first—why, Statira, why?
What is the meaning of all this?—O gods!
I know the cause, my working brain divines——
You'll say you pardoned, but with this reserve,
Never to make me blest as I have been,
To slumber by the side of that false man,
Nor give a heaven of beauty to a devil:
Think you not thus? Speak, madam.
Sys. She is not worthy, son, of so much sorrow:
Speak comfort to him, speak, my dear Statira,
I ask thee by those tears: Ah! canst thou e'er
Pretend to love, yet with dry eyes behold him?
Alex. Silence more dreadful than severest sounds:
Would she but speak, though death, eternal exile
Hung on her lips, yet, while her tongue pronounces,
There must be music even in my undoing.
Stat. Still, my loved lord, I cannot see you thus;
Nor can I ever yield to share your bed:
O I shall find Roxana in your arms,
And taste her kisses left upon your lips.
Alex. Yes, obstinate, I will, madam, you shall,
You shall, in spite of this resistless passion,
Be served; but you must give me leave to think
You never loved.—O could I see you thus!
Hell has not half the tortures that you raise.
Cly. Never did passions combat thus before.
Alex. O I shall burst,
Unless you give me leave to rave a while.
Sys. Yet e'er destruction sweep us both away,
Relent, and break through all to pity him!
Alex. Yes, I will shake this Cupid from my arms,
If all the rages of the earth would fright him;
Drown him in the deep bowl of Hercules;
Make the world drunk, and then, like Æolus,
When he gave passage to the struggling winds,
I'll strike my spear into the reeling globe
To let it blood, set Babylon in a blaze,
And drive this god of flames with more consuming fire.
Stat. My presence will but force him to extremes;
Besides, 'tis death to me to see his pains:
Yet stand resolved never to yield again——
Permit me to remove.
Alex. I charge ye, stay her!
For if she pass, by all the hell I feel,
Your souls, your naked ghosts, shall wait upon her.
O turn thee! turn! thou barbarous brightness, turn!
Hear my last words, and see my utmost pang:
But first kneel with me, all my soldiers kneel!
[*All kneel.*
Yet lower—prostrate to the earth.——Ah! mother, what,
Will you kneel too? Then let the sun stand still,
To see himself out-worshipped; not a face
Be shewn, that is not washed all o'er in tears,
But weep as if you here beheld me slain.
Sys. Hast thou a heart? or art thou savage turned?
But if this posture cannot move your mercy,
I never will speak more.
Alex. O my Statira!
I swear, my queen, I'll not out-live thy hate,
My soul is still as death—But one thing more,
Pardon my last extremities—the transports
Of a deep wounded breast, and all is well.
Stat. Rise, and may heaven forgive you all, like me.
Alex. You are too gracious.—Clytus, bear me hence;
When I am laid in earth, yield her the world.
There's something here heaves, as cold as ice,
That stops my breath—Farewell, oh gods! for ever.
Stat. Hold off, and let me run into his arms,
My dearest, my all love, my lord, my king!
You shall not die, if that the soul and body
Of thy Statira can restore thy life:
Give me thy wonted kindness.
Alex. O the killing joy!
O extasy! my heart will burst my breast,
To leap into thy bosom; but, by heaven,
This night I will revenge me of thy beauties,
For the dear rack I have this day endured;
For all the sighs and tears that I have spent,
I'll have so many thousand burning loves;
So swell thy lips, so fill me with thy sweetness,
Thou shalt not sleep nor close thy wandring eyes:
The smiling hours shall all be loved away,
We'll surfeit all the night, and languish all the day.
Stat. Nor shall Roxana——
Alex. Let her not be named——
O mother! how shall I requite your goodness!
And you, my fellow warriors, that could weep
For your lost king—But I invite you all,
My equals in the throne as in the grave,
Without distinction to the riot come,
To the king's banquet——
Cly. I beg your majesty
Would leave me out.
Alex. None, none shall be excused;
All revel out the day, 'tis my command.
Gay as the Persian god our self will stand,
With a crowned goblet in our lifted hand.
Young Ammon and Statira shall go round,
While antic measures beat the burdened ground,
And to the vaulted skies our clangors sound.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter CLYTUS *in his Macedonian habit;* HEPHESTION, EUMENES, MELEAGER, *&c. in Persian robes.*

Cly. AWAY, I will not wear these Persian robes;
Nor ought the king be angry for the reverence
I owe my country: sacred are her customs,
Which honest Clytus shall preserve to death.
O let me rot in Macedonian rags,
Rather than shine in fashions of the east.
Then for the adorations he requires,
Roast my old body in infernal flames,
Or let him cage me like Calisthenes.
Eum. Dear Clytus, be persuaded.
Heph. You know the king
Is godlike, full of all the richest virtues,
That ever royal heart possessed; yet you
Perverse, but to one humour will oppose him.
Cly. Call you it humour? 'tis a pregnant one,
By Mars there's venom in it, burning pride;
And, though my life should follow, rather than
Bear such a hot ambition in my bowels,
I'd rip them up to give the poison vent.
Mele. Was not that Jupiter, whom we adore,
A man, but, for his more than human acts,
Advanced to heaven, and worshipped for its lord!
Heph. By all his thunder and his sovereign power,
I'll not believe the earth yet ever felt
An arm like Alexander's; not that god
You named, though riding in a car of fire,
And drawn by flying horses, winged with lightning,
Could, in a shorter space, do greater deeds,
Drive all the nations, and lay waste the world.
Cly. There's not a man of war among you all,
That loves the king like me; yet I'll not flatter,
Nor soothe his vanity, it is blameable;
And when the wine works, Clytus's thoughts will out.
Heph. Then go not to the banquet.
Cly. I was called,
My minion, was I not, as well as you?
I'll go, my friends, in this old habit thus,
And laugh, and drink the king's health heartily;
And while you, blushing, bow your heads to earth,
And hide them in the dust, I'll stand upright,
Straight as a spear, the pillar of my country,
And be by so much nearer to the gods——
But see, the king and all the court appear.

Enter ALEXANDER, SYSIGAMBIS, STATIRA, PARISATIS, *&c.*

Par. Spare him, O spare Lysimachus his life!
I know you will; kings should delight in mercy.
Alex. Shield me, Statira, shield me from her sorrow!
Par. O save him, save him, e'er it be too late!
Speak the kind word, before the gaping lion
Swallow him up; let not your soldier perish
But for one rashness, which despair did cause:
I'll follow thus for ever on my knees,
And make your way so slippery with tears,
You shall not pass—Sister, do you conjure him!
Alex. O mother, take her, take her from me;
[*Kneels.*
Her watry eyes assault my very soul,
They shake my best resolve——
Stat. Did I not break
Through all for you? nay, now, my lord, you must.
Sys. Nor would I make my son so bold a prayer
Had I not first consulted for his honour.
Alex. Honour! what honour! has not Statira said it!
Were I the king of the blue firmament,
And the bold Titans should again make war,
Though my resistless arrows were made ready,
By all the gods she should arrest my hand.
Fly then, even thou, his rival so beloved,
Fly with old Clytus, snatch him from the jaws
Of the devouring beast, bring him adorned
To the king's banquet, fit for loads of honour.
[*Exeunt Heph. Eum. Par. and Cly.*
Stat. O my loved lord! let me embrace your knees!
I am not worthy of this mighty passion:
You are too good for goddesses themselves:
No woman, nor the sex, is worth a grain
Of this illustrious life of my dear master.
Why are you so divine, to cause such fondness,
That my heart leaps, and beats, and fain would out,
To make a dance of joy about your feet?
Alex. Excellent woman! no, 'tis impossible
To say how much I love thee—Ha! again!
Such extasies life cannot carry long;
The day comes on so fast, and beamy joy
Darts with such fierceness on me, night will follow.
A pale crowned head flew lately glaring by me,
With two dead hands, which threw a crystal globe
From high, that shattered in a thousand pieces.
But I will lose this boding dream in wine;
Then, warm and blushing for my queen's embraces,
Bear me, with all my heat, to thy loved bosom.
Stat. Go, my best love, and cheer your drooping spirits;
Laugh with your friends, and talk your grief away,
While, in the bower of great Semiramis,
I dress your bed with all the sweets of Nature,
And crown it as the altar of my love;
Where I will lay me down, and softly mourn,
But never close my eyes till you return.
[*Exeunt Stat. Sys.*

Alex. Is she not more than mortal e'er can wish!
Diana's soul cast in the flesh of Venus!
By Jove, 'tis ominous, our parting is;
Her face looked pale too, as she turned away:
And when I wrung her by the rosy fingers,
Methought the strings of my great heart did crack.
What should it mean?——Forward, Leomedon.

ROXANA *meets him, with* CASSANDER, POLYPERCHON, PHILIP, *and* THESSALUS.

Why, madam, gaze you thus?
Rox. For a last look, [*She holds his hand.*
And that the memory of Roxana's wrongs
May be for ever printed on your mind.
Alex. O madam, you must let me pass.
Rox. I will.
But I have sworn, that you shall hear me speak,
And mark me well, for fate is in my breath:
Love on the mistress, you adore, to death;
Still hope, but I fruition will destroy;
Languish for pleasures, you shall ne'er enjoy.
Still may Statira's image draw your sight,
Like those deluding fires that walk at night;
Lead you through fragrant grots and flow'ry groves,
And charm you through deep grass with sleeping loves;
That when your fancy to its height does rise,
That light, you loved, may vanish from your eyes,
Darkness, despair, and death, your wandering soul surprize.
Alex. Away! lead, Meleager, to the banquet.
[*Ex. with Mel. &c.*
Rox. So unconcerned! O I could tear my flesh,
Or him, or you, nay all the world to pieces.
Cass. Still keep this spirit up, preserve it still,
Lose not a grain, for such majestic atoms
First made the world, and must preserve its greatness.
Rox. I know I am whatever thou canst say.
My soul is pent, and has not elbow room;
'Tis swelled with this last slight, beyond all bounds:
O that it had a space might answer to
Its infinite desire, where I might stand,
And hurl the spheres about like sportive balls!
Cass. We are your slaves, admirers of your fury:
Command Cassander to obey your pleasure,
And I will on, swift as your nimble eye
Scales heaven; when I am angry with the fates,
No age, nor sex, nor dignity of blood,
No ties of law nor nature, not the life
Imperial, though guarded by the gods,
Shall bar Cassander's vengeance—he shall die.
Rox. Ha! shall he die? shall I consent to kill him?
To see him clasped in the cold arms of death,
Whom I with such an eagerness have loved?
Cass. If Alexander lives, you cannot reign,
Nor shall your child; old Sysigambis' head
Will not be idle—sure destruction waits
Both you and yours; let not your anger cool,
But give the word; say, Alexander bleeds,
Draw the dry veins of all the Persian race,
And hurl a ruin o'er the east, 'tis done.
Pol. Behold the instruments of this great work.
Phil. Behold your forward slave.
Thess. I'll execute.
Rox. And when this ruin is accomplished, where
Shall curst Roxana fly with this dear load?
Where shall she find a refuge from the arms
Of all the successors of this great man?
No barbarous nation will receive a guilt
So much transcending theirs, but drive me out:
The wildest beasts will hunt me from their dens,
And birds of prey molest me in the grave.
Cass. No, you shall live—pardon the insolence
Which this almighty love enforces from me—
You shall live safer, nobler than before,
In your Cassander's arms.
Rox. Disgraced Roxana, whither wilt thou fall?
I ne'er was truly wretched till this moment:
There's not one mark of former majesty
To awe my slave, that offers at my honour.
Cass. Madam, I hope you'll not impute my passion
To want of that respect, which I must bear you;
Long have I loved———
Rox. Peace, most audacious villain,
Or I will stab this passion in thy throat!
What, shall I leave the bosom of a deity,
To clasp a clod, a moving piece of earth,
Which a mole heaves? So far art thou beneath me.
Cass. Your majesty shall hear no more folly.
Rox. Nor dare to meet my eyes; for if thou dost
With a love-glance, thy plots are all unravelled,
And your kind thoughts of Alexander told,
Whose life, in spite of all his wrongs to me,
Shall be for ever sacred and untouched.
Cass. I know, dread madam, that Cassander's life
Is in your hands, so cast to do you service.
Rox. You thought, perhaps, because I practised charms
To gain the king, that I had loose desires:
No, 'tis my pride, that gives me height of pleasure,
To see the man, by all the world admired,
Bowed to my bosom, and my captive there.
Cass. By your own life, the greatest oath I swear,
Cassander's passion from this time is dumb.
Rox. No, if I were a wanton, I would make
Princes the victims of my raging fires:
I, like the changing moon, would have the stars
My followers, and mantled kings by night

Should wait my call; fine slaves to quench my flame,
Who, lest in dreams they should reveal the deed,
Still as they came, successively should bleed.
Cass. To make atonement for the highest crime,
I beg your majesty will take the life
Of queen Statira as a sacrifice.
Rox. Rise, thou hast made ample expiation;
Yes, yes, Statira, rival, thou must die;
I know this night is destined for my ruin,
And Alexander from the glorious revels
Flies to thy arms.
Phil. The bowers of Semiramis are made
The scene this night of their new kindled loves.
Rox. Methinks I see her yonder, (oh the torment!)
Busy for bliss, and full of expectation:
She adorns her head, and her eyes give new lustre;
Languishes in her glass, tries all her looks;
Steps to the door, and listens for his coming;
Runs to the bed, and kneels, and weeps, and wishes,
Then lays the pillow easy for his head,
Warms it with sighs, and moulds it with her kisses.
Oh, I am lost! torn with imagination!
Kill me, Cassander, kill me instantly,
That I may haunt her with a thousand devils!
Cass. Why do you stop to end her while you may?
No time so proper as the present; now
While Alexander feasts with all his court:
Give me your eunuchs, half your Zogdian slaves,
I'll do the deed; nor shall a waiter escape,
That serves your rival, to relate the news.
Pol. She was committed to Eumenes' charge.
Rox. Eumenes dies, and all that are about her,
Nor shall I need your aid; you'll love again;
I'll head the slaves myself, with this drawn dagger,
To carry death, that's worthy of a queen.
A common fate ne'er rushes from my hand;
'Tis more than life to die by my command:
And when she sees,
That to my arm her ruin she must owe,
Her thankful head will straight be bended low,
Her heart shall leap half way to meet the blow.
[*Exit Roxana.*
Cass. Go thy ways, Semele—she scorns to sin
Beneath a god—We must be swift; the ruin
We intend, who knows, she may discover?
Pol. It must be acted suddenly; to night;
Now—at the banquet; Philip holds his cup.
Phil. And dares to execute—propose his fate.
Cass. Observe in this small phial certain death;
It holds a poison of such deadly force,
Should Æsculapius drink it, in five hours
(For then it works) the god himself were mortal.
I drew it from Nonacris' horrid spring;
A drop infused in wine will seal his death,
And send him howling to the lowest shades.
Phil. Would it were done!
Cass. O we shall have him tear
(E'er yet the moon has half her journey rode)
The world to atoms; for it scatters pains
All sorts, and through all nerves, veins, arteries.
Even with extremity of frost, it burns;
Drives the distracted soul about her house,
Which runs to all the pores, the doors of life,
Till she is forced for air to leave her dwelling.
Pol. By Pluto's self, the work is wondrous brave.
Cass. Now separate: Philip and Thessalus,
Haste to the banquet; at his second call
Give him that fatal draught, that crowns the night,
While Polyperchon and myself retire.
Exeunt omnes, præter Cassander.
Yes, Alexander, now thou pay'st me well;
Blood for a blow is interest indeed.
Methinks I am grown taller with the murder,
And, standing straight on this majestic pile,
I hit the clouds, and see the world below me!
Oh, 'tis the worst of racks to a brave spirit,
To be born base, a vassal, a cursed slave;
Now, by the project labouring in my brain,
'Tis nobler far to be a king in hell,
To head infernal legions, chiefs below,
To let them loose for earth, to call them in,
And take account of what dark deeds are done,
Than be a subject-god in heaven, unblest,
And without mischief have eternal rest! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Scene draws, ALEXANDER *is seen standing on a throne, with all his commanders about him, holding goblets in their hands.*

Alex. To our immortal health, and our fair queen's;
All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and Bellona join to make us music.
A hundred bulls be offered to the sun,
White as his beams—speak the big voice of war,
Beat all our drums, and blow our silver trumpets,
Till we provoke the gods to act our pleasure,
In bowls of nectar and replying thunder!
[*Sound while they drink.*

Enter HEPHESTION, CLYTUS, *leading* LYSIMACHUS *in his shirt, bloody;* PERDICCAS, *Guard.*

Cly. Long live the king, and conquest crown his arms
With laurels ever-green: Fortune's his slave,
And kisses all that fight upon his side.
Alex. Did not I give command you should preserve
Lysimachus?
Heph. You did.
Alex. What, then, portend those bloody marks?

Heph. Your mercy flew too late: Perdiccas had,
According to the dreadful charge you gave,
Already placed the prince in a lone court,
Unarmed, all but his hands, on which he wore
A pair of gauntlets; such was his desire,
To shew in death the difference betwixt
The blood of the Æacides, and common men.
Cly. At last the door of an old lion's den
Being drawn up, the horrid beast appeared:
The flames, which from his eyes shot glooming red,
Made the sun start, as the spectators thought,
And round them cast a day of blood and death.
Heph. When we arrived, just as the valiant prince
Cried out, 'O Parisatis, take my life;
'Tis for thy sake I go undaunted thus,
To be devoured by this most dreadful creature.'
Cly. Then walking forward, the large beast descried
His prey, and with a roar, that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him; but the active prince,
Starting aside, avoided his first shock,
With a slight hurt, and as the lion turned,
Thrust gauntlet, arm and all, into his throat,
And, with Herculean force, tore forth by the roots
The foaming bloody tongue; and while the savage,
Faint with that loss, sunk to the blushing earth,
To plough it with his teeth, your conquering soldier
Leaped on his back, and dashed his skull to pieces.
Alex. By all my laurels, 'twas a godlike act,
And 'tis my glory, as it shall be thine,
That Alexander could not pardon thee.
O my brave soldier, think not all the prayers
Of the lamenting queens could move my soul
Like what thou hast performed: Grow to my breast. [*Embraces him.*
Lys. However love did hurry my wild arm,
When I was cool, my feverish blood did bate,
And as I went to death, I blest the king.
Alex. Lysimachus, we both have been transported,
But from this hour be certain of my heart;
A lion be the impress of thy shield,
And that golden armour, we from Porus won,
The king presents thee: but retire to bed,
Thy toils ask rest.
Lys. I have no wounds to hinder,
Of any moment; or if I had, though mortal,
I'd stand to Alexander's health, till all
My veins were dry, and fill them up again
With that rich blood, which makes the gods immortal.
Alex. Hephestion, thy hand, embrace him close;
Though next my heart you hang, the jewel there,
I scarce I know whether my queen be nearer,
You shalt not rob me of my glory, youth,
That must to ages flourish—Parisatis
Shall now be his, that serves me best in war:
Neither reply, but mark the charge I give,
And live as friends—sound, sound my armies honour;
Health to their bodies, and eternal fame
Wait on their memory, when those are ashes!
Live all! you must, 'tis a god gives you life.
[*Sound.*
[*Lysimachus offers Clytus a Persian robe, which he refuses.*
Cly. O vanity!
Alex. Ha! what says Clytus?
Who am I?
Cly. The son of good king Philip.
Alex. No, 'tis false;
By all my kindred in the skies,
Jove made my mother pregnant.
Cly. I have done.
[*Here follows an entertainment of Indian singers and dancers: The music flourishes.*]
Alex. Hold, hold; Clytus, take the robe.
Cly. Sir, the wine,
The weather's hot; besides you know my humour.
Alex. O 'tis not well: I'd burn rather than be
So singular and froward.
Cly. So would I,
Burn, hang, or drown, but in a better cause;
I'll drink or fight for sacred majesty
With any here—Fill me another bowl!
Will you excuse me?
Alex. You will be excused;
But let him have his humour, he is old.
Cly. So was your father, sir—This to his memory:
Sound all the trumpets there.
Alex. They shall not sound
Till the king drinks—By Mars, I cannot take
A moment's rest for all my years of blood,
But one or other will oppose my pleasure.
Sure I was formed for war;
All, all are Alexander's enemies;
Which I could tame——Yes, the rebellious world
Should feel my wrath—But let the sports go on.
[*The Indians dance.*
Lys. Nay, Clytus, you that could advise——
Alex. Forbear;
Let him persist, be positive, and proud,
Sullen and dazzled, amongst the noble souls,
Like an infernal spirit, that had stole
From hell, and mingled with the laughing gods.
Cly. When gods grow hot, where's the difference
'Twixt them and devils? Fill me greek wine! yet fuller,
For I want spirits.
Alex. Ha! let me hear a song.
Cly. Music for boys—Clytus would hear the groans
Of dying persons, and the horses' neighings;
Or, if I must be tortured with shrill voices,
Give me the cries of matrons in sacked towns,

Heph. Lysimachus, the king looks sad; let us awake him:
Health to the son of Jupiter Ammon!
Every man take his goblet in his hand,
Kneel all, and kiss the earth with adoration.
Alex. Sound, sound, that all the universe may hear!
That I could speak like Jove, to tell abroad
The kindness of my people—Rise, O rise,
My hands, my arms, my heart is ever yours.
[*Comes from his throne, all kiss his hand.*
Cly. I did not kiss the earth, nor must your hand,
I am unworthy, sir.
Alex. I know thou art,
Thou enviest my great honour—Sit, my friends;
Nay, I must have room—Now let us talk
Of war, for what more fits a soldier's mouth?
And speak, speak freely, or you do not love me,
Who, think you, was the bravest general
That ever led an army to the field?
Heph. I think the sun himself ne'er saw a chief
So truly great, so fortunately brave,
As Alexander: not the famed Alcides,
Nor fierce Achilles, who did twice destroy,
With their all-conquering arms, the famous Troy.
Lys. Such was not Cyrus.
Alex. O you flatter me.
Cly. They do indeed, and yet you love them for it,
But hate old Clytus for his hardy virtue.
Come, shall I speak a man more brave than you,
A better general, and a more expert soldier?
Alex. I should be glad to learn; instruct me, sir.
Cly. Your father Philip—I have seen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful banner, where
The stoutest at the table would have trembled:
Nay, frown not, sir; you cannot look me dead.
When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war,
The laboured battle sweat, and conquest bled.
Why should I fear to speak a truth more noble
Then e'er your father, Jupiter Ammon, told you?
Philip fought men, but Alexander women.
Alex. Spite! by the gods, proud spite! and burning envy!
Is then my glory come to this at last,
To vanquish women? Nay, he said the stoutest here
Would tremble at the dangers he had seen.
In all the sickness and the wounds I bore,
When from my reins the javelin head was cut,
Lysimachus, Hephestion, speak, Perdiccas,
Did I e'er tremble? O the cursed liar!
Did I once shake or groan? or bear myself
Beneath my majesty, my dauntless courage?
Heph. Wine has transported him.
Alex. No, 'tis plain mere malice:
I was a woman too at Oxydrace,
When planting at the walls a scaling ladder,
I mounted, spite of showers of stones, bars, arrows,
And all the lumber, which they thundered down,
When you beneath cried out, and spread your arms,
That I should leap among you, did I so?
Lys. Turn the discourse, my lord, the old man raved.
Alex. Was I a woman, when, like Mercury,
I left the walls to fly amongst my foes,
And, like a baited lion, dyed myself
All over with the blood of those bold hunters?
Till spent with toil, I battled on my knees,
Plucked forth the darts, that made my shield a forest,
And hurled them back with most unconquered fury.
Cly. 'Twas all bravado, for before you leaped,
You saw that I had burst the gates asunder.
Alex. Did I then turn me, like a coward, round,
To seek for succour? Age cannot be so base;
That thou wert young again! I would put off
My majesty, to be more terrible,
That, like an eagle, I might strike this hare
Trembling to earth; shake thee to dust, and tear
Thy heart for this bold lye, thou feeble dotard!
Cly. What, do you pelt me, like a boy, with apples? [*He tosses fruit at him as they rise.*
Kill me, and bury the disgrace I feel!
I know the reason that you use me so,
Because I saved your life at Granicus;
And, when your back was turned, opposed my breast
To bold Rhesaces' sword; you hate me for it,
You do, proud prince.
Alex. Away! your breath's too hot.
[*Flings him from him.*
Cly. You hate the benefactor, though you took
The gift, your life, from this dishonoured Clytus;
Which is the blackest, worst ingratitude.
Alex. Go, leave the banquet: Thus far I forgive thee.
Cly. Forgive yourself for all your blasphemies,
The riots of a most debauched and bloated life;
Philotas' murder———
Alex. Ha! What said the traitor?
Lys. Eumenes, let us force him hence.
Cly. Away!
Heph. You shall not tarry: Drag him to the door.
Cly. No, let him send me, if I must be gone,
To Philip, Attalus, Calisthenes;
To great Parmenio, to his slaughtered sons:
Parmenio, who did many brave exploits
Without the king—the king, without him, nothing.
Alex. Give me a javelin!
[*Takes one from the guards.*
Heph. Hold, sir!
Alex. Off, sirrah! lest
At once I strike it through his heart and thine.
Lys. O sacred sir, have but a moment's patience!
Alex. Preach patience to another lion—what,

Hold my arms? I shall be murdered here,
Like poor Darius, by my own barbarous subjects.
Perdiccas, sound my trumpets to the camp,
Call my soldiers to the court; nay haste,
For there is treason plotting against my life,
And I shall perish ere they come to rescue.
Lys. and Heph. Let us all die, ere think so damned a deed. [*Kneel.*
Alex. Where is the traitor?
Cly. Sure there is none about you;
But here stands honest Clytus, whom the king
Invited to his banquet.
Alex. Begone and sup with Philip,
[*Strikes him through.*
Parmenio, Attalus, Calisthenes;
And let bold subjects learn, by thy sad fate,
To tempt the patience of a man much above them.
Cly. The rage of wine is drowned in gushing blood:
O Alexander, I have been to blame;
Hate me not after death, for I repent,
That so I urged your noblest, sweetest nature.
Alex. What's this I hear? say on, my dying soldier.
Cly. I should have killed myself, had I but lived
To be once sober—Now I fall with honour,
My own hand would have brought foul death.—
O pardon! [*Dies.*
Alex. Then I am lost; what has my vengeance done?
Who is it thou hast slain? Clytus; what was he?
The faithfullest subject, worthiest counsellor,
Who for saving thy life, when
Thou foughtst bare-headed at the river Granicus,
Has now a noble recompense for speaking rashly;
For a forgetfulness, which wine did work,
The poor, the honest Clytus thou hast slain.
Are these the laws of hospitality?
Thy friends will shun thee now, and stand at distance,
Nor dare to speak their minds, nor eat with thee,
Nor drink, lest by thy madness they die too.
Heph. Guards, take the body hence.
Alex. None dare to touch him,
For we must never part. Cruel Hephestion
And Lysimachus, that had the power,
And would not hold me!
Lys. Dear sir, we did.
Alex. I know it;
Ye held me like a beast, to let me go
With greater violence—Oh you have undone me!
Excuse it not; you, that could stop a lion,
Could not turn me: You should have drawn your swords,
And barred my rage with their advancing points;
Made reason glitter in my dazzled eyes,
Till I had seen what ruin did attend me:
That had been noble, that had shewed a friend;
Clytus would so have done to save your lives.
Lys. When men shall hear how highly you were urged——
Alex. No, you have let me stain my rising virtue,
Which else had ended brighter than the sun.
Death, hell, and furies! you have sunk my glory:
Oh, I am all a blot, which seas of tears,
And my heart's blood, can never wash away;
Yet 'tis but just I try, and on the point,
Still reeking, hurl my black polluted breast.
Heph. O sacred sir, that must not be.
Eum. Forgive my pious hands.
Lys. And mine, that dare disarm my master.
Alex. Yes, cruel men, ye now can shew your strength!
Here's not a slave but dares oppose my justice;
Yet I will render all endeavours vain,
That tend to save my life—Here I will lie [*Falls.*
Close to his bleeding side, thus kissing him;
These pale dead lips, that have so oft advised me;
Thus bathing o'er his reverend face in tears;
Thus clasping his cold body in my arms,
Till death, like him, has made me stiff and horrid.
Heph. What shall we do?
Lys. I know not, my wounds bleed afresh
With striving with him: Perdiccas, lend us your arm. [*Exeunt Perdiccas, Lysimachus.*
Heph. Call Aristander hither;
Or Meleager, let us force him from the body.

Cries without—Arm! Arm! Treason, Treason!
Enter Perdiccas *bloody.*

Per. Haste, all take arms! Hephestion, where's the king?
Heph. There, by old Clytus' side, whom he has slain.
Per. Then misery on misery will fall,
Like rolling billows, to advance the storm.
Rise, sacred sir, and haste to aid the queen;
Roxana, filled with furious jealousy,
Came with a guard of Zogdian slaves unmasked,
And broke upon me with such sudden rage,
That all are perished, who resistance made:
I only with these wounds, through clashing spears,
Have forced my way, to give you timely notice.
Alex. What says Perdiccas? Is the queen in danger?
Per. She dies, unless you turn her fate, and quickly:
Your distance from the place asks more speed,
And the ascent to the flying grove is high.
Alex. Thus from my grave I rise to save my love,
All draw your swords, with wings of lightning, move;
When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay,
'Tis beauty calls, and glory shews the way.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

STATIRA *is discovered sleeping in the bower of* SEMIRAMIS; *the spirits of Queen* STATIRA, *her Mother, and* DARIUS, *appear standing on each side of her, with daggers, threatening her.—They sing.*

Dar. *Is innocence so void of cares,*
That it can undisturbed sleep,
Amidst the noise of horrid wars,
That make immortal spirits weep?
Stat. *No boding crows, nor ravens come,*
To warn her of approaching doom.
Dar. *She walks, as she dreams, in a garden of flowers,*
And her hands are employed in the beautiful bowers;
She dreams of the man that is far from the grove,
And all her soft fancy still runs on her love.
Stat. *She nods o'er the brooks, that run purling along,*
And the nightingales lull her more fast with a song.
Dar. *But see the sad end which the gods have decreed.*
Stat. *This poinard's thy fate.*
Dar. *My daughter must bleed.*
Chorus. *Awake then, Statira, awake, for alas you must die;*
E'er an hour be past, you must breathe out your last.
Dar. *And be such another as I.*
Stat. *As I.*
Chorus. *And be such another as I.* [*Exeunt.*

STATIRA *sola.*

Stat. Bless me, ye powers above, and guard my virtue!
I saw, nor was't a dream, I saw and heard
My royal parents, there I saw them stand;
My eyes beheld their precious images;
I heard their heavenly voices: Where, O where
Fled you so fast, dear shades, from my embraces?
You told me this—this hour should be my last,
And I must bleed—Away, 'tis all delusion!
Do I not wait for Alexander's coming?
None but my loving lord can enter here:
And will he kill me?—hence, fantastic shadows!
And yet methinks he should not stay thus long;
Why do I tremble thus? If I but stir,
The motion of my robes makes my heart leap.
When will the dear man come, that all my doubts
May vanish in his breast? That I may hold him
Fast as my fears can make me; hug him close
As my fond soul can wish; give all my breath
In sighs and kisses; swoon, die away with rapture!
But hark! I hear him—— [*Noise within.*
Fain I would hide my blushes—
I hear his tread, but dare not go to meet him.

Enter ROXANA, *with slaves and a dagger.*

Rox. At length we have conquered this stupendous height,
These flying groves, whose wonderful ascent
Leads to the clouds.
Stat. Then all the vision's true, [*Retires.*
And I must die, lose my dear lord for ever:
That, that is the murderer.
Rox. Shut the brazen gate,
And make it fast with all the massy bars.
I know the king will fly to her relief,
But we have time enough—Where is my rival?
Appear, Statira, now no more a queen;
Roxana calls; where is your majesty?
Stat. And what is she, who with such towering pride,
Would awe a princess, that is born above her?
Rox. I like the port imperial beauty bears,
It shews thou hast a spirit fit to fall
A sacrifice to fierce Roxana's wrongs.
Be sudden then, put forth these royal breasts,
Where our false master has so often languished,
That I may change their milky innocence
To blood, and dye me in a deep revenge.
Stat. No, barbarous woman, though I durst meet death
As boldly as our lord, with a resolve,
At which thy coward heart would tremble;
Yet I disdain to stand the fate you offer,
And therefore, fearless of thy dreadful threats,
Walk thus regardless by thee.
Rox. Ha! so stately!
This sure will sink you.
Stat. No, Roxana, no:
The blow you give will strike me to the stars,
But sink my murderess in eternal ruin.
Rox. Who told you this?
Stat. A thousand spirits tell me:
There's not a god but whispers in my ear,
This death will crown me with immortal glory;
To die so fair, so innocent, so young,
Will make me company for queens above.
Rox. Preach on.
Stat. While you, the burden of the earth,
Fall to the deep, so heavy with thy guilt,
That hell itself must groan at thy reception;
While foulest fiends shun thy society,
And thou shalt walk alone, forsaken fury!
Rox. Heaven witness for me, I would spare thy life,
If any thing but Alexander's love
Were in debate; come, give me back his heart,
And thou shalt live empress of all the world.
Stat. The world is less than Alexander's love,
Yet could I give it, 'tis not in my power;
This I dare promise, if you spare my life,
Which I disdain to beg, he shall speak kindly.
Rox. Speak! is that all?

Stat. Perhaps at my request,
And for a gift so noble as my life,
Bestow a kiss.
Rox. A kiss! no more?
Stat. O gods!
What shall I say to work her to my end?
Fain I would see him—Yes, a little more—
Embrace you, and for ever be your friend.
Rox. O the provoking word! Your friend! thou diest:
Your friend! What, must I bring you then together?
Adore your bed, and see you softly laid?
By all my pangs, and labours of my love,
This has thrown off all that was sweet and gentle.
Therefore——
Stat. Yet hold thy hand advanced in air;
I see my death is written in thy eyes.
Therefore wreak all the lust of vengeance on me,
Wash in my blood, and steep thee in my gore;
Feed like a vulture, tear my bleeding heart.
But, O Roxana! that there may appear
A glimpse of justice for thy cruelty,
A grain of goodness for a mass of evil,
Give me my death in Alexander's presence!
Rox. Not for the rule of heaven—Are you so cunning?
What, you would have him mourn you as you fall?
Take your farewell, and taste such healing kisses,
As might call back your soul. No, thou shalt fall
Now, and when death has seized thy beauteous limbs,
I'll have thy body thrown into a well,
Buried beneath a heap of stones for ever.

Enter a Slave.

Slave. Madam, the king with all his captains and his guards
Are forcing ope the doors, he threatens thousand deaths
To all that stop his entrance, and I believe
Your eunuchs will obey him.
Rox. Then I must haste. [*Stabs her.*
Stat. What, is the king so near?
And shall I die so tamely, thus defenceless?
O ye gods, will you not help my weakness?
Rox. They are afar off. [*Stabbing her.*
Stat. Alas! they are indeed.

Enter ALEXANDER, CASSANDER, POLYPERCHON, *Guards and Attendants.*

Alex. Oh happy! Thou shalt reign the queen of devils.
Rox. Do, strike, behold my bosom swells to meet thee;
'Tis full of thine, of veins that run ambition,
And I can brave whatever fate you bring.
Alex. Call our physicians! haste! I'll give an empire
To save her—Oh my soul, alas Statira!
These wounds,—Oh gods, are these my promised joys!

Enter PHYSICIANS.

Stat. My cruel love, my weeping Alexander,
Would I had died before you entered here!
For now I ask my heart an hundred questions;
What! must I lose my life, my lord, for ever?
Alex. Ha! villains, are they mortal?—what, retire!
Raise your dashed spirits from the earth, and say,
Say she shall live, and I will make you kings.
Give me this one, this poor, this only life,
And I will pardon you for all the wounds,
Which your arts widen, all diseases, deaths,
Which your damned drugs throw through the lingering world.
Rox. Rend not your temper; see a general silence
Confirms the bloody pleasure, which I sought;
She dies.——
Alex. And darest thou, monster, think to escape?
Stat. Life's on the wing,—my love, my lord,
Come to my arms, and take the last adieu.
Here let me lie, and languish out my soul.
Alex. Answer me, father, wilt thou take her from me?
What, is the black, sad hour at last arrived,
That I must never clasp her body more?
Never more bask in her eye-shine again?
Nor view the loves, that played in those dear beams,
And shot me with a thousand thousand smiles?
Stat. Farewel, my dear, my life, my most loved lord,
I swear by Orosmades, 'tis more pleasure,
More satisfaction that I thus die yours,
Than to have lived another's—Grant me one thing.
Alex. All, all,—but speak that I may execute
Before I follow thee.
Stat. Leave not the earth
Before Heaven calls you; spare Roxana's life.
'Twas love of you, that caused her give me death;
And, O! sometimes, amidst your revels, think
Of your poor queen, and ere the chearful bowl
Salute your lips, crown it with one rich tear,
And I am happy. [*Dies.*
Alex. Close not thy eyes;
Things of import I have to speak before
Thou takest thy journey:—Tell the gods I'm coming,
To give them an account of life and death,
And many other hundred thousand policies,
That much concern the government of heaven——
O she is gone! the talking soul is mute!
She's hushed, no voice of music now is heard!
The bower of beauty is more still than death;
The roses fade, and the melodious bird,
That waked their sweets, has left them now for ever.
Rox. 'Tis certain now you never shall enjoy her;

Therefore Roxana may have leave to hope
You will at last be kind, for all my sufferings,
My torments, racks, for this last dreadful murder,
Which furious love of thee did bring upon me.
Alex. O thou vile creature! bear thee from my sight,
And thank Statira, that thou art alive:
Else thou hadst perished; yes, I would have rent,
With my just hands, that rock, that marble heart;
I would have dived through seas of blood to find it,
To tear the cruel quarry from its center.
Rox. O take me to your arms, and hide my blushes!
I love you spite of all your cruelties;
There is so much divinity about you,
I tremble to approach: yet here's my hold,
Nor will I leave the sacred robe, for such
Is every thing, that touches that blest body:
I'll kiss it as the relic of a god,
And love shall grasp it with these dying hands.
Alex. O that thou wert a man, that I might drive
Thee round the world, and scatter thy contagion,
As gods hurl mortal plagues, when they are angry!
Rox. Do, drive me, hew me into smallest pieces,
My dust shall be inspired with a new fondness;
Still the love-motes shall play before your eyes,
Where'er you go, however you despise.
Alex. Away! there's not a glance that flies from thee,
But, like a basilisk, comes winged with death.
Rox. O speak not such harsh words, my royal master!
Look not so dreadful on your kneeling servant;
But take, dear sir, O take me into grace,
By the dear babe, the burden of my womb,
That weighs me down, when I would follow faster!
My knees are weary, and my force is spent:
O do not frown, but clear thy angry brow!
Your eyes will blast me, and your words are bolts,
That strike me dead; the little wretch I bear,
Leaps frighted at your wrath, and dies within me.
Alex. O thou hast touched my soul so tenderly,
That I will raise thee, though thy hands are ruin.
Rise, cruel woman, rise, and have a care,
O do not hurt that unborn innocence,
For whose dear sake I now forgive thee all.
But haste, begone! fly, fly from these sad eyes,
Fly with thy pardon, lest I call it back;
Though I forgive thee, I must hate thee ever.
Rox. I go, I fly for ever from thy sight.
My mortal injuries have turned my mind,
And I could curse myself for being kind.
If there be any majesty above,
That has revenge in store for perjured love,
Send, Heaven, the swiftest ruin on his head;
Strike the destroyer, lay the victor dead;
Kill the triumpher, and avenge my wrong,
In height of pomp, while he is warm and young;
Bolted with thunder let him rush along,
And when in the last pangs of life he lies,
Grant I may stand to dart him with my eyes:
Nay, after death,
Pursue his spotted ghost, and shoot him as he flies!
[*Exit.*
Alex. O my fair star, I shall be shortly with thee;
For I already feel the sad effects
Of those most fatal imprecations.
What means this deadly dew upon my forehead?
My heart too heaves.
Cass. It will anon be still——— [*Aside.*
The poison works.
Pol. I'll see the wished effect [*Aside.*
Ere I remove, and gorge me with revenge.

Enter PERDICCAS *and* LYSIMACHUS.

Per. I beg your majesty will pardon me,
A fatal messenger;
Great Sysigambis, hearing Statira's death,
Is now no more;
Her last words gave the princess to the brave
Lysimachus: but that, which most will strike you,
Your dear Hephestion, having drank too largely
At your last feast, is of a surfeit dead.
Alex. How! dead? Hephestion dead? alas the dear
Unhappy youth!—But he sleeps happy,
I must wake for ever:—This object, this,
This face of fatal beauty,
Will stretch my lids with vast, eternal tears——
Who had the care of poor Hephestion's life?
Lys. Philarda, the Arabian artist.
Alex. Fly, Meleager, hang him on a cross!
That for Hephestion———
But here lies my fate; Hephestion, Clytus,
All my victories for ever folded up:
In this dear body my banner's lost,
My standard's triumphs gone!
O when shall I be mad? Give order to
The army, that they break their shields, swords, spears,
Pound their bright armour into dust; away!
Is there not cause to put the world in mourning?
Tear all your robes:—he dies, that is not naked
Down to the waste, all like the sons of sorrow.
Burn all the spires, that seem to kiss the sky;
Beat down the battlements of every city;
And for the monument of this loved creature,
Root up those bowers, and pave them all with gold:
Draw dry the Ganges, make the Indies poor;
To build her tomb, no shrines nor altars spare,
But strip the shining gods to make it rare. [*Exit.*
Cass. Ha! whither now? follow him, Polyperchon. *Exit Pol.*
I find Cassander's plot grows full of death;
Murder is playing her great master-piece,

And the sad sisters sweat, so fast I urge them.
O how I hug myself for this revenge!
My fancy's great in mischief; for methinks
The night grows darker, and the labouring ghosts,
For fear that I should find new torments out,
Run o'er the old with most prodigious swiftness.
I see the fatal fruit betwixt the teeth,
The sieve brim full, and the swift stone stand still.

Enter POLYPERCHON.

What, does it work?
Pol. Speak softly.
Cass. Well.
Pol. It does;
I followed him, and saw him swiftly walk
Toward the palace; oftimes looking back,
With watry eyes, and calling out Statira.
He stumbled at the gate, and fell along;
Nor was he raised with ease by his attendants,
But seemed a greater load than ordinary,
As much more as the dead outweigh the living.
Cass. Said he nothing?
Pol. When they took him up,
He sighed, and entered with a strange wild look,
Embraced the princes round, and said he must
Dispatch the business of the world in haste.

Enter PHILIP *and* THESSALUS.

Phil. Back, back, all scatter—With a dreadful shout
I heard him cry, 'I am but a dead man!'
Thess. The poison tears him with that height of horror,
That I could pity him.
Pol. Peace——where shall we meet?
Cass. On Saturn's field.
Methinks I see the frighted deities,
Ramming more bolts in their big-bellied clouds,
And firing all the heavens to drown his noise.
Now we should laugh——But go, disperse yourselves,
While each soul here, that fills his noble vessel,
Swells with the murder, works with ruin o'er;
And from the dreadful deed this glory draws,
We killed the greatest man, that ever was.

SCENE II.

Enter ALEXANDER *and all his Attendants.*

Alex. Search there, nay, probe me, search my wounded reins!
Pull, draw it out!
Lys. We have searched, but find no hurt.
Alex. O I am shot, a forked burning arrow
Sticks cross my shoulders: the sad venom flies,
Like lightning, through my flesh, my blood, my marrow.
Lys. This must be treason.
Perd. Would I could but guess!
Alex. Ha! what a change of torments I endure!
A bolt of ice runs hissing through my bowels:
'Tis sure the arm of death: give me a chair;
Cover me, for I freeze, and my teeth chatter,
And my knees knock together.
Perd. Heaven bless the king!
Alex. Ha! who talks of heaven?
I am all hell; I burn, I burn again!
The war grows wondrous hot; hey for the Tiger!
Bear me, Bucephalus, amongst the billows:
O 'tis a noble beast; I would not change him
For the best horse the Sun has in his stable:
For they are hot, their mangers full of coals,
Their manes are flakes of lightning, curls of fire,
And their red tails, like meteors, whisk about.
Lys. Help all, Eumenes, help! I cannot hold him!
Alex. Ha, ha, ha! I shall die with laughter.
Parmenio, Clytus, dost thou see yon fellow,
That ragged soldier, that poor tattered Greek?
See how he puts to flight the gaudy Persians,
With nothing but a rusty helmet on, through which
The grizly bristles of his pushing beard
Drive them like pikes——Ha, ha, ha!
Perd. How wild he talks!
Lys. Yet warring in his wildness.
Alex. Sound, sound, keep your ranks close; ay, now they come:
O the brave din, the noble clank of arms!
Charge, charge apace, and let the phalanx move:
Darius comes——ha! let me in, none dare
To cross my fury.——Philotas is unhorsed;—Ay, 'tis Darius;
I see, I know him by the sparkling plumes,
And his gold chariot, drawn by ten white horses:
But, like a tempest, thus I pour upon him——
He bleeds! with that last blow I brought him down;
He tumbles! take him, snatch the imperial crown.
They fly, they fly!——follow, follow!——Victoria! Victoria!
Victoria!———O let me sleep.
Perd. Let's raise him softly, and bear him to his bed.
Alex. Hold, the least motion gives me sudden death;
My vital spirits are quite parched up,
And all my smoky entrails turned to ashes.
Lys. When you, the brightest star that ever shone,
Shall set, it must be night with us for ever.
Alex. Let me embrace you all before I die:
Weep not, my dear companions; the good gods
Shall send you, in my stead, a nobler prince,
One that shall lead you forth with matchless conduct.
Lys. Break not our hearts with such unkind expressions.
Perd. We will not part with you, nor change for Mars.
Alex. Perdiccas, take this ring,
And see me laid in the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Lys. To whom does your dread majesty bequeath
The empire of the world?
Alex. To him that is most worthy.
Perd. When will you, sacred sir, that we should give
To your great memory those divine honours,
Which such exalted virtue does deserve?
Alex. When you are all most happy, and in peace.
Your hands——O father, if I have discharged
[*Rises.*
The duty of a man to empire born;
If, by unwearied toil, I have deserved
The vast renown of thy adopted son,
Accept this soul, which thou didst first inspire,
And which this sigh thus gives thee back again.
[*Dies.*
Lys. Eumenes, cover the fallen majesty;
If there be treason, let us find it out;
Lysimachus stands forth to lead you on,
And swears, by these most honoured dear remains,
He will not taste those joys which beauty brings,
Till we revenge the greatest, best of kings.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ALL FOR LOVE;

OR,

THE WORLD WELL LOST.

BY

DRYDEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

MARC ANTONY.
VENTIDIUS, *his general.*
DOLABELLA, *his friend.*
ALEXAS, *the queen's eunuch.*
SERAPION, *priest of Isis.*
Romans.
MYRIS.

WOMEN.

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*
OCTAVIA, *Antony's wife.*
CHARMION, IRAS, } *Cleopatra's maids.*
Antony's two infant daughters.

Scene,—Alexandria.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Temple of Isis.*

SERAPION, *and* MYRIS, *Priests of Isis, discovered.*

Ser. PORTENTS and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile
Flowed, ere the wonted season, with a torrent
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste
Even of the hinds, that watched it. Men and beasts
Were borne above the tops of trees, that grew
On the utmost margin of the water-mark:
Then with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,
It slipt from underneath the scaly herd:
Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore;
Forsaken dolphins there, with their broad tails,
Lay lashing the departing waves; hard by them
Sea-horses, floundering in the slimy mud,
Tossed up their heads, and dashed the ooze about them.

Enter ALEXAS *behind them.*

Myr. Avert these omens, Heaven!
Ser. Last night, between the hours of twelve and one,
In a lone aisle of the temple while I walked,
A whirlwind rose, that, with a violent blast,
Shook all the dome; the doors around me clapt;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault,
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclosed the mighty dead:
From out each monument, in order placed,
An armed ghost starts up; the boy-king last
Reared his inglorious head: a peal of groans
Then followed, and a lamentable voice
Cried, 'Egypt is no more.' My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knocked,

On the cold pavement down I fell entranced,
And so unfinished left the horrid scene!
Alex. And dreamt you this, or did invent the story, [*Shewing himself.*
To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,
And train them up betimes in fear of priesthood?
Ser. My lord, I saw you not,
Nor meant my words should reach your ears; but what
I uttered was most true.
Alex. A foolish dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts
And holy luxury.
Ser. I know my duty:
This goes no farther.
Alex. 'Tis not fit it should,
Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.
All southern from yon hills the Roman camp
Hangs o'er us black and threatening, like a storm
Just breaking on our heads.
Ser. Our faint Egyptians pray for Antony,
But in their servile hearts they own Octavius.
Myr. Why, then, does Antony dream out his hours,
And tempts not fortune for a noble day,
Which might redeem what Actium lost?
Alex. He thinks 'tis past recovery.
Ser. Yet the foe
Seems not to press the siege.
Alex. Oh, there's the wonder.
Mecænas and Agrippa, who can most
With Cæsar, are his foes. His wife, Octavia,
Driven from his house, solicits her revenge;
And Dolabella, who was once his friend,
Upon some private grudge now seeks his ruin;
Yet still war seems on either side to sleep.
Ser. 'Tis strange, that Antony, for some days past,
Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra,
But here in Isis' temple lives retired,
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.
Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes, by absence,
To cure his mind of love.
Ser. If he be vanquished,
Or make his peace, Egypt is doomed to be
A Roman province, and our plenteous harvests
Must then redeem the scarceness of their soil.
While Antony stood firm, our Alexandria
Rivalled proud Rome (dominion's other seat),
And fortune striding, like a vast Colossus,
Could fix an equal foot of empire here.
Alex. Had I my wish, these tyrants of all nature,
Who lord it o'er mankind, should perish, perish,
Each by the other's sword; but since our will
Is lamely followed by our power, we must
Depend on one, with him to rise or fall.
Ser. How stands the queen affected?
Alex. Oh, she doats,
She doats, Serapion, on this vanquished man,
And winds herself about his mighty ruins,
Whom, would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted prey, to his pursuer's hands,
She might preserve us all: but 'tis in vain—
This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her arms
Far as the earth's deep centre. Well, you know
The state of things: no more of your ill omens
And black prognostics; labour to confirm
The people's hearts.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *talking aside with a gentleman of* ANTONY'S.

Ser. These Romans will o'erhear us.
But who's that stranger? by his warlike port,
His fierce demeanor, and erected look,
He is of no vulgar note.
Alex. Oh, 'tis Ventidius,
Our emperor's great lieutenant in the east,
Who first shewed Rome, that Parthia could be conquered.
When Antony returned from Syria last,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.
Ser. You seem to know him well.
Alex. Too well. I saw him in Cilicia first,
When Cleopatra there met Antony:
A mortal foe he was to us and Egypt.
But let me witness to the worth I hate;
A braver Roman never drew a sword:
Firm to his prince, but as a friend, not slave:
He ne'er was of his pleasures, but presides
O'er all his cooler hours, and morning counsels:
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue
Of an old true stampt Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes, I know not what, of ill
To our affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better,
And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
And what is our present work.
[*They withdraw to a corner of the stage, and* VENTIDIUS, *with the other, comes forward to the front.*
Vent. Not see him, say you?
I say I must, and will.
Gent. He has commanded,
On pain of death, none should approach his presence.
Vent. I bring him news, will raise his drooping spirits,
Give him new life.
Gent. He sees not Cleopatra.
Vent. Would he had never seen her!
Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of any thing but thought; or if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving;
Then he defies the world, and bids it pass.
Sometimes he gnaws his lips, and curses loud
The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, 'Take all!
The world is not worth my care.'
Vent. Just, just his nature.
Virtue is his path, but sometimes 'tis too narrow

ır his vast soul, and then he starts out wide,
ıd bounds into a vice, that bears him far
om his first course, and plunges him in ills:
ıt when his danger makes him find his fault,
ıick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,
ɜ censures eagerly his own misdeeds,
dging himself with malice to himself,
ıd not forgiving what as man he did,
ɜcause his other parts are more than man.
ɜ must not thus be lost.
[ALEXAS *and the priests come forward.*
Alex. You have your full instructions; now advance;
oclaim your orders loudly.
Ser. Romans! Egyptians! hear the queen's command.
ıus Cleopatra bids: Let labour cease;
pomp and triumphs give this happy day,
ıat gave the world a lord; 'tis Antony's.
ɜe Antony, and Cleopatra live!
ɜ this the general voice sent up to heaven,
ıd every public place repeat this echo.
Vent. Fine pageantry! [*Aside.*
Ser. Set out before your doors
ıe images of all your sleeping fathers,
ith laurels crowned; with laurels wreath your posts,
ıd strew with flowers the pavement; let the priest
ɔ present sacrifice, pour out the wine,
ıd call the gods to join with you in gladness.
Vent. Curse on the tongue that bids this general joy!
ın they be friends to Antony, who revel
hen Antony's in danger? Hide, for shame,
ou Romans, your great grandsires' images,
r fear their souls should animate their marbles,
ɔ blush at their degenerate progeny.
Alex. A love, which knows no bounds to Antony,
ould mark the day with honours; when all Heaven
boured for him, when each propitious star
ɔod wakeful in his orb to watch that hour,
ıd shed his better influence: her own birth-day
ır queen neglected, like a vulgar fate,
ıat passed obscurely by.
Vent. Would it had slept
vided far from his, till some remote
ıd future age had called it out to ruin
me other prince, not him!
Alex. Your emperor,
ıo' grown unkind, would be more gentle than
ɔ upbraid my queen for loving him too well.
Vent. Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the priest?
ɜ knows him not his executioner.
ı! she has decked his ruin with her love,
d him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,
ıd made perdition pleasing: she has left him
ıe blank of what he was.
ell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmanned him:
Can any Roman see and know him now,
Thus altered from the lord of half mankind,
Unbent, unsinewed, made a woman's toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,
And crampt within a corner of the world?
Oh, Antony!
Thou bravest soldier, and thou best of friends!
Bounteous as nature, next to nature's God!
Couldst thou but make new worlds, so wouldst thou give them,
As bounty were thy being. Rough in battle
As the first Romans, when they went to war,
Yet, after victory, more pitiful
Than all their praying virgins left at home!
Alex. Would you could add to those more shining virtues,
His truth to her, who loves him.
Vent. Would I could not!
But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?
Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,
Antony's other fate. Go tell thy queen,
Ventidius is arrived to end her charms.
Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone,
Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets.
You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
And keep your cowards' holiday in temples.
[*Exeunt Alex. Serap.*

Re-enter the Gentleman of MARC ANTONY.

2 *Gent.* The emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of death, that none presume to stay.
1 *Gent.* I dare not disobey him.
[*Going out with the other.*
Vent. Well, I dare:
But I'll observe him first, unseen, and find
Which way his humour drives: the rest I'll venture. [*Withdraws.*

Enter ANTONY, *walking with a disturbed motion before he speaks.*

Ant. They tell me, 'tis my birth-day; and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness:
'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.
Why was I raised the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward,
To be trod out by Cæsar?
Vent. [*Aside*] On my soul
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!
Ant. Count thy gains
Now, Antony; wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starved thy wanting age.
Vent. [*Aside*] How sorrow shakes him!
So, now the tempest tears him up by the roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.
Ant. [*Having thrown himself down*] Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place, thou pressest on thy mother earth,

Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou art contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widowed hand to Cæsar;
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more of it.
Give me some music; look, that it be sad.
I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell
And burst myself with sighing— [*Soft music.*
'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all,
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
Stretched at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece as I grew from it:
My uncombed locks, matted like misletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murmuring brook
Runs at my foot——
Vent. Methinks I fancy
Myself there too.
Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And fearless quench their thirst, while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.
[*Soft music again.*
Vent. I must disturb him: I can hold no longer. [*Stands before him.*
Ant. [*Starting up*] Art thou Ventidius?
Vent. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was than you to him
I left you last.
Ant. I'm angry.
Vent. So am I.
Ant. I would be private. Leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me!
Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?
Vent. My emperor; the man I love next heaven:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good and godlike.
Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,
And, if a foe, too much.
Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew:
[*Weeping.*
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes:
I cannot help her softness.
Ant. By heaven he weeps! Poor good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop them, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caused them, full before me.
Vent. I'll do my best.
Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me 'tis not
For my own griefs but thine—Nay, father——
Vent. Emperor.
Ant. Emperor! why that's the style of victory:
The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh—
Vent. It sits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies, a lump of lead by day,
And, in my short distracted nightly slumbers,
The hag, that rides my dreams——
Vent. Out with it; give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.
Vent. So has Julius done.
Ant. Thou favourest me, and speakest not half thou thinkest;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly;
But Antony——
Vent. Nay, stop not.
Ant. Antony
(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward fled,
Fled, while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou longest to curse me, and I give thee leave;
I know thou camest prepared to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.
Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but—
Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier with inglorious ease;
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands;
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it,
And purple greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs,
The wish of nations, and the willing world
Received me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me, till I took pains,
And worked against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turned her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,

Gone, gone, divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who laboured to be wretched. Pr'ythee curse me.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you have done, too conscious of your failings,
And, like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.
Ant. I know thou wouldst.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Vent. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
Vent. You would be lost then?
Ant. I am.
Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to the utmost. Dost thou think me desperate
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learned to scorn it here, which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.
Vent. Cæsar thinks not so;
He'll thank you for the gift, he could not take.
You would be killed like Tully, would you? Do;
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill myself, and so resolve.
Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dreamest, Ventidius.
Vent. No, 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake! twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief: by painful journies
I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches of the Nile:
'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks, and chopt hands: there's virtue in them:
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I said in Lower Syria.
Ant. Bring them hither;
There may be life in these.
Vent. They will not come.
Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids
To double my despair? they are mutinous.
Vent. Most firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me? Oh trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head them.
Ant. I'm besieged.
Vent. There's but one way shut up—How came I hither?
Ant. I will not stir.
Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.
Ant. I have never used
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Ant. What was it they said?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra:
Why should they fight indeed to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her?—Then she new-names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults, but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra! she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
Vent. Behold, you powers!
To whom you have entrusted humankind;
See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.
Ant. You grow presumptuous.
Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor,
Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh that thou wert my equal, great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee,
Without stain to my honour!
Vent. You may kill me:
You have done more already, called me traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done? But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles

l Octavia's bands? I could have been
tor then, a glorious happy traitor,
ıot have been so called.
. Forgive me, soldier;
: been too passionate.
t. You thought me false,
ht my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir,
ill me: yet you need not; your unkindness
ft your sword no work.
. I did not think so;
it in my rage: prithee forgive me.
lidst thou tempt my anger by discovery
at I would not hear?
t. No prince, but you,
merit that sincerity, I used;
urst another man have ventured it:
ıu, ere love misled your wandering eyes,
sure the chief and best of human race,
d in the very pride and boast of nature;
fect, that the gods, who formed you, wondered
ir own skill, and cried, 'A lucky hit
ended our design!' Their envy hindered,
ou had been immortal, and a pattern,
heaven would work for ostentation sake,
by out again.
. But Cleopatra——
, for I can bear it now.
t. No more.
. Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou mayest:
only lovest, the rest have flattered me.
t. Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word!
believe you love me? Speak again.
. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. [*Embracing him.*
aises were unjust: but I'll deserve them,
et mend all. Do with me what thou wilt:
ne to victory; thou knowest the way.
t. And will you leave this——
. Prithee do not curse her,
And I will leave her, though heaven knows I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour:
But I will leave her.
Vent. That is my royal master.
And shall we fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, 'Come, follow me.'
Vent. Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods! let me see that day,
And if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for the exchange.
Ant. Oh, Cleopatra!
Vent. Again!
Ant. I have done; in that last sigh she went.
Cæsar shall know what it is to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.
Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are most divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.
Ant. Oh, thou hast fired me! my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me,
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp: in vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way, in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.
Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!
Ant. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to them, mow them out a passage,
And, entering where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A grand Saloon.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

. What shall I do, or whither shall I turn!
ius has o'ercome, and he will go.
r. He goes to fight for you.
. Then he would see me ere he went to fight.
me not; if once he goes, he is lost,
l my hopes destroyed.
. Does this weak passion
e a mighty queen?
. I am no queen:
to be a queen, to be besieged
insulting Roman, and to wait
. I.
Each hour the victor's chain? These ills are small,
For Antony is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, Octavius;
I have no more to lose; prepare thy bands;
I am fit to be a captive: Antony
Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.
Iras. Call reason to assist you.
Cleo. I have none,
And none would have: my love's a noble madness,
Which shows, the cause deserved it. Moderate sorrow
Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man;
But I have loved with such transcendent passion.

I soared at first quite out of reason's view,
And now am lost above it—No, I am proud
'Tis thus: would Antony could see me now!
Think you, he would not sigh? Though he must leave me,
Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natured,
And bears a tender heart: I know him well:
Ah no! I know him not: I knew him once,
But now 'tis past.

Iras. Let it be past with you:
Forget him, madam.

Cleo. Never, never, Iras:
He once was mine, and once, though now it is gone,
Leaves a faint image of possession still.

Alex. Think him inconstant, cruel, and ungrateful,

Cleo. I cannot; if I could, those thoughts were vain:
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, though he be,
I still must love him.

Enter CHARMION.

Now, what news, my Charmion?
Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?
Am I to live or die? Nay, do I live,
Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer,
Fate took the word, and then I lived or died.

Char. I found him, madam——

Cleo. A long speech preparing!
If thou bringest comfort, haste and give it me,
For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so,
Before her tongue could speak it: now she studies
To soften what he said: but give me death
Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguised,
And in the words he spoke.

Char. I found him then,
Encompassed round, I think, with iron statues,
So mute, so motionless, his soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his eyes about,
And every leader's hopes and fears surveyed.
Methought he looked resolved, and yet not pleased:
When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,
He blushed, and bade make way.

Alex. There's comfort yet.

Char. Ventidius fixed his eyes upon my passage
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And sullenly gave place. I told my message,
Just as you gave it, broken and disordered;
I numbered in it all your sighs and tears,
And while I moved your pitiful request,
That you but only begged a last farewell,
He fetched an inward groan, and every time
I named you, sighed, as if his heart were breaking,
But shunned my eyes, and guiltily looked down.
He seemed not now that awful Antony,
Who shook an armed assembly with his nod,
But making show as he would rub his eyes,
Disguised and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep, and was I worth a tear?
If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say, he knew himself so well,
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you,
And therefore——

Cleo. Thou wouldst say he would not see me!

Char. And therefore begged you not to use a power,
Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a word
For Antony to use to Cleopatra?
Oh, that faint word respect! how I disdain it!
Disdain myself for loving after it!
He should have kept that word for cold Octavia;
Respect is for a wife. Am I that thing,
That dull insipid lump, without desires,
And without power to give them?

Alex. You misjudge;
You see through love, and that deludes your sight,
As what is straight seems crooked through the water;
But I, who bear my reason undisturbed,
Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,
A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
And shuns his master's eyes; if you pursue him,
My life on it, he still drags a chain along,
That needs must clog his flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee——

Alex. By every circumstance I know he loves.
True, he is hard prest by interest and honour;
Yet he but doubts and parleys, and casts out
Many a long look for succour.

Cleo. He sends word
He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more?
He shows his weakness, who declines the combat;
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? to my ears the message sounds,
'Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come!
Come, free me from Ventidius, from my tyrant;
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.'
[*A march.*
I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you retire a while; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easy.

Cleo. You shall rule me,
But all, I fear, in vain. [*Exit with Char. and Iras.*

Alex. I fear so too,
Though I concealed my thoughts to make her bold;
But it is our utmost means, and fate befriend it.
[*Withdraws. A march till all are on.*

Enter Lictors with fasces, one bearing the Eagle; then enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS, *followed by other Commanders.*

Ant. Octavius is the minion of blind chance,

But holds from virtue nothing.
Vent. Has he courage?
Ant. But just enough to season him from coward.
Oh! 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge,
The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures
(As in Illyria once they said he did)
To storm a town, 'tis when he cannot chuse,
When all the world have fixed their eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for seven years after:
But at a close revenge he never fails.
Vent. I heard you challenged him.
Ant. I did, Ventidius:
What thinkest thou was his answer? 'twas so tame
—He said, he had more ways than one to die,
I had not.
Vent. Poor!
Ant. He has more ways than one,
But he would chuse them all before that one.
Vent. He first would chuse an ague or a fever.
Ant. No, it must be an ague, not a fever;
He has not warmth enough to die by that.
Vent. Or old age and a bed.
Ant. Ay, there's his choice;
He would live like a lamp to the last wink,
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life.
Oh, Hercules! why should a man like this,
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of heaven? why should he lord it
O'er fourscore thousand men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself?
Vent. You conquered for him;
Philippi knows it: there you shared with him
That empire, which your sword made all your own.
Ant. Fool that I was! upon my eagle's wings
I bore this wren till I was tired with soaring,
And now he mounts above me.
Good heavens! is this, is this the man, who braves me,
Who bids my age make way, drives me before him
To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?
Vent. Sir, we lose time; the troops are mounted all.
Ant. Then give the word to march:
I long to leave this prison of a town;
To join thy legions, and in open field
Once more to show my face. Lead, my deliverer!

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Great emperor,
In mighty arms renowned above mankind,
But, in soft pity to the oppressed, a god,
This message sends the mournful Cleopatra
To her departing lord.
Vent. Smooth sycophant!
Alex. A thousand wishes, and ten thousand prayers,
Millions of blessings, wait you to the wars;
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,
And would have sent
As many embraces to your arms,
As many dear parting kisses to your lips,
But those, she fears, have wearied you already.
Vent. [*Aside.*] False crocodile!
Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her;
That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,
And too presuming (for her low fortune and your ebbing love);
That were a wish for her most prosperous days,
Her blooming beauty, and your growing kindness.
Ant. [*Aside.*] Well, I must man it out—What would the queen?
Alex. First to these noble warriors, who attend
Your daring courage in the chase of fame,
(Too daring and too dangerous for her quiet)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears, the care of you.
Vent. Yes, witness Actium.
Ant. Let him speak, Ventidius.
Alex. You, when his matchless valour bears him forward
With ardour, too heroic, on his foes;
Fall down, as she would do, before his feet,
Lie in his way, and stop the paths of death;
Tell him this god is not invulnerable,
That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her petition,
She begs you wear these trifles as a pawn,
Which, at your wished return, she will redeem
[*Gives jewels to the Commanders.*
With all the wealth of Egypt.
This to the great Ventidius she presents,
Whom she can never count her enemy,
Because he loves her lord.
Vent. Tell her I'll none of it;
I am not ashamed of honest poverty:
Not all the diamonds of the east can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see
These, and the rest of all her sparkling store,
Where they shall more deservingly be placed.
Ant. And who must wear them then?
Vent. The wronged Octavia.
Ant. You might have spared that word.
Vent. And she that bribe.
Ant. But have I no remembrance?
Alex. Yes, a dear one;
Your slave, the queen——
Ant. My mistress.
Alex. Then your mistress.
Your mistress would, she says, have sent her soul,
But that you had long since; she humbly begs
This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,
(The emblems of her own) may bind your arm.
[*Presenting a bracelet.*
Vent. Now, my best lord, in honour's name I ask you,
For manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,
Touch not these poisoned gifts,
Infected by the sender! touch them not!

Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath them,
And more than aconite has dipt the silk.
Ant. Nay, now you grow too cynical, Ventidius;
A lady's favours may be worn with honour.
What, to refuse her bracelet! on my soul,
When I lie pensive in my tent alone,
'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights
To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,
To count for every one a soft embrace,
A melting kiss at such and such a time,
And now and then the fury of her love,
When—And what harm's in this?
Alex. None, none, my lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.
Ant. [*Going to tie it.*] We soldiers are so aukward—help me tie it.
Alex. In faith, my lord, we courtiers too are a aukward
In these affairs; so are all men indeed;
But shall I speak?
Ant. Yes, freely.
Alex. Then, my lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tie it; she, who sent it, can.
Vent. Hell! death! this eunuch pandar ruins you.
You will not see her? [*Alexas whispers an attendant, who goes out.*
Ant. But to take my leave.
Vent. Then I have washed an Ethiop. You are undone!
You're in the toils! you're taken! you're destroyed!
Her eyes do Cæsar's work.
Ant. You fear too soon:
I am constant to myself: I know my strength;
And yet she shall not think me barbarous neither,
Born in the deeps of Afric: I'm a Roman,
Bred to the rules of soft humanity.
A guest, and kindly used, should bid farewell.
Vent. You do not know
How weak you are to her, how much an infant;
You are not proof against a smile or glance;
A sigh will quite disarm you.
Ant. See, she comes!
Now you shall find your error. Gods! I thank you;
I formed the danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near 'tis lessened.
Vent. Mark the end yet.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

Ant. Well, madam, we are met.
Cleo. Is this a meeting!
Then we must part!
Ant. We must.
Cleo. Who says we must?
Ant. Our own hard fates.
Cleo. We make those fates ourselves.
Ant. Yes, we have made them; we have loved each other,
Into our mutual ruin.
Cleo. The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;
I have no friends in heaven; and all the world
(As 'twere the business of mankind to part us)
Is armed against my love; even you yourself
Join with the rest: you, you are armed against me.
Ant. I will be justified in all I do
To late posterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lie
With any truth, reproach me freely with it,
Else favour me with silence.
Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.
Vent. I like this well: he shows authority.
Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone———
Cleo. Oh, heavens! I ruin you!
Ant. You promised me your silence, and you break it,
Ere I have scarce begun.
Cleo. Well, I obey you.
Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in Egypt,
Ere Cæsar saw your eyes: you gave me love,
And were too young to know it. That I settled
Your father in his throne was for your sake;
I left the acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæsar stepped in, and, with a greedy hand,
Plucked the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was beside too great for me to rival:
But I deserved you first, though he enjoyed you.
When after I beheld you in Cilicia,
An enemy to Rome, I pardoned you.
Cleo. I cleared myself———
Ant. Again you break your promise!
I loved you still, and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my bosom, stained by Cæsar,
And not half mine: I went to Egypt with you,
And hid me from the business of the world,
Shut out inquiring nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.
Vent. Yes, to your shame be it spoken! [*Aside.*
Ant. How I loved,
Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danced away with down upon your feet,
As all your business were to count my passion.
One day passed by, and nothing saw but love;
Another came, and still 'twas only love:
The suns were wearied out with looking on,
And I untired with loving.
I saw you every day, and all the day,
And every day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more.
Vent. 'Tis all too true.
Ant. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
As she indeed had reason, raised a war
In Italy, to call me back.
Vent. But yet
You went not.
Ant. While within your arms I lay,
The world fell mouldering from my hands each hour,

And left me scarce a grasp; I thank your love for't.
Vent. Well pushed: that last was home.
Cleo. Yet may I speak?
Ant. If I have urged a falsehood, yes; else not.
Your silence says I have not. Fulvia died:
(Pardon, you gods! with my unkindness died.)
To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cæsar's sister. In her pride of youth
And flower of beauty did I wed that lady,
Whom, blushing, I must praise, although I left her.
You called; my love obeyed the fatal summons:
This raised the Roman arms; the cause was yours.
I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;
You hindered it; yet, when I fought by sea,
Forsook me fighting; and—oh stain to honour!
Oh lasting shame! I knew not that I fled,
But fled to follow you.
Vent. What haste she made to hoist her purple sails!
And to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.
Ant. All this you caused:
And would you multiply more ruins on me?
This honest man, my best, my only friend,
Has gathered up the shipwreck of my fortunes:
Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits,
And you have watched the news, and bring your eyes
To seize them too. If you have aught to answer,
Now speak, you have free leave.
Alex. She stands confounded:
Despair is in her eyes. [*Aside.*
Vent. Now lay a sigh in the way to stop his passage;
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions:
'Tis like they shall be sold.
Cleo. How shall I plead my cause, when you, my judge,
Already have condemned me? Shall I bring
The love, you bore me, for my advocate?
That now is turned against me, that destroys me;
For love, once past, is, at the best, forgotten,
But oftener sours to hate. It will please my lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty;
But could I once have thought it would have pleased you,
That you would pry with narrow searching eyes
Into my faults, severe to my destruction,
And watching all advantages with care,
That serve to make me wretched! Speak, my lord,
For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it?
Ant. Oh, you wrong me,
To think I sought this parting, or desired
To accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this breach.
Cleo. Thus low I thank you,
And, since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.
Vent. After this,
I think she'll blush at nothing.
Cleo. You seem grieved
(And therein you are kind) that Cæsar first
Enjoyed my love, though you deserved it better;
For had I first been yours, it would have saved
My second choice; I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But Cæsar first,
You say, possessed my love. Not so, my lord:
He first possessed my person, you my love:
Cæsar loved me, but I loved Antony:
If I endured him after, 'twas because
I judged it due to the first name of men;
And, half constrained, I gave, as to a tyrant,
What he would take by force.
Vent. Oh, siren! siren!
Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruined you? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.
Cleo. The consequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
To say it was designed. It is true I loved you,
And kept you far from an uneasy wife,
Such Fulvia was.
Yes; but he'll say you left Octavia for me:
And can you blame me to receive that love,
Which quitted such desert for worthless me?
How often have I wished some other Cæsar,
Great as the first, and as the second young,
Would court my love, to be refused for you!
Vent. Words, words! but Actium, sir, remember Actium!
Cleo. Ev'n there I dare his malice. True, I counselled
To fight at sea; but I betrayed you not:
I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear:
Would I had been a man not to have feared!
For none would then have envied me your friendship,
Who envy me your love.
Ant. We are both unhappy:
If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.
Speak! would you have me perish by my stay?
Cleo. If, as a friend, you ask my judgment, go;
If, as a lover, stay. If you must perish—
'Tis a hard word—but stay.
Vent. See now the effects of her so boasted love!
She strives to drag you down to ruin with her;
But could she 'scape without you, oh, how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind!
Cleo. Then judge my love by this.
[*Giving Antony a writing.*
Could I have borne
A life or death, a happiness or woe,
From yours divided, this had given me means.
Ant. By Hercules the writing of Octavius!
I know it well: 'tis that proscribing hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the second place in murder——
See, see, Ventidius! here he offers Egypt,

ınd joins all Syria to it as a present,
o in requital she forsakes my fortunes,
ınd joins her arms with his.
Cleo. And yet you leave me!
'ou leave me, Antony; and yet I love you!
ndeed I do! I have refused a kingdom,
'hat's a trifle;
'or I could part with life, with any thing,
ut only you. Oh let me die but with you!
s that a hard request?
Ant. Next living with you
'is all, that heaven can give.
Alex. He melts; we conquer. [*Aside.*
Cleo. No, you shall go; your interest call you hence:
'es, your dear interest pulls to strong for these
Veak arms to hold you here— [*Takes his hand.*
'o, leave me, soldier,
For you're no more a lover) leave me dying;
'ush me all pale and panting from your bosom,
ınd, when your march begins, let one run after,
reathless almost for joy, and cry, 'She's dead!'
he soldiers shout. You then perhaps may sigh,
ınd muster all your Roman gravity;
'entidius chides, and straight your brow clears up,
s I had never been.
Ant. Gods! 'tis too much! too much for man to bear!
Cleo. What is it for me then,
. weak forsaken woman, and a lover?
lere let me breathe my last; envy me not
his minute in your arms! I'll die apace,
s fast as e'er I can, and end your trouble.
Ant. Die!—rather let me perish, loosened nature
eap from its hinges, sink the props of heaven,
nd fall the skies to crush the nether world!
ly eyes! my soul! my all!—— [*Embraces her.*
Vent. And what's this toy,
ı balance with your fortune, honour, fame?
Ant. What is it, Ventidius? it outweighs them all.
Why, we have more than conquered Cæsar now;
My queen's not only innocent, but loves me.
This, this is she, who drags me down to ruin!
But, could she escape without me, with what haste
Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
And never look behind!
Down on thy knees, blasphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wronged innocence.
Vent. I'll rather die than take it. Will you go?
Ant. Go! whither? go from all that's excellent!
Faith, honour, virtue, all good things, forbid
That I should go from her, who sets my love
Above the price of kingdoms. Give, you gods!
Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off;
I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.
Cleo. She's wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy,
That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of love in public, and the foolish world,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.
Vent. Oh women! women! women! all the gods
Have not such power of doing good to man
As you of doing harm. [*Exit.*
Ant. Our men are armed:
Unbar the gate, that looks to Cæsar's camp;
I would revenge the treachery he meant me,
And long security makes conquest easy.
I'm eager to return before I go,
For all the pleasures I have known beat thick
On my remembrance. How I long for night!
That both the sweets of mutual love may try,
And triumph once o'er Cæsar ere we die.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

nter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a train of Egyptians,* ANTONY *and Romans;* CLEOPATRA *crowns* ANTONY.

Ant. I THOUGHT how those white arms would fold me in,
nd strain me close and melt me into love:
pleased with that sweet image I sprung forwards,
nd added all my strength to every blow.
Cleo. Come to me, come, my soldier, to my arms!
ou have been too long away from my embraces;
ıt when I have you fast, and all my own,
ith broken murmurs and with amorous sighs
I say you are unkind, and punish you,
ıd mark you red with many an eager kiss.
Ant. My brighter Venus!
Cleo. Oh, my greater Mars!
Ant. Thou joinest us well, my love.
Suppose me come from the Phlegræan plains,
Where gasping giants lay cleft by my sword,
And mountain-tops par'd off each other blow
To bury those I slew; receive me, goddess!
Let Cæsar spread his subtle nets, like Vulcan;
In thy embraces I would be beheld
By heaven and earth at once,
And make their envy what they meant their sport,
Let those, who took us, blush; I would love on,
With awful state, regardless of their frowns,
As their superior god.
There's no satiety of love in thee;
Enjoyed, thou still art new; perpetual spring
Is in thy arms; the ripened fruit but falls,

And blossoms rise to fill its empty place,
And I grow rich by giving.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *and stands apart.*

Alex. Oh, now the danger's past, your general comes;
He joins not in your joys, nor minds your triumphs,
But with contracted brows looks frowning on,
As envying your success.

Ant. Now, on my soul, he loves me, truly loves me;
He never flattered me in any vice,
But awes me with his virtue: even this minute,
Methinks, he has a right of chiding me.
Lead to the temple; I'll avoid his presence;
It checks too strong upon me. [*Exeunt the rest.*
[*As Antony is going, Ventidius pulls him by the robe.*

Vent. Emperor!

Ant. 'Tis the old argument; I prithee spare me.
[*Looking back.*

Vent. But this one hearing, emperor.

Ant. Let go
My robe, or by my father Hercules———

Vent. By Hercules' father—that's yet greater,
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know,

Ant. Thou seest we are observed; attend me here,
And I'll return. [*Exit.*

Vent. I'm waning in his favour, yet I love him;
I love this man, who runs to meet his ruin!
And sure the gods, like me, are fond of him:
His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,
As would confound their choice to punish one,
And not reward the other.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. We can conquer,
You see, without your aid:
We have dislodged their troops.
They look on us at distance, and like curs,
'Scaped from the lion's paws, they bay far off,
And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten war.
Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
Lie breathless on the plain.

Vent. 'Tis well; and he
Who lost them could have spared ten thousand more:
Yet if by this advantage you could gain
An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance
Of arms———

Ant. Oh, think not on it, Ventidius!
The boy pursues my ruin; he'll no peace!
His malice is considerate in advantage:
Oh, he's the coolest murderer! so staunch,
He kills and keeps his temper.

Vent. Have you no friend
In all his army, who has power to move him?
Mecænas or Agrippa might do much.

Ant. They're both too deep in Cæsar's interests.
We'll work it out by dint of sword, or perish.

Vent. Fain I would find some other.

Ant. Thank thy love.
Some four or five such victories as this
Will save thy farther pains.

Vent. Expect no more; Cæsar is on his guard.
I know, sir, you have conquered against odds;
But still you draw supplies from one poor town,
And of Egyptians; he has all the world,
And at his beck nations come pouring in
To fill the gaps you make. Pray think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from myself to search
For foreign aids, to hunt my memory,
And range all o'er a wide and barren place,
To find a friend? The wretched have no friends——
Yet I have one, the bravest youth of Rome,
Whom Cæsar loves beyond the love of women;
He could resolve his mind, as fire does wax,
From that hard rugged image melt him down,
And mould him in what softer form he pleased.

Vent. Him would I see, that man of all the world!
Just such a one we want.

Ant. He loved me too;
I was his soul; he lived not but in me:
We were so closed within each other's breasts,
The rivets were not found, that joined us first,
That does not reach us yet: we were so mixt
As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost:
We were one mass: we could not give or take
But from the same; for he was I, I he.

Vent. He moves as I would wish him. [*Aside.*

Ant. After this
I need not tell his name: 'twas Dolabella.

Vent. He is now in Cæsar's camp.

Ant. No matter where,
Since he is no longer mine. He took unkindly,
That I forbad him Cleopatra's sight,
Because I feared he loved her. He confest
He had a warmth, which for my sake he stifled;
For 'twere impossible, that two, so one,
Should not have loved the same. When he departed,
He took no leave, and that confirmed my thoughts.

Vent. It argues, that he loved you more than her,
Else he had staid; but he perceived you jealous,
And would not grieve his friend. I know he loves you.

Ant. I should have seen him, then, ere now.

Vent. Perhaps
He has thus long been labouring for your peace.

Ant. Would he were here!

Vent. Would you believe he loved you?
I read your answer in your eyes, you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
A messenger from Cæsar's camp with letters.

Ant. Let him appear.

Vent. I'll bring him instantly.
[*Exit Ventidius, and re-enters immediately with Dolabella.*

Ant. 'Tis he himself, himself! by holy friendship! [*Runs to embrace him.*
Art thou returned at last, my better half!
Come, give me all myself!
Let me not live,
If the young bridegroom, longing for his night,
Was ever half so fond!
Dol. I must be silent, for my soul is busy
About a nobler work. She's new come home,
Like a long absent man, and wanders o'er
Each room, a stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.
Ant. Thou hast what's left of me,
For I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou findest me at my lowest watermark:
The rivers, that ran in, and raised my fortunes,
Are all dried up, or take another course:
What I have left is from my native spring;
I have still a heart, that swells, in scorn of fate,
And lifts me to my banks.
Dol. Still you are lord of all the world to me.
Ant. Why then, I yet am so, for thou art all!
If I had any joy, when thou wert absent,
I grudged it to myself; methought I robbed
Thee of thy part. But oh, my Dolabella!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am——
Hast thou not seen my morning chambers filled
With sceptered slaves, who waited to salute me?
With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun,
To worship my uprising? Menial kings
Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard,
Stood silenced in my presence, watched my eyes,
And, at my least command, all started out,
Like racers to the goal.
Dol. Slaves to your fortune.
Ant. Fortune is Cæsar's now; and what am I?
Vent. What you have made yourself: I will not flatter.
Ant. Is this friendly done?
Dol. Yes, when his end is so: I must join with him,
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:
Why am I else your friend?
Ant. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraidest my love! the queen has eyes,
And thou too hast a soul! Canst thou remember
When, swelled with hatred, thou beheldest her first,
As accessary to thy brother's death?
Dol. Spare my remembrance! 'twas a guilty day,
And still the blush hangs here.
Ant. To clear herself
For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt.
Her galley down the silver Sydnos rowed,
The tackling silk, the streamers waved with gold,
The gentle winds were lodged in purple sails,
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were placed,
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.
Dol. No more! I would not hear it!
Ant. Oh, you must!
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take them. Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds,
That played about her face; but if she smiled,
A darting glory seemed to blaze abroad,
That men's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object! To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time, and while they played,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more!
For she so charmed all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.
Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul?
Was not thy fury quite disarmed with wonder?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
And whisper in my ear, Oh, tell her not,
That I accused her of my brother's death!
Dol. And should my weakness be a plea for yours?
Mine was an age, when love might be excused,
When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth
Made it a debt to nature: yours——
Vent. Speak boldly:
Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
When no more heat was left but what you forced,
When all the sap was needful for the trunk,
When it went down, then they constrained the course,
And robbed from nature to supply desire.
In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
'Tis but plain dotage.
Ant. Ha!
Dol. 'Twas urged too home.
But yet the loss was private that I made;
'Twas but myself I lost; I lost no legions;
I had no world to lose, no people's love.
Ant. This from a friend?
Dol. Yes, Antony, a true one;
A friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart before it reach your ear.
Oh! judge me not less kind, because I chide.
To Cæsar I excuse you.
Ant. Oh, ye gods!
Have I then lived to be excused to Cæsar!
Dol. As to your equal.
Ant. Well, he's but my equal:
While I wear this, he never shall be more.
Dol. I bring conditions from him.
Ant. Are they noble?
Methinks thou shouldst not bring them else; yet he
Is full of deep dissembling, knows no honour
Divided from his interest. Fate mistook him,
For Nature meant him for an usurer:
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer kingdoms.

Vent. Then, granting this,
What power was theirs, who wrought so hard a temper
To honourable terms?
Ant. It was my Dolabella, or some god.
Dol. Not I, nor yet Mecænas nor Agrippa;
They were your enemies, and I, a friend,
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a Roman deed.
Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done. Show me that man,
Who has preserved my life, my love, my honour;
Let me but see his face!
Vent. That task is mine,
And heaven! thou know'st how pleasing.
[*Exit Vent.*
Dol. You'll remember,
To whom you stand obliged?
Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.
My queen shall thank him too.
Dol. I fear she will not.
Ant. But she shall do it. The queen, my Dolabella!
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever?
Dol. I would not see her lost.
Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me my better stars, for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her
At no less price than kingdoms to betray me;
But she resisted all: and yet thou chidest me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?
Dol. Yes; there's my reason.

Re-enter VENTIDIUS *with* OCTAVIA, *leading Antony's two little Daughters.*

Ant. Where—Octavia there! [*Starting back.*
Vent. What! is she poison to you? a disease?
Look on her, view her well, and those she brings:
Are they all strangers to your eyes? has Nature
No secret call, no whisper, they are yours?
Dol. For shame, my lord, if not for love, receive them
With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet them, embrace them, bid them welcome to you.
Your arms should open, even without your knowledge,
To clasp them in; your feet should turn to wings
To bear you to them; and your eyes dart out,
And aim a kiss, ere you could reach their lips.
Ant. I stood amazed to think how they came hither.
Vent. I sent for them; I brought them in, unknown
To Cleopatra's guards.
Dol. Yet are you cold?
Oct. Thus long have I attended for my welcome,
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?
Ant. Cæsar's sister.
Oct. That's unkind!
Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,
Know I had still remained in Cæsar's camp:
But your Octavia, your much injured wife,
Though banished from your bed, driven from your house,
In spite of Cæsar's sister, still is yours.
'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride:
I come to claim you as my own, to show
My duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness.
Your hand, my lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
[*Taking his hand.*
Vent. Do take it, thou deservest it.
Dol. On my soul,
And so she does. She's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean
Shows, as it ought, a wife and Roman too.
Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begged my life.
Oct. Begged it, my lord!
Ant. Yes, begged it, my ambassadress;
Poorly and basely begged it of your brother.
Oct. Poorly and basely I could never beg,
Nor could my brother grant.
Ant. Shall I, who to my kneeling slave could say,
Rise up and be a king, shall I fall down
And cry, 'Forgive me, Cæsar!' Shall I set
A man, my equal, in the place of Jove,
As he could give me being? No; that word,
Forgive, would choke me up,
And die upon my tongue.
Dol. You shall not need it.
Ant. I will not need it. Come, you have all betrayed me—
My friend too! to receive some vile conditions.
My wife has bought me with her prayers and tears,
And now I must become her branded slave:
In every peevish mood she will upbraid
The life she gave: if I but look awry,
She cries, 'I'll tell my brother.'
Oct. My hard fortune
Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes:
But the conditions I have brought are such
You need not blush to take. I love your honour,
Because 'tis mine. It never shall be said
Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.
Sir, you are free, free even from her you loathe;
For though my brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a soul like yours; I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
I'll tell my brother we are reconciled;
He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march
To rule the east. I may be dropt at Athens;
No matter where; I never will complain,
But only keep the barren name of wife,
And rid you of the trouble.

Vent. Was ever such a strife of sullen honour!
Both scorn to be obliged.
Dol. Oh, she has touched him in the tenderest part:
See how he reddens with despite and shame,
To be outdone in generosity!
Vent. See how he winks! how he dries up a tear,
That fain would fall!
Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise
The greatness of your soul,
But cannot yield to what you have proposed;
For I can ne'er be conquered but by love,
And you do all for duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at Athens; was it not so?
Oct. It was, my lord.
Ant. Then I must be obliged
To one, who loves me not, who to herself
May call me thankless and ungrateful man.
I'll not endure it; no.
Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.
Oct. Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's virtue?
That pride was all I had to bear me up,
That you might think you owed me for your life,
And owed it to my duty, not my love.
I have been injured, and my haughty soul
Could brook but ill the man, who slights my bed.
Ant. Therefore, you love me not.
Oct. Therefore, my lord,
I should not love you.
Ant. Therefore you would leave me.
Oct. And therefore I should leave you—if I could.
Dol. Her soul's too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves, and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.
Ant. Oh, Dolabella! which way shall I turn?
I find a secret yielding in my soul;
But Cleopatra, who would die with me,
Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia,
But does it not plead more for Cleopatra?
Vent. Justice and pity both plead for Octavia,
For Cleopatra neither.
One would be ruined with you, but she first
Had ruined you; the other you have ruined,
And yet she would preserve you.
In every thing their merits are unequal.
Ant. Oh, my distracted soul!
Oct. Sweet heaven, compose it!
Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not yours? or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him,
For you may speak, and he may own you too
Without a blush; and so he cannot all
His children. Go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to yourselves, from that bad woman:
You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms,
And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist:
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the pavement, you must bear it, children,
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.
[*Here the children go to him, &c.*
Vent. Was ever sight so moving! Emperor!
Dol. Friend!
Oct. Husband!
Both Child. Father!
Ant. I am vanquished: take me,
Octavia, take me, children, share me all.
[*Embracing them.*
I have been a thriftless debtor to your loves,
And run out much in riot from your stock;
But all shall be amended.
Oct. Oh, blest hour!
Dol. Oh, happy change!
Vent. My joy stops at my tongue!
But it has found two channels here for one,
And bubbles out above.
Ant. [*To Oct.*] This is thy triumph: lead me where thou wilt,
Even to thy brother's camp.
Oct. All there are yours.

Enter ALEXAS *hastily.*

Alex. The queen, my mistress, sir, and yours—
Ant. 'Tis past. Octavia, you shall stay this night;
To-morrow Cæsar and we are one.
[*Exit, leading Oct. Dol. and the children follow.*
Vent. There is news for you! Run, my officious eunuch!
Be sure to be the first; haste forward;
Haste, my dear eunuch, haste! [*Exit.*
Alex. This downright fighting fool, this thick-skulled hero,
This blunt unthinking instrument of death,
With plain dull virtue, has outgone my wit.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, *and train.*

Oh, madam! I have seen what blasts my eyes;
Octavia is here!
Cleo. Peace with thy raven's note!
I know it too, and now am in
The pangs of death.
Alex. You are no more a queen,
Egypt is lost.
Cleo. What tellest thou me of Egypt!
My life, my soul is lost! Octavia has him!
Oh, fatal name to Cleopatra's love!
My kisses, my embraces, now are her's,
While I—But thou hast seen my rival; speak,
Does she deserve this blessing? is she fair?
Bright as a goddess? and is all perfection
Confined to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that coarse matter, which, when she was finished,
The gods threw by for rubbish.
Alex. She is indeed a very miracle.

Cleo. Death to my hopes, a miracle!
Alex. A miracle— [*Bowing.*
I mean of goodness; for in beauty, madam,
You make all wonder cease.
Cleo. I was too rash:
Take this in part of recompence. But oh!
I fear thou flatterest me. [*Giving a ring.*
Char. She comes! she's here!
Iras. Fly, madam! Cæsar's sister!
Cleo. Were she the sister of the thunderer Jove,
And bore her brother's lightning in her eyes,
Thus would I face my rival.

Enter OCTAVIA *with* VENTIDIUS. OCTAVIA *bears up to* CLEOPATRA.

Oct. I need not ask, if you are Cleopatra;
Your haughty carriage——
Cleo. Shews I am a queen.
Nor need I ask who you are.
Oct. A Roman;
A name, that makes and can unmake a queen.
Cleo. Your lord, the man who serves me, is a Roman.
Oct. He was a Roman, till he lost that name
To be a slave in Egypt; but I come
To free him hence.
Cleo. Peace, peace, my lover's Juno!
When he grew weary of that houschold clog,
He chose my easier bonds.
Oct. I wonder not
Your bonds are easy; you have long been practised
In that lascivious art. He is not the first,
For whom you spread your snares; let Cæsar witness.
Cleo. I loved not Cæsar; it was but gratitude
I paid his love: the worst your malice can,
Is but to say the greatest of mankind
Has been my slave. The next, but far above him
In my esteem, is he, whom law calls yours,
But whom his love made mine.
Oct. I would view nearer [*Coming up close to her.*
That face, which has so long usurped my right,
To find the inevitable charms, that catch
Mankind so sure, that ruined my dear lord.
Cleo. Oh, you do well to search; for had you known
But half these charms, you had not lost his heart.
Oct. Far be their knowledge from a Roman lady,
Far from a modest wife. Shame of our sex!
Dost thou not blush to own those black endearments,
That make sin pleasing?
Cleo. You may blush you want them.
If bounteous nature, if indulgent heaven,
Have given me charms to please the bravest man,
Should I not thank them? should I be ashamed,
And not be proud? I am, that he has loved me;
And, when I love not him, heaven change this face
For one like that!
Oct. Thou lovest him not so well.
Cleo. I love him better, and deserve him more.
Oct. You do not, cannot: you have been his ruin.
Who made him cheap at Rome, but Cleopatra?
Who made him scorned abroad, but Cleopatra?
At Actium who betrayed him? Cleopatra.
Who made his children orphans, and poor me
A wretched widow? only Cleopatra.
Cleo. Yet she, who loves him best, is Cleopatra.
If you have suffered, I have suffered more.
You bear the specious title of a wife,
To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world
To favour it: the world contemns poor me,
For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,
And stained the glory of my royal house,
And all to bear the branded name of mistress.
There wants but life, and that too I would lose
For him I love.
Oct. Be it so then; take thy wish. [*Exit with Vent.*
Cleo. And 'tis my wish,
Now he is lost, for whom I lived.
My sight grows dim, and every object dances
And swims before me in the maze of death.
My spirits, while they were opposed, kept up;
They could not sink beneath a rival's scorn:
But now she's gone they faint.
Alex. Mine have had leisure
To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel
To ruin her, who else must ruin you.
Cleo. Vain promiser!
Lead me, my Charmion; nay, your hand too, Iras.
My grief has weight enough to sink you both.
Conduct me to some solitary chamber,
And draw the curtains round,
Then leave me to myself, to take alone
My fill of grief;
There I till death will his unkindness weep,
As harmless infants mourn themselves asleep.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon.*

Enter ANTONY *and* DOLABELLA.

Dol. WHY would you shift it from yourself on me?
Can you not tell her you must part?
Ant. I cannot;
I could pull out an eye and bid it go,
And the other should not weep. Oh, Dolabella!
How many deaths are in this word 'Depart!'
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
One look of her's would thaw me into tears,
And I should melt, till I were lost again.
Dol. Then let Ventidius;
He's rough by nature.
Ant. Oh, he'll speak too harshly,
He'll kill her with the news: thou, only thou.
Dol. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That but to hear a story, feigned for pleasure,
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my manhood.—I should speak
So faintly, with such fear to grieve her heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.
Ant. Therefore, therefore
Thou, only thou, art fit. Think thyself me,
And when thou speakest (but let it first be long),
Take off the edge from every sharper sound,
And let our parting be as gently made
As other loves begin. Wilt thou do this?
Dol. What you have said so sinks into my soul,
That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.
Ant. I leave you then to your sad task. Farewell!
I sent her word to meet you.
[*Goes to the door, and comes back.*
I forgot:
Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine:
Her crown and dignity shall be preserved,
If I have power with Cæsar——Oh! be sure
To think on that!
Dol. Fear not, I will remember.
[*Antony goes again to the door, and comes back.*
Ant. And tell her too, how much I was constrained;
I did not this but with extremest force.
Desire her not to hate my memory,
For I'll still cherish hers——insist on that.
Dol. Trust me, I'll not forget it.
Ant. Then that's all.
[*Goes out and returns again.*
Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?
Tell her, though we shall never meet again,
If I should hear she took another love,
The news would break my heart—Now I must go,
For every time, I have returned, I feel
My soul more tender, and my next command
Would be to bid her stay, and ruin both. [*Exit.*
Dol. Men are but children of a larger growth,
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing,
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view. Thus I discovered,
And blamed the love of ruined Antony,
Yet wish, that I were he, to be so ruined.

Enter VENTIDIUS *above.*

Vent. Alone, and talking to himself! Concerned too!
Perhaps my guess is right: he loved her once,
And may pursue it still.
Dol. Oh, friendship! friendship!
Ill canst thou answer this, reason worse:
Unfaithful in the attempt, hopeless to win,
And, if I win, undone. Mere madness all.
And yet the occasion fair. What injury
To him, to wear the robe, which he throws by?
Vent. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
To ruin her yet more with Antony. [*Aside.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, *talking with* ALEXAS, CHARMION, *and* IRAS, *on the other side.*

Dol. She comes! what charms have sorrow on that face!
Sorrow seems pleased to dwell with so much sweetness;
Yet now and then a melancholy smile
Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,
And shows a moment's day.
Vent. If she should love him too! Her eunuch there!
That porc'pisce bodes ill weather. Draw, draw nearer,
Sweet devil! that I may hear.
Alex. Believe me; try
[*Dolabella goes over to Charmion and Iras, seems to talk with them.*
To make him jealous; jealousy is like
A polished glass, held to the lips, when life's in doubt:
If there be breath, 'twill catch the lamp and show it.
Cleo. I grant you jealousy's a proof of love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing medicine;
It puts out the disease, and makes it show,
But has no power to cure.
Alex. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too:
And then this Dolabella, who so fit
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for nature's bait
To catch weak women's eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you: the least kind word or glance,
You give this youth, will kindle him with love;

Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the wind,
To fire the heart of jealous Antony.
Cleo. Can I do this? ah, no! my love's so true,
That I can neither hide it, where it is,
Nor show it, where it is not. Nature meant me
A wife, a silly, harmless household dove,
Fond without art, and kind without deceit;
But fortune, that has made a mistress of me,
Has thrust me out to the wide world, unfurnished
Of falsehood to be happy.
Alex. Force yourself;
The event will be, your lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the good,
Which once he feared to lose.
Cleo. I must attempt it;
But oh, with what regret!
[*Exit Alex. She comes up to Dolabella.*
Vent. So now the scene draws near; they're in my reach.
Cleo. to Dol. Discoursing with my women! Might not I
Share in your entertainment?
Char. You have been
The subject of it, madam.
Cleo. How! and how?
Iras. Such praises of your beauty!
Cleo. Mere poetry:
Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,
Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.
Dol. Those Roman wits have never been in Egypt.
Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung:
I, who have seen—had I been born a poet,
Should chuse a nobler name.
Cleo. You flatter me;
But it is your nation's vice: all of your country
Are flatterers, and all false. Your friend is like you;
I am sure he sent you not to speak these words.
Dol. No, madam; yet he sent me——
Cleo. Well, he sent you——
Dol. On a less pleasing errand.
Cleo. How! less pleasing?
Less to yourself or me?
Dol. Madam, to both;
For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.
Cleo. You, Charmion, and your fellow, stand at distance.
Hold up, my spirits! [*Aside.*]—Well, now your mournful matter,
For I am prepared, perhaps can guess it too.
Dol. I wish you would, for 'tis a thankless office
To tell ill news; and I, of all your sex,
Most fear displeasing you.
Cleo. Of all your sex,
I soonest could forgive you, if you should.
Vent. Most delicate advances! Woman! woman!
Dear, damned unconstant sex!
Cleo. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken; is it not so?
Dol. I wish I could not answer to that question.
Cleo. Then pass it over, because it troubles you;
I should have been more grieved another time.
Next, I am to lose my kingdom—Farewell, Egypt!
Yet is there any more?
Dol. Madam, I fear
Your too deep sense of grief has turned your reason.
Cleo. No, no, I am not run mad; I can bear fortune;
And love may be expelled by other love,
As poisons are by poisons.
Dol. ——You overjoy me, madam,
To find your griefs so moderately borne.
You have the worst: all are not false like him.
Cleo. No, heaven forbid they should!
Dol. Some men are constant.
Cleo. And constancy deserves reward, that is certain.
Dol. Deserves it not, but give it leave to hope.
Vent. I'll swear thou hast my leave. I have enough:
But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider.
[*Exit.*
Dol. I came prepared
To tell you heavy news; news, which I thought
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to hear;
But you have met it with a chearfulness,
That makes my task more easy; and my tongue,
Which on another's message was employed,
Would gladly speak its own.
Cleo. Hold, Dolabella.
First tell me, were you chosen by my lord,
Or sought you this employment?
Dol. He picked me out, and, as his bosom-friend,
He charged me with his words.
Cleo. The message then
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollify that rugged word 'Depart!'
Dol. Oh! you mistake: he chose the harshest words:
With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
He coined his face in the severest stamp,
And fury shook his fabric like an earthquake:
He heaved for vent, and burst, like bellowing Etna,
In sounds scarce human, 'Hence, away for ever!
'Let her begone, the blot of my renown,
'And bane of all my hopes!

[*All the time of this speech Cleopatra seems more and more concerned, till she sinks quite down.*

'Let her be driven, as far as men can think,
'From man's commerce: she'll poison to the centre.'
Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more! [*Faints.*

Dol. Help, help! Oh wretch! oh cursed, cursed wretch!
Char. Help! chafe her temples, Iras.
Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.
Char. Heaven be praised,
She comes again!
Cleo. Oh, let him not reproach me!
Why have you brought me back to this loathed being,
The abode of falsehood, violated vows,
And injured love! For pity let me go;
For, if there be a place of long repose,
I am sure I want it. My disdainful lord
Can never break that quiet, nor awake
The sleeping soul with hollowing in my tomb
Such words as fright her hence. Unkind! unkind!
Dol. Believe me 'tis against myself I speak; [*Kneeling.*
That sure deserves belief. I injured him;
My friend ne'er spoke these words. Oh! had you seen
How often he came back, and every time
With something more obliging and more kind
To add to what he said; what dear farewells,
How almost vanquished by his love he parted,
And leaned to what unwillingly he left:
I, traitor as I was, for love of you,
(But what can you not do, who made me false!)
I forged that lie, for whose forgiveness kneels
This self-accused, self-punished, criminal.
Cleo. With how much ease believe we what we wish!
Rise, Dolabella; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much love
Has made me guilty too.
The advance of kindness, which I made, was feigned,
To call back fleeting love by jealousy;
But it would not last! Oh! rather let me lose,
Than so ignobly trifle with, his heart.
Dol. I find your breast fenced round from human reach,
Transparent as a rock of solid crystal,
Seen through, but never pierced. My friend, my friend!
What endless treasure hast thou thrown away,
And scattered, like an infant, in the ocean
Vain sums of wealth, which none can gather thence!
Cleo. Could you not beg
An hour's admittance to his private ear?
Like one, who wanders through long barren wilds,
And yet foreknows no hospitable inn
Is near to succour hunger,
Eats his fill before his painful march,
So would I feed a while my famished eyes
Before we part, for I have far to go,
If death be far, and never must return.

VENTIDIUS, *with* OCTAVIA, *behind.*

Vent. From whence you may discover—Oh, sweet, sweet!
Would you indeed! the pretty hand in earnest? [*Aside.*
Dol. I will, for this reward: [*Takes her hand.*
——Draw it not back;
'Tis all I e'er will beg.
Vent. They turn upon us.
Oct. What quick eyes has guilt!
Vent. Seem not to have observed them, and go on.

They enter.

Dol. Saw you the emperor, Ventidius?
Vent. No;
I sought him, but I heard, that he was private,
None with him but Hipparchus, his freed man.
Dol. Know you his business?
Vent. Giving him instructions
And letters to his brother, Cæsar.
Dol. Well,
He must be found. [*Exeunt Dolabella and Cleopatra.*
Oct. Most glorious impudence!
Vent. She looked, methought,
As she would say, 'Take your old man, Octavia;
Thank you, I am better here.'
Well, but what use
Make we of this discovery?
Oct. Let it die.
Vent. I pity Dolabella! but she is dangerous;
Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms
To draw the moon from heaven; for eloquence
The sea-green Sirens taught her voice their flattery;
And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
Unmarked of those, that hear: then she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles,
And with heaved hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes: even I, who hate her,
With a malignant joy behold such beauty,
And, while I curse, desire it. Antony
Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse,
If now not fully cured—But see, he comes—
I know this minute
With Cæsar he is endeavouring her peace.
Oct. You have prevailed—but for a farther purpose [*Walks off.*
I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.
What, make a strumpet's peace! it swells my heart:
It must not, shall not be.
Vent. His guards appear.
Let me begin, and you shall second me.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. Octavia, I was looking for you, my love.
What, are your letters ready? I have given
My last instructions.
Oct. Mine, my lord, are written.
Ant. Ventidius! [*Drawing him aside.*

Vent. My lord?
Ant. A word in private.
When saw you Dolabella?
Vent. Now, my lord.
He parted hence, and Cleopatra with him.
Ant. Speak softly; 'twas by my command he went,
To bear my last farewell.
Vent. It looked indeed
Like your farewell.
Ant. More softly—My farewell!
What secret meaning have you in these words,
Of 'my farewel?' He did it by my order.
Vent. Then he obeyed your order, I suppose. [*Aloud.*
You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness, and all—love.
Ant. How she mourned!
The poor forsaken creature!
Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your parting,
As she did Cæsar's, as she would another's,
Were a new love to come.
Ant. Thou dost belie her,
Most basely and maliciously belie her.
Vent. I thought not to displease you: I have done.
Oct. You seem disturbed, my lord. [*Coming up.*
Ant. A very trifle.
Retire, my love.
Vent. It was indeed a trifle.
He sent——
Ant. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;
Thy life shall answer it. [*Angrily.*
Oct. Then 'tis no trifle.
Vent. [*To Oct.*] 'Tis less; a very nothing: you too saw it
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.
Ant. She saw it!
Vent. Yes; she saw young Dolabella—
Ant. Young Dolabella!
Vent. Young? I think him young,
And handsome too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? he went by your command,
Indeed, 'tis probable, with some kind message,
For she received it graciously: She smiled;
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeezed it, and worried it with ravenous kisses;
She blushed, and sighed, and smiled, and blushed again;
At last she took occasion to talk softly,
And brought her cheek up close, and leaned on his,
At which he whispered kisses back on hers;
And then she cryed aloud, 'that constancy
Should be rewarded!'—This I saw and heard.
Ant. What woman was it, whom you heard and saw
So playful with my friend?
Not Cleopatra?
Vent. Even she, my lord.
Ant. My Cleopatra!
Vent. Your Cleopatra,
Dolabella's Cleopatra,
Every man's Cleopatra.
Ant. 'Tis false.
Vent. I do not lie, my lord.
Is this so strange? should mistresses be left,
And not provide against a time of change?
You know she's not much used to lonely nights.
Ant. I'll think no more of it.
I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.
You need not have gone this way, Octavia;
What harms it you, that Cleopatra's just?
She's mine no more. I see and I forgive;
Urge it no farther, love.
Oct. Are you concerned,
That she's found false?
Ant. I should be, were it so;
For, though 'tis past, I would not, that the world
Should tax my former choice; that I loved one
Of so light note; but I forgive you both.
Vent. What has my age deserved, that you should think
I would abuse your ears with perjury?
If heaven be true, she's false.
Ant. Though heaven and earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.
Vent. I'll bring you, then, a witness
From hell, to prove her so. Nay, go not back,
[*Seeing Alexas just entering, and starting back.*
For stay you must and shall.
Alex. What means my lord?
Vent. To make you do what most you hate, speak truth.
You are of Cleopatra's private counsel,
Of her bed counsel, her lascivious hours,
Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,
And watch her as Chaldeans do the moon,
Can tell what signs she passes through what day.
Alex. My noble lord!
Vent. My most illustrious pandar!
No fine set speech, no cadence, no turned periods,
But a plain homespun truth, is what I ask:
I did myself o'erhear your queen make love
To Dolabella: speak, for I will know,
By your confession, what more passed betwixt them,
How near the business draws to your employment,
And when the happy hour?
Ant. Speak truth, Alexas; whether it offend
Or please Ventidius, care not. Justify
Thy injured queen from malice: dare his worst.
Oct. [*Aside.*] See how he gives him courage, how he fears
To find her false, and shuts his eyes to truth,
Willing to be misled!
Alex. As far as love may plead for woman's frailty,
Urged by desert and greatness of the lover,
So far, divine Octavia, may my queen
Stand even excused to you for loving him,
Who is your lord; so far from brave Ventidius
May her past actions hope a fair report.

Ant. 'Tis well and truly spoken: Mark, Ventidius.
Alex. To you, most noble emperor, her strong passion
Stands not excused, but wholly justified.
Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows
Of sighing kings, and at her feet were laid
The sceptres of the earth, exposed on heaps,
To chuse where she would reign;
She thought a Roman only could deserve her,
And, of all Romans, only Antony;
And, to be less than wife to you, disdained
Their lawful passion.
Ant. 'Tis but truth.
Alex. And yet, though love and your unmatched desert
Have drawn her from the due regard of honour,
At last heaven opened her unwilling eyes
To see the wrongs, she offered fair Octavia,
Whose holy bed she lawlessly usurped:
The sad effects of this unprosperous war
Confirmed those pious thoughts.
Vent. [*Aside.*] Oh, wheel you there?
Observe him now; the man begins to mend,
And talk substantial reason. Fear not, eunuch;
The emperor has given thee leave to speak.
Alex. Else had I never dared to offend his ears
With what the last necessity has urged
On my forsaken mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say, her heart is wholly altered.
Ant. No, dare not for thy life! I charge thee, dare not
Pronounce that fatal word!
Oct. Must I bear this? Good heaven! afford me patience! [*Aside.*
Vent. Oh, sweet eunuch! my dear half man, proceed!
Alex. Yet Dolabella
Has loved her long; he, next my godlike lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his passion,
Rejected, as she is, by him she loved———
Ant. Hence from my sight, for I can bear no more!
Let furies drag thee quick to hell! each torturing hand
Do thou employ till Cleopatra comes,
Then join thou too, and help to torture her!
[*Exit Alexas, thrust out by Antony.*
Oct. 'Tis not well!
Indeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To shew this passion, this extreme concernment,
For an abandoned, faithless prostitute.
Ant. Octavia, leave me! I am much disordered!
Leave me, I say!
Oct. My lord!
Ant, I bid you leave me.
Vent. Obey him, madam; best withdraw awhile,
And see how this will work.

Oct. Wherein have I offended you, my lord,
That I am bid to leave you? am I false
Or infamous? am I a Cleopatra?
Were I she,
Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you,
But hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,
And fawn upon my falsehood.
Ant. 'Tis too much,
Too much, Octavia! I am prest with sorrows,
Too heavy to be borne, and you add more!
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of man within, to aid me.
Oct. You would mourn
In private for your love, who has betrayed you.
You did but half return to me; your kindness
Lingered behind with her. I hear, my lord,
You make conditions for her,
And would include her treaty: wondrous proofs
Of love to me!
Ant. Are you my friend, Ventidius?
Or are you turned a Dolabella too,
And let this fury loose?
Vent. Oh, be advised,
Sweet madam! and retire.
Oct. Yes, I will go, but never to return;
You shall no more be haunted with this fury.
My lord, my lord! love will not always last,
When urged with long unkindness and disdain.
Take her again, whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be called. Poor cozened man!
Let a feigned parting give her back your heart,
Which a feigned love first got; for injured me,
Though my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
My duty shall be yours.
To the dear pledges of our former love
My tenderness and care shall be transferred,
And they shall cheer by turns my widowed nights.
So take my last farewell! for I despair
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half.
[*Exit.*
Vent. I combat heaven, which blasts my best designs!
My last attempt must be to win her back;
But oh! I fear in vain. [*Exit.*
Ant. Why was I framed with this plain honest heart,
Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,
But bears its workings outward to the world?
I should have kept the mighty anguish in,
And forced a smile at Cleopatra's falsehood;
Octavia had believed it, and had staid.
But I am made a shallow-forded stream,
Seen to the bottom, all my clearness scorned,
And all my faults exposed.—See, where he comes,

Enter DOLABELLA.

Who has profaned the sacred name of friend,
And worn it into vileness!
With how secure a brow and specious form

the secret villain! Sure that face
nt for honesty, but heaven mismatched it,
ished treason out with nature's pomp,
its work more easy.
) my friend!
Well, Dolabella, you performed my
essage?
did, unwillingly.
Jnwillingly!
) hard for you to bear our parting?
ld have wished it.
Vhy!
Because you love me;
received my message with as true,
unfeigned a sorrow as you brought it?
he loves you even to madness.
)h! I know it.
abella, do not better know
:h she loves me. And should I
his beauty, this all perfect creature?
could not, were she mine.
And yet you first
d me. How come you altered since?
said at first I was not fit to go:
ot hear her sighs, and see her tears,
must prevail; and so perhaps
gain with you; for I have promised,
should take her last farewell; and see,
s to claim my word.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

'alse Dolabella!
What's false, my lord?
Vhy, Dolabella's false,
)patra's false; both false and faithless.
ar, you well-joined wickedness, you
rpents,
have in my kindly bosom warmed,
stung to death!
ly lord, have I
to be thus used?
Can heaven prepare
torment? can it find a curse
ur separation?
'es, if fate
nuch greater: Heaven should be ingeni-
is
ing such crimes. The rolling stone
ving vulture were slight pains, invented
ve was young, and no examples known
r ills; but you have ripened sin
monstrous growth, 'twill pose the gods
n equal torture. Two, two such!
's no farther name; two such to me,
who locked my soul within your breasts,
esires, no joys, no life, but you;
If the globe was mine, I gave it you
with my heart: I had no use,
of all but you: a friend and mistress
t the world could give. Oh, Cleopatra!
bella! how could you betray
er heart, which, with an infant fondness,
Lay lulled betwixt your bosoms, and there slept
Secure of injured faith?
Dol. If she has wronged you,
Heaven, hell, and you, revenge it!
Ant. If she has wronged me!
Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt: but swear
Thou lovest not her.
Dol. Not so as I love you.
Ant. Not so? Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love her.
Dol. No more than friendship will allow.
Ant. No more!
Friendship allows thee nothing: thou art perjured—
And yet thou didst not swear thou lovest her not;
But not so much, no more. Oh, trifling hypocrite!
Who durst not own to her thou dost not love,
Nor own to me thou dost! Ventidius heard it,
Octavia saw it.
Cleo. They are enemies.
Ant. Alexas is not so; he, he confest it;
He, who next hell best knew it, he avowed it.
Why do I seek a proof beyond yourself? [*To Dol.*
You, whom I sent to bear my last farewell,
Returned to plead her stay.
Dol. What shall I answer?
If to have loved be guilt, then I have sinned;
But if to have repented of that love
Can wash away my crime, I have repented;
Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,
Let her not suffer: she is innocent.
Cleo. Ah, what will not a woman do, who loves!
What means will she refuse to keep that heart,
Where all her joys are placed! 'Twas I encouraged,
'Twas I blew up the fire, that scorched his soul,
To make you jealous, and by that regain you:
But all in vain; I could not counterfeit:
In spite of all the dams, my love broke o'er,
And drowned my heart again: Fate took the occasion,
And thus one minute's feigning has destroyed
My whole life's truth.
Ant. Thin cobweb arts of falsehood,
Seen and broke through at first.
Dol. Forgive your mistress.
Cleo. Forgive your friend.
Ant. You have convinced yourselves;
You plead each other's cause. What witness have you,
That you but meant to raise my jealousy?
Cleo. Ourselves and heaven.
Ant. Guilt witnesses for guilt! Hence love and friendship!
You have no longer place in human breasts;
These two have driven you out: avoid my sight!
I would not kill the man, whom I have loved,
And cannot hurt the woman; but avoid me!
I do not know how long I can be tame;
For, if I stay one minute more to think

How I am wronged, my justice and revenge
Will cry so loud within me, that my pity
Will not be heard for either.
Dol. Heaven has but
Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
To pardon erring man; sweet mercy seems
Its darling attribute, which limits justice,
As if there were degrees in infinite,
And infinite would rather want perfection,
Than punish to extent.
Ant. I can forgive
A foe, but not a mistress and a friend:
Treason is there in its most horrid shape,
Where trust is greatest; and the soul resigned
Is stabbed by its own guards. I'll hear no more:
Hence from my sight for ever!
Cleo. How? for ever!
I cannot go one moment from your sight,
And must I go for ever?
My joys, my only joys, are centred here:
What place have I to go to? my own kingdom?
That I have lost for you; or to the Romans?
They hate me for your sake: or must I wander
The wide world o'er, a helpless banished woman,
Banished for love of you, banished from you;
Ay, there's the banishment! Oh, hear me, hear me,
With strictest justice, for I beg no favour,
And, if I have offended you, then kill me,
But do not banish me!
Ant. I must not hear you;
I have a fool within me takes your part,
But honour stops my ears.
Cleo. For pity hear me!
Would you cast off a slave, who followed you,
Who crouched beneath your spurn? He has no pity!
See, if he gives one tear to my departure,
One look, one kind farewell: oh, iron heart!
Let all the gods look down and judge betwixt us,
If he did ever love!
Ant. No more. Alexas!
Dol. A perjured villain!
Ant. to Cleo. Your Alexas! yours!
Cleo. Oh, 'twas his plot; his ruinous design
To engage you in my love by jealousy.
Hear him; confront him with me; let him speak.
Ant. I have, I have.
Cleo. And if he clear me not—
Ant. Your creature! one, who hangs upon your smiles,
Watches your eye, to say or unsay
Whate'er you please. I am not to be moved.
Cleo. Then must we part? farewell, my cruel lord!
The appearance is against me; and I go,
Unjustified, for ever from your sight.
How I have loved, you know; how yet I love,
My only comfort is, I know, myself:
I love you more, even now you are unkind,
Than when you loved me most; so well, so truly,
I'll never strive against, but die pleased
To think you once were mine.
Ant. Good Heaven! they weep at parting.
Must I weep too? that calls them innocent.
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think,
That I must not forgive——
Live, but live wretched; 'tis but just you should,
Who made me so: live from each other's sight;
Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth
And all the seas betwixt your sundered loves;
View nothing common but the sun and skies.
Now all take several ways,
And each your own sad fate with mine deplore,
That you were false, and I could trust no more.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Temple.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

Char. Be just, heaven! such virtue, punished thus,
Will make us think, that chance rules all above,
And shuffles, with a random hand, the lots,
Which man is forced to draw.
Cleo. I could tear out these eyes, that gained his heart,
And had not power to keep it. Oh, the curse
Of doating on, even when I find it dotage!
Bear witness, gods! you heard him bid me go;
You, whom he mocked, with imprecating vows,
Of promised faith—I'll die, I will not bear it.
You may hold me——
[*She pulls out her dagger, and they hold her.*
But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,
And choke this love.

Enter ALEXAS.

Iras. Help, oh, Alexas, help!
The queen grows desperate, her soul struggles in her,
With all the agonies of love and rage,
And strives to force its passage.
Cleo. Let me go.
Art thou there, traitor!—Oh,
Oh for a little breath to vent my rage!
Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.
Alex. Yes, I deserve it for my ill timed truth.
Was it for me to prop
The ruins of a falling majesty,
To place myself beneath the mighty flaw,
Thus to be crushed and pounded into atoms,
By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming
For subjects to preserve that wilful power,
Which courts its own destruction.

:o. I would reason
calmly with you. Did you not o'errule
'orce my plain, direct, and open love
:hese crooked paths of jealousy?
what's the event? Octavia is removed,
:leopatra banished. Thou, thou villain,
pushed my boat to open sea, to prove,
y sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.
inot be; I am lost too far; I am ruined:
e! thou impostor, traitor, monster, devil—
no more: thou and my griefs have sunk
own so low, that I want voice to curse thee.
x. Suppose some ship-wrecked seaman near
the shore,
ing and faint with climbing up the cliff,
m above, some charitable hand
im to safety, hazarding himself
aw the other's weight, would he look back
urse him for his pains? The case is yours;
ne step more, and you have gained the
height.
o. Sunk, never more to rise.
r. Octavia's gone, and Dolabella banished.
e me, madam, Antony is yours:
art was never lost, but started off
lousy, love's last retreat, and covert,
e it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,
istening for the sound, that calls it back.
other, any man, 'tis so advanced,
erfect this unfinished work, which I
ppy only to myself) have left
y to his hand.
). Look well thou dost, else——
r. Else what your silence threatens—Antony
inted up the Pharos, from whose turret
inds surveying our Egyptian gallies
ed with Cæsar's fleet: now death or conquest!
first happen, fate acquits my promise;
o'ercome, the conqueror is yours.
[*A distant shout within.*
r. Have comfort, madam: did you mark
that shout? [*Second shout nearer.*
ı. Hark! they redouble it.
r. 'Tis from the port;
adness shows it near. Good news, kind
Heavens!
). Osiris make it so!

Enter SERAPION.

Where, where's the queen?
r. How frightfully the holy coward stares!
ot yet recovered of the assault,
all his gods, and what's more dear to him,
ferings, were at stake.
Oh, horror, horror!
has been; the latest hour is come.
ieen of nations from her ancient seat
s for ever in the dark abyss:
as unrolled her glories to the last,
ow closed up the volume.

Cleo. Be more plain!
Say whence thou camest! though Fate is in thy face,
Which from thy haggard eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens ere thou speakest.
Ser. I came from Pharos,
From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)
Our land's last hope, your navy——
Cleo. Vanquished?
Ser. No;
They fought not.
Cleo. Then they fled.
Ser. Nor that: I saw,
With Antony, your well-appointed fleet
Row out, and thrice he waved his hand on high,
And thrice, with cheerful cries, they shouted back:
'Twas then false Fortune, like a fawning strumpet,
About to leave the bankrupt prodigal,
With a dissembled smile would kiss at parting,
And flatter to the last: the well-timed oars
Now dipped from every bark, now smoothly run
To meet the foe; and soon indeed they met,
But not as foes. In few, we saw their caps
On either side thrown up: the Egyptian gallies,
Received like friends, past through, and fell behind
The Roman rear; and now they all come forward,
And ride within the port.
Cleo. Enough, Serapion;
I have heard my doom. This needed not, you gods!
When I lost Antony, your work was done.
'Tis but superfluous malice. Where's my lord?
How bears he this last blow?
Ser. His fury cannot be expressed by words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fallen
Full on his foes, and aimed at Cæsar's galley:
Withheld, he raves on you, cries he's betrayed.
Should he now find you———
Alex. Shun him, seek your safety,
Till you can clear your innocence.
Cleo. I'll stay.
Alex. You must not; haste you to the monument,
While I make speed to Cæsar.
Cleo. Cæsar! no;
I have no business with him.
Alex. I can work him
To spare your life, and let this madman perish.
Cleo. Base fawning wretch! wouldst thou betray him too?
Hence from my sight! I will not hear a traitor:
'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.
Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:
But haste, each moment's precious.
Ser. Retire; you must not see Antony.
He, who began this mischief,
'Tis just he tempt the danger: let him clear you;
And since he offered you his servile tongue
To gain a poor precarious life from Cæsar,
Let him expose that fawning eloquence,
And speak to Antony.

Alex. Oh heavens! I dare not:
I meet my certain death.
Cleo. Slave, thou deservest it.
Not that I fear my lord will I avoid him;
I know him noble: when he banished me,
And thought me false, he scorned to take my life:
But I'll be justified, and then die with him.
Alex. Oh! pity me, and let me follow you!
Cleo. To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst,
Now for thy life, which basely thou wouldst save,
While mine I prize at this. Come, good Serapion.
[*Exeunt Cleo. Ser. Char. and Iras.*
Alex. Oh, that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snow-ball in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasped the faster melts away.
Poor reason! what a wretched aid art thou!
For still, in spite of thee,
These two long lovers, soul and body, dread
Their final separation. Let me think;
What can I say to save myself from death?
No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.
Ant. Which way? where? [*Within.*
Vent. This leads to the monument. [*Within.*
Alex. Ah me! I hear him: yet I'm unprepared:
My gift of lying's gone;
And this court-devil, which I so oft have raised,
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay,
Yet cannot go far hence. [*Exit.*

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Ant. Oh, happy Cæsar! thou hast men to lead.
Think not 'tis thou hast conquered Antony,
But Rome has conquered Egypt. I'm betrayed.
Vent. Curse on this treacherous train!
Their soil and heaven infect them all with baseness,
And their young souls come tainted to the world,
With the first breath they draw.
Ant. The original villain sure no god created;
He was a bastard of the Sun by Nile;
Aped into man with all his mother's mud
Crusted about his soul.
Vent. The nation is
One universal traitor, and their queen
The very spirit and extract of them all.
Ant. Is there yet left
A possibility of aid and valour?
Is there one god unsworn to my destruction,
The least unmortgaged hope? for, if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate
Of such a boy as Cæsar.
The world's one half is yet in Antony,
And from each limb of it, that's hew'd away,
The soul comes back to me.
Vent. There yet remain
Three legions in the town; the last assault
Lopt off the rest. If death be your design,
As I must wish it now, these are sufficient
To make a heap about us of dead foes,
An honest pile for burial.
Ant. They're enough.
We'll not divide our stars, but side by side
Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts: so every death
Thou givest, I'll take on me as a just debt,
And pay thee back a soul.
Vent. Now you shall see I love you. Not a word
Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,
I am so pleased with this brave Roman fate,
That I would not be Cæsar to outlive you!
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shewn to all the ethereal crowd,
'Lo! this is he, who died with Antony!'
Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through all their troops,
And reach my veterans yet? 'Tis worth the tempting
To o'erleap this gulf of fate,
And leave our wandering destinies behind.

Enter ALEXAS, *trembling.*

Vent. See, see that villain!
See Cleopatra stamped upon that face,
With all her cunning, all her arts of falsehood!
How she looks out through those dissembling eyes!
How he has set his countenance for deceit,
And promises a lie before he speaks!
Let me dispatch him first. [*Drawing.*
Alex. Oh, spare me, spare me!
Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy life,
(Which thou mayest keep, because I scorn to take it)
No syllable to justify thy queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.
Alex. Sir, she's gone
Where she shall never be molested more,
By love or you.
Ant Fled to her Dolabella!
Die, traitor! I revoke my promise; die!
[*Going to kill him.*
Alex. Oh, hold; she is not fled.
Ant. She is; my eyes
Are open to her falsehood. My whole life
Has been a golden dream of love and friendship;
But now I wake, I'm like a merchant roused
From soft repose, to see his vessel sinking
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ungrateful woman!
Who followed me but as the swallow summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her flatteries to my morning wake;
But now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of Cæsar.
Alex. Think not so;
Her fortunes have in all things mixed with yours:
Had she betrayed her naval force to Rome,
How easily might she have gone to Cæsar;
Secure by such a bribe?
Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain,
Else would she have appeared to clear herself.
Alex. Too fatally she has; she could not bear
To be accused by you, but shut herself
Within her monument, looked down and sighed,
While from her unchanged face the silent tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their parting.
Some undistinguished words she inly murmured;
At last she raised her eyes, and with such looks
As dying Lucrece cast——
Ant. My heart forebodes——
Vent. All for the best. Go on.
Alex. She snatched her poniard,
And, ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plunged it within her breast; then turned to me;
'Go, bear my lord,' said she, 'my last farewell,
And ask him if he yet suspect my faith.'
More she was saying, but death rushed betwixt.
She half pronounced your name with her last breath,
And buried half within her.
Vent. Heaven be praised!
Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear love!
And art thou dead?
Oh, those two words! their sound should be divided.
Hadst thou been false and died, or hadst thou lived
And hadst been true—But innocence and death!
This shows not well above. Then what am I?
The murderer of this truth, this innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt!
Vent. Is it come to this? The gods have been too gracious,
And thus you thank them for it.
Ant. [*To Alex.*] Why stay'st thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,
And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence!
Thou art not worthy to behold what now
Becomes a Roman emperor to perform.
Alex. He loves her still; [*Aside.*
His grief betrays it. Good! the joy to find
She's yet alive completes the reconcilement:
I have saved myself and her. But oh! the Romans!
Fate comes too fast upon my wit,
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double.
[*Exit.*
Vent. Would she had died a little sooner though,
Before Octavia went; you might have treated;
Now 'twill look tame, and would not be received.
Come, rouse yourself, and let's die warm together.
Ant. I will not fight; there's no more work for war;
The business of my angry hours is done.
Vent. Cæsar is at your gate.
Ant. Why, let him enter:
He's welcome now.
Vent. What lethargy has crept into your soul?
Ant. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire
To free myself from bondage.
Vent. Do it bravely.
Ant. I will, but not by fighting. Oh, Ventidius,
What should I fight for now? my queen is dead:
I was but great for her: my power, my empire,
Were but my merchandise to buy her love,
And conquered kings my factors. Now she's dead,
Let Cæsar take the world—
An empty circle, since the jewel's gone,
Which made it worth my strife: my being's nauseous,
For all the bribes of life are gone away.
Vent. Would you be taken?
Ant. Yes, I would be taken;
But as a Roman ought; dead, my Ventidius—
For I'll convey my soul from Cæsar's reach,
And lay down life myself. 'Tis time the world
Should have a lord, and know, whom to obey.
We two have kept its homage in suspense,
And bent the globe, on whose each side we trod,
Till it was dinted inwards. Let him walk
Alone upon it: I'm weary of my part.
My torch is out, and the world stands before me,
Like a black desert at the approach of night:
I'll lay me down and stray no farther on.
Vent. I could be grieved,
But that I'll not outlive you. Chuse your death,
For I have seen him in such various shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The life I bear is worn to such a rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed
We threw it from us with a better grace,
That, like two lions taken in the toils,
We might at least thrust out our paws, and wound
The hunters, that enclose us.
Ant. I have thought on it;
Ventidius, you must live.
Vent. I must not, sir.
Ant. Wilt thou not live to speak some good of me?
To stand by my fair fame, and guard the approaches
From the ill tongues of men?
Vent. Who shall guard mine
For living after you?
Ant. Say, I command it.
Vent. If we die well, our deaths will speak themselves,
And need no living witness.
Ant. Thou hast loved me,
And fain I would reward thee. I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death,
To make thee friends with Cæsar.
Vent. Thank your kindness!
You said I loved you, and in recompense
You bid me turn a traitor! Did I think

You would have used me thus! that I should die
With a hard thought of you!
Ant. Forgive me, Roman.
Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death,
My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,
But lets my thoughts break all at random out.
I have thought better; do not deny me twice.
Vent. By heaven I will not!
Let it not be to outlive you.
Ant. Kill me first,
And then die thou; for 'tis but just thou serve
Thy friend before thyself.
Vent. Give me your hand—
We soon shall meet again. Now, farewell, emperor! [*Embrace.*
Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:
Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend!
That's all——
I will not make a business of a trifle—
And yet I cannot look on you and kill you:
Pray turn your face.
Ant. I do: strike home; be sure.
Vent. Home as my sword will reach. [*Kills himself.*
Ant. Oh, thou mistakest!
That wound was none of thine; give it me back:
Thou robbest me of my death.
Vent. I do indeed;
But think, 'tis the first time I e'er deceived you,
If that may plead my pardon. And you, gods!
Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjured,
Rather than kill my friend. [*Dies.*
Ant. Farewell! ever my leader, even in death!
My queen and thou have got the start of me,
And I'm the lag of honour.—Gone so soon!
Is death no more! He used him carelessly,
With a familiar kindness; ere he knocked,
Ran to the door, and took him in his arms,
As who should say, you're welcome at all hours,
A friend need give no warning—Books had spoiled him,
For all the learned are cowards by profession.
'Tis not worth
My further thought; for death, for aught I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfied.
[*Falls on his sword.*
I have missed my heart—Oh, unperforming hand!
Thou never couldst have erred in a worse time.
My fortune jades me to the last; and death,
Like a great man, takes state, and makes me wait
For my admittance— [*Trampling within.*
Some, perhaps, from Cæsar!
If he should find me living, and suspect,
That I played booty with my life! I'll mend
My work ere they can reach me.
[*Rises upon his knees.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. Where is my lord? where is he?
Char. There he lies,
And dead Ventidius by him.
Cleo. My fears were prophets! I am come too late!
Oh, that accursed Alexas! [*Runs to him.*
Ant. Art thou living?
Or am I dead before I knew, and thou
The first kind ghost, that meets me?
Cleo. Help me seat him!
Send quickly, send for help!
[*They place him in a chair.*
Ant. I am answered:
We live both. Sit thee down, my Cleopatra!
I'll make the most I can of life, to stay
A moment more with thee.
Cleo. How is it with you?
Ant. 'Tis, as with a man
Removing in a hurry; all packed up
But one dear jewel, that his haste forgot,
And he for that returns upon the spur;
So I come back for thee.
Cleo. Too long, ye heavens! you have been cruel to me!
Oh, now be kind, and give me back
His fleeting life!
Ant. It will not be, my love!
I keep my soul by force.
Say but thou art not false!
Cleo. 'Tis now too late
To say I'm true; I'll prove it and die with you.
Unknown to me Alexas feigned my death,
Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent
This fatal consequence. My fleet betrayed
Both you and me.
Ant. And Dolabella——
Cleo. Scarce esteemed before he loved, but hated now.
Ant. Enough! my life's not long enough for more.
Thou say'st, thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st,
That we may part more kindly.
Cleo. I will come;
Doubt not, my life! I'll come, and quickly too!
Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.
Ant. But grieve not, while thou stayest,
My last disastrous times!
Think we have had a clear and glorious day,
And heaven did kindly to delay the storm,
Just till our close of evening. Ten years love,
And not a moment lost, but all improved
To the utmost joys! What ages have we lived!
And now to die each other's! and so dying,
While hand in hand we walk in groves below,
Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock about us,
And all the train be ours.
Cleo. Your words are like the notes of dying swans,
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
For your unkindness, and not one for love!
Ant. No, not a minute—this one kiss—more worth
Than all I leave to Cæsar.— [*Dies.*

s. Oh, tell me so again!
ake ten thousand kisses for that word—
ord! my lord! speak, if you yet have being!
o me if you cannot speak! or cast
ook! do any thing, that shows you live!
s. He is gone too far to hear you,
this, you see, a lump of senseless clay,
eavings of a soul.
sr. Remember, madam,
harged you not to grieve.
o. And I'll obey him.
e not loved a Roman not to know
should become his wife—his wife, my Charmion!
is to that high title I aspire;
ow I'll not die less. Let dull Octavia
ve, to mourn him dead: my noble fate
knit our spousals with a tie, too strong
Roman laws to break.
s. Will you then die?
o. Why shouldst thou make that question?
oth, and bring the cure of all our ills.
s. Cæsar is merciful.—
o. Let him be so
ose, that want his mercy: My poor lord
no such covenant with him to spare me,
he was dead. Yield me to Cæsar's pride!
! to be led in triumph through the streets,
ctacle to base plebeian eyes,
some dejected friend of Antony's,
in a corner, shakes his head, and mutters
ret curse on her, who ruined him!
ne of that.
ar. Whatever you resolve,
llow, even to death.
s. I only feared
ou, but more should fear to live without you.
o. Why, now 'tis as it should be. Quick, my friends,
tch! ere this the town's in Cæsar's hands:
ord looks down concerned, and fears my stay,
I should be surprised:
him not waiting for his love too long.
Charmion, bring my crown and richest jewels;
them the wreath of victory I made
augury!) for him, who now lies dead:
Iras, bring the cure of all our ills.
s. The aspicks, madam?
o. Must I bid you twice?
[*Ex. Char. and Iras.*
weet to die, when they would force life on me,
sh into the dark abode of death
seize him first! If he be like my love,
not frightful sure!
re now alone, in secrecy and silence,
s not this like lovers? I may kiss
pale cold lips—Octavia does not see me;

And, oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than see him in her arms!—O welcome, welcome!

Enter CHARMION *and* IRAS, *with the aspicks, &c.*

Char. What must be done?
Cleo. Short ceremony, friends;
But yet it must be decent. First, this laurel
Shall crown my hero's head: he fell not basely,
Nor left his shield behind him. Only thou
Couldst triumph o'er thyself, and thou alone
Wert worthy so to triumph.
Char. To what end
These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?
Cleo. Dull, that thou art! why, 'tis to meet my love,
As when I saw him first on Cydno's bank,
All sparkling like a goddess; so adorned,
I'll find him once again; my second spousals
Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the bride of Antony!
Char. 'Tis done.
Cleo. Now set me by my lord; I claim this place,
For I must conquer Cæsar, too, like him,
And win my share of the world. Hail, you dear relicks
Of my immortal love!
Oh, let no impious hand remove you hence,
But rest for ever here! let Egypt give
His death that peace, which it denied his life!
Reach me the casket.
Iras. Underneath the fruit the aspick lies.
Cleo. Welcome, thou kind deceiver!
[*Putting aside the leaves.*
Thou best of thieves! who with an easy key
Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,
Even steals us from ourselves, discharging so
Death's dreadful office better than himself,
Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
That Death stands by, deceived by his own image,
And thinks himself but sleep.
Ser. The queen, where is she? [*Within.*
The town is yielded, Cæsar's at the gates.
Cleo. He comes too late to invade the rights of death.
Haste, haste, my friend, and rouse the serpent's fury.
[*Holds out her arm, and draws it back.*
Coward flesh——
Wouldst thou conspire with Cæsar to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to it,
And not be sent by him,
And bring myself, my soul, to Antony.
[*Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.*
Take hence: the work is done!
Ser. Break ope the door, [*Within.*
And guard the traitor well.
Char. The next is ours.
Iras. Now, Charmion, to be worthy
Of our great queen and mistress.
[*They apply the aspicks.*

Cleo. Already, death, I feel thee in my veins;
I go with such a will to find my lord,
That we shall quickly meet.
A heavy numbness creeps through every limb,
And now 'tis at my head: my eyelids fall,
And my dear love is vanished in a mist!
Where shall I find him, where? oh! turn me to him,
And lay me on his breast!—Cæsar, thy worst!
Now part us if thou canst. [*Dies.*

[*Iras sinks down at her feet and dies, Charmion stands behind her chair as dressing her head.*

Enter SERAPION, *two Priests*, ALEXAS, *bound, and Egyptians.*

2 *Priest.* Behold, Serapion, what havoc death has made!

Ser. 'Twas what I feared.
Charmion, is this well done?

Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a queen, the last
Of her great race. I follow her. [*Sinks down. Dies.*

Alex. 'Tis true,
She has done well: much better thus to die,
Than live to make a holiday in Rome.

Ser. See how the lovers lie in state together,
As they were giving laws to half mankind!
The impression of a smile, left in her face,
Shows she died pleased with him, for whom she lived,
And went to charm him in another world.
Cæsar's just entering; grief has now no leisure.
Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,
To grace the imperial triumph. Sleep, blest pair!
Secure from human chance, long ages out,
While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb:
And fame to late posterity shall tell,
No lovers lived so great, or died so well.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE ORPHAN;

OR

THE UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

BY

OTWAY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ACASTO, *a nobleman retired from the court, and living privately in the country.*
CASTALIO, } *his sons.*
POLYDORE, }
CHAMONT, *a young soldier of fortune, brother to Monimia.*
ERNESTO.
PAULINO.
Page.
Chaplain.
Servant.

WOMEN.

MONIMIA, *the Orphan, left under the guardianship of old Acasto.*
SERINA, *Acasto's daughter.*
FLORELLA, *Monimia's woman.*

Scene—Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter PAULINO *and* ERNESTO.

Paul. 'Tis strange, Ernesto, this severity
Should still reign powerful in Acasto's mind,
To hate the court, where he was bred and lived,
All honours heaped on him, that power could give.

Ern. 'Tis true, he hither came a private gentleman,
But young and brave, and of a family
Ancient and noble, as the empire holds.
The honours he has gained are justly his;
He purchased them in war: thrice has he led
An army 'gainst the rebels, and as often
Returned with victory. The world has not
A truer soldier, or a better subject.

Paul. It was his virtue at first made me serve him;
He is the best of masters and of friends:
I know he has lately been invited thither,
Yet still he keeps his stubborn purpose; cries
He is old, and willingly would be at rest.
I doubt there's deep resentment in his mind,
For the late slight his honour suffered there.

Ern. Has he not reason? When, for what he had borne,
Long, hard, and painful toil, he might have claimed
Places in honour, and employment high;
A huffing, shining, flattering, cringing coward,
A canker-worm of peace, was raised above him.

Paul. Yet still he holds just value for the king,
Nor ever names him but with highest reverence.
'Tis noble that.

Ern. Oh! I have heard him wanton in his praise,
Speak things of him might charm the ears of envy.
Paul. Oh, may he live, till Nature's self grows old,
And from her womb no more can bless the earth!
For, when he dies, farewell all honour, bounty,
All generous encouragement of arts;
For Charity herself becomes a widow.
Ern. No; he has two sons, that were ordained to be
As well his virtues' as his fortune's heirs.
Paul. They're both of nature mild, and full of sweetness;
They came twins from the womb, and still they live,
As if they would go twins, too, to the grave:
Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each other's joys, as griefs, partaking;
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born.
Ern. Never was parent in an offspring happier;
He has a daughter too, whose blooming age
Promises goodness equal to her beauty.
Paul. And as there is a friendship 'twixt the brethren,
So has her infant nature chosen too
A faithful partner of her thoughts and wishes,
And kind companion of her harmless pleasures.
Ern. You mean the beauteous orphan, fair Monimia.
Paul. The same, the daughter of the brave Chamont;
He was our lord's companion in the wars;
Where such a wondrous friendship grew between them,
As only death could end. Chamont's estate
Was ruined in our late and civil discords;
Therefore, unable to advance her fortune,
He left his daughter to our master's care;
To such a care, as she scarce lost her father.
Ern. Her brother to the emperor's wars went early,
To seek a fortune, or a noble fate;
Whence he, with honour, is expected back,
And mighty marks of that great prince's favour.
Paul. Our master never would permit his sons
To launch for fortune in the uncertain world;
But warns them to avoid both courts and camps,
Where dilatory Fortune plays the jilt
With the brave, noble, honest, gallant man,
To throw herself away on fools and knaves.
Ern. They both have forward, generous, active spirits.
'Tis daily their petition to their father,
To send them forth where glory's to be gotten:
They cry, they're weary of their lazy home,
Restless to do something, that fame may talk of.
To-day they chased the boar, and near this time
Should be returned.
Paul. Oh, that's a royal sport!
We yet may see the old man in a morning,
Lusty as health, come ruddy to the field,
And there pursue the chase, as if he meant
To o'ertake time, and bring back youth again.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

Enter CASTALIO, POLYDORE, *and Page.*

Cast. Polydore, our sport
Has been to-day much better for the danger;
When, on the brink, the foaming boar I met,
And in his side thought to have lodged my spear,
The desperate savage rushed within my force,
And bore me headlong with him down the rock.
Pol. But then——
Cast. Ay, then, my brother, my friend, Polydore,
Like Perseus mounted on his winged steed,
Came on, and down the dangerous precipice leap'd,
To save Castalio. 'Twas a godlike act!
Pol. But, when I came, I found you conqueror.
Oh, my heart danced to see your danger past!
The heat and fury of the chase was cold,
And I had nothing in my mind but joy.
Cast. So, Polydore, methinks, we might in war
Rush on together; thou shouldst be my guard,
And I be thine; what is it could hurt us then?
Now half the youth of Europe are in arms,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,
And die of rank diseases here at home?
Pol. No! let me purchase in my youth renown,
To make me loved and valued, when I am old;
I would be busy in the world, and learn,
Not like a coarse and useless dunghill weed,
Fixed to one spot, and rot just as I grow.
Cast. Our father
Has taken himself a surfeit of the world,
And cries, 'It is not safe that we should taste it:'
I own I have duty very powerful in me;
And though I'd hazard all to raise my name,
Yet he's so tender, and so good a father,
I could not do a thing to cross his will.
Pol. Castalio, I have doubts within my heart,
Which you, and only you, can satisfy.
Will you be free and candid to your friend?
Cast. Have I a thought my Polydore should not know?
What can this mean?
Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the strictest bonds of faithful friendship,
To shew your heart as naked in this point,
As you would purge you of your sins to heaven.
Cast. I will.
Pol. And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the sufferance of a tender friend.
Cast. As calmly as the wounded patient bears
The artist's hand, that ministers his cure.
Pol. That's kindly said. You know our father's ward,

The fair Monimia. Is your heart at peace?
Is it so guarded, that you could not love her?
Cast. Suppose I should?
Pol. Suppose you should not, brother?
Cast. You'd say, I must not.
Pol. That would sound too roughly
'Twixt friends and brothers, as we two are.
Cast. Is love a fault?
Pol. In one of us it may be.
What if I love her?
Cast. Then I must inform you
I loved her first, and cannot quit the claim,
But will preserve the birth-right of my passion.
Pol. You will?
Cast. I will.
Pol. No more, I've done.
Cast. Why not?
Pol. I told you I had done:
But you, Castalio, would dispute it.
Cast. No;
Not with my Polydore; though I must own
My nature obstinate, and void of sufferance:
Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his throne by all his guards
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions.
I could not bear a rival in my friendship,
I am so much in love, and fond of thee.
Pol. Yet you will break this friendship.
Cast. Not for crowns.
Pol. But for a toy you would, a woman's toy;
Unjust Castalio!
Cast. Prithee, where's my fault?
Pol. You love Monimia.
Cast. Yes.
Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your rival.
Cast. No; sure we are such friends,
So much one man, that our affections, too,
Must be united, and the same as we are.
Pol. I doat upon Monimia.
Cast. Love her still;
Win and enjoy her.
Pol. Both of us cannot.
Cast. No matter
Whose chance it prove; but let's not quarrel for it.
Pol. You would not wed Monimia, would you?
Cast. Wed her!
No; were she all desire could wish, as fair
As would the vainest of her sex be thought,
With wealth beyond what woman's pride could waste,
She should not cheat me of my freedom. Marry!
When I am old, and weary of the world,
I may grow desperate,
And take a wife to mortify withal.
Pol. It is an elder brother's duty so
To propagate his family and name:
You would not have yours die and buried with you?
Cast. Mere vanity, and silly dotage all.
No, let me live at large, and when I die——
Pol. Who shall possess the estate you leave?
Cast. My friend,
If he survives me; if not, my king,
Who may bestow it again on some brave man,
Whose honesty and services deserve one.
Pol. 'Tis kindly offered.
Cast. By yon heaven, I love
My Polydore beyond all worldly joys;
And would not shock his quiet, to be blest
With greater happiness than man e'er tasted.
Pol. And by that heaven, eternally I swear,
To keep the kind Castalio in my heart.
Whose shall Monimia be?
Cast. No matter whose.
Pol. Were you not with her privately last night?
Cast. I was, and should have met her here again;
But the opportunity shall now be thine;
Myself will bring thee to the scene of love:
But have a care, by friendship I conjure thee,
That no false play be offered to thy brother.
Urge all thy powers to make thy passion prosper:
But wrong not mine.
Pol. Heaven blast me, if I do.
Cast. If it prove thy fortune, Polydore, to conquer,
(For thou hast all the arts of soft persuasion)
Trust me, and let me know thy love's success,
That I may ever after stifle mine.
Pol. Though she be dearer to my soul than rest
To weary pilgrims, or to misers gold,
To great men power, or wealthy cities pride,
Rather than wrong Castalio, I'd forget her.
For if ye, powers, have happiness in store,
When ye would shower down joys on Polydore,
In one great blessing all your bounty send,
That I may never lose so dear a friend.
[*Exeunt Castalio and Polydore.*

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. So soon returned from hunting? This fair day
Seems as if sent to invite the world abroad.
Passed not Castalio and Polydore this way?
Page. Madam, just now.
Mon. Sure some ill fate's upon me.
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,
And apprehension shocks my timorous soul.
Why was not I laid in my peaceful grave
With my poor parents, and at rest as they are?
Instead of that, I'm wandering into cares.
Castalio! Oh, Castalio! thou hast caught
My foolish heart; and, like a tender child,
That trusts his play-thing to another hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near, Cordelio. I must chide you, sir.
Page. Why, madam, have I done you any wrong?

Mon. I never see you now; you have been kinder,
Sat by my bed, and sung me pretty songs;
Perhaps I've been ungrateful. Here's money for you:
Will you oblige me? Shall I see you oftener?
Page. Madam, I'd serve you with my soul:
But in the morning when you call me to you,
As by your bed I stand, and tell you stories,
I am ashamed to see your swelling breasts,
It makes me blush, they are so very white.
Mon. Oh, men! for flattery and deceit renowned!
Thus, when ye are young, ye learn it all, like him,
Till as your years increase, that strengthens too,
To undo poor maids, and make our ruin easy.
Tell me, Cordelio, for thou oft hast heard
Their friendly converse, and their bosom secrets;
Sometimes, at least, have they not talked of me?
Page. Oh, madam, very wickedly they have talked!
But I am afraid to name it; for, they say,
Boys must be whipped, that tell their masters' secrets.
Mon. Fear not, Cordelio; it shall ne'er be known;
For I'll preserve the secret as 'twere mine.
Polydore cannot be so kind as I.
I'll furnish thee with all thy harmless sports,
With pretty toys, and thou shalt be my page.
Page. And truly, madam, I had rather be so.
Methinks you love me better than my lord;
For he was never half so kind as you are.
What must I do?
Mon. Inform me how thou hast heard
Castalio, and his brother, use my name.
Page. With all the tenderness of love;
You were the subject of their last discourse.
At first I thought it would have fatal proved;
But as the one grew hot, the other cooled,
And yielded to the frailty of his friend;
At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolved——
Mon. What, good Cordelio?
Page. Not to quarrel for you.
Mon. I would not have them; by my dearest hope,
I would not be the argument of strife.
But surely my Castalio wont forsake me,
And make a mockery of my easy love.
Went they together?
Page. Yes, to seek you, madam.
Castalio promised Polydore to bring him
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the fortune of his wishes.
Mon. Am I then grown so cheap, just to be made
A common stake, a prize for love in jest?
Was not Castalio very loth to yield it?
Or was it Polydore's unruly passion,
That heightened the debate?
Page. The fault was Polydore's.
Castalio played with love, and smiling shewed
The pleasure, not the pangs of his desire.
He said, no woman's smiles should buy his freedom;
And marriage is a mortifying thing.
Mon. Then I am ruined! If Castalio's false,
Where is there faith and honour to be found?
Ye gods, that guard the innocent, and guide
The weak, protect, and take me to your care.
Oh, but I love him! There's the rock will wreck me!
Why was I made with all my sex's softness,
Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies?
I'll see Castalio, tax him with his falsehoods,
Be a true woman, rail, protest my wrongs;
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Enter CASTALIO *and* POLYDORE.

He comes, the conqueror comes! lie still, my heart,
And learn to bear thy injuries with scorn.
Cast. Madam, my brother begs he may have leave
To tell you something, that concerns you nearly.
I leave you, as becomes me, and withdraw.
Mon. My lord, Castalio!
Cast. Madam?
Mon. Have you purposed
To abuse me palpably? What means this usage?
Why am I left with Polydore alone?
Cast. He best can tell you. Business of importance
Calls me away; I must attend my father.
Mon. Will you then leave me thus?
Cast. But for a moment.
Mon. It has been otherwise; the time has been,
When business might have staid, and I been heard.
Cast. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of such odd circumstances press me,
That I must go—— [*Exit.*
Mon. Then go, and, if it be possible, for ever.
Well, my lord Polydore, I guess your business,
And read the ill-natured purpose in your eyes.
Pol. If to desire you more than misers wealth,
Or dying men an hour of added life;
If softest wishes, and a heart more true
Than ever suffered yet for love disdained,
Speak an ill nature, you accuse me justly.
Mon. Talk not of love, my lord! I must not hear it.
Pol. Who can behold such beauty and be silent?
Desire first taught us words. Man, when created,
At first alone long wandered up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his vassal-beasts;
But when a heaven-born maid, like you, appeared,
Strange pleasures filled his eyes, and fired his heart,
Unloosed his tongue, and his first talk was love.

Mon. The first created pair indeed were blessed;
They were the only objects of each other,
Therefore he courted her, and her alone:
But in this peopled world of beauty, where
There's roving room, where you may court, and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me?
Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever. Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On those dear eyes; for every glance they send
Darts through my soul, and almost gives enjoyment.
Mon. How can you labour thus for my undoing?
I must confess, indeed, I owe you more
Than ever I can hope or think to pay.
There always was a friendship 'twixt our families;
And therefore, when my tender parents died,
Whose ruined fortunes too expired with them,
Your father's pity and his bounty took me,
A poor and helpless orphan, to his care.
Pol. 'Twas heaven ordained it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish virtue! 'tis a cheat,
And those, who taught it first, were hypocrites.
Come, these soft tender limbs were made for yielding.
Mon. Here on my knees, by Heaven's blest power I swear, [*Kneels.*
If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,
But rather wander through the world a beggar,
And live on sordid scraps at proud men's doors;
For though to fortune lost, I'll still inherit
My mother's virtues, and my father's honour.
Pol. Intolerable vanity! your sex
Was never in the right! ye are always false
Or silly; even your dresses are not more
Fantastic than your appetites; you think
Of nothing twice. Opinion you have none.
To-day ye are nice, to-morrow none so free;
Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;
Now pleased, now not; and all you know not why!
Virtue you affect; inconstancy's your practice;
And when your loose desires once get dominion,
No hungry churl feeds coarser at a feast;
Every rank fool goes down.
Mon. Indeed, my lord,
I own my sex's follies; I have them all.
And, to avoid its fault, must fly from you.
Therefore, believe me, could you raise me high
As most fantastic woman's wish could reach,
And lay all nature's riches at my feet;
I'd rather run a savage in the woods
Amongst brute beasts, grow wrinkled and deformed,
As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,
So I might still enjoy my honour safe
From the destroying wiles of faithless men.—— [*Exit.*
Pol. Who'd be that sordid foolish thing, called man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a pleasure,
Which beasts enjoy so very much above him?
The lusty bull ranges through all the field,
And from the herd singling his female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at will.
It shall be so; I'll yet possess my love;
Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded hours;
Then, when her roving thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton wishes to her heart,
In the very minute, when her virtue nods,
I'll rush upon her in a storm of love,
Beat down her guard of honour all before me,
Surfeit on joys, till even desire grows sick;
Then, by long absence, liberty regain,
And quite forget the pleasure and the pain.
[*Exeunt Pol. and Page.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Saloon.—Enter ACASTO, CASTALIO, *and* POLYDORE.

Acast. To-day has been a day of glorious sport.
When you, Castalio, and your brother left me,
Forth from the thickets rushed another boar,
So large, he seemed the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles raised up high,
They seemed a grove of spears upon his back;
Foaming, he came at me, where I was posted,
Best to observe which way he'd lead the chase,
Whetting his huge large tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his prey;
Till brandishing my well-poised javelin high,
With this bold executing arm, I struck
The ugly, brindled monster to the heart.
Cast. The actions of your life were always wondrous.
Acast. No flattery, boy! an honest man cant live by it;
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and sorten fools withal.
If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with it,
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.
Pol. Why there?
Acast. 'Tis, next to money, current there;
To be seen daily in as many forms
As there are sorts of vanities, and men;
The supercilious statesman has his sneer,
To soothe a poor man off with, that cant bribe him;
The grave dull fellow of small business soothes
The humourist, and will needs admire his wit.

Who, without spleen, could see a hot-brained atheist,
Thanking a surly doctor for his sermon?
Or a grave counsellor meet a smooth young lord,
Squeeze him by the hand, and praise his good complexion?
Pol. Courts are the places, where best manners flourish;
Where the deserving ought to rise, and fools
Make shew. Why should I vex and chafe my spleen,
To see a gaudy coxcomb shine, when I
Have seen enough to soothe him in his follies,
And ride him to advantage as I please?——
Acast. Who merit, ought indeed to rise in the world;
But no wise man, that's honest, should expect it.
What man of sense wold rack his generous mind,
To practise all the base formalities
And forms of business? force a grave starched face,
When he is a very libertine in his heart?
Seem not to know this or that man in public,
When privately perhaps they meet together,
And lay the scene of some brave fellow's ruin?
Such things are done.
Cast. Your lordship's wrongs have been
So great, that you with justice may complain;
But suffer us, whose younger minds ne'er felt
Fortune's deceits, to court her as she's fair.
Were she a common mistress, kind to all,
Her worth would cease, and half the world grow idle.
Acast. Go to, ye are fools, and know me not; I've learned,
Long since, to bear. revenge, or scorn my wrongs,
According to the value of the doer.
You both would fain be great, and to that end
Desire to do things worthy your ambition.
Go to the camp, preferment's noblest mart,
Where honour ought to have the fairest play, you'll find
Corruption, envy, discontent, and faction,
Almost in every band. How many men
Have spent their blood in their dear country's service,
Yet now pine under want, whilst selfish slaves,
That e'en would cut their throats, whom now they fawn on,
Like deadly locusts, eat the honey up,
Which those industrious bees so hardly toiled for.
Cast. These precepts suit not with my active mind;
Methinks I would be busy.
Pol. So would I,
Not loiter out my life at home, and know
No farther than one prospect gives me leave.
Acast. Busy your minds then, study arts and men;
Learn how to value merit, though in rags,
And scorn a proud ill-mannered knave in office.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. My lord, my father!
Acast. Blessings on my child,
My little cherub! what hast thou to ask me?
Ser. I bring you, sir, most glad and welcome news.
The young Chamont, whom you have so often wished for,
Is just arrived and entering.
Acast. By my soul,
And all my honours, he is most dearly welcome;
Let me receive him like his father's friend.

Enter CHAMONT.

Welcome, thou relict of the best loved man!
Welcome, from all the turmoils and the hazards
Of certain danger and uncertain fortune!
Welcome, as happy tidings after fears!
Cha. Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you:
Should I begin to speak, my soul is so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. My brother!
Cha. Oh my sister! let me hold thee
Long in my arms. I have not beheld thy face
These many days; by night I have often seen thee
In gentle dreams, and satisfied my soul
With fancied joys, 'till morning cares awaked me.
Another sister! sure it must be so;
Though I remember well I had but one:
But I feel something in my heart that prompts,
And tells me, she has claim and interest there.
Acast. Young soldier, you have not only studied war,
Courtship, I see, has been your practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my daughter.
Cha. Is she your daughter! then my heart told true,
And I am at least her brother by adoption;
For you have made yourself to me a father,
And by that patent I have leave to love her.
Ser. Monimia, thou hast told me men are false,
Will flatter, feign, and make an art of love:
Is Chamont so? No, sure, he is more than man,
Something that is near divine, and truth dwells in him.
Acast. Thus happy, who would envy pompous power,
The luxury of courts, or wealth of cities?
Let there be joy through all the house this day!
In every room let plenty flow at large!
It is the birth-day of my royal master.
You have not visited the court, Chamont,
Since your return?
Cha. I have no business there;
I have not slavish temperance enough
To attend a favourite's heels, and watch his smiles,
Bear an ill office done me to my face,

And thank the lord, that wronged me, for his favour.
Acast. This you could do. [*To his sons.*
Cast. I would serve my prince.
Acast. Who would serve him?
Cast. I would, my lord.
Pol. And I; both would.
Acast. Away!
He needs not any servants such as you.
Serve him! he merits more than man can do!
He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth;
So merciful, sure he never slept in wrath;
So just, that were he but a private man,
He could not do a wrong. How would you serve him?
Cast. I would serve him with my fortune here at home,
And serve him with my person in his wars,
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.
Pol. Die for him,
As every true-born loyal subject ought.
Acast. Let me embrace you both. Now, by the souls
Of my brave ancestors, I am truly happy!
For this be ever blest my marriage-day,
Blest be your mother's memory, that bore you;
And doubly blest be that auspicious hour,
That gave ye birth! Yes, my aspiring boys,
Ye shall have business, when your master wants you.
You cannot serve a nobler: I have served him;
In this old body yet the marks remain
Of many wounds. I have, with this tongue, proclaimed
His right, even in the face of rank rebellion;
And, when a foul-mouthed traitor once profaned
His sacred name, with my good sabre drawn,
Even at the head of all his giddy rout,
I rushed, and clove the rebel to the chine.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the expected guests are just arrived.
Acast. Go you, and give them welcome and reception.
[*Exeunt Castalio, Polydore, Serina, &c.*
Cha. My lord, I stand in need of your assistance
In something, that concerns my peace and honour.
Acast. Spoke like the son of that brave man I loved:
So freely, friendly, we conversed together.
Whate'er it be, with confidence impart it;
Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.
Cha. I dare not doubt your friendship, nor your justice;
Your bounty shewn to what I hold most dear,
My orphan sister, must not be forgotten.
Acast. Prithee no more of that, it grates my nature.
Cha. When our dear parents died, they died together,
One fate surprised them, and one grave received them;
My father, with his dying breath, bequeathed
Her to my love. My mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, called me to her side,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embraced me:
Then pressed me close, and, as she observed my tears,
Kissed them away. Said she, 'Chamont, my son,
'By this, and all the love I ever shewed thee,
'Be careful of Monimia; watch her youth;
'Let not her wants betray her to dishonour:
'Perhaps kind heaven may raise some friend'—
Then sighed,
Kissed me again; so blessed us, and expired.
Pardon my grief!
Acast. It speaks an honest nature.
Cha. The friend heaven raised was you; you took her up
An infant, to the desart world exposed,
And proved another parent.
Acast. I have not wronged her.
Cha. Far be it from my fears.
Acast. Then why this argument?
Cha. My lord, my nature's jealous, and you'll bear it.
Acast. Go on.
Cha. Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly.
Good offices claim gratitude; and pride,
Where power is wanting, will usurp a little,
And make us, rather than be thought behindhand,
Pay over-price.
Acast. I cannot guess your drift;
Distrust you me?
Cha. No, but I fear her weakness
May make her pay her debt at any rate;
And, to deal freely with your lordship's goodness,
I have heard a story lately much disturbs me.
Acast. Then first charge her; and if the offence be found
Within my reach, though it should touch my nature,
In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoiced in,
I would prosecute it with severest vengeance.
[*Exit.*
Cha. I thank you from my soul.
Mon. Alas! my brother!
What have I done? and why do you abuse me?
My heart quakes in me; in your settled face,
And clouded brow, methinks I see my fate.
You will not kill me!
Cha. Prithee, why dost thou talk so?
Mon. Look kindly on me, then: I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me.
My heart is so tender, should you charge me roughly,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing;
But use me gently, like a loving brother,
And search through all the secrets of my soul.

Cha. Fear nothing; I will shew myself a brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving brother.
You have not forgot our father?
Mon. I shall never.
Cha. Then you'll remember too, he was a man,
That lived up to the standard of his honour,
And prized that jewel more than mines of wealth.
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once,
Though kept in darkness from the world, and hidden,
He could not have forgiven it to himself.
This was the only portion that he left us;
And I more glory in it, than if possest
Of all, that ever fortune threw on fools.
'Twas a large trust, and must be managed nicely.
Now, if by any chance, Monimia,
You have soiled this gem, and taken from its value,
How will you account with me?
Mon. I challenge envy,
Malice, and all the practices of hell,
To censure all the actions of my past
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can!
Cha. I'll tell thee, then; three nights ago, as I
Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,
A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat
Dewed all my face, and trembling seized my limbs.
My bed shook under me, the curtains started,
And to my tortured fancy there appeared
The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art;
Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand
A wanton lover, who by turns caressed thee;
With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure.
I snatched my sword, and in the very moment
Darted it at the phantom; straight it left me.
Then rose, and called for lights, when, oh, dire omen!
I found my weapon had the arras pierced,
Just where that famous tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban slew his father.
Mon. And for this cause my virtue is suspected!
Because in dreams your fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortured waking!
Cha. Have a care!
Labour not to be justified too fast.
Hear all, and then let justice hold the scale.
What followed was the riddle, that confounds me.
Through a close lane, as I pursued my journey,
And meditating on the last night's vision,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled and red;
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seemed withered,
And o'er her crooked shoulders had she wrapped
The tattered remnant of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcase from the cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
With different coloured rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seemed to speak variety of wretchedness.
I asked her of my way, which she informed me;
Then craved my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister: at that word I started!
Mon. The common cheat of beggars; every day
They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts
Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.
Cha. Oh! but she told me such a tale, Monimia,
As in it bore great circumstance of truth:
Castalio and Polydore, my sister!
Mon. Ha!
Cha. What, altered! does your courage fail you!
Now, by my father's soul, the witch was honest.
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy honour, at a sordid game?
Mon. I will,
I must, so hardly my misfortune loads me;
That both have offered me their loves, most true.
Cha. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.
Mon. Though they both with earnest vows
Have pressed my heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but Castalio——
Cha. But Castalio!
Mon. Still will you cross the line of my discourse!
Yes, I confess, that he has won my soul
By generous love, and honourable vows,
Which he this day appointed to complete,
And make himself by holy marriage mine.
Cha. Art thou then spotless? Hast thou still preserved
Thy virtue white, without a blot, untainted?
Mon. When I'm unchaste may Heaven reject my prayers!
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!
Cha. Oh, then, Monimia, art thou dearer to me
Than all the comforts, ever yet blest man.
But let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.
Trust not a man; we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant.
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.
I charge thee, let no more Castalio soothe thee!
Avoid it, as thou wouldst preserve the peace
Of a poor brother, to whose soul thou art precious.
Mon. I will.
Cha. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great ones,
When merit begs; then shalt thou see how soon
His heart will cool, and all his pains grow easy.
[*Exit.*
Mon. Yes, I will try him; torture him severely;
For, oh, Castalio! thou too much hast wronged me,

In leaving me to Polydore's ill usage.
He comes; and for once, oh, love, stand neuter,
Whilst a hard part's performed! for I must attempt to
Wound his soft nature, though my heart aches for it. [*Exit.*

Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Monimia, Monimia!——She's gone;
And seemed to part with anger in her eyes.
I am a fool, and she has found my weakness;
She uses me already like a slave,
Fast bound in chains, to be chastised at will.
'Twas not well done to trifle with my brother;
I might have trusted him with all the secret,
Opened my silly heart, and shewn it bare.——
But then he loves her too; but not like me:
I am a doating honest slave, designed
For bondage, marriage bonds, which I have sworn
To wear. It is the only thing I e'er
Hid from his knowledge, and he'll sure forgive
The first transgression of a wretched friend,
Betrayed to love, and all its little follies. [*Exit.*

Enter POLYDORE *and Page at the door.*

Pol. Here place yourself, and watch my brother thoroughly.
If he should chance to meet Monimia, make
Just observation on each word and action;
Pass not one circumstance without remark:
Sir, 'tis your office; do it, and bring me word.
[*Exit Pol.*

Enter MONIMIA *and* CASTALIO.

Cast. Monimia, my angel! 'twas not kind
To leave me like a turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.
When thou art from me, every place is desert,
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn;
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

Mon. Oh, the bewitching tongues of faithless men!
'Tis thus the false hyæna makes her moan,
To draw the pitying traveller to her den.
Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all,
With sighs and plaints ye entice poor women's hearts,
And all, that pity you, are made your prey.

Cast. What means my love? Oh, how have I deserved
This language, from the sovereign of my joys?
Stop, stop those tears, Monimia, for they fall,
Like baneful dew from a distempered sky;
I feel them chill me to my very heart.

Mon. Oh, you are false, Castalio, most forsworn!
Attempt no farther to delude my faith;
My heart is fixed, and you shall shake it no more.

Cast. Who told you so? What ill-bred villain durst
Profane the sacred business of my love?

Mon. Your brother, knowing on what terms I'm here,
The unhappy object of your father's charity,
Licentiously discoursed to me of love,
And durst affront me with his brutal passion.

Cast. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I;
False to my brother, and unjust to thee.
For, oh! he loves thee too, and this day owned it,
Taxed me with mine, and claimed a right above me.

Mon. And was your love so very tame, to shrink?
Or, rather than lose him, abandon me?

Cast. I, knowing him precipitate and rash,
To calm his heat, and to conceal my happiness,
Seemed to comply with his unruly will;
Talked as he talked, and granted all he asked;
Lest he in rage might have our loves betrayed,
And I for ever had Monimia lost.

Mon. Could you then? did you? can you own it too?
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself!
And I can never think you meant me fair.

Cast. Is this Monimia? surely no; till now
I ever thought her dove-like, soft, and kind.
Who trusts his heart with woman is surely lost.
You were made fair on purpose to undo us,
While greedily we snatch the alluring bait,
And ne'er distrust the poison, that it hides.

Mon. When love ill-placed would find a means to break——

Cast. It never wants pretences or excuse.

Mon. Man therefore was a lord-like creature made,
Rough as the winds, and as inconstant too;
A lofty aspect given him for command,
Easily softened, when he would betray.
Like conquering tyrants, you our breasts invade,
While you are pleased to forage for a while;
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave
The ravaged province ruinate and waste.
If so, Castalio, you have served my heart,
I find that desolation is settled there,
And I shall ne'er recover peace again.

Cast. Who can hear this and bear an equal mind!
Since you will drive me from you, I must go;
But, oh, Monimia! When thou hast banished me,
No creeping slave, though tractable and dull
As artful woman for her ends would choose,
Shall ever doat as I have done: for, oh!
No tongue my pleasure nor my pain can tell,
'Tis heaven to have thee, and without thee hell.

Mon. Castalio, stay! we must not part. I find
My rage ebbs out, and love flows in apace.
These little quarrels, love must needs forgive,
They rouse up drowsy thoughts, and wake the soul.
Oh! charm me with the music of thy tongue!
I'm ne'er so blest, as when I hear thy vows,
And listen to the language of thy heart.

Cast. Where am I! surely paradise is round me,
Sweets planted by the hand of Heaven grow here,
And every sense is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee speak might calm a madman's frenzy,
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows;
But to behold thy eyes, thy amazing beauties,
Might make him rage again with love, as I do.
Thou Nature's whole perfection in one piece!
Sure, framing thee, Heaven took unusual care,
As its own beauty it designed thee fair;
And formed thee by the best loved angel there.
Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.*

Enter POLYDORE *and Page.*

Pol. WERE they so kind? Express it to me all
In words; 'twill make me think I saw it too.
Page. At first I thought they had been mortal foes;
Monimia raged, Castalio grew disturbed;
Each thought the other wronged; yet both so haughty,
They scorned submission: though love all the while
The rebel played, and scarce could be contained.
Pol. But what succeeded?
Page. Oh, 'twas wondrous pretty!
For, of a sudden, all the storm was past,
A gentle calm of love succeeded it;
Monimia sighed and blushed, Castalio swore;
As you, my lord, I well remember, did
To my young sister, in the orange grove,
When I was first preferred to be your page.
Pol. Happy Castalio! Now, by my great soul,
My ambitious soul, that languishes for glory,
I'll have her yet, by my best hopes I will!
She shall be mine, in spite of all her arts.
But for Castalio why was I refused?
Has he supplanted me by some foul play?
Traduced my honour? Death! he durst not do it.
It must be so: we parted, and he met her,
Half to compliance brought by me; surprised
Her sinking virtue, till she yielded quite.
So poachers basely pick up tired game,
While the fair hunter is cheated of his prey.
Boy!
Page. My lord!
Pol. Go to your chamber, and prepare your lute:
Find out some song to please me, that describes
Women's hypocrisies, their subtle wiles,
Betraying smiles, feigned tears, inconstancies;
Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds;
The sum of all their follies, and their falsehoods.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh, the unhappiest tidings tongue e'er told!
Pol. The matter!
Serv. Oh! your father, my good master,
As with his guests he sat, in mirth raised high,
And chased the goblet round the joyful board,
A sudden trembling seized on all his limbs;
His eyes distorted grew; his visage pale;
His speech forsook him; life itself seemed fled,
And all his friends are waiting now about him.

Enter ACASTO, *leaning on two.*

Acast. Support me; give me air; I'll yet recover.
'Twas but a slip decaying nature made;
For she grows weary near her journey's end.
Where are my sons? Come near, my Polydore;
Your brother; where's Castalio?
Serv. My lord,
I've searched, as you commanded, all the house;
He and Monimia are not to be found.
Acast. Not to be found! then where are all my friends? 'Tis well;
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault
My unmannerly infirmity has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome hour;
For I'm prepared to meet him, and, methinks,
Would live and die with all my friends about me.

Enter CASTALIO *and* MONIMIA.

Cast. Angels preserve my dearest father's life,
Bless it with long uninterrupted days!
Oh, may he live till time itself decay,
'Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!
Acast. Thank you, Castalio; give me both your hands,
And bear me up; I'd walk.—So, now, methinks,
I appear as great as Hercules himself,
Supported by the pillars he had raised.
Cast. My lord, your chaplain.
Acast. Let the good man enter.

Enter Chaplain.

Chap. Heaven guard your lordship, and restore your health.
Acast. I have provided for thee, if I die.
No fawning! 'tis a scandal to thy office.
My sons, as thus united ever live;
And for the estate you'll find, when I am dead,
I have divided it betwixt you both,
Equally parted, as you shared my love;
Only to sweet Monimia I have bequeathed
Ten thousand crowns; a little portion for her,
To wed her honourably as she's born.
Be not less friends because you are brothers; shun
The man that's singular; his mind's unsound,
His spleen o'erweighs his brains; but, above all,

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,
The busy, buzzing, talking, hardened knave,
The quaint smooth rogue, that sins against his reason,
Calls saucy loud suspicion public zeal,
And mutiny, the dictates of his spirit:
Be very careful how you make new friends,
Men read not morals now: 'twas a custom:
But all are to their father's vices born;
And in their mother's ignorance are bred.
Let marriage be the last mad thing you do,
For all the sins and follies of the past.
If you have children, never give them knowledge;
'Twill spoil their fortune; fools are all the fashion;
If you have religion, keep it to yourselves;
Atheists will else make use of toleration,
And laugh you out of it. Never shew religion,
Except you mean to pass for knaves of conscience,
And cheat believing fools, that think ye honest.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. My father!
Acast. My heart's darling!
Ser. Let my knees
Fix to the earth. Ne'er let my eyes have rest,
But wake and weep, till Heaven restore my father.
Acast. Rise to my arms, and thy kind prayers are answered.
For thou art a wondrous extract of all goodness,
Born for my joy, and no pains felt when near thee.
Chamont!

Enter CHAMONT.

Cha. My lord, may it prove not an unlucky omen.
Many, I see, are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a blessing too!
Acast. Mayest thou be happy!
Cha. Where?
Acast. In all thy wishes.
Cha. Confirm me so, and make this fair one mine;
I am unpractised in the trade of courtship,
And know not how to deal out love with art:
Onsets in love seem best like those in war,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force;
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my soul.
Acast. What says Serina? Canst thou love a soldier?
One born to honour, and to honour bred?
One that has learned to treat even foes with kindness;
To wrong no man's good fame, nor praise himself?
Ser. Oh! name not love, for that's allied to joy,
And joy must be a stranger to my heart,
When you are in danger. May Chamont's good fortune
Render him lovely to some happier maid!
Whilst I, at friendly distance, see him blest,
Praise the kind gods, and wonder at his virtues.
Acast. Chamont, pursue her, conquer and possess her,
And, as my son, the third of all my fortune
Shall be thy lot.
But keep thy eyes from wandering, man of frailty.
Beware the dangerous beauty of the wanton;
Shun their enticements; ruin, like a vulture,
Waits on their conquests: falsehood too's their business;
They put false beauty off to all the world,
Use false endearments to the fools that love them,
And, when they marry, to their silly husbands
They bring false virtue, broken fame and fortune.
Mon. Hear ye that, my lord?
Pol. Yes, my fair monitor, old men always talk thus.
Acast. Chamont, you told me of some doubts, that pressed you;
Are you yet satisfied that I'm your friend?
Cha. My lord, I would not lose that satisfaction
For any blessing I could wish for.
As to my fears, already I have lost them;
They ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble you.
Acast. I thank you. Daughter, you must do so too.
My friends, 'tis late;
Now my disorder seems all past and over,
And I, methinks, begin to feel new health.
Cast. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.
Acast. Yes, I'll to bed; old men must humour weakness:
Let me have music, then, to lull and chase
This melancholy thought of death away.
Good-night, my friends; Heaven guard ye all! good-night!
To-morrow early we'll salute the day,
Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time.
[*Exeunt all but Chamont and Chaplain.*
Cha. Hist, hist, Sir Gravity, a word with you.
Chap. With me, sir!
Cha. If you're at leisure, sir, we'll waste an hour.
'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be charity
To lend your conversation to a stranger.
Chap. Sir, you are a soldier?
Cha. Yes.
Chap. I love a soldier.
And had been one myself, but that my parents
Would make me what you see me: yet I'm honest,
For all I wear black.
Cha. And that is a wonder.
Have you had long dependence on this family?
Chap. I have not thought it so, because my time is
Spent pleasantly. My lord's not haughty nor imperious,

Nor, I gravely whimsical; he has good nature,
And I have manners.
His sons too are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are.
I meddle with no man's business but my own;
I rise in a morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink chearfully, live soberly,
Take my innocent pleasure freely;
So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the family.

Cha. I'm glad you are so happy.
A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful. [*Aside.*
Knew you my father, the old Chamont?

Chap. I did, and was most sorry, when we lost him.

Cha. Why? didst thou love him?

Chap. Every body loved him; besides he was my master's friend.

Cha. I could embrace thee for that very notion.
If thou didst love my father, I could think
Thou wouldst not be an enemy to me.

Chap. I can be no man's foe.

Cha. Then prithee tell me,
Think'st thou the lord Castalio loves my sister?
Nay, never start. Come, come, I know thy office
Opens thee all the secrets of the family;
Then, if thou'rt honest, use this freedom kindly.

Chap. Love your sister!

Cha. Ay, love her.

Chap. Sir, I never asked him,
And wonder you should ask it me.

Cha. Nay, but thou art an hypocrite; is there not one
Of all thy tribe that's honest? In your schools
The pride of your superiors makes ye slaves;
Ye all live loathsome, sneaking, servile lives;
Not free enough to practice generous truth,
Though ye pretend to teach it to the world.

Chap. I would deserve a better thought from you.

Cha. If thou wouldst have me not contemn thy office
And character, think all thy brethren knaves,
Thy trade a cheat, and thou its worst professor,
Inform me; for I tell thee, priest, I'll know.

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wronged her.

Cha. How! wronged her? Have a care, for this may lay
A scene of mischief to undo us all.
But tell me, wronged her, saidst thou?

Chap. Ay, sir, wronged her.

Cha. This is a secret worth a monarch's fortune:
What shall I give thee for it? Thou dear physician
Of sickly souls, unfold this riddle to me,
And comfort mine——

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Cha. Nay, then again thou art honest. Would'st thou tell me?

Chap. Yes, if I durst.

Cha. Why, what affrights thee?

Chap. You do,
Who are not to be trusted with the secret.

Cha. Why? I am no fool.

Chap. So indeed you say.

Cha. Prithee be serious then.

Chap. You see I am so,
And hardly shall be mad enough to-night
To trust you with my ruin.

Cha. Art thou then
So far concerned in it? What has been thy office?
Curse on that formal steady villain's face!
Just so do all bawds look: nay, bawds, they say,
Can pray upon occasions, talk of heaven,
Turn up their goggling eye-balls, rail at vice,
Dissemble, lie, and preach like any priest.
Art thou a bawd?

Chap. Sir, I am not often used thus.

Cha. Be just then.

Chap. So I shall be to the trust,
That is laid upon me.

Cha. By the reverenced soul
Of that great honest man, that gave me being,
Tell me but what thou knowest concerns my honour,
And if I e'er reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good sword ne'er do me right in battle!
May I ne'er know that blessed peace of mind,
That dwells in good and pious men like thee!

Chap. I see your temper's moved, and I will trust you.

Cha. Wilt thou?

Chap. I will; but if it ever escape you——

Cha. It never shall.

Chap. Swear then.

Cha. I do, by all
That's dear to me, by the honour of my name,
And by that power I serve, it never shall.

Chap. Then this good day, when all the house was busy,
When mirth and kind rejoicing filled each room,
As I was walking in the grove, I met them.

Cha. What! met them in the grove together? Tell me
How, walking, standing, sitting, lying, ha!

Chap. I, by their own appointment, met them there,
Received their marriage-vows, and joined their hands.

Cha. How, married!

Chap. Yes, sir.

Cha. Then my soul's at peace.
But why would you so long delay to give it.

Chap. Not knowing what reception it may find
With old Acasto; may be I was too cautious
To trust the secret from me.

Cha. What's the cause
I cannot guess, though it is my sister's honour,
I do not like this marriage,
Huddled in the dark, and done at too much venture;
The business looks with an unlucky face.

Keep still the secret; for it ne'er shall escape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new matched pair. Farewell.
Believe my truth, and know me for thy friend.
[*Exit.*

Enter CASTALIO *and* MONIMIA.

Cast. Young Chamont and the chaplain? sure 'tis they!
No matter what's contrived, or who consulted,
Since my Monimia's mine; though this sad look
Seems no good boding omen to her bliss;
Else prithee tell me why that look cast down?
Why that sad sigh, as if thy heart was breaking?
Mon. Castalio, I am thinking what we have done.
The heavenly powers were sure displeased to-day;
For at the ceremony as we stood,
And as your hand was kindly joined with mine,
As the good priest pronounced the sacred words,
Passion grew big, and I could not forbear,
Tears drowned my eyes, and trembling seized my soul.
What should that mean?
Cast. Oh, thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind as sympathising nature!
When a sad story has been told, I have seen
Thy little breasts, with soft compassion swelled,
Move up and down, and heave like dying birds.
But now let fear be banished, think no more
Of danger; for there's safety in my arms;
Let them receive thee. Heaven grows jealous now;
Sure she's too good for any mortal creature!
I could grow wild, and praise thee even to madness.
But wherefore do I dally with my bliss?
The night's far spent, and day draws on apace;
To bed, my love, and wake till I come thither.
Pol. So hot, my brother! [*Polydore at the door.*
Mon. 'Twill be impossible;
You know your father's chamber is next to mine,
And the least noise will certainly alarm him.
Cast. Impossible! impossible! alas:
Is it impossible to live one hour without thee?
Let me behold those eyes; they'll tell me truth.
Hast thou no longing? art thou still the same
Cold, icy virgin? No; thou art altered quite:
Haste, haste to bed, and let loose all thy wishes.
Mon. 'Tis but one night, my lord; I pray be ruled.
Cast. Try if thou hast power to stop a flowing tide,
Or in a tempest make the seas be calm;
And, when that is done, I'll conquer my desires.
No more, my blessing. What shall be the sign?
When shall I come? for to my joys I'll steal,
As if I ne'er had paid my freedom for them.
Mon. Just three soft strokes upon the chamber door;
And at that signal you shall gain admittance:
But speak not the least word; for if you should,
'Tis surely heard, and all will be betrayed.
Cast. Oh! doubt it not, Monimia; our joys
Shall be as silent as the ecstatic bliss
Of souls, that by intelligence converse!
Immortal pleasures shall our senses drown,
Thought shall be lost, and every power dissolved.
Away, my love; first take this kiss. Now haste.
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute past. [*Exit. Mon.*
My brother wandering too so late this way!
Pol. Castalio!
Cast. My Polydore, how dost thou?
How does our father? Is he well recovered?
Pol. I left him happily reposed to rest;
He's still as gay as if his life were young.
But how does fair Monimia?
Cast. Doubtless, well:
A cruel beauty, with her conquest, pleased,
Is always joyful, and her mind in health.
Pol. Is she the same Monimia still she was?
May we not hope she's made of mortal mould?
Cast. She's not woman else:
Though I am grown weary of this tedious hoping;
We have in a barren desert strayed too long.
Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And love's sweet manna cover all the field.
Met ye to-day?
Cast. No; she has still avoided me:
Her brother, too, is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting something to my father.
I wish I had never meddled with the matter:
And would enjoin thee, Polydore——
Pol. To what?
Cast. To leave this peevish beauty to herself.
Pol. What, quit my love? As soon I would quit my post
In fight, and, like a coward, run away.
No, by my stars, I'll chase her, till she yields
To me, or meets her rescue in another.
Cast. Nay, she has beauty, that might shake the leagues
Of mighty kings, and set the world at odds;
But I have wondrous reasons on my side,
That would persuade thee, were they known.
Pol. Then speak them:
What are they? Came ye to her window here,
To learn them now? Castalio, have a care;
Use honest dealing with a friend and brother.
Believe me, I am not with my love so blinded,
But can discern your purpose to abuse me.
Quit your pretences to her.
Cast. Grant I do;
You love capitulations, Polydore,
And but upon conditions would oblige me.
Pol. You say you have reasons; why are they concealed?
Cast. To-morrow I may tell you.
Pol. Why not now?
Cast. It is a matter of such consequence,
As I must well consult ere I reveal.
But prithee cease to think I would abuse thee,

'Till more be known.
Pol. When you, Castalio, cease
To meet Monimia unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease
To think Castalio faithless to his friend.
Did not I see you part this very moment?
Cast. It seems you have watched me, then?
Pol. I scorn the office.
Cast. Prithee avoid a thing thou mayest repent.
Pol. That is henceforward making leagues with you.
Cast. Nay, if you are angry, Polydore, good-night. [*Exit.*
Pol. Good-night, Castalio, if you are in such haste.
He little thinks I have overheard the appointment;
But to his chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take possession of my love.
This is the utmost point of all my hopes;
Or now she must, or never can be mine.
O, for a means now, how to counterplot,
And disappoint this happy elder brother!
In every thing we do or undertake
He soars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the start he got of me in birth.
Cordelio!

Enter Page.

Page. My lord!
Pol. Come hither, boy.
Thou hast a pretty, forward, lying face,
And mayest in time expect preferment. Canst thou
Pretend to secrecy, cajole and flatter
Thy master's follies, and assist his pleasures?
Page. My lord, I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very faithful boy.
Command, whate'er's your pleasure I'll observe;
Be it to run, or watch, or to convey
A letter to a beauteous lady's bosom;
At least, I am not dull, and soon should learn.
Pol. 'Tis pity, then, thou should'st not be employed.
Go to my brother, he is in his chamber now,
Undressing, and preparing for his rest:
Find out some means to keep him up awhile;
Tell him a pretty story, that may please
His ear; invent a tale, no matter what:
If he should ask of me, tell him I am gone
To bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,
Whether he will hunt to-morrow. Well said, Polydore,
Dissemble with thy brother! that's one point. [*Aside.*
But do not leave him, till he is in bed,
Or if he chance to walk again this way,
Follow and do not quit him, but seem fond
To do him little offices of service.
Perhaps at last it may offend him; then
Retire, and wait till I come in. Away:
Succeed in this, and be employed again.
Page. Doubt not, my lord. He has been always kind
To me; would often set me on his knee,
Then give me sweetmeats, call me pretty boy,
And ask me what the maids talked of at nights.
Pol. Run quickly, then, and prosp'rous be thy wishes. [*Exit Page.*
Here I am alone, and fit for mischief; now
To cheat this brother, will it be honest that?
I heard the sign she ordered him to give.
O, for the art of Proteus, but to change
The unhappy Polydore to blest Castalio!
She is not so well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her arms as well as he.
Then, when I am happily possessed of more
Than sense can think, all loosened into joy,
To hear my disappointed brother come,
And give the unregarded signal; Oh,
What a malicious pleasure will that be!
'Just three soft strokes against the chamber-door;
'But speak not the least word, for if you should,
''Tis surely heard, and we are both betrayed.'
How I adore a mistress, that contrives
With care to lay the business of her joys;
One that has wit to charm the very soul,
And give a double relish to delight!
Blest heavens, assist me but in this dear hour,
And my kind stars be but propitious now,
Dispose of me hereafter as you please.
Monimia! Monimia! [*Gives the sign.*
[*Maid at the window.*] Who's there?
Pol. 'Tis I.
Maid. My lord Castalio?
Pol. The same.
How does my love, my dear Monimia?
Maid. Oh!
She wonders much at your unkind delay;
You have staid so long, that at each little noise
The wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.
Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the door be opened. [*Maid descends.*
Now boast, Castalio, triumph now, and tell
Thyself strange stories of a promised bliss.
[*The door unbolts.*
It opens! Ha! what means my trembling flesh?
Limbs do your office, and support me well;
Bear me to her, then—fail me if you can! [*Exit.*

Enter CASTALIO *and Page.*

Page. Indeed, my lord, 'twill be a lovely morning:
Pray let us hunt.
Cast. Go, you are an idle prattler.
I'll stay at home to-morrow; if your lord
Thinks fit, he may command my hounds. Go, leave me,
I must to bed.
Page. I'll wait upon your lordship,
If you think fit, and sing you to repose.
Cast. No, my kind boy, the night is too far wasted;
My senses are quite disrobed of thought,
And ready all with me to go to rest.

Good-night. Commend me to my brother.
Page. Oh!
You never heard the last new song I learned!
It is the finest, prettiest song indeed,
Of my lord and my lady, you know who, that were caught
Together, you know where. My lord, indeed it is.
Cast. You must be whipped, youngster, if you get such songs as those are.
What means this boy's impertinence to-night?
Page. What, what must I sing, pray, my dear lord?
Cast. Psalms, child, psalms.
Page. Oh, dear me! boys that go to school learn psalms:
But pages, that are better bred, sing lampoons.
Cast. Well, leave me. I am weary.
Page. Oh! but you promised me, the last time I told you what colour my lady Monimia's stockings were of, and that she gartered them above knee, that you would give me a little horse to go a hunting upon, so you did. I'll tell you no more stories, except you keep your word with me.
Cast. Well, go, you trifler, and to-morrow ask me.
Page. Indeed, my lord, I can't abide to leave you.
Cast. Why, wert thou instructed to attend me?
Page. No, no, indeed, my lord, I was not;
But I know what I know.
Cast. What dost thou know? Death! what can all this mean?
Page. Oh! I know who loves somebody.
Cast. What's that to me, boy?
Page. Nay, I know who loves you too.
Cast. That's a wonder! prithee tell it me.
Page. 'Tis,—'tis—I know who—but will
You give me the horse, then?
Cast. I will, my child.
Page. It is my lady Monimia, look you; but don't you tell her I told you; she'll give me no more play-things then. I heard her say so, as she lay a-bed, man.
Cast. Talk'd she of me, when in her bed, Cordelio?
Page. Yes, and I sung her the song you made, too; and she did so sigh, and so look with her eyes; and her breasts did so lift up and down, I could have found in my heart to have beat them, for they made me ashamed.
Cast. Hark! what's that noise?
Take this, begone, and leave me.
You knave, you little flatterer, get you gone!
[*Exit Page.*
Surely it was a noise! hist—only fancy;
For all is hushed, as Nature were retired,
And the perpetual motion standing still,
So much she from her work appears to cease.
And every warring element's at peace:
All the wild herds are in the coverts couched;
The fishes to their banks or ouze repaired,
And to the murmurs of the waters sleep;
The feeling air's at rest, and feels no noise,
Except of some soft breeze among the trees,
Rocking the harmless birds that rest upon them.
'Tis now, that, guided by my love, I go
To take possession of my Monimia's charms.
Sure Polydore's by this time gone to bed.
At midnight thus the usurer steals untracked,
To make a visit to his hoarded gold,
And feasts his eyes upon the shining mammon.
[*Knocks.*
She hears me not; sure she already sleeps;
Her wishes could not brook so long delay,
And her poor heart has beat itself to rest.
[*Knocks again.*
Monimia! my angel!—ha!—not yet——
How long's the shortest moment of delay,
To a heart impatient of its pangs like mine,
In sight of ease, and panting to the goal.
[*Knocks again.*
Once more——
Maid. [*At the window.*] Who's there,
That comes thus rudely to disturb our rest?
Cast. 'Tis I.
Maid. Who are you? What's your name?
Cast. Suppose the lord Castalio.
Maid. I know you not.
The lord Castalio has no business here.
Cast. Ha! have a care; what can this mean!
Whoe'er thou art, I charge thee to Monimia fly;
Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my doom.
Maid. Whoe'er you are, ye may repent this outrage.
My lady must not be disturbed. Good-night.
Cast. She must; tell her she shall. Go, I'm in haste,
And bring her tidings from the State of Love;
They are all in consultation met together,
How to reward my truth, and crown her vows.
Maid. Sure the man's mad!
Cast. Or this will make me so.
Obey me, or by all the wrongs I suffer,
I'll scale the window, and come in by force,
Let the sad consequence be what it will!
This creature's trifling folly makes me mad!
Maid. My lady's answer is, you may depart.
She says she knows you; you are Polydore,
Sent by Castalio, as you were to-day,
To affront and do her violence again.
Cast. I'll not believe it.
Maid. You may, sir.
Cast. Curses blast thee!
Maid. Well, 'tis a fine cool evening; and, I hope,
May cure the raging fever in your blood.
Good-night.
Cast. And farewell all that's just in women!
This is contrived; a studied trick, to abuse
My easy nature, and torment my mind.
Sure now she's bound me fast, and means to lord it,
To rein me hard, and ride me at her will,
'Till by degrees she shape me into fool,

For all her future uses. Death and torment!
'Tis impudence to think my soul will bear it.
Oh! I could grow even wild, and tear my hair!
'Tis well, Monimia, that thy empire's short;
Let but to-morrow, but to-morrow come,
And try if all thy arts appease my wrongs;
'Till when, be this detested place my bed,
[*Lies down.*
Where I will ruminate on woman's ills,
Laugh at myself, and curse the inconstant sex.
Faithless Monimia! Oh, Monimia!

Enter ERNESTO.

Ern. Either
My sense has been deluded, or this way,
I heard the sound of sorrow; 'tis late night,
And none, whose mind's at peace, would wander now.
Cast. Who's there?
Ern. A friend.
Cast. If thou art so, retire,
And leave this place; for I would be alone.
Ern. Castalio! my lord, why in this posture,
Stretched on the ground? Your honest, true old servant,
Your poor Ernesto, cannot see you thus.
Rise, I beseech you.
Cast. If thou art Ernesto,
As by thy honesty thou seem'st to be,
Once leave me to my folly.
Ern. I cannot leave you,
And not the reason know of your disorders.
Remember how, when young, I in my arms
Have often borne you, pleased you in your pleasures,
And sought an early share in your affection:
Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.
Cast. Thou canst not serve me.
Ern. Why?
Cast. Because my thoughts
Are full of woman; thou, poor wretch, art past them.
Ern. I hate the sex.
Cast. Then I'm thy friend, Ernesto. [*Rises.*
I'd leave the world for him, that hates a woman.
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betrayed the capitol? A woman.
Who lost Marc Antony the world? A woman.
Who was the cause of a long ten years war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
Woman to man first as a blessing given,
When innocence and love were in their prime;
Happy a while in Paradise they lay,
But quickly woman longed to go astray;
Some foolish, new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw, she changed her love;
To his temptations lewdly she inclined
Her soul, and for an apple damned mankind!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon.*

ACASTO *solus.*

Acast. BLEST be the morning, that has brought me health;
A happy rest has softened pain away,
And I'll forget it, though my mind's not well;
A heavy melancholy clogs my heart;
I droop and sigh, I know not why. Dark dreams,
Sick fancy's children, have been over-busy,
And all the night played farces in my brain.
Methought I heard the midnight raven cry;
Waked with the imagined noise, my curtain seemed
To start, and at my feet my sons appeared,
Like ghosts, all pale and stiff; I strove to speak,
But could not: suddenly the forms were lost,
And seemed to vanish in a bloody cloud.
'Twas odd, and for the present, shook my thoughts;
But 'twas the effect of my distempered blood;
And, when the health's disturbed, the mind's unruly.

Enter POLYDORE.

Good-morning, Polydore.
Pol. Heaven keep your lordship.
Acast. Have you yet seen Castalio to-day?
Pol. My lord, 'tis early day; he's hardly risen.
Acast. Go, call him up, and meet me in the chapel. [*Exit Polydore.*
I cannot think all has gone well to-night;
For as I waking lay (and sure my sense
Was then my own) I thought I heard my son
Castalio's voice; but it seemed low, and mournful;
Under my window, too, I thought I heard it.
My untoward fancy could not be deceived
In every thing, and I will search the truth out.

Enter MONIMIA.

Already up, Monimia! you rose
Thus early, sure, to outshine the day:
Or was there any thing, that crossed your rest?
They were naughty thoughts, that would not let you sleep.
Mon. Whatever are my thoughts, my lord, I have learnt
By your example to correct their ills,
And morn and evening give up the account.
Acast. Your pardon, sweet one, I upbraid you not;
Or if I would, you are so good, I could not.
Though I'm deceived, or you are more fair to-day;

For beauty's heightened in your cheeks, and all
Your charms seem up, and ready in your eyes.
Mon. The little share I have's so very mean,
That it may easily admit addition;
Though you, my lord, should most of all beware
To give it too much praise, and make me proud.
Acast. Proud of an old man's praises? no, Monimia!
But if my prayers can work thee any good,
Thou shalt not want the largest share of them.
Heard you no noise to-night?
Mon. Noise! my good lord!
Acast. About midnight.
Mon. Indeed, my lord, I don't remember any.
Acast. You must, sure! went you early to your rest?
Mon. About the wonted hour. Why this enquiry? [*Aside.*
Acast. And went your maid to bed, too?
Mon. My lord, I guess so;
I have seldom known her disobey my orders.
Acast. Sure, goblins then, or fairies haunt the dwelling;
I'll have enquiry made through all the house,
But I'll find out the cause of these disorders.
Good-day to thee, Monimia—I'll to chapel.
[*Exit Acasto.*
Mon. I'll but dispatch some orders to my woman,

Enter FLORELLA.

And wait upon your lordship there.
I fear the priest has played us false; if so,
My poor Castalio loses all for me;
I wonder though he made such haste to leave me;
Was it not unkind, Florella? Surely it was!
He scarce afforded one kind parting word,
But went away so cold; the kiss he gave me,
Seemed the forced compliment of sated love.
Would I had never married!
Maid. Why?
Mon. Methinks
The scene's quite altered; I am not the same;
I've bound up for myself a weight of cares,
And how the burden will be borne, none knows.
A husband may be jealous, rigid, false!
And should Castalio e'er prove so to me,
So tender is my heart, so nice my love,
'Twould ruin and distract my rest for ever.
Maid. Madam, he's coming.
Mon. Where, Florella? where?
Is he returning? To my chamber lead;
I'll meet him there; the mysteries of our love
Should be kept private as religious rites,
From the unhallowed view of common eyes.
[*Exit Mon. and Maid.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Wished morning's come! And now upon the plains

And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-filled scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the fields his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe, that yields him fruits.
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weathered out the cold bleak night, are up,
And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow;
The cheerful birds too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.
There's no condition sure so cursed as mine!
I'm married! 'Sdeath! I'm sped. How like a dog
Looked Hercules, thus to a distaff chained!
Monimia! Oh, Monimia!

Enter MONIMIA *and* MAID.

Mon. I come,
I fly to my adored Castalio's arms,
My wishes' lord. May every morn begin
Like this; and with our days our loves renew!
Now I may hope you are satisfied——
[*Looking languishingly on him.*
Cast. I am
Well satisfied, that thou art—Oh——
Mon. What? speak:
Art thou not well, Castalio? Come, lean
Upon my breast, and tell me where's thy pain.
Cast. 'Tis here; 'tis in my head; 'tis in my heart;
'Tis every where: it rages like a madness;
And I most wonder how my reason holds.
Nay, wonder not, Monimia: the slave,
You thought you had secured within my breast,
Is grown a rebel, and has broke his chain,
And now he walks there like a lord at large.
Mon. Am I not then your wife, your loved Monimia?
I once was so, or I've most strangely dreamed.
What ails my love?
Cast. Whate'er thy dreams have been,
Thy waking thoughts ne'er meant Castalio well.
No more, Monimia, of your sex's arts!
They are useless all. I am not that pliant tool,
That necessary utensil, you would make me;
I know my charter better——I am man,
Obstinate man; and will not be enslaved.
Mon. You shall not fear it: indeed my nature's easy;
I'll ever live your most obedient wife!
Nor ever any privilege pretend
Beyond your will: for that shall be my law:
Indeed I will not.

Cast. Nay, you shall not, madam;
By yon bright heaven you shall not. All the day
I'll play the tyrant, and at night forsake thee;
'Till by afflictions, and continued cares,
I have worn thee to a homely household drudge.
Nay, If I have any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to my looser pleasures,
For thou hast wronged Castalio.
Mon. No more;
Oh, kill me here, or tell me my offence!
I'll never quit you else; but on these knees,
Thus follow you all day, 'till they're worn bare,
And hang upon you like a drowning creature.
Castalio!———
Cast. Away! last night, last night——
Mon. It was our wedding night.
Cast. No more; forget it.
Mon. Why, do you then repent?
Cast. I do.
Mon. O, heaven!
And will you leave me thus? help, help, Florella!
[*He drags her to the door, breaks from her, and exit.*
Help me to hold this yet loved cruel man.
Oh, my heart breaks—I'm dying. Oh—stand off;
I'll not indulge this woman's weakness; still
Chafed and tormented let my heart swell on,
'Till with its injuries it burst, and shake
With the dire blow this prison to the earth.
Maid. What sad mistake has been the cause of this?
Mon. Castalio! Oh! how often has he swore,
Nature should change, the sun and stars grow dark,
Ere he would falsify his vows to me!
Make haste, confusion, then; sun, lose thy light,
And stars drop dead with sorrow to the earth;
For my Castalio's false.
Maid. Unhappy day!
Mon. False as the wind, the waters, or the weather;
Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey:
I feel him in my breast, he tears my heart,
And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood;
Must I be long in pain? [*Sits down.*]
[*Exit Florella.*

Enter CHAMONT.

Cha. In tears, Monimia!
Mon. Whoe'er thou art,
Leave me alone to my beloved despair.
Cha. Lift up thy eyes, and see, who comes to cheer thee.
Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and then
See, if my soul has rest, 'till thou hast justice.
Mon. My brother!
Cha. Yes, Monimia, if thou thinkest
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.
Mon. Oh, Castalio!
Cha. Ha!
Name me that name again! my soul's on fire
'Till I know all. There's meaning in that name;
I know he is thy husband: therefore trust me
With all the following truth!
Mon. Indeed, Chamont,
There's nothing in it but the fault of nature;
I'm often thus seized suddenly with grief,
I know not why.
Cha. You use me ill, Monimia;
And I might think, with justice, most severely
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.
Mon. Truly, I'm not to blame. Suppose I'm fond,
And grieve for what as much may please another?
Should I upbraid the dearest friend on earth
For the first fault? You would not do so; would you?
Cha. Not, if I'd cause to think it was a friend.
Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing?
I ne'er concealed my soul from you before:
Bear with me now, and search my wounds no farther;
For every probing pains me to the heart.
Cha. 'Tis sign there's danger in it, and must be probed.
Where's your new husband? Still that thought disturbs you?
What! only answer me with tears? Castalio!
Nay, now they stream;
Cruel, unkind Castalio! Is it not so?
Mon. I cannot speak! grief flows so fast upon me,
It choaks, and will not let me tell the cause.
Oh!
Cha. My Monimia, to my soul thou art dear
As honour to my name. Dear as the light
To eyes but just restored, and healed of blindness.
Why wilt thou not repose within my breast
The anguish, that torments thee?
Mon. Oh! I dare not.
Cha. I have no friend but thee. We must confide
In one another. Two unhappy orphans,
Alas, we are, and when I see thee grieve,
Methinks, it is a part of me, that suffers.
Mon Oh, shouldst thou know the cause of my lamenting,
Thou would'st despise the abject, lost Monimia;
I am satisfied, Chamont, that thou wouldst scorn me;
No more would praise this hated beauty: but,
When in some cell distracted, as I shall be,
Thou seest me lie; these unregarded locks,
Matted like furies' tresses; my poor limbs
Chained to the ground, and, 'stead of the delights,
Which happy lovers taste, my keeper's stripes,
A bed of straw, and a coarse wooden dish
Of wretched sustenance; when thus thou seest me,
Prithee have charity and pity for me!
Let me enjoy this thought.

Cha. Why wilt thou rack
My soul so long, Monimia? Ease me quickly;
Or thou wilt run me into madness first.
Mon. Could you be secret?
Cha. Secret as the grave.
Mon. But when I have told you, will you keep your fury
Within its bonds? Will you not do some rash
And horrid mischief? For indeed, Chamont,
You would not think how hardly I've been used
From a near friend, from one, that has my soul
A slave, and therefore treats it like a tyrant.
Cha. I will be calm—but has Castalio wronged thee?
Has he already wasted all his love?
What has he done? Quickly, for I'm all trembling
With expectation of a horrid tale.
Mon. Oh! could you think it!
Cha. What?
Mon. I fear he'll kill me.
Cha. Ha!
Mon. Indeed I do; he's strangely cruel to me;
Which, if it last, I'm sure must break my heart.
Cha. What has he done?
Mon. Most barbarously used me.
Nothing so kind as he, when in my arms!
In thousand kisses, tender sighs and joys,
Not to be thought again, the night was wasted;
At dawn of day he rose, and left his conquest.
But, when we met, and I, with open arms,
Ran to embrace the lord of all my wishes,
Oh, then!
Cha. Go on!
Mon. He threw me from his breast,
Like a detested sin.
Cha. How!
Mon. As I hung too
Upon his knees, and begged to know the cause,
He dragged me like a slave upon the earth,
And had no pity on my cries.
Cha. How! did he
Dash thee disdainfully away? with scorn?
Mon. He did! and more, I fear, will ne'er be friends,
Though I still love him with unabated passion.
Cha. What, throw thee from him!
Mon. Yes, indeed he did.
Cha. So may this arm
Throw him to the earth, like a dead dog despised!
Lameness and leprosy, blindness and lunacy,
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain,
Light on me, if, Castalio, I forgive thee!
Mon. Nay, now, Chamont, art thou unkind as he is!
Didst thou not promise me thou wouldst be calm?
Keep my disgrace concealed? Why shouldst thou kill him?
By all my love, this arm should do him vengeance.
Alas! I love him still, and though I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing arms,
Yet bless him, bless him, gods! where'er he goes.

Enter ACASTO.

Acast. Sure some ill fate is towards me; in my house
I only meet with oddness and disorder;
Each vassal has a wild distracted face,
And looks as full of business as a blockhead
In times of danger. Just this very moment
I met Castalio——
Cha. Then you met a villain.
Acast. Ha!
Cha. Yes, a villain.
Acast. Have a care, young soldier,
How thou art too busy with Acasto's fame.
I have a sword, my arm's good old acquaintance;
Villain to thee!
Cha. Curse on thy scandalous age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat,
And tear the root up of that cursed bramble!
Acast. Ungrateful ruffian! sure my good old friend
Was ne'er thy father; nothing of him is in thee.
What have I done in my unhappy age,
To be thus used? I scorn to upbraid thee, boy;
But I could put thee in remembrance——
Cha. Do.
Acast. I scorn it——
Cha. No, I'll calmly hear the story,
For I would fain know all, to see which scale
Weighs most—Ha! is not that good old Acasto?
What have I done? Can you forgive this folly?
Acast. Why dost thou ask it?
Cha. 'Twas the rude overflowing
Of too much passion. Pray, my lord, forgive me.
[*Kneels.*
Acast. Mock me not, youth! I can revenge a wrong.
Cha. I know it well; but, for this thought of mine,
Pity a madman's frenzy, and forget it.
Acast. I will; but henceforth prithee be more kind.
[*Raises him.*
Whence came the cause?
Cha. Indeed I have been to blame;
But I'll learn better; for you have been my father.
You have been her father too—
[*Takes Mon. by the hand.*
Acast. Forbear the prologue——
And let me know the substance of thy tale.
Cha. You took her up, a little tender flower,
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipped; and, with a careful loving hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines. There long she flourished,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye;
'Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it, like a loathsome weed, away.
Acast. You talk to me in parables, Chamont,

You may have known, that I am no wordy man;
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
Of fools, that use them, when they want good sense;
But honesty
Needs no disguise nor ornament. Be plain.
Cha. Your son——
Acast. I have two; and both, I hope, have honour.
Cha. I hope so too—but——
Acast. Speak.
Cha. I must inform you,
Once more, Castalio——
Acast. Still Castalio!
Cha. Yes.
Your son Castalio has wronged Monimia.
Acast. Ha! wronged her?
Cha. Married her.
Acast. I am sorry for it.
Cha. Why sorry?
By yon blest heaven, there's not a lord
But might be proud to take her to his heart!
Acast. I'll not deny it.
Cha. You dare not; all your family combined
In one damned falsehood to outdo Castalio,
Dare not deny it.
Acast. How has Castalio wronged her?
Cha. Ask that of him. I say, my sister's wronged:
Monimia, my sister, born as high
And noble as Castalio—Do her justice,
Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood,
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.
I'll do it. Hark you, my lord! your son Castalio;
Take him to your closet, and there teach him manners.
Acast. You shall have justice.
Cha. Nay, I will have justice.
Who'll sleep in safety, that has done me wrong?
My lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat
The cause of this; I beg you (to preserve
Your house's honour) ask it of Castalio.
Acast. I will.
Cha. 'Till then, farewell. [*Exit.*
Acast. Farewell, proud boy.
Monimia!
Mon. My lord.
Acast. You are my daughter.
Mon. I am, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.
Acast. When you complain to me, I'll prove a father. [*Exit.*
Mon. Now, I am undone for ever. Who on earth
Is there so wretched as Monimia?
First by Castalio cruelly forsaken;
I have lost Acasto now: his parting frowns
May well instruct me, rage is in his heart:
I shall be next abandoned to my fortune,
Thrust out a naked wanderer to the world,
And branded for the mischievous Monimia!
What will become of me? my cruel brother
Is framing mischiefs too, for aught I know,
That may produce bloodshed and horrid murder.
I would not be the cause of one man's death
To reign the empress of the earth; nay, more,
I would rather lose, for ever, my Castalio,
My dear unkind Castalio!

Enter Polydore.

Pol. Monimia, weeping!
So morning dews on new-blown roses lodge,
By the sun's amorous heat to be exhaled.
I come, my love, to kiss all sorrow from thee:
What mean these sighs? And why thus beats thy heart?
Mon. Let me alone to sorrow. 'Tis a cause
None ere shall know: but it shall with me die.
Pol. Happy, Monimia, he, to whom these sighs,
These tears, and all these languishings, are paid!
I am no stranger to your dearest secret:
I know your heart was never meant for me;
That jewel's for an elder brother's price.
Mon. My lord!
Pol. Nay, wonder not; last night I heard
His oaths, your vows, and to my torment saw
Your wild embraces; heard the appointment made;
I did, Monimia, and cursed the sound.
Wilt thou be sworn, my love? wilt thou be ne'er
Unkind again?
Mon. Banish such fruitless hopes!
Have you swore constancy to my undoing?
Will you be ne'er my friend again?
Pol. What means my love?
Mon. Away; what meant my lord
Last night?
Pol. Is that a question now to be demanded?
I hope Monimia was not much displeased.
Mon. Was it well done to treat me like a prostitute?
To assault my lodging at the dead of night,
And threaten me, if I denied admittance——
You said you were Castalio——
Pol. By those eyes
It was the same: I spent my time much better:
I tell thee, ill-natured fair one, I was posted
To more advantage, on a pleasant hill
Of springing joy, and everlasting sweetness.
Mon. Ha—have a care——
Pol. Where is the danger near me?
Mon. I fear you are on a rock will wreck your quiet,
And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever;
A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my memory.
Will you be kind, and answer me one question?
Pol. I'll trust thee with my life; on those soft breasts
Breathe out the choicest secrets of my heart,
Till I have nothing in my heart but love.
Mon. Nay, I'll conjure you by the gods and angels,
By the honour of your name, that's most concerned,

To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last night?
Pol. Within thy arms
I triumphed! rest had been my foe.
Mon. 'Tis done——— [*She faints.*
Pol. She faints! No help! who waits? A curse
Upon my vanity, that could not keep
The secret of my happiness in silence.
Confusion! we shall be surprised anon,
And consequently all must be betrayed.
Monimia! She breathes—Monimia——
Mon. Well———
Let mischiefs multiply! Let every hour
Of my loathed life yield me increase of horror!
Oh, let the sun to these unhappy eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclipsed for ever;
May every thing, I look on, seem a prodigy,
To fill my soul with terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had humanity,
And grow a curser of the works of nature!
Pol. What means all this?
Mon. Oh, Polydore, if all
The friendship e'er you vowed to good Castalio
Be not a falsehood; if you ever loved
Your brother, you have undone yourself and me.
Pol. Which way can ruin reach the man that's rich,
As I am, in possession of thy sweetness?
Mon. Oh! I'm his wife.
Pol. What says Monimia! ha!
Speak that again.
Mon. I am Castalio's wife.
Pol. His married, wedded wife?
Mon. Yesterday's sun
Saw it performed.
Pol. And then, have I enjoyed
My brother's wife?
Mon. As surely as we both
Must taste of misery, that guilt is thine.
Pol. Must we be miserable then?
Mon. Oh!
Pol. Oh! thou mayst yet be happy.
Mon. Couldst thou be
Happy, with such a weight upon thy soul?
Pol. It may be yet a secret; I'll go try
To reconcile and bring Castalio to thee;
Whilst from the world I take myself away,
And waste my life in penance for my sin.
Mon. Then thou wouldst more undo me; heap a load
Of added sins upon my wretched head.
Wouldst thou again have me betray thy brother,
And bring pollution to his arms? Curst thought!
Oh, when shall I be mad indeed!
Pol. Nay, then,
Let us embrace, and from this very moment
Vow an eternal misery together.
Mon. And wilt thou be a very faithful wretch?
Never grow fond of cheerful peace again?
Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,
And find out ways how to increase affliction?
Pol. We'll institute new arts, unknown before,
To vary plagues, and make them look like new ones.
First, if the fruit of our detested joy,
A child, be born, it shall be murdered———
Mon. No;
Sure that may live.
Pol. Why?
Mon. To become a thing
More wretched than its parents, to be branded
With all our infamy, and curse its birth.
Pol. That's well contrived.
Then thus I'll go,
Full of my guilt, distracted where to roam,
Like the first wretched pair expelled their paradise.
I'll find some place, where adders nest in winter,
Loathsome and venomous: where poisons hang,
Like gums, against the walls: where witches meet
By night, and feed upon some pampered imp,
Fat with the blood of babes: There I'll inhabit,
And live up to the height of desperation;
Desire shall languish like a withering flower,
And no distinction of the sex be thought of.
Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing harms,
And I'll no more be caught with beauty's charms,
But, when I'm dying, take me in thy arms.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.*

CASTALIO *lying on the ground.—Soft music.*

SONG.

Come, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled
By cruel beauty's pride;
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his sorrows hide:
But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the saddest tales of love;
And see, when your complaints ye join,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I;
My heart no sorrows knew;
Pity the pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as heaven, whose stamp she bears,
Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

See, where the deer trot after one another,
Male, female, father, daughter, mother, son,
Brother and sister, mingled all together.
No discontent they know; but in delightful

Wildness and freedom, pleasant springs, fresh herbage,
Calm arbours, lusty health and innocence,
Enjoy their portion; if they see a man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the monster———
Once in a season too they taste of love:
Only the beast of reason is its slave,
And in that folly drudges all the year.

Enter ACASTO.

Acast. Castalio! Castalio!
Cast. Who's there
So wretched but to name Castalio?
Acast. I hope my message may succeed!
Cast. My father!
'Tis joy to see you, though where sorrow's nourished.
Acast. I'm come in beauty's cause; you'll guess the rest.
Cast. A woman! If you love my peace of mind,
Name not a woman to me; but to think
Of woman, were enough to taint my brains,
Till they ferment to madness. Oh, my father!
Acast. What ails my boy?
Cast. A woman is the thing
I would forget, and blot from my remembrance.
Acast. Forget Monimia!
Cast. She, to chuse: Monimia!
The very sound's ungrateful to my sense.
Acast. This might seem strange, but you, I've found, will hide
Your heart from me; you dare not trust your father.
Cast. No more Monimia.
Acast. Is she not your wife?
Cast. So much the worse; who loves to hear of wife?
When you would give all worldly plagues a name,
Worse than they have already, call them wife:
But a new-married wife's a teeming mischief,
Full of herself! Why, what a deal of horror
Has that poor wretch to come, that wedded yesterday!
Acast. Castalio, you must go along with me,
And see Monimia.
Cast. Sure my lord but mocks me.
Go see Monimia! Pray, my lord, excuse me,
And leave the conduct of this part of life
To my own choice.
Acast. I say, no more dispute.
Complaints are made to me, that you have wronged her.
Cast. Who has complained?
Acast. Her brother, to my face, proclaimed her wronged,
And in such terms they have warmed me.
Cast. What terms? Her brother! Heaven!
Where learned she that?
What! does she send her hero with defiance?
He durst not sure affront you!
Acast. No, not much.
But———
Cast. Speak, what said he?
Acast. That thou wert a villain;
Methinks I would not have thee thought a villain.
Cast. Shame on the ill-mannered brute!
Your age secured him; he durst not else have said so.
Acast. By my sword,
I would not see wronged, and bear it vilely:
Though I have passed my word she shall have justice.
Cast. Justice! to give her justice would undo her.
Think you this solitude I now have chosen,
Left joys, just opening to my sense, sought here
A place to curse my fate in, measured out
My grave at length, wished to have grown one piece
With this cold clay, and all without a cause?

Enter CHAMONT.

Cha. Where is the hero, famous and renowned
For wronging innocence and breaking vows?
Whose mighty spirit, and whose stubborn heart,
No woman can appease, nor man provoke?
Acast. I guess, Chamont, you come to seek Castalio.
Cha. I come to seek the husband of Monimia.
Cast. The slave is here.
Cha. I thought ere now to have found you
Atoning for the ills you have done Chamont;
For you have wronged the dearest part of him.
Monimia, young lord, weeps in this heart;
And all the tears, thy injuries have drawn
From her poor eyes, are drops of blood from hence.
Cast. Then you are Chamont?
Cha. Yes, and I hope no stranger
To great Castalio.
Cast. I have heard of such a man,
That has been very busy with my honour.
I own, I'm much indebted to you, sir,
And here return the villain back again,
You sent me by my father.
Cha. Thus I'll thank you. [*Draws.*
Acast. By this good sword, who first presumes to violence,
Makes me his foe—— [*Draws and interposes.*
Young man, it once was thought [*To Cast.*
I was fit guardian of my house's honour;
And you might trust your share with me——For you, [*To Cha.*
Young soldier, I must tell you, you have wronged me.
I promised you to do Monimia right,
And thought my word a pledge, I would not forfeit:
But you, I find, would fright us to performance.
Cast. Sir, in my younger years, with care you taught me,
That brave revenge was due to injured honour;

Oppose not then the justice of my sword,
Lest you should make me jealous of your love.
Cha. Into thy father's arms thou fliest for safety,
Because thou knowest that place is sanctified
With the remembrance of an ancient friendship.
Cast. I am a villain, if I will not seek thee,
Till I may be revenged for all the wrongs,
Done me by that ungrateful fair, thou pleadest for.
Cha. She wronged thee! by the fury in my heart,
Thy father's honour's not above Monimia's;
Nor was thy mother's truth and virtue fairer.
Acast. Boy, don't disturb the ashes of the dead
With thy capricious follies. The remembrance
Of the loved creature, that once filled these arms——
Cha. Has not been wronged.
Cast. It shall not.
Cha. No, nor shall
Monimia, though a helpless orphan, destitute
Of friends and fortune, though the unhappy sister
Of poor Chamont, whose sword is all his portion,
Be opprest by thee, thou proud imperious traitor.
Cast. Ha! set me free.
Cha. Come both.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. Alas! alas!
The cause of these disorders! my Chamont,
Who is't has wronged thee?
Cast. Now, where art thou fled
For shelter?
Cha. Come from thine, and see what safeguard
Shall then betray my fears.
Ser. Cruel Castalio,
Sheath up thy angry sword, and don't affright me.
Chamont, let once Serina calm thy breast:
If any of my friends have done thee injuries,
I'll be revenged, and love thee better for it.
Cast. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
This opportunity to shew your vanity,
Let's meet some other time, when by ourselves
We fairly may dispute our wrongs together.
Cha. Till then, I am Castalio's friend.
Cast. Serina,
Farewell: I wish much happiness attend you.
Ser. Chamont's the dearest thing I have on earth;
Give me Chamont, and let the world forsake me.
Cha. Witness the gods, how happy I'm in thee!
No beauteous blossom of the fragrant spring,
Though the fair child of nature, newly born,
Can be so lovely. Angry, unkind Castalio,
Suppose I should a while lay by my passions,
And be a beggar in Monimia's cause,
Might I be heard?
Cast. Sir, 'twas my last request,
You would, though I find you will not be satisfied;
So, in a word, Monimia is my scorn;
She basely sent you here to try my fears;
That was your business;
No artful prostitute, in falsehoods practised,
To make advantage of her coxcomb's follies,
Could have done more.—Disquiet vex her for it!
Cha. Farewell. [*Exit Cha. and Ser.*
Cast. Farewell—My father, you seem troubled.
Acast. Would I'd been absent, when this boisterous brave
Came to disturb thee thus. I'm grieved I hindered
Thy just resentment. But Monimia———
Cast. Damn her.
Acast. Don't curse her.
Cast. Did I?
Acast. Yes.
Cast. I'm sorry for it.
Acast. Methinks, if, as I guess, the fault's but small,
It might be pardoned.
Cast. No.
Acast. What has she done?
Cast. That she's my wife, may heaven and you forgive me.
Acast. Be reconciled then.
Cast. No.
Acast. Go see her.
Cast. No.
Acast. I'll send and bring her hither.
Cast. No.
Acast. For my sake,
Castalio, and the quiet of my age.
Cast. Why will you urge a thing my nature starts at?
Acast. Prithee forgive her.
Cast. Lightnings first shall blast me.
I tell you, were she prostrate at my feet,
Full of her sex's best dissembled sorrows,
And all that wond'rous beauty of her own,
My heart might break, but it should never soften.

Enter FLORELLA.

Flor. My lord, where are you! Oh, Castalio!
Acast. Hark.
Cast. What's that?
Flor. Oh, shew me quickly, where's Castalio!
Acast. Why, what's the business?
Flor. Oh, the poor Monimia!
Cast. Ha!
Acast. What's the matter?
Flor. Hurried by despair,
She flies with fury over all the house,
Through every room of each apartment, crying,
'Where's my Castalio? Give me my Castalio!
Except she see you, sure she'll grow distracted.
Cast. Ha! will she? Does she name Castalio?
And with such tenderness? Conduct me quickly
To the poor lovely mourner. Oh, my father!
Acast. Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy purpose.!
Cast. I cannot hear Monimia's soul's in sadness,
And be a man; my heart will not forgot her;
But do not tell the world you saw this of me.

Acast. Delay not then, but haste and cheer thy love.
Cast. Oh! I will throw my impatient arms about her,
In her soft bosom sigh my soul to peace,
Till through the panting breast she finds the way
To mould my heart, and make it what she will.
Monimia! oh! [*Exeunt Acasto and Cast.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber. Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. Stand off, and give me room!
I will not rest till I have found Castalio,
My wishes' lord, comely as the rising day,
Amidst ten thousand eminently known!
Flowers spring up where'er he treads; his eyes,
Fountains of brightness, cheering all about him!
When will they shine on me?—Oh, stay my soul!
I cannot die in peace till I have seen him.

CASTALIO *within.*

Cast. Who talks of dying with a voice so sweet,
That life's in love with it?
Mon. Hark! 'tis he that answers.
So, in a camp, though at the dead of night,
If but the trumpet's cheerful noise is heard,
All at the signal leap from downy rest,
And every heart awakes, as mine does now.
Where art thou?
Cast. [*Entering.*] Here, my love.
Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish.
Cast. Have I been in a dream, then, all this while?
And art thou but the shadow of Monimia?
Why dost thou fly me thus?
Mon. Oh, were it possible, that we could drown
In dark oblivion but a few past hours,
We might be happy.
Cast. Is it then so hard, Monimia, to forgive
A fault, where humble love, like mine, implores thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin.
Which way shall I court thee?
What shall I do to be enough thy slave,
And satisfy the lovely pride that's in thee?
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee.
Yet prithee, tyrant, break not quite my heart;
But when my task of penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with love.
Mon. If I am dumb, Castalio, and want words
To pay thee back this mighty tenderness,
It is because I look on thee with horror,
And cannot see the man I have wronged.
Cast. Thou hast not wronged me.
Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'st
Just as thy poor heart thinks! Have not I wronged thee?
Cast. No.
Mon. Still thou wander'st in the dark, Castalio;
But wilt, ere long, stumble on horrid danger.
Cast. What means my love?

Mon. Could'st thou but forgive me———
Cast. What?
Mon. For my fault last night: alas, thou can'st not!
Cast. I can, and do.
Mon. Thus crawling on the earth,
Would I that pardon meet; the only thing
Can make me view the face of heaven with hope.
Cast. Then, let's draw near.
Mon. Ah, me!
Cast. So, in the fields,
When the destroyer has been out for prey,
The scattered lovers of the feathered kind,
Seeking, when danger's past, to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by such degrees approach;
'Till, joining thus, they bill, and spread their wings,
Murmuring love, and joy their fears are over.
Mon. Yet, have a care; be not too fond of peace,
Lest, in pursuance of the goodly quarry,
Thou meet a disappointment that distracts thee.
Cast. My better angel, then do thou inform me,
What danger threatens me, and where it lies:
Why didst thou (prithee smile, and tell me why)
When I stood waiting underneath thy window,
Quaking with fierce and violent desires;
The dropping dews fell cold upon my head,
Darkness inclosed, and the winds whistled round,
Which, with my mournful sighs, made such a music,
As might have moved the hardest heart; why wert thou
Deaf to my griefs, and senseless of my pains?
Mon. Did not I beg thee to forbear inquiry?
Readst thou not something in my face, that speaks
Wonderful change, and horror from within me?
Cast. Then there is something yet, which I have not known:
What dost thou mean by horror and forbearance
Of mine inquiry? Tell me, I beg thee, tell me,
And don't betray me to a second madness!
Mon. Must I?
Cast. If, labouring in the pangs of death,
Thou wouldst do any thing to give me ease,
Unfold this riddle ere my thoughts grow wild,
And let in fears of ugly form upon me.
Mon. My heart won't let me speak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor Monimia, tells you this,
We ne'er must meet again——
Cast. What means my destiny?
For all my good or evil fate dwells in thee!
Ne'er meet again!
Mon. No, never.
Cast. Where's the power
On earth, that dare not look like thee, and say so?
Thou art my heart's inheritance; I served
A long and painful faithful slavery for thee:

And who shall rob me of the dear bought blessing?
Mon. Time will clear all; but now, let this content you.
Heaven has decreed, and therefore I'm resolved
(With torment I must tell it thee, Castalio)
Ever to be a stranger to thy love,
In some far distant country waste my life,
And, from this day, to see thy face no more.
Cast. Where am I? Sure I wander amidst enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest;
But, oh, Monimia! art thou indeed resolved
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turnest thou from me? I am alone already;
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embarked.
Wilt thou not turn? Oh! could those eyes but speak,
I should know all, for love is pregnant in them;
They swell, they press their beams upon me still:
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself withal, whilst my heart's breaking.
Mon. Ah, poor Castalio! [*Exit Monimia.*
Cast. Pity, by the gods,
She pities me! then thou wilt go eternally.
What means all this? Why all this stir to plague
A single wretch? If but your word can shake
This world to atoms, why so much ado
With me? Think me but dead, and lay me so.

Enter POLYDORE.

Pol. To live, and live a torment to myself,
What dog would bear it, that knew but his condition?
We have little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,
Because it cannot tell us what's to come.
Cast. Who's there?—
Pol. Why, what art thou?
Cast. My brother Polydore?
Pol. My name is Polydore.
Cast. Canst thou inform me——
Pol. Of what!
Cast. Of my Monimia!
Pol. No. Good-day.
Cast. In haste!
Methinks my Polydore appears in sadness.
Pol. Indeed, and so to me does my Castalio.
Cast. Do I?
Pol. Thou dost.
Cast. Alas, I have wond'rous reason!
I am strangely altered, brother, since I saw thee.
Pol. Why!
Cast. Oh! to tell thee, would but put thy heart
To pain. Let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy neck; I would repose
Within thy friendly bosom all my follies;
For thou wilt pardon them, because they are mine.
Pol. Be not too credulous; consider first;
Friends may be false. Is there no friendship false?
Cast. Why dost thou ask me that? Does this appear
Like a false friendship, when, with open arms,
And streaming eyes, I run upon thy breast?
Oh! 'tis in thee alone I must have comfort!
Pol. I fear, Castalio, I have none to give thee.
Cast. Dost thou not love me, then?
Pol. Oh, more than life:
I never had a thought of my Castalio,
Might wrong the friendship we have vowed together.
Hast thou dealt so by me?
Cast. I hope I have.
Pol. Then tell me why this mourning, this disorder?
Cast. Oh, Polydore, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame rises in my face, and interrupts
The story of my tongue.
Pol. I grieve, my friend
Knows any thing, which he is ashamed to tell me;
Or didst thou e'er conceal thy thoughts from Polydore?
Cast. Oh, much too oft!
But let me here conjure thee,
By all the kind affection of a brother,
(For I am ashamed to call myself thy friend)
Forgive me——
Pol. Well, go on.
Cast. Our destiny contrived
To plague us both with one unhappy love.
Thou, like a friend, a constant, generous friend,
In its first pangs didst trust me with thy passion,
Whilst I still smoothed my pain with smiles before thee,
And made a contract I ne'er meant to keep.
Pol. How!
Cast. Still new ways I studied to abuse thee,
And kept thee as a stranger to my passion,
'Till yesterday I wedded with Monimia.
Pol. Ah, Castalio, was that well done!
Cast. No; to conceal it from thee was much a fault.
Pol. A fault! when thou hast heard
The tale I tell, what wilt thou call it then?
Cast. How my heart throbs!
Pol. First for thy friendship, traitor,
I cancel it thus; after this day, I'll ne'er
Hold trust or converse with the false Castalio:
This, witness Heaven!
Cast. What will my fate do with me?
I've lost all happiness, and know not why.
What means this, brother?
Pol. Perjured, treacherous wretch,
Farewell!
Cast. I'll be thy slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

Pol. Never.
Cast. Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing:
How, from our infancy, we, hand in hand,
Have trod the path of life in love together;
One bed hath held us, and the same desires,
The same aversions, still employed our thoughts:
When e'er had I a friend, that was not Polydore's?
Or Polydore a foe, that was not mine?
Even in the womb we embraced; and wilt thou now,
For the first fault, abandon and forsake me,
Leave me, amidst afflictions, to myself,
Plunged in the gulf of grief, and none to help me?
Pol. Go to Monimia, in her arms thou'l't find
Repose; she has the art of healing sorrows.
Cast. What arts?
Pol. Blind wretch! thou husband! there is a question!
Go to her fulsome bed, and wallow there:
'Till some hot ruffian, full of lust and wine,
Come storm thee out, and shew thee what's thy bargain.
Cast. Hold there, I charge thee.
Pol. Is she not a——
Cast. Whore?
Pol. Ay, whore; I think that word needs no explaining.
Cast. Alas! I can forgive even this, to thee!
But let me tell thee, Polydore, I am grieved
To find thee guilty of such low revenge,
To wrong that virtue, which thou couldst not ruin.
Pol. It seems I lie, then?
Cast. Should the bravest man
That e'er wore conquering sword, but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars:
My friend may be mistaken.
Pol. Damn the evasion!
Thou meanest the worst; and he is a base-born villain,
That said I lied.
Cast. Do, draw thy sword, and thrust it through my heart;
There is no joy in life, if thou art lost.
A base-born villain!
Pol. Yes; thou never cam'st
From old Acasto's loins; the midwife put
A cheat upon my mother, and instead
Of a true brother, in a cradle by me,
Placed some coarse peasant's cub, and thou art he.
Cast. Thou art my brother still.
Pol. Thou liest.
Cast. Nay then—— [*He draws.*
Yet I am calm.
Pol. A coward's always so.
Cast. Ah!—ah—that stings home—Coward!
Pol. Ay, base-born coward! villain!
Cast. This to thy heart, then, though my mother bore thee.

[*Fight; Polydore drops his sword, and runs on Castalio's.*
Pol. Now, my Castalio is again my friend.
Cast. What have I done? my sword is in thy breast!
Pol. So I would have it be, thou best of men,
Thou kindest brother, and thou truest friend.
Cast. Ye gods, we are taught, that all your works are justice,
You are painted merciful, and friends to innocence:
If so, then why these plagues upon my head?
Pol. Blame not the heavens; here lies thy fate, Castalio;
They are not the gods, 'tis Polydore has wronged thee;
I have stained thy bed; thy spotless marriage joys
Have been polluted by thy brother's lust.
Cast. By thee!
Pol. By me, last night, the horrid deed
Was done, when all things slept but rage and incest.
Cast. Now, where's Monimia? Oh!

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. I am here, who calls me?
Methought I heard a voice,
Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
When all his little flock's at feed before him.
But what means this? Here's blood.
Cast. Ay, brother's blood.
Art thou prepared for everlasting pains?
Pol. Oh, let me charge thee, by the eternal justice,
Hurt not her tender life!
Cast. Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye powers above, with all your choicest torments,
Horror of mind, and pains yet uninvented,
If I not practise cruelty upon her,
And wreak revenge some way yet never known.
Mon. That task myself have finished; I shall die
Before we part; I have drank a healing draught
For all my cares, and never more shall wrong thee.
Pol. O she's innocent!
Cast. Tell me that story,
And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.
Pol. Hadst thou, Castalio, used me like a friend,
This ne'er had happened; hadst thou let me know
Thy marriage, we had all now met in joy;
But, ignorant of that,
Hearing the appointment made, enraged to think
Thou hadst outdone me in successful love,
I, in the dark, went and supplied thy place;
Whilst, all the night, 'midst our triumphant joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceived Monimia,
Embraced, caressed, and called me her Castalio.
Cast. And all this is the work of my own fortune;

None but myself could e'er have been so cursed!
My fatal love, alas! has ruined thee,
Thou fairest, goodliest frame the gods e'er made,
Or ever human eyes and hearts adored.
I've murdered too my brother.
Why wouldst thou study ways to damn me farther,
And force the sin of parricide upon me?
Pol. 'Twas my own fault, and thou art innocent;
Forgive the barbarous trespass of my tongue;
'Twas a hard violence: I could have died
With love of thee, even when I used thee worst;
Nay, at each word, that my distraction uttered,
My heart recoiled, and 'twas half death to speak them.
Mon. Now, my Castalio, the most dear of men,
Wilt thou receive pollution to thy bosom,
And close the eyes of one, that has betrayed thee?
Cast. Oh, I am the unhappy wretch, whose cursed fate
Has weighed thee down into destruction with him.
Why then, thus kind to me?
Mon. When I am laid low in the grave, and quite forgotten,
Mayst thou be happy in a fairer bride;
But none can ever love thee like Monimia.
When I am dead, as presently I shall be,
(For the grim tyrant grasps my heart already)
Speak well of me; and, if thou find ill tongues
Too busy with my fame, don't hear me wronged;
'Twill be a noble justice to the memory
Of a poor wretch, once honoured with thy love.
How my head swims! 'tis very dark. Good-night.
[*Dies.*
Cast. If I survive thee—what a thought was that?
Thank Heaven, I go prepared against that curse.

Enter CHAMONT, *disarmed and seized by* ACASTO *and Servants.*

Cha. Gape earth, and swallow me to quick destruction,
If I forgive your house! if I not live
An everlasting plague to thee, Acasto,
And all thy race. Ye've overpowered me now;
But hear me, Heaven!—Ah, here's a scene of death!
My sister, my Monimia breathless!——Now,
Ye powers above, if ye have justice, strike,
Strike bolts through me, and through the cursed Castalio!
Acast. My Polydore!
Pol. Who calls?
Acast. How camest thou wounded?
Cast. Stand off, thou hot-brained, boisterous, noisy ruffian,
And leave me to my sorrows!
Cha. By the love
I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her;
But here remain, till my heart burst with sobbing.
Cast. Vanish, I charge thee, or—
[*Draws a dagger.*
Cha. Thou canst not kill me;
That would be kindness, and against thy nature.
Acast. What means Castalio? Sure thou wilt not pull
More sorrows on thy aged father's head.
Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad cause
Of all this ruin.
Pol. That must be my task:
But 'tis too long for one in pain to tell;
You'll in my closet find the story written
Of all our woes. Castalio is innocent,
And so is Monimia; only I am to blame.
Enquire no farther.
Cast. Thou, unkind Chamont,
Unjustly hast pursued me with thy hate,
And sought the life of him, that never wronged thee:
Now, if thou wilt embrace a nobler vengeance,
Come, join with me, and curse——
Cha. What?
Cast. First, thyself,
As I do, and the hour, that gave thee birth:
Confusion and disorder seize the world,
To spoil all trust and converse amongst men!
'Twixt families engender endless feuds,
In countries needless fears, in cities factions,
In states rebellion, and in churches schism!
Till all things move against the course of nature,
Till form's dissolved, the chain of causes broken,
And the original of being lost!
Acast. Have patience.
Cast. Patience! preach it to the winds,
The roaring seas, or raging fires! the knaves
That teach it, laugh at ye, when ye believe them.
Strip me of all the common needs of life,
Scald me with leprosy, let friends forsake me,
I'll bear it all; but cursed to the degree
That I am now, 'tis this must give me patience:
Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.
[*Stabs himself.*
Pol. Castalio! oh!
Cast. I come.
Chamont, to thee my birth-right I bequeath;
Comfort my mourning father, heal his griefs,
[*Acasto faints into the arms of a servant.*
For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.
And, for Monimia's sake, whom thou wilt find
I never wronged, be kind to poor Serina.
Now, all I beg, is, lay me in one grave
Thus with my love. Farewell. I now am—nothing.
[*Dies.*
Cha. Take care of good Acasto, whilst I go
To search the means, by which the fates have plagued us.
'Tis thus that Heaven its empire does maintain;
It may afflict, but man must not complain.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

VENICE PRESERVED;

OR,

A PLOT DISCOVERED.

BY

OTWAY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DUKE OF VENICE.
PRIULI, *father of Belvidera.*
BEDAMAR.
JAFFIER, *husband of Belvidera.*
PIERRE, *friend of Jaffier.*
RENAULT, ELIOT, SPINOSA, THEODORE. } *Conspirators.*

WOMEN.

BELVIDERA.

Two Women, attendants on Belvidera.
The Council of ten.
Officer, Guard, Friar.
Executioner, and Rabble.

Scene—Venice.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Venice.*

Enter PRIULI *and* JAFFIER.

Pri. No more! I'll hear no more! Begone and leave me.
Jaf. Not hear me! By my suffering but you shall!
My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch,
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?
Pri. Have you not wronged me?
Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself,
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wronged you!
Pri. Yes, wronged me! In the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you have done me wrong.
You may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness) when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on,
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation,
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you;
Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits:
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self was yours; you might have used me
To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted, you, and thought you mine:
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practised to undo me;
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh Belvidera!
Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her!
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
And I was with you: your unskilful pilot

Dashed us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety; entered first yourself;
The affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave washed off into the deep;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And, buffetting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms:
Indeed you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she loved me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her,
At dead of night! that cursed hour you chose,
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine;
A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both; continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous: still
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion!

Jaf Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain;
Heaven has already crowned our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father!

Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaf. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Pri. It would, by heaven!
Once she was dear indeed; the drops that fell
From my sad heart, when she forgot her duty,
The fountain of my life was not so precious—
But she is gone, and, if I am a man,
I will forget her.

Jaf. Would I were in my grave!

Pri. And she too with thee:
For, living here, you're but my cursed remembrancers,
I once was happy.

Jaf. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
Oh! could my soul ever have known satiety,
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune, where she would be kinder?

Pri. You dare not do it.

Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart, that awes me, is too much my master:
Three years are past, since first our vows were plighted,
During which time, the world must bear me witness,
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice:
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded.
Out of my little fortune I've done this;
Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature)
The world might see I loved her for herself;
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.

Pri. No more.

Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a wretch, that lives on common charity,
But's happier than me: for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked, but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's withered in the ripening.

Pri. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly:
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then, to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats and starve—
Home, home, I say.—— [*Exit.*

Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me———
This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors;
Watchful as fowlers, when their game will spring.
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
Oh! Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife——
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more.

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. My friend, good morrow.
How fares the honest partner of my heart?
What, melancholy! not a word to spare me?

Jaf. I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damned starving quality,
Called honesty, got footing in the world.

Pier. Why, powerful villany first set it up,
For its own ease and safety. Honest men
Are the soft easy cushions, on which knaves
Repose and fatten. Were all mankind villains,
They'd starve each other; lawyers would want practice,

Cut-throats rewards: each man would kill his brother
Himself; none would be paid or hanged for murder.
Honesty! 'twas a cheat invented first
To bind the hands of bold deserving rogues,
That fools and cowards might sit safe in power,
And lord it uncontrouled above their betters.
Jaf. Then honesty is but a notion?
Pier. Nothing else;
Like wit, much talked of, not to be defined.
He, that pretends to most, too, has least share in it.
'Tis a ragged virtue: Honesty! no more of it.
Jaf. Sure thou art honest?
Pier. So, indeed, men think me;
But they are mistaken, Jaffier: I am a rogue
As well as they;
A fine, gay, bold faced villain, as thou seest me.
'Tis true, I pay my debts, when they're contracted;
I steal from no man; would not cut a throat,
To gain admission to a great man's purse,
Or a whore's bed; I'd not betray my friend
To get his place or fortune; I scorn to flatter
A blown-up fool above me, or crush the wretch beneath me;
Yet, Jaffier, for all this, I am a villain.
Jaf. A villain!
Pier. Yes, a most notorious villain;
To see the sufferings of my fellow-creatures,
And own myself a man: to see our senators
Cheat the deluded people with a shew
Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of.
They say, by them our hands are free from fetters;
Yet, whom they please, they lay in basest bonds;
Bring, whom they please, to infamy and sorrow;
Drive us, like wrecks, down the rough tide of power,
While no hold's left to save us from destruction.
All that bear this are villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,
That make us slaves, and tell us, 'tis our charter.
Jaf. Oh, Aquilina! Friend, to lose such beauty!
The dearest purchase of thy noble labours!
She was thy right by conquest, as by love.
Pier. Oh! Jaffier! I had so fixed my heart upon her,
That, wheresoe'er I framed a scheme of life,
For time to come, she was my only joy,
With which I wished to sweeten future cares:
I fancied pleasures; none but one, that loves
And doats as I did, can imagine like them:
When in the extremity of all these hopes,
In the most charming hour of expectation,
Then, when our eager wishes soared the highest,
Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely game,
A haggard owl, a worthless kite of prey,
With his foul wings, sailed in, and spoiled my quarry.
Jaf. I know the wretch, and scorn him as thou hatest him.
Pier. Curse on the common good, that's so protected,
Where every slave, that heaps up wealth enough
To do much wrong, becomes the lord of right!
I, who believed no ill could e'er come near me,
Found in the embraces of my Aquilina
A wretched, old, but itching senator;
A wealthy fool, that had bought out my title;
A rogue, that uses beauty like a lamb-skin,
Barely to keep him warm; that filthy cuckoo too
Was, in my absence, crept into my nest,
And spoiling all my brood of noble pleasure.
Jaf. Didst thou not chase him thence?
Pier. I did, and drove
The rank old bearded Hirco stinking home.
The matter was complained of in the senate,
I summoned to appear, and censured basely,
For violating something they called privilege——
This was the recompence of all my service.
Would I'd been rather beaten by a coward!
A soldier's mistress, Jaffier, is his religion;
When that's profaned, all other ties are broken:
That even dissolves all former bonds of service;
And from that hour I think myself as free
To be the foe, as e'er the friend, of Venice——
Nay, dear revenge, whene'er thou call'st, I'm ready.
Jaf. I think no safety can be here for virtue,
And grieve, my friend, as much as thou, to live
In such a wretched state as this of Venice,
Where all agree to spoil the public good;
And villains fatten with the brave man's labours.
Pier. We have neither safety, unity, nor peace,
For the foundation's lost of common good;
Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us;
The laws (corrupted to their ends that make them)
Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,
That every day starts up, to enslave us deeper.
Now, could this glorious cause but find out friends
To do it right, oh, Jaffier! then mightest thou
Not wear these seals of woe upon thy face;
The proud Priuli should be taught humanity,
And learn to value such a son as thou art.
I dare not speak, but my heart bleeds this moment.
Jaf. Cursed be the cause, though I, thy friend, be part on't!
Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
For I am used to misery, and perhaps
May find a way to sweeten it to thy spirit.
Pier. Too soon 'twill reach thy knowledge——
Jaf. Then from thee
Let it proceed. There's virtue in thy friendship,
Would make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my constancy, and welcome ruin.
Pier. Then thou art ruined!
Jaf. That I long since knew;
I and ill fortune have been long acquainted.

Pier. I passed this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains:
The sons of public rapine were destroying.
They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:
Nay, more, Priuli's cruel hand had signed it.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale;
There was another, making villainous jests
At thy undoing: he had taken possession
Of all thy ancient, most domestic, ornaments,
Rich hangings intermixed and wrought with gold;
The very bed, which on thy wedding-night
Received thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.
Jaf. Now thank heaven——
Pier. Thank heaven! for what?
Jaf. That I am not worth a ducat.
Pier. Curse thy dull stars, and the worse fate of Venice,
Where brothers, friends, and fathers, are all false;
Where there's no truth, no trust; where innocence
Stoops under vile oppression, and vice lords it.
Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
That's doomed to banishment, came weeping forth,
Shining through tears, like April suns in showers,
That labour to o'ercome the cloud that loads them;
Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she leaned,
Kindly looked up, and at her grief grew sad,
As if they catched the sorrows, that fell from her;
Even the lewd rabble, that were gathered round
To see the sight, stood mute, when they beheld her,
Governed their roaring throats, and grumbled pity;
I could have hugged the greasy rogues: they pleased me.
Jaf. I thank thee for this story, from my soul;
Since now I know the worst, that can befal me.
Ah, Pierre! I have a heart, that could have borne
The roughest wrong, my fortune could have done me;
But, when I think what Belvidera feels,
The bitterness her tender spirit tastes of,
I own myself a coward: bear my weakness:
If, throwing thus my arms about thy neck,
I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom.
Oh! I shall drown thee with my sorrows.
Pier. Burn,
First burn and level Venice to thy ruin!
What! starve, like beggars' brats, in frosty weather,
Under a hedge, and whine ourselves to death!
Thou, or thy cause, shall never want assistance,
Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee:
Command my heart! thou art every way its master.
Jaf. No, there's a secret pride in bravely dying.
Pier. Rats die in holes and corners; dogs run mad:
Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow—
Revenge, the attribute of gods; they stamped it
With their great image on our natures. Die!
Consider well the cause, that calls upon thee:
And, if thou art base enough, die then. Remember,
Thy Belvidera suffers; Belvidera!
Die—damn first—What! be decently interred
In a church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking rogues, that rot in winding-sheets,
Surfeit-slain fools, the common dung of the soil!
Jaf. Oh!
Pier. Well said, out with it, swear a little—
Jaf. Swear! by sea and air; by earth, by heaven and hell,
I will revenge my Belvidera's tears.
Hark thee, my friend—Priuli—is—a senator.
Pier. A dog.
Jaf. Agreed.
Pier. Shoot him.
Jaf. With all my heart.
No more; where shall we meet at night?
Pier. I'll tell thee;
On the Rialto, every night at twelve,
I take my evening's walk of meditation;
There we two will meet, and talk of precious Mischief——
Jaf. Farewell.
Pier. At twelve.
Jaf. At any hour; my plagues
Will keep me waking. [*Exit Pierre.*
Tell me why, good Heaven,
Thou madest me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man? Ah, rather, why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burthens?
Why have I sense to know the curse, that's on me?
Is this just dealing, nature?—Belvidera!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Poor Belvidera!
Bel. Lead me, lead me, my virgins,
To that kind voice. My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes, when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh smile! as when our loves were in the spring,
And cheer my fainting soul.
Jaf. As when our loves
Were in the spring! Has then our fortune changed?
Art thou not Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?

If thou art altered, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?
Bel. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth!
Beats not my heart, as 'twould alarum thine
To a new charge of bliss?—I joy more in thee,
Than did thy mother, when she hugged thee first,
And blessed the Gods for all her travail past.
Jaf. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all, that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.
Bel. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich;
I have so much, my heart will surely break with it:
Vows can't express it. When I would declare
How great my joys, I'm dumb with the big thought;
I swell, and sigh, and labour with my longing.
O! lead me to some desert wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and every list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught;
Where I may throw my eager arms about thee,
Give loose to love, with kisses kindling joy;
And let off all the fire, that's in my heart.
Jaf. Oh, Belvidera! doubly I am a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chaces me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad
(As suddenly we shall be), to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succour; wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?
Bel. Oh! I will love thee, even in madness love thee;
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
Should 'swage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some clift our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head;
And, as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.
Jaf. Hear this, you heavens! and wonder how you made her:
Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world;
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine!
Like gaudy ships the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you;
I, in my private bark already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant driven to unknown land,
That had by chance packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that;
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolved to scorn and trust my fate no more.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Pierre *and* Aquilina.

Aqui. By all thy wrongs, thou art dearer to my arms
Than all the wealth of Venice. Prithee stay,
And let us love to-night.
Pier. No: there's fool,
There's fool about thee. When a woman sells
Her flesh to fools, her beauty's lost to me;
They leave a taint, a sully—where they have passed;
There's such a baneful quality about them,
E'en spoils complexions with their nauseousness;
They infect all they touch: I cannot think
Of tasting any thing a fool has palled.
Aqui. I loathe and scorn that fool thou mean'st, as much
Or more than thou canst; but the beast has gold,
That makes him necessary; power too,
To qualify my character, and poise me
Equal with peevish virtue, that beholds
My liberty with envy. In their hearts
They're loose as I am; but an ugly power
Sits in their faces, and frights pleasure from them.
Pier. Much good may it do you, madam, with your senator.
Aqui. My senator! Why, canst thou think that wretch
E'er filled thy Aquilina's arms with pleasure?
Thinkest thou, because I sometimes give him leave

To foil himself at what he is unfit for;
Because I force myself to endure and suffer him,
Thinkest thou, I love him? No; by all the joys
Thou ever gavest me, his presence is my penance.
The worst thing an old man can be is a lover,
A mere *memento mori* to poor woman.
I never lay by his decrepid side,
But all that night I pondered on my grave.
Pier. Would he were well sent thither!
Aqui. That's my wish too:
For then, my Pierre, I might have cause, with pleasure,
To play the hypocrite. Oh! how I could weep
Over the dying dotard, and kiss him too,
In hopes to smother him quite; then, when the time
Was come to pay my sorrows at the funeral,
(For he has already made me heir to treasures
Would make me out-act a real widow's whining)
How could I frame my face to fit my mourning!
With wringing hands attend him to his grave;
Fall swooning on his hearse; take mad possession
Even of the dismal vault, where he lay buried;
There, like the Ephesian matron, dwell, till thou,
My loveliest soldier, comest to my deliverance;
Then, throwing up my veil, with open arms
And laughing eyes, run to new-dawning joy.
Pier. No more: I've friends to meet me here to-night,
And must be private. As you prize my friendship,
Keep up your coxcomb; let him not pry, nor listen,
Nor frisk about the house, as I have seen him,
Like a tame mumping squirrel with a bell on;
Curs will be abroad to bite him, if you do.
Aqui. What, friends to meet! Mayn't I be of your council?
Pier. How! a woman ask questions out of bed!
Go to your senator; ask him what passes
Amongst his brethren; he'll hide nothing from you:
But pump not me for politics. No more!
Give order, that whoever in my name
Comes here, receive admittance. So good-night.
Aqui. Must we ne'er meet again? embrace no more?
Is love so soon and utterly forgotten?
Pier. As you henceforward treat your fool, I'll think on't.
Aqui. Cursed be all fools—I die, if he forsakes me;
And how to keep him, Heaven or hell instruct me! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Rialto.*

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. I am here; and thus, the shades of night around me,
I look as if all hell were in my heart,
And I in hell. Nay surely 'tis so with me!
For every step I tread, methinks some fiend
Knocks at my breast, and bids me not be quiet.
I've heard how desperate wretches, like myself,
Have wandered out at this dead time of night,
To meet the foe of mankind in his walk.
Sure I'm so cursed, that, though of Heaven forsaken,
No minister of darkness cares to tempt me.
Hell, hell! why sleepest thou?

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. Sure I've staid too long:
The clock has struck, and I may lose my proselyte.
Speak, who goes there?
Jaf. A dog, that comes to howl
At yonder moon. What's he, that asks the question?
Pier. A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,
And ne'er betray their masters: never fawn
On any, that they love not. Well met, friend:
Jaffier?
Jaf. The same. O Pierre, thou art come in season;
I was just going to pray.
Pier. Ah, that's mechanic!
Priests make a trade on't, and yet starve by it, too.
No praying; it spoils business, and time's precious.
Where's Belvidera?——
Jaf. For a day or two
I've lodged her privately, till I see farther,
What fortune will do for me. Prithee, friend,
If thou wouldst have me fit to hear good counsel,
Speak not of Belvidera——
Pier. Not of her!
Jaf. Oh, no!
Pier. Not name her? May be I wish her well.
Jaf. Whom well?
Pier. Thy wife; thy lovely Belvidera.
I hope a man may wish his friend's wife well,
And no harm done.
Jaf. You are merry, Pierre.
Pier. I am so:
Thou shalt smile too, and Belvidera smile:
We'll all rejoice. Here's something to buy pins;
Marriage is chargeable. [*Gives him a purse.*
Jaf. I but half wished
To see the devil, and he's here already. Well!
What must this buy? Rebellion, murder, treason?
Tell me, which way I must be damned for this.
Pier. When last we parted, we had no qualms like these,
But entertained each other's thoughts like men,
Whose souls were well acquainted. Is the world
Reformed, since our last meeting? What new miracles
Have happened? Has Priuli's heart relented?
Can he be honest?
Jaf. Kind Heaven, let heavy curses
Gall his old age; cramps, aches, rack his bones,

And bitterest disquiet wring his heart!
Oh! let him live, till life become his burden!
Let him groan under it long, linger an age
In the worst agonies and pangs of death,
And find its ease, but late!
Pier. Nay, couldst thou not
As well, my friend, have stretched the curse to all
The senate round, as to one single villain?
Jaf. But curses stick not: Could I kill with cursing,
By Heaven I know not thirty heads in Venice
Should not be blasted. Senators should rot,
Like dogs on dunghills: But their wives and daughters
Die of their own diseases. Oh! for a curse
To kill with!
Pier. Daggers, daggers are much better.
Jaf. Ha!
Pier. Daggers.
Jaf. But where are they?
Pier. Oh! a thousand
May be disposed of, in honest hands, in Venice.
Jaf. Thou talkest in clouds.
Pier. But yet a heart, half wronged
As thine has been, would find the meaning, Jaffier.
Jaf. A thousand daggers, all in honest hands!
And have not I a friend will stick one here!
Pier. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherished
To a nobler purpose, I would be that friend;
But thou hast better friends; friends, whom thy wrongs
Have made thy friends; friends, worthy to be called so.
I'll trust thee with a secret: There are spirits
This hour at work. But, as thou art a man,
Whom I have picked and chosen from the world,
Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter;
And when I've told thee that, which only gods,
And men like gods, are privy to, then swear,
No chance or change shall wrest it from thy bosom.
Jaf. When thou wouldst bind me, is there need of oaths?
For thou'rt so near my heart, that thou may'st see
Its bottom, sound its strength and firmness to thee.
Is coward, fool, or villain in my face?
If I seem none of these, I dare believe
Thou wouldst not use me in a little cause,
For I am fit for honour's toughest task,
Nor ever yet found fooling was my province;
And for a villanous inglorious enterprize,
I know thy heart so well, I dare lay mine
Before thee, set it to what point thou wilt.
Pier. Nay, 'tis a cause thou wilt be fond of, Jaffier;
For it is founded on the noblest basis;
Our liberties, our natural inheritance.
There's no religion, no hypocrisy in it;
We'll do the business, and ne'er fast and pray for it;
Openly act a deed, the world shall gaze
With wonder at; and envy, when 'tis done.
Jaf. For liberty!
Pier. For liberty, my friend.
Thou shalt be freed from base Priuli's tyranny,
And thy sequestered fortunes healed again:
I shall be free from those opprobrious wrongs,
That press me now, and bend my spirit downward;
All Venice free, and every growing merit
Succeed to its just right: fools shall be pulled
From wisdom's seat: those baleful unclean birds,
Those lazy owls, who, perched near fortune's top,
Sit only watchful with their heavy wings
To cuff down new-fledged virtues, that would rise
To nobler heights, and make the grove harmonious.
Jaf. What can I do?
Pier. Canst thou not kill a senator?
Jaf. Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him,
For herding with that nest of fools and knaves.
By all my wrongs, thou talkest as if revenge
Were to be had; and the brave story warms me.
Pier. Swear, then!
Jaf. I do, by all those glittering stars,
And yon great ruling planet of the night;
By all good powers above, and ill below;
By love and friendship, dearer than my life,
No power or death shall make me false to thee.
Pier. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my heart.
A council is held hard by, where the destruction
Of this great empire is hatching: there I'll lead thee.
But be a man! for thou'rt to mix with men,
Fit to disturb the peace of all the world,
And rule it when 'tis wildest.
Jaf. I give thee thanks
For this kind warning. Yes, I'll be a man;
And charge thee, Pierre, whene'er thou seest my fears
Betray me less, to rip this heart of mine
Out of my breast, and shew it for a coward's.
Come, let's be gone! for, from this hour, I chase
All little thoughts, all tender human follies,
Out of my bosom: Vengeance shall have room:
Revenge!
Pier. And liberty!
Jaf. Revenge! revenge! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Changes to Aquilina's House, the Greek Courtezan.*

Enter RENAULT.

Ren. Why was my choice ambition? the worst ground
A wretch can build on! It is, indeed, at distance,
A goodly prospect, tempting to the view;
The height delights us, and the mountain top

Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to heaven;
But we ne'er think how sandy the foundation,
What storm will batter, and what tempest shake us.
Who's there?

Enter SPINOSA.

Spin. Renault, good-morrow, for by this time
I think the scale of night has turned the balance,
And weighs up morning. Has the clock struck twelve?
Ren. Yes; Clocks will go as they are set: but man,
Irregular man's ne'er constant, never certain:
I have spent at least three precious hours of darkness
In waiting dull attendance; 'tis the curse
Of diligent virtue to be mixed, like mine,
With giddy tempers, souls but half resolved.
Spin. Hell seize that soul amongst us it can frighten.
Ren. What's then the cause, that I am here alone?
Why are we not together?

Enter ELIOT.

O, sir, welcome!
You are an Englishman: when treason's hatching,
One might have thought you'd not have been behindhand.
In what whore's lap have you been lolling?
Give but an Englishman his whore and ease,
Beef, and a sea-coal fire, he's yours for ever.
Eli. Frenchman, you are saucy.
Ren. How!

Enter BEDAMAR *the Ambassador*, THEODORE, BRAMVEIL, DURAND, BRABE, REVILLIDO, MEZZANA, TERNON, RETROSI, *Conspirators.*

Bed. At difference? fie!
Is this a time for quarrels? Thieves and rogues
Fall out and brawl: should men of your high calling,
Men separated by the choice of Providence
From the gross heap of mankind, and set here
In this assembly as in one great jewel,
To adorn the bravest purpose it e'er smiled on;
Should you, like boys, wrangle for trifles?
Ren. Boys!
Bed. Renault, thy hand.
Ren. I thought I'd given my heart
Long since to every man, that mingles here;
But grieve to find it trusted with such tempers,
That can't forgive my froward age its weakness.
Bed. Eliot, thou once had'st virtue. I have seen
Thy stubborn temper bend with godlike goodness,
Not half thus courted: 'Tis thy nation's glory
To hug the foe, that offers brave alliance.
One more embrace, my friends—we'll all embracc.
United thus, we are the mighty engine
Must twist this rooted empire from its basis.
Totters it not already?
Eli. Would it were tumbling!
Bed. Nay, it shall down; this night we seal its ruin.

Enter PIERRE.

Oh, Pierre! thou art welcome.
Come to my breast! for, by its hopes, thou look'st
Lovelily dreadful, and the fate of Venice
Seems on thy sword already. Oh, my Mars!
The poets, that first feigned the god of war,
Sure prophesied of thee.
Pier. Friend, was not Brutus
(I mean that Brutus, who, in open senate,
Stabbed the first Cæsar that usurped the world)
A gallant man?
Ren. Yes, and Catiline too;
Though story wrong his fame: for he conspired
To prop the reeling glory of his country:
His cause was good.
Bed. And our's as much above it,
As, Renault, thou art superior to Cethegus,
Or Pierre to Cassius.
Pier. Then to what we aim at.
When do we start? or must we talk for ever?
Bed. No, Pierre, the deed's near birth; fate seems to have set
The business up, and given it to our care;
I hope there's not a heart or hand amongst us,
But is firm and ready.
All. All.
We will die with Bedamar.
Bed. O men!
Matchless! as will your glory be hereafter:
The game is for a matchless prize, if won,
If lost, disgraceful ruin.
Ren. What can lose it?
The public stock's a beggar; one Venetian
Trusts not another. Look into their stores
Of general safety: empty magazines,
A tattered fleet, a murmuring unpaid army,
Bankrupt nobility, a harassed commonalty,
A factious, giddy, and divided senate,
Is all the strength of Venice: let's destroy it;
Let's fill their magazines with arms to awe them;
Man out their fleet, and make their trade maintain it;
Let loose the murmuring army on their masters,
To pay themselves with plunder; lop their nobles
To the base roots, whence most of them first sprung;
Enslave the rout, whom smarting will make humble;
Turn out their droning senate, and possess
That seat of empire, which our souls were framed for.
Pier. Ten thousand men are armed at your nod,
Commanded all by leaders fit to guide
A battle for the freedom of the world:

This wretched state has starved them in its service;
And, by your bounty quickened, they are resolved
To serve your glory, and revenge their own:
They've all their different quarters in this city,
Watch for the alarm, and grumble 'tis so tardy.
Bed. I doubt not, friend, but thy unwearied diligence
Has still kept waking, and it shall have ease;
After this night it is resolved we meet
No more, till Venice owns us for her lords.
Pier. How lovelily the Adriatic whore,
Dressed in her flames, will shine! Devouring flames!
Such as shall burn her to the watery bottom,
And hiss in her foundation.
Bed. Now, if any
Amongst us, that owns this glorious cause,
Have friends or interest he would wish to save,
Let it be told: the general doom is sealed;
But I'd forego the hopes of a world's empire,
Rather than wound the bowels of my friend.
Pier. I must confess, you there have touched my weakness.
I have a friend; hear it! such a friend,
My heart was ne'er shut to him. Nay, I'll tell you:
He knows the very business of this hour;
But he rejoices in the cause, and loves it:
We've changed a vow to live and die together,
And he's at hand to ratify it here.
Ren. How! all betrayed!
Pier. No—I've nobly dealt with you;
I've brought my all into the public stock:
I've but one friend, and him I'll share amongst you:
Receive and cherish him; or if, when seen
And searched, you find him worthless, as my tongue
Has lodged this secret in his faithful breast,
To ease your fears, I wear a dagger here
Shall rip it out again, and give you rest.
Come forth, thou only good I e'er could boast of!

Enter JAFFIER, *with a Dagger.*

Bed. His presence bears the shew of manly virtue.
Jaf. I know you'll wonder all, that thus, uncalled,
I dare approach this place of fatal councils;
But I'm amongst you, and, by Heaven, it glads me
To see so many virtues thus united,
To restore justice and dethrone oppression.
Command this sword, if you would have it quiet,
Into this breast; but, if you think it worthy
To cut the throats of reverend rogues in robes,
Send me into the cursed assembled senate:
It shrinks not, though I meet a father there.
Would you behold this city flaming? here is
A hand, shall bear a lighted torch at noon
To the arsenal, and set its gates on fire.
Ren. You talk this well, sir.
Jaf. Nay—by Heaven, I'll do this.
Come, come, I read distrust in all your faces:
You fear me a villain, and, indeed, 'tis odd
To hear a stranger talk thus, at first meeting,
Of matters that have been so well debated;
But, I come ripe with wrongs, as you with councils!
I hate this senate, am a foe to Venice;
A friend to none, but men resolved, like me,
To push on mischief. Oh! did you but know me,
I need not talk thus!
Bed. Pierre, I must embrace him.
My heart beats to this man, as if it knew him.
Ren. I never loved these huggers.
Jaf. Still I see
The cause delights ye not. Your friends survey me
As I were dangerous——But I come armed
Against all doubts, and to your trust will give
A pledge, worth more than all the world can pay for.
My Belvidera! Hoa! my Belvidera!
Bed. What wonder is next?
Jaf. Let me entreat you,
As I have henceforth hopes to call you friends,
That all but the ambassador, and this
Grave guide of councils, with my friend, that owns me,
Withdraw a while, to spare a woman's blushes.
[*Exeunt all but Bed. Ren. Jaf. Pier.*

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bed. Pierre, whither will this ceremony lead us?
Jaf. My Belvidera! Belvidera!
Bel. Who,
Who calls so loud at this late peaceful hour?
That voice was wont to come in gentle whispers
And fill my ears with the soft breath of love.
Thou hourly image of my thoughts, where art thou?
Jaf. Indeed 'tis late.
Bel. Oh! I have slept and dreamt,
And dreamt again. Where hast thou been, thou loiterer?
Though my eyes closed, my arms have still been opened,
Stretched every way betwixt my broken slumbers,
To search, if thou wert come to crown my rest:
There's no repose without thee: Oh! the day
Too soon will break, and wake us to our sorrow.
Come, come to bed, and bid thy cares good-night.
Jaf. Oh, Belvidera! we must change the scene,
In which the past delights of life were tasted:
The poor sleep little; we must learn to watch
Our labours late, and early every morning,
Midst winter frosts, thin clad, and fed with sparing,
Rise to our toils, and drudge away the day,

Bel. Alas! where am I! whither is it you lead me?
Methinks I read distraction in your face,
Something less gentle than the fate you tell me.
You shake and tremble too! your blood runs cold!
Heavens guard my love, and bless his heart with patience!
Jaf. That I have patience, let our fate bear witness,
Who has ordained it so, that thou and I,
(Thou, the divinest good man e'er possessed,
And I, the wretchedest of the race of man)
This very hour, without one tear, must part.
Bel. Part! must we part? Oh! am I then forsaken?
Will my love cast me off? Have my misfortunes
Offended him so highly, that he'll leave me!
Why drag you from me? Whither are you going,
My dear! my life! my love!
Jaf. Oh, friends!
Bel. Speak to me.
Jaf. Take her from my heart,
She'll gain such hold else, I shall ne'er get loose.
I charge thee, take her, but with tenderest care
Relieve her troubles, and assuage her sorrows.
Ren. Rise, madam, and command amongst your servants.
Jaf. To you, sirs, and your honours, I bequeath her,
And with her this; when I prove unworthy——
[*Gives a dagger.*
You know the rest—Then, strike it to her heart!
And tell her, he, who three whole happy years
Lay in her arms, and each kind night repeated
The passionate vows of still increasing love,
Sent that reward for all her truth and sufferings.
Bel. Nay, take my life, since he has sold it cheaply!
Or send me to some distant clime, your slave;
But let it be far off, lest my complainings
Should reach his guilty ears, and shake his peace.
Jaf. No, Belvidera, I have contrived thy honour.
Trust to my faith, and be but fortune kind
To me, as I'll preserve that faith unbroken:
When next we meet, I'll lift thee to a height
Shall gather all the gazing world about thee,
To wonder what strange virtue placed thee there.
But, if we ne'er meet more—
Bel. O! thou unkind one!
Ne'er meet more! have I deserved this from you?
Look on me, tell me, speak, thou fair deceiver!
Why am I separated from thy love?
If I am false, accuse me, but if true,
Don't, prithee don't, in poverty forsake me;
But pity the sad heart, that's torn with parting,
Yet hear me, yet recal me——
[*Exeunt Ren. Bed. and Bel.*
Jaf. Oh! my eyes,
Look not that way, but turn yourselves a while
Into my heart, and be weaned altogether!
My friend, where art thou?
Pier. Here, my honour's brother.
Jaf. Is Belvidera gone?
Pier. Renault has led her
Back to her own apartment; but, by Heaven,
Thou must not see her more, till our work's over.
Jaf. No!
Pier. Not for your life.
Jaf. Oh, Pierre, wert thou but she,
How I would pull thee down into my heart,
Gaze on thee, till my eye-strings cracked with love!
Till all my sinews, with its fire extended,
Fixed me upon the rack of ardent longing!
Then, swelling, sighing, raging to be blest,
Come, like a panting turtle, to thy breast;
On thy soft bosom hovering, bill and play,
Confess the cause why last I fled away;
Own 'twas a fault, but swear to give it o'er,
And never follow false ambition more. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. I'm sacrificed! I'm sold! betrayed to shame!
Inevitable ruin has enclosed me!
No sooner was I to my bed repaired,
To weigh and, weeping, ponder my condition;
But the old hoary wretch, to whose false care
My peace and honour were entrusted, came,
(Like Tarquin) ghastly, with infernal lust.
Oh, thou Roman Lucrece!
Thou could'st find friends, to vindicate thy wrong!
I never had but one, and he's proved false!
He, that should guard my virtue, has betrayed it!
Left me! Undone me! Oh, that I could hate him!
Where shall I go? Oh! whither, whither, wander?

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. Can Belvidera want a resting-place,
When these poor arms are ready to receive her?
Oh! 'tis in vain to struggle with desires!
Strong is my love to thee; for, every moment
I'm from thy sight, the heart within my bosom
Mourns, like a tender infant in its cradle,
Whose nurse had left it. Come, and with the songs
Of gentle love, persuade it to its peace.
Bel. I fear the stubborn wanderer will not own me;
'Tis grown a rebel, to be ruled no longer;
Scorns the indulgent bosom, that first lulled it,
And, like a disobedient child, disdains

The soft authority of Belvidera.
Jaf. There was a time——
Bel. Yes, yes, there was a time,
When Belvidera's tears, her cries, and sorrows,
Were not despised; when, if she chanced to sigh,
Or looked but sad——there was indeed a time,
When Jaffier would have taken her in his arms,
Eased her declining head upon his breast,
And never left her, till he found the cause.
But let her now weep seas;
Cry, till she rend the earth; sigh, till she burst
Her heart asunder; still he bears it all,
Deaf as the winds, and as the rocks unshaken.
Jaf. Have I been deaf? Am I that rock unmoved,
Against whose root, tears beat, and sighs are sent,
In vain? have I beheld thy sorrows calmly?
Witness against me, Heavens, have I done this?
Then bear me in a whirlwind back again,
And let that angry dear one ne'er forgive me.
Oh! thou too rashly censurest my love!
Could'st thou but think how I have spent this night,
Dark, and alone, no pillow to my head,
Rest in my eyes, nor quiet in my heart,
Thou would'st not, Belvidera, sure thou would'st not,
Talk to me thus; but, like a pitying angel,
Spreading thy wings, come settle on my breast,
And hatch warm comforts there, ere sorrows freeze it.
Bel. Why then, poor mourner, in what baleful corner
Hast thou been talking, with that witch, the night?
On what cold stone hast thou been stretched along,
Gathering the grumbling winds about thy head,
To mix with theirs, the accent of thy woes?
Oh! now I find the cause my love forsakes me;
I am no longer fit to bear a share
In his concernments—My weak female virtue
Must not be trusted: 'tis too frail and tender.
Jaf. Oh, Portia, Portia! What a soul was thine?
Bel. That Portia was a woman; and when Brutus,
Big with the fate of Rome, (Heaven guard thy safety!)
Concealed from her the labours of his mind,
She let him see her blood was great as his,
Flowed from a spring as noble, and a heart
Fit to partake his troubles as his love.
Fetch, fetch that dagger back, the dreadful dower,
Thou gavest last night in parting with me;—strike it
Here to my heart; and, as the blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure, as Cato's daughter's.
Jaf. Thou art too good, and I indeed unworthy,
Unworthy so much virtue. Teach me how
I may deserve such matchless love as thine,
And see with what attention I'll obey thee.
Bel. Do not despise me: that's the all, I ask.
Jaf. Despise thee! Hear me——
Bel. Oh! thy charming tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my weakness;
Knows, let it name but love, my melting heart
Dissolves within my breast; till, with closed eyes,
I reel into thy arms, and all is forgotten.
Jaf. What shall I do?
Bel. Tell me; be just, and tell me,
Why dwells that busy cloud upon thy face?
Why am I made a stranger? Why that sigh,
And I not know the cause? Why, when the world
Is wrapped in rest, why chuses then my love
To wander up and down in horrid darkness,
Loathing his bed, and these desiring arms?
Why are these eyes blood-shot with tedious watching?
Why starts he now; and looks, as if he wished
His fate were finished? Tell me, ease my fear;
Lest, when we next time meet, I want the power
To search into the sickness of thy mind,
But talk as wildly then as thou look'st now.
Jaf. Oh, Belvidera!
Bel. Why was I last night delivered to a villain?
Jaf. Ha! a villain?
Bel. Yes, to a villain! Why at such an hour
Meets that assembly, all made up of wretches,
That look as hell had drawn them into league?
Why, I in this hand, and in that a dagger,
Was I delivered with such dreadful ceremonies?
'To you, sirs, and to your honours I bequeath her,
And with her this: Whene'er I prove unworthy—
You know the rest—then strike it to her heart.'
Oh! why is that rest concealed from me?—Must I
Be made the hostage of a hellish trust!
For such I know I am; that's all my value.
But, by the love and loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the bondage of these slaves;
Straight to the senate, tell them all I know,
All that I think, all that my fears inform me.
Jaf. Is this the Roman virtue? this the blood
That boasts its purity with Cato's daughter?
Would she have e'er betrayed her Brutus?
Bel. No:
For Brutus trusted her. Wert thou so kind,
What would not Belvidera suffer for thee?
Jaf. I shall undo myself, and tell thee all.
Bel. Look not upon me as I am, a woman:
But as a bone, thy wife, thy friend; who long
Has had admission to thy heart, and there
Studied the virtues of thy gallant nature.
Thy constancy, thy courage, and thy truth,
Have been my daily lesson: I have learned them,
And, bold as thou, can suffer or despise
The worst of fates for thee, and with thee share them.
Jaf. Oh, you divinest powers, look down and hear

My prayers! instruct me to reward this virtue!
Yet think a little, ere thou tempt me further;
Think I have a tale to tell will shake thy nature,
Melt all this boasted constancy, thou talk'st of,
Into vile tears and despicable sorrows:
Then, if thou should'st betray me!——
Bel. Shall I swear?
Jaf. No, do not swear: I would not violate
Thy tender nature, with so rude a bond:
But as thou hop'st to see me live my days,
And love thee long, lock this within thy breast;
I have bound myself, by all the strictest sacraments,
Divine and human——
Bel. Speak!
Jaf. To kill thy father——
Bel. My father!
Jaf. Nay, the throats of the whole senate
Shall bleed, my Belvidera. He, amongst us,
That spares his father, brother, or his friend,
Is damned. How rich and beauteous will the face
Of ruin look, when these wide streets run blood!
I, and the glorious partners of my fortune,
Shouting and striding o'er the prostrate dead,
Still to new waste; whilst thou, far off in safety,
Smiling, shalt see the wonders of our daring,
And, when night comes, with praise and love receive me.
Bel. Oh!
Jaf. Have a care, and shrink not even in thought!
For if thou dost——
Bel. I know it; thou wilt kill me.
Do, strike thy sword into this bosom: lay me
Dead on the earth, and then thou wilt be safe.
Murder my father! though his cruel nature
Has persecuted me to my undoing;
Driven me to basest wants; can I behold him,
With smiles of vengeance, butchered in his age?
The sacred fountain of my life destroyed?
And can'st thou shed the blood, that gave me being?
Nay, be a traitor too, and sell thy country?
Can thy great heart descend so vilely low,
Mix with hired slaves, bravoes, and common stabbers,
Nose-slitters, alley-lurking villains! join
With such a crew, and take a ruffian's wages,
To cut the throats of wretches as they sleep?
Jaf. Thou wrong'st me, Belvidera! I have engaged,
With men of souls, fit to reform the ills
Of all mankind: there's not a heart amongst them
But's stout as death, yet honest as the nature
Of man first made, ere fraud and vice were fashion.
Bel. What's he, to whose curst hands last night thou gavest me?
Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a story,
Would rouse thy lion-heart out of its den,
And make it rage with terrifying fury.
Jaf. Speak on, I charge thee.
Bel. O my love! if e'er
Thy Belvidera's peace deserved thy care,
Remove me from this place. Last night! last night!
Jaf. Distract me not, but give me all the truth!
Bel. No sooner wert thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the power of that old son of mischief;
No sooner was I laid on my sad bed,
But that vile wretch approached me. Then my heart
Throbbed with its fears: Oh, how I wept and sighed,
And shrunk and trembled! wished in vain for him,
That should protect me! Thou, alas! wert gone.
Jaf. Patience, sweet heaven, 'till I make vengeance sure!
Bel. He drew the hideous dagger forth, thou gavest him,
And with upbraiding smiles, he said, 'Behold it!
This is the pledge of a false husband's love.'
And in my arms then pressed, and would have clasped me;
But with my cries, I scared his coward heart,
Till he withdrew, and muttered vows to hell.
These are thy friends! with these thy life, thy honour,
Thy love, all staked, and all will go to ruin.
Jaf. No more: I charge thee keep this secret close.
Clear up thy sorrows; look as if thy wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a friend,
As no complaint were made. No more; retire,
Retire, my life, and doubt not of my honour;
I'll heal its failings, and deserve thy love.
Bel. Oh! Should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt
In anger leave me, and return no more.
Jaf. Return no more! I would not live without thee
Another night, to purchase the creation.
Bel. When shall we meet again?
Jaf. Anon; at twelve
I'll steal myself to thy expecting arms:
Come like a travelled dove, and bring thee peace.
Bel. Indeed!
Jaf. By all our loves.
Bel. 'Tis hard to part:
But sure no falsehood ever looked so fairly.
Farewell! remember twelve. [*Exit.*
Jaf. Let heaven forget me,
When I remember not thy truth, thy love!
How cursed is my condition, tossed and jostled
From every corner; fortune's common fool,
The jest of rogues, an instrumental ass,
For villains to lay loads of shame upon,
And drive about just for their ease and scorn.

Enter PIERRE.

Pier. Jaffier!
Jaf. Who calls?
Pier. A friend, that could have wished
To have found thee otherwise employed. What, hunt
A wife on the dull soil! Sure a staunch husband
Of all hounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,

Never be weaned from caudles and confections?
What feminine tales hast thou been listening to,
Of unaired shirts, catarrhs and tooth-ach, got
By thin-soaled shoes? Damnation! that a fellow,
Chosen to be a sharer in the destruction
Of a whole people, should sneak thus into corners,
To ease his fulsome lusts, and fool his mind.
Jaf. May not a man then trifle out ar hour
With a kind woman, and not wrong his calling?
Pier. Not in a cause like ours.
Jaf. Then, friend, our cause
Is in a damned condition: for I'll tell thee,
That canker-worm, called lechery, has touched it:
'Tis tainted vilely. Would'st thou think it? Renault
(That mortified old withered winter rogue)
Loves simple fornication like a priest;
I found him out for watering at my wife;
He visited her last night, like a kind guardian:
Faith! she has some temptation, that's the truth on't.
Pier. He durst not wrong his trust?
Jaf. 'Twas something late, though,
To take the freedom of a lady's chamber.
Pier. Was she in bed?
Jaf. Yes, faith, in virgin sheets,
White as her bosom, Pierre, dished neatly up,
Might tempt a weaker appetite to taste.
Oh! how the old fox stunk, I warrant thee,
When the rank fit was on him!
Pier. Patience guide me!
He used no violence?
Jaf. No; no; out on it, violence!
Played with her neck; brushed her with his grey beard:
Struggled and touzed; tickled her, till she squeaked a little,
May be, or so—but not a jot of violence——
Pier. Damn him.
Jaf. Ay, so say I: but hush, no more of it.
All hitherto is well, and I believe
Myself no monster yet: though no man knows
What fate he is born to. Sure it is near the hour
We all should meet for our concluding orders:
Will the ambassador be here in person?
Pier. No, he has sent commission to that villain Renault,
To give the executing charge:
I'd have thee be a man, if possible,
And keep thy temper; for a brave revenge
Ne'er comes too late.
Jaf. Fear not, I am as cool as patience.
Had he completed my dishonour, rather
Than hazard the success our hopes are ripe for,
I'd bear it all with mortifying virtue.
Pier. He's yonder, coming this way through the hall;
His thoughts seem full.
Jaf. Prithee retire, and leave me
With him alone; I'll put him to some trial;
See how his rotten part will bear the touching.
Pier. Be careful, then. [*Exit.*
Jaf. Nay, never doubt, but trust me.
What! be a devil, take a damning oath
For shedding native blood! Can there be a sin
In merciful repentance? Oh, this villain!

Enter RENAULT.

Ren. Perverse and peevish! What a slave is man
To let his itching flesh thus get the better of him!
Dispatch the tool her husband—that were well.
Who's there?
Jaf. A man.
Ren. My friend, my near ally,
The hostage of your faith, my beauteous charge, is very well.
Jaf. Sir, are you sure of that?
Stands she in perfect health? beats her pulse even?
Neither too hot nor cold?
Ren. What means that question?
Jaf. Oh, women have fantastic constitutions,
Inconstant in their wishes, always wavering,
And never fixed. Was it not boldly done,
Even at first sight, to trust the thing I loved
(A tempting treasure too) with youth so fierce
And vigorous as thine? but thou art honest.
Ren. Who dares accuse me?
Jaf. Cursed be he, that doubts
Thy virtue! I have tried it, and declare,
Were I to chuse a guardian of my honour,
I'd put it in thy keeping: for I know thee.
Ren. Know me!
Jaf. Ay, know thee. There's no falsehood in thee;
Thou look'st just as thou art. Let us embrace!
Now, would'st thou cut my throat, or I cut thine?
Ren. You dare not do it.
Jaf. You lie, sir.
Ren. How!
Jaf. No more,
'Tis a base world, and must reform, that's all.

Enter SPINOSA, THEODORE, ELIOT, REVILLIDO, DURAND, BROMVEIL, *and the rest of the Conspirators.*

Ren. Spinosa, Theodore!
Spin. The same.
Ren. You are welcome.
Spin. You are trembling, sir.
Ren. 'Tis a cold night, indeed, and I am aged;
Full of decay and natural infirmities:
[*Pier. re-enters.*
We shall be warm, my friends, I hope to-morrow.
Pier. 'Twas not well done; thou should'st have stroaked him,
And not have galled him.
Jaf. Damn him, let him chew on it.
Heaven! Where am I? beset with cursed fiends,
That wait to damn me! What a devil's man,
When he forgets his nature—hush, my heart.

Ren. My friends, 'tis late; are we assembled all?
Where's Theodore?
Theod. At hand.
Ren. Spinosa.
Spin. Here.
Ren. Bramveil.
Brom. I'm ready.
Ren. Durand and Brabe.
Dur. Command us.
We are prepared.
Omnes. All; all.
Ren. Mezzano, Revillido,
Ternon, Retrosi! Oh! you are men, I find,
Fit to hold your fate, and meet her summons.
To-morrow's rising sun must see you all
Decked in your honours. Are the soldiers ready?
Pier. All, all.
Ren. You, Durand, with your thousand, must possess
St. Mark's; you, captain, know your charge already;
'Tis to secure the ducal palace: You,
Brabe, with an hundred more, must gain the Secque:
With the like number, Bramveil, to the Procurale;
Be all this done with the least tumult possible,
'Till in each place you post sufficient guards:
Then sheathe your swords in every breast you meet.
Jaf. Oh! reverend cruelty! damned bloody villain! [*Aside.*
Ren. During this execution, Durand, you
Must in the midst keep your battalia fast;
And, Theodore, be sure to plant the cannon
That may command the streets; whilst Revillido,
Messano, Ternon, and Retrosi guard you.
This done, we'll give the general alarm,
Apply petards, and force the arsenal gates;
Then fire the city round in several places,
Or with our cannon (if it do resist)
Batter to ruin. But above all I charge you,
Shed blood enough; spare neither sex nor age,
Name nor condition; if there live a senator
After to morrow, though the dullest rogue,
That e'er said nothing, we have lost our ends.
If possible, let's kill the very name
Of senator, and bury it in blood.
Jaf. Merciless, horrid slave—Ay, blood enough!
Shed blood enough, old Renault! how thou charmest me!
Ren. But one thing more, and then farewell, till fate
Join us again, or separate us for ever:
First let's embrace. Heaven knows, who next shall thus
Wing ye together; but let's all remember,
We wear no common cause upon our swords:
Let each man think, that on his single virtue
Depends the good and fame of all the rest;
Eternal honour, or perpetual infamy.
Let us remember through what dreadful hazards
Propitious fortune hitherto has led us:
How often on the brink of some discovery
Have we stood tottering, yet still kept our ground
So well, that the busiest searchers ne'er could follow
Those subtle tracks, which puzzled all suspicion.
You droop, sir.
Jaf. No; with most profound attention
I've heard it all, and wonder at thy virtue.
Ren. Though there be yet few hours 'twixt them and ruin,
Are not the senate lulled in full security,
Quiet and satisfied, as fools are always?
Never did so profound repose fore-run
Calamity so great. Nay, our good fortune
Has blinded the most piercing of mankind,
Strengthened the fearfullest, charmed the most suspectful,
Confounded the most subtle: for we live,
We live, my friends, and quickly shall our life
Prove fatal to these tyrants. Let's consider,
That we destroy oppression, avarice,
A people nursed up equally with vices
And loathsome lusts, which nature most abhors,
And such as without shame she cannot suffer.
Jaf. Oh, Belvidera! take me to thy arms,
And shew me where's my peace, for I have lost it! [*Exit.*
Ren. Without the least remorse, then, let's resolve
With fire and sword to exterminate these tyrants;
And when we shall behold those cursed tribunals,
Stained by the tears and sufferings of the innocent,
Burning with flames rather from Heaven than ours,
The raging, furious, and unpitying soldier
Pulling his reeking daggers from the bosoms
Of gasping wretches; death in every quarter;
With all, that sad disorder can produce,
To make a spectacle of horror; then,
Then let us call to mind, my dearest friends,
That there is nothing pure upon the earth;
That the most valued things have most allays,
And that in change of all these vile enormities,
Under whose weight this wretched country labours,
The means are only in our hands to crown them.
Pier. And may those powers above, that are propitious
To gallant minds, record this cause and bless it!
Ren. Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish for,
Should there, my friends, be found among us one,
False to this glorious enterprise, what fate,
What vengeance, were fit for such a villain?
Eli. Death here without repentance, hell hereafter.
Ren. Let that be my lot, if, as here I stand,
Listed by fate among her darling sons,
Though I had one only brother, dear by all
The strictest ties of nature; though one hour

Had given us birth, one fortune fed our wants,
One only love, and that but of each other,
Still filled our minds; could I have such a friend
Joined in this cause, and had but ground to fear
He meant foul play; may this right hand drop from me,
If I'd not hazard all my future peace,
And stab him to the heart before you. Who,
Who would do less? Would'st thou not, Pierre, the same?

Pier. You've singled me, sir, out for this hard question,
As if it were started only for my sake:
Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my bosom,
Search it with all your swords. Am I a traitor?

Ren. No; but I fear your late commended friend
Is little less. Come, sirs, 'tis now no time
To trifle with our safety. Where's this Jaffier?

Spin. He left the room just now, in strange disorder.

Ren. Nay, there is danger in him; I observed him;
During the time I took for explanation,
He was transported from most deep attention,
To a confusion which he could not smother;
His looks grew full of sadness and surprise,
All which betrayed a wavering spirit in him,
That laboured with reluctancy and sorrow.
What's requisite for safety must be done
With speedy execution; he remains
Yet in our power: I, for my own part, wear
A dagger——

Pier. Well.

Ren. And I could wish it——

Pier. Where?

Ren. Buried in his heart.

Pier. Away; we're yet all friends;
No more of this, 'twill breed ill blood among us.

Spin. Let us all draw our swords, and search the house,
Pull him from the dark hole, where he sits brooding
O'er his cold fears, and each man kill his share of him.

Pier. Who talks of killing? Who is he, will shed the blood,
That's dear to me? is it you, or you, sir?
What, not one speak! how you stand, gaping all
On your grave oracle, your wooden god there!
Yet not a word! Then, sir, I'll tell you a secret;
Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue.
[*To Ren.*

Ren. A coward!—— [*Handles his sword.*

Pier. Put up thy sword, old man;
Thy hand shakes at it. Come, let's heal this breach;
I am too hot, we yet may all live friends.

Spin. Till we are safe, our friendship cannot be so.

Pier. Again! Who's that?

Spin. 'Twas I.

The. And I.

Ren. And I.

Om. And all.

Ren. Who are on my side?

Spin. Every honest sword.
Let's die like men, and not be sold like slaves.

Pier. One such word more, by Heaven I'll to the senate,
And hang ye all, like dogs, in clusters.
Why peep your coward swords half out their shells?
Why do you not all brandish them like mine?
You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing!

Ren. Go to the senate, and betray us! haste!
Secure thy wretched life; we fear to die
Less than thou darest be honest.

Pier. That's rank falsehood.
Fearest not thou death! Fie, there's a knavish itch
In that salt blood, an utter foe to smarting.
Had Jaffier's wife proved kind, he'd still been true.
Faugh! how that stinks! thou die! thou kill my friend!
Or thou! or thou! with that lean withered face!
Away, disperse all to your several charges,
And meet to-morrow where your honour calls you.
I'll bring that man, whose blood you so much thirst for,
And you shall see him venture for you fairly—
Hence! hence, I say. [*Exit Renault angrily.*

Spin. I fear we have been to blame,
And done too much.

The. 'Twas too far urged against the man you loved.

Rev. Here take our swords, and crush them with your feet.

Spin. Forgive us, gallant friend.

Pier. Nay, now you've found
The way to melt, and cast me as you will.
I'll fetch this friend, and give him to your mercy:
Nay, he shall die, if you will take him from me.
For your repose, I'll quit my heart's best jewel;
But would not have him torn away by villains,
And spiteful villany.

Spin. No, may you both
For ever live, and fill the world with fame.

Pier. Now ye are too kind. Where rose all this discord?
Oh, what a dangerous precipice have we 'scaped!
How near a fall was all we had long been building!
What an eternal blot had stained our glories,
If one, the bravest and the best of men,
Had fallen a sacrifice to rash suspicion,
Butchered by those, whose cause he came to cherish!
Oh! could you know him all, as I have known him;
How good he is, how just, how true, how brave,
You would not leave this place till you had seen him;
Humbled yourselves before him, kissed his feet,

And gained remission for the worst of follies.
Come but to-morrow, all your doubts shall end,
And to your loves me better recommend,
That I've preserved your fame, and saved my friend. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rialto.*

Enter JAFFIER *and* BELVIDERA.

Jaf. WHERE dost thou lead me? Every step I move,
Methinks I tread upon some mangled limb
Of a racked friend! Oh, my charming ruin!
Where are we wandering?
Bel. To eternal honour.
To do a deed, shall chronicle thy name
Among the glorious legends of those few,
That have saved sinking nations. Thy renown
Shall be the future song of all the virgins,
Who, by thy piety, have been preserved
From horrid violation. Every street
Shall be adorned with statues to thy honour;
And at thy feet this great inscription written,
Remember him, that propped the fall of Venice.
Jaf. Rather, remember him, who, after all
The sacred bonds of oaths, and holier friendship,
In fond compassion to a woman's tears,
Forgot his manhood, virtue, truth, and honour,
To sacrifice the bosom, that relieved him.
Why wilt thou damn me?
Bel. Oh, inconstant man!
How will you promise! how will you deceive!
Do, return back, replace me in my bondage,
Tell all thy friends how dangerously thou lovest me,
And let thy dagger do its bloody office.
Oh! that kind dagger, Jaffier, how 'twill look
Struck through my heart, drenched in my blood to the hilt!
Whilst these poor dying eyes shall, with their tears,
No more torment thee; then thou wilt be free:
Or, if thou think'st it nobler, let me live,
Till I'm a victim to the hateful lust
Of that infernal devil, that old fiend,
That's damned himself, and would undo mankind.
Last night, my love!
Jaf. Name it not again!
It shews a beastly image to my fancy,
Will wake me into madness. Oh, the villain!
That durst approach such purity as thine
On terms so vile: Destruction, swift destruction,
Fall on my coward head, and make my name
The common scorn of fools, if I forgive him!
If I forgive him? If I not revenge
With utmost rage, and most unstaying fury,
Thy sufferings, thou dear darling of my life.
Bel. Delay no longer then, but to the senate,
And tell the dismallest story ever uttered:
Tell them what bloodshed, rapines, desolations,
Have been prepared: how near's the fatal hour.
Save thy poor country, save the reverend blood
Of all its nobles, which to-morrow's dawn,
Must else see shed. Save the poor tender lives
Of all those little infants, which the swords
Of murderers are whetting for this moment.
Think, thou already hearest their dying screams;
Think, that thou see'st their sad distracted mothers,
Kneeling before thy feet, and begging pity:
With torn dishevelled hair, and streaming eyes,
Their naked mangled breasts, besmeared with blood;
And even the milk, with which their fondled babes
Softly they hushed, dropping in anguish from them;
Think thou seest this, and then consult thy heart.
Jaf. Oh!
Bel. Think too, if you lose this present minute,
What miseries the next day brings upon thee:
Imagine all the horrors of that night;
Murder and rapine, waste, and desolation,
Confusedly raging: Think, what then may prove
My lot; the ravisher may then come safe,
And 'midst the terror of the public ruin,
Do a damned deed; perhaps may lay a train
To catch thy life: Then where will be revenge,
The dear revenge, that's due to such a wrong?
Jaf. By all heaven's powers, prophetic truth dwells in thee!
For every word thou speakest, strikes through my heart,
Like a new light, and shews it, how it has wandered.
Just what thou hast made me, take me, Belvidera,
And lead me to the place, where I am to say
This bitter lesson; where I must betray
My truth, my virtue, constancy, and friends.
Must I betray my friend? Ah! take me quickly;
Secure me well before that thought's renewed;
If I relapse once more, all is lost for ever.
Bel. Hast thou a friend more dear than Belvidera?
Jaf. No; thou art my soul itself; wealth, friendship, honour,
All present joys, and earnest of all future,
Are summed in thee. Methinks, when in thy arms,
Thus leaning on thy breast, one minute's more
Than a long thousand years of vulgar hours.
Why was such happiness not given me pure?
Why dashed with cruel wrongs, and bitter warnings?
Come, lead me forward, now, like a tame lamb
To sacrifice. Thus, in his fatal garlands

Decked fine and pleased, the wanton skips and plays,
Trots by the enticing flattering priestess' side,
And much transported with its little pride,
Forgets his dear companions of the plain;
Till, by her bound, he's on the altar slain,
Yet then too hardly bleats, such pleasure's in the pain.

Enter Officer and Six Guards.

Offi. Stand! who goes there?
Bel. Friends.
Jaf. Friends, Belvidera! Hide me from my friends!
By Heaven, I would rather see the face of hell,
Than meet the man I love.
Offi. But what friends are you?
Bel. Friends to the senate, and to the state of Venice.
Offi. My orders are to seize on all I find
At this late hour, and bring them to the council,
Who are now sitting.
Jaf. Sir, you shall be obeyed.
Hold, brute, stand off! none of your paws upon me.
Now, the lot 's cast, and, Fate, do what thou wilt.
[*Exeunt guarded.*

SCENE II.

The Senate-House, where appear sitting the Duke of VENICE, PRIULI, ANTONIO, *and eight other Senators.*

Duke. Antonio, Priuli, senators of Venice,
Speak, why are we assembled here this night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honour, or its safety?
Pri. Could words express the story I have to tell you,
Fathers, these tears were useless; these sad tears,
That fall from my old eyes; but these is cause
We all should weep, tear off these purple robes,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to heaven:
Heaven knows, if yet there be an hour to come,
Ere Venice be no more.
All Sen. How!
Pri. Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.
Within this city's formed a dark conspiracy,
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends, our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes; nay, the hour too fixed;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this moment,
And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning; but, if we are men,
Let us not be tamely butchered, but do something
That may inform the world, in after ages,
Our virtue was not ruined, though we were.

[*A noise without.*
Room, room, make room for some prisoners——
Sen. Let us raise the city.

Enter Officer and Guards.

Duke. Speak, there. What disturbance?
Offi. Two prisoners have the guards seized in the street,
Who say, they come to inform this reverend senate
About the present danger.

Enter JAFFIER *and Officer.*

All. Give them entrance—Well, who are you?
Jaf. A villain.
Ant. Short and pithy.
The man speaks well.
Jaf. Would every man, that hears me,
Would deal so honestly, and own his title.
Duke. 'Tis rumoured, that a plot has been contrived
Against this state; and you have a share in it too.
If you are a villain, to redeem your honour
Unfold the truth, and be restored with mercy.
Jaf. Think not, that I to save my life came hither;
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches, whose unhappy dooms
Are fixed and sealed. You may see here before you,
The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice:
But use me as my dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a friend.
Duke. The slave capitulates!
Give him the torture!
Jaf. That you dare not do:
Your fear wont let you, not the longing itch
To hear a story, which you dread the truth of—
Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.
Cowards are scared with threatenings; boys are whipt
Into confessions: but a steady mind
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
Give him the torture! Name but such a thing
Again, by heaven I'll shut these lips for ever.
Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels,
Shall force a groan away, that you may guess at.
Ant. A bloody-minded fellow, I'll warrant;
A damned bloody-minded fellow.
Duke. Name your conditions.
Jaf. For myself full pardon,
Besides the lives of two and twenty friends,
Whose names are here enrolled—Nay, let their crimes
Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
And sacred promise of this reverend council,
The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secret of your danger.
All. We'll swear.
Duke. Propose the oath.
Jaf. By all the hopes

Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
Swear.
All. We all swear.
Jaf. To grant me what I have asked,
Ye swear?
All. We swear.
Jaf. And, as ye keep the oath,
May you, and your posterity be blessed,
Or cursed for ever.
Jaf. Then here's the list, and with it the full disclose
Of all, that threatens you. [*Delivers a paper.*
Now, Fate, thou hast caught me.
Ant. Why, what a dreadful catalogue of cutting throats is here! I'll warrant you, not one of these fellows but has a face like a lion. I dare not so much as read their names over.
Duke. Give order, that all diligent search be made
To seize these men; their characters are public;
The paper intimates their rendezvous
To be at the house of a famed Grecian courtezan,
Called Aquilina; see that place secured.
You, Jaffier, must with patience bear, till morning,
To be our prisoner.
Jaf. Would the chains of death
Had bound me safe, e'er I had known this minute!
I've done a deed will make my story hereafter
Quoted in competition with all ill ones:
The history of my wickedness shall run
Down thro' the low traditions of the vulgar,
And boys be taught to tell the tale of Jaffier.
Duke. Captain, withdraw your prisoner.
Jaf. Sir, if possible,
Lead me, where my own thoughts themselves may lose me;
Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
Forget myself, and this day's guilt and falsehood.
Cruel remembrance! how shall I appease thee?
[*Exit guarded.*
Offi. [*Without.*] More traitors; room, room, room, make room there.
Duke. How is this? guards!
Where are our guards? Shut up the gates, the treason's
Already at our doors.

Enter Officer.

Offi. My lords, more traitors,
Seized in the very act of consultation;
Furnished with arms and instruments of mischief.
Bring in the prisoners.

Enter PIERRE, RENAULT, THEODORE, ELIOT, REVELLIDO, *and other Conspirators, in fetters.*

Pier. You, my lords, and fathers
(As you are pleased to call yourselves) of Venice,
If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs,
That have so often laboured in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumph ye bestow
On those, that bring you conquest home, and honours?
Duke. Go on; you shall be heard, sir.
Ant. And be hanged too, I hope.
Pier. Are these the trophies I have deserved for fighting
Your battles with confederated powers?
When winds and seas conspired to overthrow you,
And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbours;
When you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your palace,
And saw your wife, the Adriatic, ploughed,
Like a lewd whore, by bolder prows than yours,
Stepped not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
The task of honour, and the way to greatness?
Raised you from your capitulating fears
To stipulate the terms of sued-for peace?
And this my recompence! if I am a traitor,
Produce my charge; or shew the wretch that's base
And brave enough, to tell me I am a traitor.
Duke. Know you one Jaffier?
[*Consp. murmur.*
Pier. Yes, and know his virtue.
His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings
From a hard father, taught me first to love him.

Enter JAFFIER *guarded.*

Duke. See him brought forth.
Pier. My friend too bound! nay, then,
Our fate has conquered us, and we must fall.
Why droops the man, whose welfare's so much mine,
They are but one thing? These reverend tyrants, Jaffier,
Call us traitors. Art thou one, my brother?
Jaf. To thee, I am the falsest, veriest slave,
That e'er betrayed a generous, trusting friend,
And gave up honour to be sure of ruin.
All our fair hopes, which morning was to have crowned,
Has this cursed tongue o'erthrown.
Pier. So, then, all's over:
Venice has lost her freedom, I my life.
No more. Farewell.
Duke. Say; will you make confession
Of your vile deeds, and trust the senate's mercy?
Pier. Cursed be your senate! cursed your constitution!
The curse of growing factions and divisions,
Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
And make the robes of government you wear,
Hateful to you, as these base chains to me!
Duke. Pardon, or death?
Pier. Death! honourable death!
Ren. Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give;

No shameful bonds, but honourable death.
Duke. Break up the council. Captain, guard your prisoners.
Jaffier, you are free, but these must wait for judgment. [*Exeunt all the Senators.*
Pier. Come, where's my dungeon? Lead me to my straw:
It will not be the first time I've lodged hard,
To do the senate service.
Jaf. Hold, one moment.
Pier. Who's he disputes the judgment of the senate?
Presumptuous rebel—on— [*Strikes Jaffier.*
Jaf. By Heaven, you stir not!
I must be heard; I must have leave to speak.
Thou hast disgraced me, Pierre, by a vile blow:
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou cans't not wrong me,
For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries:
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me;
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance;
But, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications!
Pier. What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat,
That would encroach upon my credulous ears,
And cant'st thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not;
Dissemble and be nasty. Leave, hypocrite.
Jaf. Not know me, Pierre!
Pier. No, I know thee not! What art thou?
Jaf. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once-loved valued friend!
Tho' now deservedly scorned, and used most hardly.
Pier. Thou, Jaffier! thou my once-loved valued friend!
By Heavens thou lyest; the man so called, my friend,
Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
But thou! a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
Poor, even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect;
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Prithee avoid; nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chilled at.
Jaf. I have not wronged thee, by these tears I have not,
But still am honest, true, and, hope too, valiant;
My mind still full of thee, therefore still noble.
Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
Detest me utterly. Oh! look upon me,
Look back, and see my sad, sincere submission!
How my heart swells, as e'en 'twould burst my bosom;
Fond of its goal, and labouring to be at thee.
What shall I do? what say, to make thee hear me?
Pier. Hast thou not wronged me? Dar'st thou call thyself
That once-loved, valued friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wronged me? Whence these chains?
Whence the vile death, which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?
Jaf. All's true; yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.
Pier. What's that?
Jaf. To take thy life, on such conditions
The council have proposed: thou, and thy friends,
May yet live long, and to better treated.
Pier. Life! ask my life! Confess! record myself
A villain, for the privilege to breathe!
And carry up and done this cursed city,
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burthensome to itself, a few years longer;
To lose it, may be, at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men, like thee, are fit to live in it.
Jaf. By all that's just———
Pier. Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.
Jaf. Then, by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
Till to thyself, at least, thou art reconciled,
However thy resentment deal with me.
Pier. Not leave me!
Jaf. No; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head: I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty;
Lie at thy feet, and kiss them, though they spurn me;
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms, with dear forgiveness.
Pier. Art thou not———
Jaf. What?
Pier. A traitor?
Jaf. Yes.
Pier. A villain.
Jaf. Granted.
Pier. A coward, a most scandalous coward;
Spiritless, void of honour; one, who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life!
Jaf. All, all, and more, much more: my faults are numberless.
Pier. And would'st thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base, as thou art false———
Jaf. No; 'tis to me, that is granted:
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompence for faith and trust so broken.

Pier. I scorn it more, because preserved by thee;
And as, when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from the state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plunged thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I received, in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge, thou since has stolen:
So I restore it back to thee again;
Swearing by all those powers, which thou hast violated,
Never from this cursed hour to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest, with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it—farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.
Jaf. Say thou wilt live, then,
Pier. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tired with.
Jaf. Oh, Pierre!
Pier. No more.
Jaf. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thee, and ache with gazing.
Pier. Leave me—Nay, then, thus, thus I throw thee from me;
And curses, great as is thy falshood, catch thee!
[*Exit.*
Jaf. Amen.
He's gone, my father, friend, preserver,
And here's the portion he has left me:
[*Holds the dagger up.*
This dagger. Well remembered! with this dagger,
I gave a solemn vow of dire importance;
Parted with this, and Belvidera together.
Have a care, memory! drive that thought no farther:
No, I'll esteem it, as a friend's last legacy;
Treasure it up within this wretched bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,
That, when they meet, they start not from each other.
So now for thinking—A blow! called traitor, villain,
Coward, dishonourable coward!
Oh! for a long sound sleep, and so forget it.
Down, busy devil!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. Whither shall I fly?
Where hide me and my miseries together?
Where's now the Roman constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling fears and desperation,
Not daring to look up to that dear face,
Which used to smile, even on my faults; but, down,
Bending these miserable eyes on earth,
Must move in penance, and implore much mercy.
Jaf. Mercy! kind heaven has surely endless stores,
Hoarded for thee, of blessings yet untasted:
Let wretches, loaded hard with guilt, as I am,
Bow with the weight, and groan beneath the burthen,
Creep with a remnant of that strength, they've left,
Before the footstool of that heaven, they've injured.
Oh, Belvidera! I'm the wretched'st creature
E'er crawled on earth. Now, if thou hast virtue, help me;
Take me into thy arms, and speak the words of peace
To my divided soul, that wars within me,
And raises every sense to my confusion:
By heaven, I'm tottering on the very brink
Of peace, and thou art all the hold I've left.
Bel. Alas! I know thy sorrows are most mighty:
I know thou'st cause to mourn; to mourn, my Jaffier,
With endless cries, and never-ceasing wailing:
Thou'st lost———
Jaf. Oh! I have lost what can't be counted.
My friend too, Belvidera, that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my heart rejoiced in,
Has used me like a slave, shamefully used me:
'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story.
What should I do? Resentment, indignation,
Love, pity, fear, and memory how I've wronged him,
Distract my quiet with the very thought of it,
And tear my heart to pieces in my bosom.
Bel. What has he done?
Jaf. Thou'dst hate me, should I tell thee.
Bel. Why?
Jaf. Oh! he has used me—yet, by heaven, I bear it;
He has used me, Belvidera—but first swear,
That when I've told thee, thou wilt not loath me utterly,
Though vilest blots, and stains appear on me;
But still, at least, with charitable goodness,
Be near me in the pangs of my affliction,
Nor scorn me, Belvidera, as he has done.
Bel. Have I then e'er been false, that now I am doubted?
Speak, what's the cause I am grown into distrust?
Why thought unfit to hear my love's complaining?
Jaf. Oh!
Bel. Tell me.
Jaf. Bear my failings, for they are many.
Oh, my dear angel! in that friend, I have lost
All my soul's peace; for every thought of him
Strikes my sense hard, and deads it in my brains!
Would'st thou believe it?
Bel. Speak.
Jaf. Before we parted,
E're yet his guards had led him to his prison,
Full of severest sorrow for his sufferings,

With eyes o'erflowing and a bleeding heart,
Humbling myself, almost beneath my nature,
As at his feet I kneeled and sued for mercy,
Forgetting all our friendship, all the dearness,
In which we have lived so many years together,
With a reproachful hand he dashed a blow:
He struck me, Belvidera! by heaven, he struck me!
Buffetted, called me traitor, villain, coward.
Am I a coward? Am I a villain? Tell me!
Thou'rt the best judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.
Damnation! Coward!
Bel. Oh! forgive him, Jaffier;
And, if his sufferings wound thy heart already,
What will they do to-morrow?
Jaf. Ah!
Bel. To-morrow,
When thou shalt see him stretched in all the agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful death;
His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain;
What will thy heart do then? Oh! sure 'twill stream,
Like my eyes now.
Jaf. What means thy dreadful story?
Death, and to-morrow! Broken limbs and bowels!
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain!
By all my fears, I shall start out to madness
With barely guessing, if the truth's hid longer.
Bel. The faithless senators, 'tis they've decreed it:
They say, according to your friends' request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage;
Declare their promised mercy all as forfeited:
False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession,
Warrants are passed for public death to-morrow.
Jaf. Death! doomed to die! condemned unheard! unpleaded!
Bel. Nay, cruellest racks and torments are preparing,
To force confession from their dying pangs——
Oh! do not look so terribly upon me!
How your lips shake, and all your face disordered!
What means my love?
Jaf. Leave me, I charge thee, leave me—Strong temptations
Wake in my heart.
Bel. For what?
Jaf. No more, but leave me.
Bel. Why?
Jaf. Oh! by Heaven, I love thee with that fondness,
I would not have thee stay a moment longer
Near these cursed hands: Are they not cold upon thee?
[*Pulls the dagger half out of his bosom, and puts it back again.*
Bel. No; everlasting comfort's in thy arms.
To lean thus on thy breast, is softer ease
Than downy pillows, decked with leaves of roses.
Jaf. Alas! thou think'st not of the thorns 'tis filled with:
Fly, e'er they gall thee. There's a lurking serpent
Ready to leap, and sting thee to the heart.
Art thou not terrified?
Bel. No.
Jaf. Call to mind
What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.
Bel. Ha!
Jaf. Where's my friend? my friend, thou smiling mischief!
Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late; thou shouldst have fled
When thy guilt first had cause; for dire revenge
Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans!
Hark, how he groans! his screams are in my ears
Already; see, they've fixed him on the wheel!
And now they tear him!—murder! Perjured senate!
Murder!—Oh!—Hark thee, traitress, thou hast done this!
Thanks to thy tears, and false persuading love.
How her eyes speak! Oh, thou bewitching creature!
Madness can't hurt thee. Come, thou little trembler,
Creep even into my heart, and there lie safe;
'Tis thy own citadel—Ha—yet stand off!
Heaven must have justice, and my broken vows—
I'll wink, and then 'tis done——
Bel. What means the lord
Of me, my life, and love? What's in thy bosom,
Thou graspest at so? Nay, why am I thus treated?
[*Draws the dagger, and offers to stab her.*
What wilt thou do? Ah! do not kill me, Jaffier:
Pity these panting breasts, and trembling limbs,
That used to clasp thee, when thy looks were milder,
That yet hang heavy on my unpurged soul,
And plunge it not into eternal darkness!
Jaf. Know, Belvidera, when we parted last,
I gave this dagger with thee, as in trust,
To be thy portion, if I e'er proved false.
On such condition, was my truth believed;
But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.
[*Offers to stab her again.*
Bel. Oh! Mercy! [*Kneeling.*
Jaf. Nay, no struggling.
Bel. Now, then, kill me,
[*Leaps on his neck, and kisses him.*
While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.
Jaf. I am, I am a coward, witness heaven,
Witness it, earth, and every being witness!
'Tis but one blow! yet, by immortal love,
I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee.
[*He throws away the dagger, and embraces her.*
The seal of Providence is sure upon thee;

And thou wert born for yet unheard-of wonders.
Oh! thou wert either born to save or damn me!
By all the power, that's given thee o'er my soul,
By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,
By the victorious love, that still waits on thee,
Fly to thy cruel father, save my friend,
Or all our future quiet's lost for ever!
Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees,
Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears,
Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him!
Crush him in thy arms, torture him with thy softness;
Nor, till thy prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him, as thou hast conquered me!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Priuli's House.*

Enter PRIULI *solus.*

Pri. Why, cruel Heaven, have my unhappy days
Been lengthened to this sad one? Oh! dishonour
And deathless infamy is fallen upon me!
Was it my fault? Am I a traitor? No.
But then, my only child, my daughter wedded;
There my best blood runs foul, and a disease
Incurable has seized upon my memory,
To make it rot and stink to after-ages!
Curst be the fatal minute, when I got her;
Or would that I had been any thing but man,
And raised an issue, which would ne'er have wronged me.
The miserablest creatures (man excepted)
Are not the less esteemed, though their posterity
Degenerate from the virtues of their fathers:
The vilest beasts are happy in their offspring,
While only man gets traitors, whores, and villains!
Cursed be the names, and some swift blow from fate
Lay this head deep, where mine may be forgotten!

Enter BELVIDERA, *in a long mourning veil.*

Bel. He's there, my father, my inhuman father,
That for three years has left an only child
Exposed to all the outrages of fate,
And cruel ruin!—Oh———
Pri. What child of sorrow
Art thou, that comest wrapt in weeds of sadness,
And movest, as if thy steps were towards a grave?
Bel. A wretch, who, from the very top of happiness,
Am fallen into the depths of misery,
And want your pitying hand to raise me up again.
Pri. Indeed thou talkst as thou hadst tasted sorrows;
Would I could help thee!
Bel. 'Tis greatly in your power:
The world, too, speaks you charitable; and I,
Who ne'er asked alms before, in that dear hope,
Am come a begging to you, sir.
Pri. For what?
Bel. Oh, well regard me! is this voice a strange one?
Consider, too, when beggars once pretend
A case like mine, no little will content them.
Pri. What wouldst thou beg for?
Bel. Pity and forgiveness. [*Throws up her veil.*
By the kind tender names of child and father,
Hear my complaints, and take me to your love!
Pri. My daughter!
Bel. Yes, your daughter, by a mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honour,
Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,
Dear to your arms: By all the joys she gave you,
When, in her blooming years, she was your treasure,
Look kindly on me. In my face behold
The lineaments of her's you have kissed so often,
Pleading the cause of your poor cast-off child.
Pri. Thou art my daughter.
Bel. Yes—and you have often told me,
With smiles of love and chaste paternal kisses,
I had much resemblance of my mother.
Pri. Oh!
Hadst thou inherited her matchless virtues,
I had been too blessed!
Bel. Nay, do not call to memory
My disobedience; but let pity enter
Into your heart, and quite deface the impression.
For could you think how mine's perplexed, what sadness,
Fears and despair distract the peace within me,
Oh! you would take me in your dear, dear arms,
Hover with strong compassion o'er your young one,
To shelter me, with a protecting wing,
From the black gathered storm, that's just, just breaking.
Pri. Don't talk thus.
Bel. Yes, I must; and you must hear too.
I have a husband.
Pri. Damn him.
Bel. Oh! do not curse him;
He would not speak so hard a word towards you
On any terms, howe'er he deals with me.
Pri. Ha! what means my child?
Bel. Oh! there's but this short moment
'Twixt me and fate: yet send me not with curses
Down to my grave; afford me one kind blessing
Before we part: just take me in your arms,
And recommend me with a prayer to heaven,
That I may die in peace; and when I am dead—
Pri. How my soul's catch'd!
Bel. Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear ashes of my tender mother.

She would have pitied me, had fate yet spared her.
Pri. By Heaven, my aching heart forebodes much mischief!
Tell me thy story, for I'm still thy father.
Bel. No; I'm contented.
Pri. Speak!
Bel. No matter.
Pri. Tell me:
By yon blessed Heaven, my heart runs o'er with fondness!
Bel. Oh!
Pri. Utter it!
Bel. Oh! my husband, my dear husband,
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosom,
To pierce the heart of your poor Belvidera!
Pri. Kill thee!
Bel. Yes, kill me. When he passed his faith
And covenant against your state and senate,
He gave me up a hostage for his truth:
With me a dagger and a dire commission,
Whene'er he failed, to plunge it through this bosom!
I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love
To attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour.
Great love prevailed, and blest me with success!
He came, confessed, betrayed his dearest friends
For promised mercy. Now they are doomed to suffer,
Galled with remembrance of what then was sworn,
If they are lost, he vows to appease the gods
With this poor life, and make my blood the atonement!
Pri. Heavens!
Bel. Think you saw what passed at our last parting:
Think you beheld him; like a raging lion,
Pacing the earth, and tearing up his steps,
Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
Of burning fury: think you saw his one hand
Fixed on my throat, whilst the extended other
Grasped a keen threatening dagger: Oh! 'twas thus
We last embraced, when, trembling with revenge,
He dragged me to the ground, and at my bosom
Presented horrid death. Cried out, 'My friends!
Where are my friends?' swore, wept, raged, threatened, loved,
For yet he loved, and that dear love preserved me
To this last trial of a father's pity.
I fear not death; but cannot bear the thought,
That that dear hand should do the unfriendly office.
If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the senate, save the promised lives
Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the sacrifice.
Pri. Oh, my heart's comfort!
Bel. Will you not, my father?
Weep not, but answer me!
Pri. By Heaven I will.
Not one of them but what shall be immortal.
Canst thou forgive me all my follies past?
I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth, that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness over thee:
Peace to thy heart! Farewell.
Bel. Go, and remember,
'Tis Belvidera's life her father pleads for.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. Final destruction seize on all the world!
Bend down ye heavens, and, shutting round this earth,
Crush the vile globe into its first confusion;
Scorch it with elemental flames to one cursed cinder,
And all us little creepers on it, called men,
Burn, burn to nothing; but let Venice burn,
Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle hell,
Ne'er to extinguish; and let souls hereafter
Groan here, in all those pains, which mine feels now!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. My life—— [*Meeting him.*
Jaf. My plague—— [*Turning from her.*
Bel. Nay, then I see my ruin.
If I must die—
Jaf. No, death's this day too busy;
Thy father's ill-timed mercy came too late.
I thank thee for thy labours though; and him too;
But all my poor, betrayed, unhappy friends,
Have summons to prepare for Fate's black hour;
And yet I live.
Bel. Then be the next my doom:
I see, thou hast passed my sentence in thy heart,
And I'll no longer weep, or plead against it,
But with the humblest, most obedient patience,
Meet thy dear hands and kiss them, when they wound me.
Indeed I am willing, but I beg thee do it
With some remorse; and when thou givest the blow,
View me with eyes of a relenting love,
And shew me pity, for 'twill sweeten justice.
Jaf. Shew pity to thee!
Bel. Yes; and when thy hands,
Charged with my fate, come trembling to the deed,
As thou hast done a thousand times
To this poor breast, when kinder rage hath brought thee,
When our stung hearts have leaped to meet each other,
And melting kisses sealed our lips together;
When joys have left me gasping in thy arms—

So let my death come now, and I'll not shrink from it.
Jaf. Nay, Belvidera, do not fear my cruelty,
Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy;
But answer me to what I shall demand,
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.
Bel. I will, when I have done weeping——
Jaf. Fy, no more of it——
How long is it, since that miserable day
We wedded first?
Bel. Oh! Oh!
Jaf. Nay, keep in thy tears,
Lest they unman me too.
Bel. Heaven knows I cannot;
The words you utter sound so very sadly,
The streams will follow—
Jaf. Come, I'll kiss them dry then.
Bel. But was it a miserable day?
Jaf. A cursed one.
Bel. I thought it otherwise; and you have often sworn,
In the transporting hours of warmest love,
When sure you spoke the truth, you have sworn, you blessed it.
Jaf. 'Twas a rash oath.
Bel. Then why am I not cursed too?
Jaf. No, Belvidera; by the eternal truth,
I doat with too much fondness.
Bel. Still so kind!
Still then do you love me?
Jaf. Nature, in her workings,
Inclines not with more ardour to creation,
Than I do now towards thee: Man ne'er was blessed,
Since the first pair met, as I have been.
Bel. Then sure you will not curse me?
Jaf. No I'll bless thee.
'Tis now, I think, three years we have lived together.
Bel. And may no fatal minute ever part us,
Till, reverend grown for age and love, we go
Down to one grave, as our last bed, together;
There sleep in peace, till an eternal morning.
Jaf. When will that be? [*Sighing.*
Bel. I hope, long ages hence.
Jaf. Have I not hitherto, (I beg thee tell me
Thy very fears) used thee with tenderest love?
Did e'er my soul rise up in wrath against thee?
Did I e'er frown, when Belvidera smiled?
Or by the least unfriendly word, betray
Abating passion? have I ever wronged thee?
Bel. No.
Jaf. Has my heart, or have my eyes, e'er wandered
To any other woman?
Bel. Never, never—I were the worst of false ones, should I accuse thee.
I own I have been too happy, blessed above
My sex's charter.
Jaf. Did I not say, I came to bless thee?
Bel. You did,
Jaf. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven!
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand, let peace,
Honour, and safety, always hover round her;
Feed her with plenty; let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her virtue,
To bear the loss of one, that too much loved,
And comfort her with patience in our parting!
Bel. How! parting, parting!
Jaf. Yes, for ever parting;
I have sworn, Belvidera, by yon heaven,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,
We part this hour for ever.
Bel. O! call back
Your cruel blessing! stay with me and curse me!
Jaf. No, 'tis resolved.
Bel. Then hear me too, just heaven!
Pour down your curses on this wretched head,
With never-ceasing vengeance; let despair,
Danger and infamy, nay all, surround me;
Starve me with wantings; let my eyes ne'er see
A sight of comfort, nor my heart know peace:
But dash my days with sorrow, nights with horrors,
Wild as my own thoughts now, and let loose fury,
To make me mad enough for what I lose,
If I must lose him! If I must? I will not,
Oh! turn and hear me!
Jaf. Now, hold heart, or never,
Bel. By all the tender days we have lived together,
Pity my sad condition! speak, but speak!
Jaf. Oh! Oh!
Bel. By these arms, that now cling round thy neck,
By this dear kiss, and by ten thousand more,
By these poor streaming eyes——
Jaf. Murder! unhold me:
By the immortal destiny, that doomed me
[*Draws his dagger.*
To this cursed minute, I'll not live one longer;
Resolve to let me go, or see me fall——
Bel. Hold, sir, be patient!
Jaf. Hark, the dismal bell [*Passing bell tolls.*
Tolls out for death! I must attend its call too;
For my poor friend, my dying Pierre, expects me;
He sent a message to require I would see him
Before he died, and take his last forgiveness.
Farewell, for ever!
Bel. Leave thy dagger with me,
Bequeath me something—Not one kiss at parting?
Oh! my poor heart, when wilt thou break!
[*Going out, looks back at him.*
Jaf. Yet stay:
We have a child, as yet a tender infant;
Be a kind mother to him, when I am gone;
Breed him in virtue, and the paths of honour,
But never let him know his father's story;
I charge thee, guard him from the wrongs my fate

May do his future fortune, or his name.
Now—nearer yet— [*Approaching each other.*
Oh! that my arms were rivetted
Thus round thee ever! But my friend! my oath!
This, and no more. [*Kisses her.*
Bel. Another, sure another,
For that poor little one you have taken such care of!
I will give it him truly.
Jaf. So now, farewell!
Bel. For ever?
Jaf. Heaven knows for ever; all good angels guard thee, [*Exit.*
Bel. All ill ones sure had charge of me this moment.
Cursed be my days, and doubly cursed my nights,
Which I must now mourn out with widowed tears;
Blasted be every herb, and fruit, and tree;
Cursed be the rain, that falls upon the earth,
And may the general curse reach man and beast!
Oh! give me daggers, fire or water!
How I could bleed, how burn, how drown, the waves
Huzzing and booming round my sinking head,
Till I descended to the peaceful bottom!
Oh! there all is quiet, here all rage and fury:
The air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain;
I long for thick substantial sleep: Hell! hell!
Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

Enter PRIULI, *and Servants.*

Who's there? [*They raise her.*
Pri. Run, seize, and bring her safely home;
Guard her as you would life! Alas, poor creature!
Bel. What to my husband! then conduct me quickly;
Are all things ready? Shall we die most gloriously?
Say not a word of this to my old father:
Murmuring streams, soft shades, and springing flowers!
Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Opening, discovers a scaffold, and a wheel prepared for the execution of PIERRE; *then enter Officer,* PIERRE, *and Guards, a Friar, Executioner, and a great rabble.*

Offi. Room, room there—stand all by, make room for the prisoner.
Pier. My friend not come yet?
Fri. Why are you so obstinate?
Pier. Why you so troublesome, that a poor wretch can't die in peace,
But you, like ravens, will be croaking round him—
Fri. Yet Heaven——
Pier. I tell thee, Heaven and I are friends:
I ne'er broke peace with it yet by cruel murders,
Rapine, or perjury, or vile deceiving;
But lived in moral justice towards all men:
Nor am a foe to the most strong believers,
Howe'er my own short-sighted faith confine me.
Fri. But an all-seeing Judge——
Pier. You say my conscience
Must be my accuser; I have searched that conscience,
And find no records there of crimes, that scare me,
Fri. 'Tis strange, you should want faith.
Pier. You want to lead
My reason blind-fold, like a hampered lion,
Checked of its nobler vigour; then, when baited
Down to obedient tameness, make it couch,
And shew strange tricks, which you call signs of faith:
So silly souls are gulled, and you get money.
Away; no more. Captain, I'd have hereafter
This fellow write no lies of my conversion,
Because he has crept upon my troubled hours.

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. Hold: eyes be dry;
Heart, strengthen me to bear
This hideous sight, and humble me, to take
The last forgiveness of a dying friend,
Betrayed by my vile falsehood, to his ruin.
Oh, Pierre!
Pier. Yet nearer.
Jaf. Crawling on my knees,
And prostrate on the earth, let me approach thee:
How shall I look up to thy injured face,
That always used to smile with friendship on me?
It darts an air of so much manly virtue,
That I, methinks, look little in thy sight,
And stripes are fitter for me, than embraces.
Pier. Dear to my arms, though thou hast undone my fame,
I can't forget to love thee. Prithee, Jaffier,
Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee;
I'm now preparing for the land of peace,
And fain would have the charitable wishes
Of all good men, like thee, to bless my journey.
Jaf. Good! I am the vilest creature, worse than e'er
Suffered the shameful fate, thou'rt going to taste of,
Why was I sent for to be used thus kindly?
Call, call me villain, as I am! describe
The foul complexion of my hateful deeds:
Lead me to the rack, and stretch me in thy stead!
I have crimes enough to give it its full load,
And do it credit: thou wilt but spoil the use of it—
And honest men hereafter bear its figure
About them, as a charm from treacherous friendship.
Offi. The time grows short, your friends are dead already.

Jaf. Dead!
Pier. Yes, dead, Jaffier; they have all died like men, too,
Worthy their character.
Jaf. And what must I do?
Pier. Oh, Jaffier!
Jaf. Speak loud thy burthened soul,
And tell thy troubles to thy tortured friend.
Pier. Friend! Couldst thou yet be a friend, a generous friend,
I might hope comfort from thy noble sorrows.
Heaven knows, I want a friend.
Jaf. And I a kind one,
That would not thus scorn my repenting virtue,
Or think, when he's to die, my thoughts are idle.
Pier. No! live, I charge thee, Jaffier.
Jaf. Yes, I will live:
But it shall be to see thy fall revenged
At such a rate, as Venice long shall groan for.
Pier. Wilt thou?
Jaf. I will, by Heaven.
Pier. Then still thou art noble,
And I forgive thee. Oh!—yet—shall I trust thee?
Jaf. No; I have been false already.
Pier. Dost thou love me?
Jaf. Rip up my heart, and satisfy thy doubtings!
Pier. Curse on this weakness! [*He weeps.*
Jaf. Tears! Amazement! Tears!
I never saw thee melted thus before;
And know there's something labouring in thy bosom,
That must have vent: Though I am a villain, tell me.
Pier. See'st thou that engine?
[*Pointing to the wheel.*
Jaf. Why?
Pier. Is it fit a soldier, who has lived with honour,
Fought nation's quarrels, and been crowned with conquest,
Be exposed a common carcase on a wheel?
Jaf. Ha!
Pier. Speak! is it fitting?
Jaf. Fitting!
Pier. Yes; is it fitting?
Jaf. What's to be done?
Pier. I'd have thee undertake
Something that's noble, to preserve my memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attaint it.
Offi. The day grows late, sir.
Pier. I'll make haste. Oh, Jaffier!
Though thou'st betrayed me, do me some way justice.
Jaf. No more of that: thy wishes shall be satisfied;
I have a wife, and she shall bleed: my child, too,
Yield up his little throat, and all
To appease thee——
[*Going away, Pierre holds him.*
Pier. No—this—no more.
[*He whispers Jaffier.*
Jaf. Ha! is it then so?
Pier. Most certainly.
Jaf. I'll do it.
Pier. Remember.
Offi. Sir!
Pier. Come, now I'm ready,
[*He and Jaffier ascend the scaffold.*
Captain, you should be a gentleman of honour;
Keep off the rabble; that I may have room
To entertain my fate, and die with decency.
Come.
[*Takes off his gown, executioner prepares to bind him.*
Fri. Son.
Pier. Hence, tempter!
Offi. Stand off, priest.
Pier. I thank you, sir. [*To the Officer.*
You'll think on't? [*To Jaffier.*
Jaf. It won't grow stale before to-morrow.
Pier. Now, Jaffier! now I'm going. Now—
[*Executioner having bound him.*
Jaf. Have at thee,
Thou honest heart, then—here! [*Stabs him.*
And this is well too. [*Stabs himself.*
Fri. Damnable deed!
Pier. Now thou hast indeed been faithful.
This was done nobly—We have deceived the senate.
Jaf. Bravely.
Pier. Ha, ha, ha——oh! oh! [*Dies.*
Jaf. Now, ye cursed rulers,
Thus of the blood ye have shed I make a libation,
And sprinkle it mingling. May it rest upon you,
And all your race! Be henceforth peace a stranger
Within your walls; let plagues and famine waste
Your generation—Oh, poor Belvidera!
Sir, I have a wife, bear this in safety to her,
A token, that with my dying breath I blessed her,
And the dear little infant left behind me.
I'm sick——I'm quiet. [*Dies.*
Offi. Bear this news to the senate,
And guard their bodies, till there's further orders.
Heaven grant I die so well!
[*Scene shuts upon them.*

SCENE IV.

Soft Music.—Enter BELVIDERA *distracted, led by two of her Women,* PRIULI *and Servants.*

Pri. Strengthen her heart with patience, pitying Heaven!
Bel. Come, come, come, come, come, nay, come to bed,
Prithee, my love! The winds; hark how they whistle;
And the rain beats: Oh! how the weather shrinks me!
You are angry now, who cares? Pish, no indeed,
Chuse then; I say you shall not go, you shall not;
Whip your ill-nature; get you gone then. Oh!

Are you returned? See, father, here he's come again:
Am I to blame to love him? O, thou dear one,
Why do you fly me? Are you angry still then?
Jaffier, where art thou? father, why do you do thus?
Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here somewhere.
Stand off, I say: What, gone? Remember it, tyrant;
I may revenge myself for this trick, one day.
I'll do't—I'll do't. Renault's a nasty fellow;
Hang him, hang him, hang him.

Enter Officer.

Pri. News, what news?

[*Officer whispers Priuli.*

Offi. Most sad, sir;
Jaffier, upon the scaffold, to prevent
A shameful death, stabbed Pierre, and next himself;
Both fell together.

Pri. Daughter!

Bel. Ha! look there!
My husband bloody, and his friend too! Murder!
Who has done this? Speak to me, thou sad vision!
On these poor trembling knees I beg it. Vanished—
Here they went down—Oh, I'll dig, dig the den up!
You shan't delude me thus. Hoa, Jaffier, Jaffier!
Peep up, and give me but a look. I have him!
I've got him, father: Oh! now how I'll smuggle him!
My love! my dear! my blessing! help me! help me!
They have hold on me, and drag me to the bottom.
Nay—now they pull so hard—farewell— [*Dies.*

Maid. She's dead;
Breathless and dead.

Pri. Oh! guard me from the sight on't!
Lead me into some place that's fit for mourning:
Where the free air, light, and the cheerful sun,
May never enter: hang it round with black:
Set up one taper, that may last a day,
As long as I've to live; and there all leave me:
Sparing no tears, when you this tale relate,
But bid all cruel fathers dread my fate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

MOURNING BRIDE.

BY

CONGREVE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.	WOMEN.
MANUEL, *king of Granada.*	ALMERIA, *the princess of Granada.*
GONSALEZ, *his favourite.*	ZARA, *a captive queen.*
GARCIA, *son to Gonsalez.*	LEONORA, *chief attendant on the princess.*
PEREZ, *captain of the guards.*	*Women, eunuchs, and mutes attending Zara, guards, &c.*
ALONZO, *an officer, creature to Gonsalez.*	
OSMYN, *a noble prisoner.*	
HELI, *a prisoner, his friend.*	
SELIM, *an eunuch.*	

Scene,—Granada.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A room of state. The curtain rising slowly to soft music, discovers ALMERIA *in mourning,* LEONORA *waiting in mourning.*

After the music, ALMERIA *rises from her chair, and comes forward.*

Alm. Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees or flint? O, force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night
The silent tomb received the good old king;
He and his sorrows now are safely lodged
Within its cold, but hospitable bosom.
Why am not I at peace?

Leon. Dear madam, cease,
Or moderate your grief; there is no cause——

Alm. No cause! Peace, peace; there is eternal cause,
And misery eternal will succeed.
Thou canst not tell—thou hast indeed no cause.

Leon. Believe me, madam, I lament Anselmo,
And always did compassionate his fortune;
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king:
And oft, at night, when all have been retired,
Have stolen from bed, and to his prison crept;
Where, while his gaoler slept, I thro' the grate
Have softly whispered, and enquired his health;
Sent in my sighs and prayers for his deliverance;
For sighs and prayers were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature;

That thus could melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
Oh, Leonora! hadst thou known Anselmo,
How would thy heart have bled to see his sufferings!
Thou hadst no cause, but general compassion.
Leon. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause;
My love of you begot my grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the chance of war
Had blessed Anselmo's arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his success; that then, in spite of hate,
Revenge, and that hereditary feud
Between Valentia's and Granada's kings,
He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness could invent;
Proposing, by a match between Alphonso,
His son, the brave Valentian prince, and you,
To end the long dissention, and unite
The jarring crowns.
Alm. Alphonso! O Alphonso!
Thou too art quiet—long hast been at peace—
Both, both! father and son are now no more.
Then why am I? Oh, when shall I have rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these things thus? Is it of force?
Is there necessity I must be miserable?
Is it of moment to the peace of heaven,
That I should be afflicted thus? If not,
Why is it thus contrived? Why are things laid
By some unseen hand, so, as of sure consequence,
They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
The last distress of life, and sure despair?
Leon. Alas! you search too far, and think too deeply.
Alm. Why was I carried to Anselmo's court?
Or there, why was I used so tenderly?
Why not ill-treated, like an enemy?
For so my father would have used his child.
Oh, Alphonso, Alphonso!
Devouring seas have washed thee from my sight—
No time shall raze thee from my memory;
No, I will live to be thy monument:
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb,
But in my heart thou art interred; there, there,
Thy dear resemblance is for ever fixed;
My love, my lord, my husband still, though lost.
Leon. Husband! Oh, Heavens!
Alm. Alas! what have I said?
My grief has hurryed me beyond all thought.
I would have kept that secret; though I know
Thy love, and faith to me deserve all confidence.
But 'tis the wretch's comfort still to have
Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
And, glutton-like, alone devour.
Leon. Indeed,
I knew not this.

Alm. Oh, no, thou knowest not half,
Knowest nothing of my sorrows—if thou didst—
If I should tell thee, wouldst thou pity me?
Tell me; I know thou wouldst; thou art compassionate.
Leon. Witness these tears——
Alm. I thank thee, Leonora——
Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad mistress:
For 'tis, alas! the poor prerogative
Of greatness to be wretched, and unpitied——
But I did promise I would tell thee—What?
My miseries! Thou dost already know them:
And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
It was because thou didst not know Alphonso:
For to have known my loss, thou must have known
His worth, his truth, and tenderness of love.
Leon. The memory of that brave prince stands fair
In all report—
And I have heard imperfectly his loss;
But, fearful to renew your troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the story.
Alm. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome captive in Valentia,
Even on the day when Manuel, my father,
Led on his conquering troops high as the gates
Of king Anselmo's palace; which, in rage,
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fired.
The good king, flying to avoid the flames,
Started amidst his foes, and made captivity
His fatal refuge—Would that I had fallen
Amidst those flames—but 'twas not so decreed.
Alphonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
Had borne the queen and me on board a ship,
Ready to sail; and, when this news was brought,
We put to sea; but being betrayed by some
Who knew our flight, we closely were pursued
And almost taken; when a sudden storm
Drove us, and those that followed, on the coast
Of Afric: There our vessel struck the shore,
And, bulging 'gainst a rock, was dashed in pieces;
But heaven spared me for yet much more affliction!
Conducting them who followed us, to shun
The shore, and save me floating on the waves,
While the good queen and my Alphonso perished.
Leon. Alas! were you then wedded to Alphonso?
Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were joined.
For when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,
And saw her rate so far exceeding ours,
He came to me, and begged me by my love,
I would consent the priest should make us one;
That, whether death or victory ensued,
I might be his, beyond the power of fate;
The queen too did assist his suit—I granted;
And in one day was wedded and a widow.
Leon. Indeed 'twas mournful——

Alm. 'Twas as I have told thee——
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,
Or ever dry these swoln and watery eyes,
Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,
While I have life, and thought of my Alphonso.
Leon. Look down, good heaven, with pity on her sorrows,
And grant that time may bring her some relief.
Alm. Oh, no! time gives increase to my afflictions.
The circling hours, that gather all the woes
Which are diffused through the revolving year,
Come heavy laden with the oppressing weight
To me; with me successively, they leave
The sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless cares,
And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight:
They shake their downy wings, and scatter all
The dire collected dews on my poor head:
Then fly with joy and swiftness from me.
[*Shouts at a distance.*
Leon. Hark!
The distant shouts proclaim your father's triumph.
O cease, for heaven's sake, assuage a little
This torrent of your grief; for, this I fear,
'Twill urge his wrath, to see you drowned in tears,
When joy appears in every other face.
Alm. And joy he brings to every other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine:
For with him Garcia comes—Garcia, to whom
I must be sacrificed, and all the vows
I gave my dear Alphonso basely broken.
No, it shall never be; for I will die
First, die ten thousand deaths—Look down, look down,
Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make! [*Kneels.*
One moment, cease to gaze on perfect bliss,
And bend thy glorious eyes to earth and me.
And thou, Anselmo, if yet thou art arrived,
Through all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright heaven, where my Alphonso reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my vow.
If ever I do yield, or give consent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord, may then just heaven shower down
Unheard of curses on me, greater far
(If such there be in angry heaven's vengeance)
Than any I have yet endured! And now [*Rising.*
My heart has some relief; having so well
Discharged this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet, one thing more I would engage from thee.
Leon. My heart, my life, and will, are only yours.
Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this: anon, when all
Are wrapped and busied in the general joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to visit good Anselmo's tomb.
Leon. Alas! I fear some fatal resolution.
Alm. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence—I feel myself more light,
And more at large, since I have made this vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
'Tis that, or some such melancholy thought;
Upon my word, no more.
Leon. I will attend you.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. The lord Gonsalez comes to tell your highness,
The king is just arrived.
Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit Alon.*
That's his pretence; his errand is, I know,
To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds,
And gild and magnify his son's exploits.
But I am armed with ice around my heart,
Not to be warmed with words, or idle eloquence.

Enter GONSALEZ.

Gon. Be ev'ry day of your long life like this.
The sun, bright conquest, and your brighter eyes,
Have all conspired to blaze promiscuous light,
And bless this day with most unequalled lustre.
Your royal father, my victorious lord,
Loaden with spoils, and ever-living laurel,
Is entering now, in martial pomp, the palace.
Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,
Which groan beneath the weight of Moorish wealth.
Chariots of war, adorned with glittering gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing steeds,
White as the fleecy rain on Alpine hills,
That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,
As they disdained the victory they grace.
Prisoners of war in shining fetters follow;
And captains of the noblest blood of Afric
Sweat by his chariot wheel, and lick and grind,
With gnashing teeth, the dust his triumphs raise.
The swarming populace spread every wall,
And cling, as if with claws they did enforce
Their hold; through clifted stones stretching and staring,
As if they were all eyes, and every limb
Would feed its faculty of admiration;
While you alone retire, and shun this sight;
This sight, which is indeed not seen (though twice
The multitude should gaze) in absence of your eyes.
Alm. My lord, my eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded trophies of exterior honours;
Nor will my ears be charmed with sounding words,
Or pompous phrase, the pageantry of fools.
But that my father is returned in safety,
I bend to heaven with thanks.
Gon. Excellent princess!
But 'tis a task unfit for my weak age,
With dying words to offer at your praise.
Garcia, my son, your beauty's lowest slave,
Has better done; in proving with his sword

The force and influence of your matchless charms.
Alm. I doubt not of the worth of Garcia's deeds,
Which had been brave, though I had ne'er been born.
Leon. Madam, the king. [*Flourish.*
Alm. My women. I would meet him.
[*Attendants to Almeria enter in mourning.*

Symphony of warlike music. Enter the KING, *attended by* GARCIA *and several officers. Files of prisoners in chains, and guards, who are ranged in order round the stage. Almeria meets the King, and kneels: afterwards* GONSALEZ *kneels and kisses the King's hand, while* GARCIA *does the same to the princess.*

King. Almeria, rise—My best Gonsalez, rise.
What, tears! my good old friend—
Gon. But tears of joy.
Believe me, sir, to see you thus, has filled
Mine eyes with more delight than they can hold.
King. By heaven, thou lovest me, and I'm pleased thou dost;
Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this occasion—Some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our success.
Why is it, Almeria, that you meet our eyes,
Upon this solemn day, in these sad weeds?
In opposition to my brightness, you
And yours are all like daughters of affliction.
Alm. Forgive me, sir, if I in this offend.
The year, which I have vowed to pay to heaven,
In mourning and strict life, for my deliverance
From wreck and death, wants yet to be expired.
King. Your zeal to heaven is great, so is your debt:
Yet something, too, is due to me, who gave
That life, which heaven preserved. A day bestowed
In filial duty, had atoned and given
A dispensation to your vow—No more!
'Twas weak and wilful—and a woman's error.
Yet, upon thought, it doubly wounds my sight,
To see that sable worn upon the day,
Succeeding that, in which our deadliest foe,
Hated Anselmo, was interred—By heaven,
It looks as thou didst mourn for him! just so
Thy senseless vow appeared to bear its date,
Not from that hour wherein thou wert preserved,
But that wherein the cursed Alphonso perished.
Ha! What? thou dost not weep to think of that!
Gon. Have patience, royal sir; the princess weeps
To have offended you. If fate decreed,
One pointed hour should be Alphonso's loss,
And her deliverance, is she to blame?
King. I tell thee she's to blame, not to have feasted
When my first foe was laid in earth, such enmity,
Such detestation bears my blood to his;
My daughter should have revelled at his death,
She should have made these palace walls to shake,
And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What, to mourn and weep!
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! by heaven,
There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
But should have smiled that hour, through all his care,
And shook his chains, in transport and rude harmony.
Gon. What she has done, was in excess of goodness;
Betrayed by too much piety, to seem
As if she had offended.——Sure, no more.
King. To seem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I would not have a seeming sorrow seen
To-day.—Retire; divest yourself with speed
Of that offensive black: on me be all
The violation of your vow; for you
It shall be your excuse, that I command it.
Gar. [*Kneeling.*] Your pardon, sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious promise.
King. Rise, Garcia—I forgot. Yet stay, Almeria.
Alm. My boding heart!—What is your pleasure, sir?
King. Draw near, and give your hand, and, Garcia, yours:
Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your husband, and my son.
Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield myself for ever
The slave and creature of my royal mistress!
Gon. O let me prostrate pay my worthless thanks—
King. No more; my promise long since passed, thy services,
And Garcia's well-tried valour, all oblige me.
This day we triumph; but to-morrow's sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy nuptials———
Alm. Oh! [*Faints.*
Gar. She faints! Help to support her.
Gon. She recovers.
King. A fit of bridal fear. How is't, Almeria?
Alm. A sudden chillness seizes on my spirits.
Your leave, sir, to retire.
King. Garcia, conduct her.
[*Garcia leads Almeria to the door, and returns.*
This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears;
I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,
And make it sin, not to renounce that vow.
Which I'd have broken. Now, what would Alonzo?

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Your beauteous captive, Zara, is arrived,
And with a train as if she still were wife
To Albucacim, and the Moor had conquered.
King. It is our will she should be so attended.
Bear hence these prisoners. Garcia, which is he,
Of whose mute valour you relate such wonders?
[*Prisoners led off.*

Gar. Osmyn, who led the Moorish horse; but he,
Great sir, at her request, attends on Zara.
King. He is your prisoner; as you please dispose him.
Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my kindness;
And with a haughty mien, and stern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers. If he speak,
'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least to talk where he must not command.
King. Such sullenness, and in a man so brave,
Must have some other cause than his captivity.
Did Zara, then, request he might attend her?
Gar. My lord, she did.
King. That, joined with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have them watched; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

Enter ALONZO, ZARA, *and* OSMYN *bound, conducted by* PEREZ *and a guard, and attended by* SELIM *and several mutes and eunuchs in a train.*

King. What welcome, and what honours, beauteous Zara,
A king and conqueror can give, are yours.
A conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with such lustre strike admiring eyes,
That had our pomp been with your presence graced,
The expecting crowd had been deceived; and seen
The monarch enter, not triumphant, but,
In pleasing triumph led, your beauty's slave.
Zara. If I on any terms could condescend
To like captivity, or think those honours,
Which conquerors in courtesy bestow,
Of equal value with unborrowed rule
And native right to arbitrary sway,
I might be pleased, when I beheld this train
With usual homage wait: but when I feel
These bonds, I look with loathing on myself,
And scorn vile slavery, though doubly hid
Beneath mock praises, and dissembled state.
King. Those bonds! 'Twas my command you should be free.
How durst you, Perez, disobey?
Per. Great sir,
Your order was she should not wait your triumph,
But at some distance follow, thus attended.
King. 'Tis false; 'twas more; I bid she should be free;
If not in words, I bid it by my eyes.
Her eyes did more than bid—Free her and her's,
With speed—yet stay—my hands alone can make
Fit restitution here.——Thus I release you,
And, by releasing you, enslave myself.
Zara. Such favours, so conferred, though when unsought,
Deserve acknowledgment from noble minds.
Such thanks, as one hating to be obliged——
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.
King. Born to excel, and to command!
As by transcendent beauty to attract
All eyes; so, by pre-eminence of soul,
To rule all hearts!
Garcia, what's he, who, with contracted brow,
[*Beholding Osmyn, as they unbind him.*
And sullen port, glooms downwards with his eyes,
At once regardless of his chains, or liberty?
Gar. That, sir, is he of whom I spoke; that's Osmyn.
King. He answers well the character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant Osmyn, that a man
So great in arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure captivity,
The common chance of war?
Osm. Because captivity
Has robbed me of a dear and just revenge.
King. I understand not that.
Osm. I would not have you.
Zara. That gallant Moor in battle lost a friend,
Whom more than life he loved; and the regret,
Of not revenging on his foes that loss,
Has caused this melancholy and despair.
King. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected.
[*To Gon.*
Gon. That friend might be herself; seem not to heed
His arrogant reply: she looks concerned.
King. I'll have enquiry made: perhaps his friend
Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name?
Zara. Heli.
King. Garcia, that search shall be your care:
It shall be mine to pay devotion here;
At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,
And raise love's altar on the spoils of war.
Conquest and triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I victory in camps adore:
For, lingering there, in long suspence she stands,
Shifting the prize in unresolving hands;
Unused to wait, I broke through her delay,
Fixed her by force, and snatched the doubtful day.
Now late I find that war is but her sport;
In love the goddess keeps her awful court;
Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Representing the Aisle of a Temple.*

GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

Gar. THIS way, we're told, Osmyn was seen to walk;
Chusing this lonely mansion of the dead,
To mourn, brave Heli, thy mistaken fate.
Heli. Let Heaven with thunder to the centre strike me,
If to arise in very deed from death,
And to revisit, with my long-closed eyes,
This living light, could to my soul or sense
Afford a thought, or shew a glimpse of joy,
In least proportion to the vast delight
I feel, to hear of Osmyn's name; to hear
That Osmyn lives, and I again shall see him.
Gar. I've heard, with admiration, of your friendship.
Per. Yonder, my lord, behold the noble Moor.
Hel. Where? Where?
Gar. I saw him not, nor any like him——
Per. I saw him when I spoke, thwarting my view,
And striding with distempered haste; his eyes
Seemed flame, and flashed upon me with a glance;
Then forward shot their fires which he pursued,
As to some object frightful, yet not feared.
Gar. Let's haste to follow him, and know the cause.
Hel. My lord, let me intreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the cause.
I know his melancholy, and such starts
Are usual to his temper. It might raise him
To act some violence upon himself,
So to be caught in an unguarded hour,
And when his soul gives all her passion way,
Secure and loose in friendly solitude.
I know his noble heart would burst with shame,
To be surprised by strangers in its frailty.
Gar. Go, generous Heli, and relieve your friend.
Far be it from me officiously to pry
Or press upon the privacies of others.
[*Exit Heli.*
Perez, the king expects, from our return,
To have his jealousy confirmed, or cleared,
Of that appearing love which Zara bears
To Osmyn; but some other opportunity
Must make that plain.
Per. To me 'twas long since plain,
And every look from him and her confirms it.
Gar. If so, unhappiness attends their love,
And I could pity them. I hear some coming.
The friends, perhaps, are met; let us avoid them.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Alm. It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.
Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.
Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen——
Leon. Hark!
Alm. No, all is hushed, and still as death—'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.
Leon. Let us return; the horror of this place,
And silence, will encrease your melancholy.
Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; shew me Anselmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls, and mouldering earth,
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse,
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: lead me
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again,
To him, to Heaven, and my Alphonso's soul.
Leon. I go; but Heaven can tell with what regret.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter HELI.

Heli. I wander through this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him—Hark! sure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining—There it sounds!—I'll follow it.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Opening, discovers a place of Tombs: one Monument, fronting the view, greater than the rest.*

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Leon. Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb
The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh and unconsumed by time or worms.
What do I see? Oh, Heaven! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclosed; the iron gates, that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide stretched upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves!
Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, significant in show,
Invites me to the bed, where I alone

Shall rest; shews me the grave, where nature, weary
And long oppresed with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burthen down, and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
To his cold clayey breast: My father, then,
Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia, too,
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul, enlarged from its vile bonds, will mount,
And range the starry orbs, and milky ways,
Of that refulgent world, where I shall swim
In liquid light, and float, on seas of bliss,
To my Alphonso's soul. Oh, joy too great!
Oh, ecstacy of thought! Help me, Anselmo;
Help me, Alphonso; take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call; to thee, Alphonso:
Oh, Alphonso!

OSMYN *ascending from the tomb.*

Osm. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso?

Alm. Angels, and all the host of heaven, support me!

Osm. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness, from the grave,
And growing to his father's shroud, roots up
Alphonso?

Alm. Mercy! Providence! Oh, speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,
And from my eyes!

Osm. Amazement and illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye powers,
[*Coming forward.*
That, motionless, I may be still deceived.
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade!
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she, 'tis she herself!
Nor dead, nor shade, but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria, it is my wife!

Enter HELI.

Leon. Alas! she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes;
He, too, is fainting——Help me, help me, stranger,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
These bodies.

Hel. Ha! 'tis he! and with——Almeria!
Oh, miracle of happiness! Oh, joy
Unhoped for! Does Almeria live?

Osm. Where is she?
Let me behold, and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she; shew me her face, and let me feel
Her lips with mine—'Tis she, I am not deceived;
I taste her breath, I warm her and am warmed.
Look up, Almeria, bless me with thy eyes;
Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband.

Alm. I have sworn I'll not wed Garcia: why do ye force me?
Is this a father?

Osm. Look on thy Alphonso.
Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso.
Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot me?
Hast thou thy eyes, yet canst not see Alphonso?
Am I so altered, or art thou so changed,
That, seeing my disguise, thou seest not me?

Alm. It is, it is Alphonso! 'tis his face,
His voice—I know him now, I know him all.
Oh, take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the bottom of the boundless deep,
To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
Oh, how hast thou returned? How hast thou charmed
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this;
That, thus relenting, they have given thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me?

Osm. Oh, I'll not ask, nor answer, how or why
We both have backward trod the paths of fate,
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumstance,
Or means, by which I have thee——
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
I have not leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a while——
Let me look on thee yet a little more.

Osm. What wouldst thou? thou dost put me from thee.

Alm. Yes.

Osm. And why? What dost thou mean? Why dost thou gaze so?

Alm. I know not; 'tis to see thy face, I think—
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To see thee thus again is such profusion
Of joy, of bliss—I cannot bear—I must
Be mad—I cannot be transported thus.

Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heaven of love!

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?
How is all this? All-powerful Heaven, what are we?
Oh, my strained heart—let me again behold thee,
For I weep to see thee—Art thou not paler?
Much, much; how thou art changed!

Osm. Not in my love.

Alm. No, no! thy griefs, I know, have done this to thee.
Thou hast wept much, Alphonso; and, I fear,
Too much, too tenderly, lamented me.

Osm. Wrong not my love, to say too tenderly.
No more, my life; talk not of tears or grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my arms,

My arms which ache to hold thee fast, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my heart!
Alm. I will, for I should never look enough.
They would have married me; but I had sworn
To Heaven and thee, and sooner would have died——
Osm. Perfection of all faithfulness and love!
Alm. Indeed I would—Nay, I would tell thee all,
If I could speak; how I have mourned and prayed:
For I have prayed to thee, as to a saint;
And thou hast heard my prayer; for thou art come
To my distress, to my despair, which Heaven
Could only, by restoring thee, have cured.
Osm. Grant me but life, good Heaven, but length of days,
To pay some part, some little of this debt,
This countless sum of tenderness and love,
For which I stand engaged to this all-excellence:
Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate,
Snatch me from life, and cut me short unwarned:
Then, then, 'twill be enough—I shall be old,
I shall have passed all æras then
Of yet unmeasured time; when I have made
This exquisite, this most amazing goodness,
Some recompence of love and matchless truth.
Alm. 'Tis more than recompence to see thy face:
If heaven is greater joy, it is no happiness,
For 'tis not to be borne—What shall I say?
I have a thousand things to know and ask,
And speak—That thou art here beyond all hope,
All thought; that all at once thou art before me,
And with such suddenness hast hit my sight,
Is such surprise, such mystery, such extasy,
It hurries all my soul, and stuns my sense.
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didst arise?
Osm. I did; and thou, my love, didst call me; thou.
Alm. True; but how cam'st thou there? Wert thou alone?
Osm. I was, and lying on my father's lead,
When broken echoes of a distant voice
Disturbed the sacred silence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I rose and listened,
And thought I heard thy spirit call Alphonso;
I thought I saw thee too; but, Oh, I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest to see thee——
Alm. But still, how cam'st thou thither? How thus?—Ha!
What is he, who, like thyself, is started here
Ere seen?
Osm. Where? Ha! What do I see, Antonio!
I am fortunate indeed—my friend, too, safe!
Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus blessed.
Alm. More miracles! Antonio escaped!
Osm. And twice escaped; both from the rage of seas
And war: for in the fight I saw him fall.
Heli. But fell unhurt, a prisoner as yourself,
And as yourself made free; hither I came,
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you to lament Anselmo.
Osm. There are no wonders; or else all is wonder.
Heli. I saw you on the ground, and raised you up,
When with astonishment I saw Almeria.
Osm. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.
Alm. Nor I; nor could I, for my eyes were yours.
Osm. What means the bounty of all-gracious Heaven,
That persevering still, with open hand,
It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy!
Where will this end? But Heaven is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty number shall be spent in telling.
Leon. Or I am deceived, or I beheld the glimpse
Of two in shining habits cross the aisle;
Who by their pointing, seem to mark this place.
Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.
Osm. I wish at least our parting were a dream,
Or we could sleep 'till we again were met.
Heli. Zara and Selim, sir, I saw and know them:
You must be quick, for love will lend her wings.
Alm. What love? Who is she? Why are you alarmed?
Osm. She's the reverse of thee; she's my unhappiness.
Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace;
But gently take thyself away, lest she
Should come, and see the straining of my eyes
To follow thee.
Retire, my love, I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my friend will tell thee all;
How I escaped, how I am here, and thus;
How I am not called Alphonso now, but Osmyn;
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet——
Alm. Sure we shall meet again——
Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence.
[*Exeunt Alm. Leon. and Heli.*
Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thoughts,
So shall you still behold her—'twill not be.
Oh, impotence of sight! Mechanic sense!
Which to exterior objects ow'st thy faculty,
Not seeing of election, but necessity.
Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,
Successively reflect succeeding images:
Not what they would, but must; a star, or toad;
Just as the hand of chance administers.
Not so the mind, whose undetermined view
Resolves, and to the present adds the past:

Essaying farther to futurity;
But that in vain. I have Almeria here
At once, as I before have seen her often——

Enter ZARA *and* SELIM.

Zara. See where he stands, folded and fixed to earth,
Stiff'ning in thought, a statue among statues.
Why, cruel Osmyn, dost thou fly me thus?
Is it well done? Is this then the return
For fame, for honour, and for empire lost?
But what is loss of honour, fame, and empire?
Is this the recompence reserved for love?
Why dost thou leave my eyes, and fly my arms,
To find this place of horror and obscurity?
Am I more loathsome to thee than the grave,
That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
My love? But to the grave I'll follow thee—
He looks not, minds not, hears not! barbarous man!
Am I neglected thus? Am I despised!
Not heard! Ungrateful Osymn!

Osm. Ha, 'tis Zara!

Zara. Yes, traitor; Zara, lost, abandoned Zara,
Is a regardless suppliant now, to Osmyn.
The slave, the wretch that she redeemed from death,
Disdains to listen now, or look on Zara.

Osm. Far be the guilt of such reproaches from me;
Lost in myself, and blinded by my thoughts,
I saw you not till now.

Zara. Now then you see me—
But with such dumb and thankless eyes you look,
Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.

Osm. What would you from a wretch who came to mourn,
And only for his sorrows chose this solitude?
Look round; joy is not here, nor chearfulness.
You have pursued misfortune to its dwelling,
Yet look for gaiety and gladness there.

Zara. Inhuman! Why, why dost thou rack me thus?
And, with perverseness, from the purpose answer?
What is it to me, this house of misery?
What joy do I require? if thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee, to share thy griefs,
And give thee, for them, in exchange, my love.

Osm. Oh, that's the greatest grief—I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou hast a heart, though it is a savage one—
Give it me as it is; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endured:
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driven by the tide upon my country's coast,
Pale and expiring, drenched in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, 'till my compassion found thee;
Compassion! scarce will it own that name, so soon,
So quickly, was it love; for thou wert godlike
Even then. Kneeling on earth, I loosed my hair,
And with it dried thy watery cheeks, then chafed
Thy temples, till reviving blood arose,
And, like the morn, vermilioned o'er thy face.
Oh, heaven! how did my heart rejoice and ache,
When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
And felt the balm of thy respiring lips!

Osm. Oh, call not to my mind what you have done;
It sets a debt of that account before me,
Which shews me poor and bankrupt even in hopes.

Zara. The faithful Selim, and my women, know
The danger which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abused the credulous king;
What arts I used to make you pass on him,
When he received you as the prince of Fez;
And, as my kinsman, honoured and advanced you.
Oh! why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was it not for you this war
Commenced? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated Manuel, I urged my husband
To this invasion; where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a slave.
Look on me now, from empire fallen to slavery;
Think on my sufferings first, then look on me;
Think on the cause of all, then view thyself:
Reflect on Osmyn, and then look on Zara,
The fallen, the lost, and now the captive Zara,
And now abandoned——Say, what then is Osmyn?

Osm. A fatal wretch—A huge, stupendous ruin,
That tumbling on its prop, crushed all beneath,
And bore contiguous palaces to earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fallen, levelled with the vilest,
If I have gained thy love, 'tis glorious ruin;
Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A queen; for what are riches, empire, power,
But larger means to gratify the will?
The steps on which we tread, to rise and reach
Our wish; and that obtained, down with the scaffolding
Of sceptres, crowns, and thrones; they've served their end,
And are, like lumber, to be left and scorned.

Osm. Why was I made the instrument, to throw
In bonds the frame of this exalted mind?

Zara. We may be free; the conqueror is mine;
In chains unseen I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind or strain him as I please.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.

Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require,
What neither can bestow. Set free yourself,
And leave a slave the wretch that would be so.

Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talkest.

Osm. Alas! You know me not.

Zara. Not who thou art:
But what this last ingratitude declares,
This grovelling baseness—Thou sayest true, I know

Thee not; for what thou art yet wants a name;
But something so unworthy and so vile,
That to have loved thee makes me yet more lost
Than all the malice of my other fate.
Traitor, monster, cold, and perfidious slave!
A slave not daring to be free; nor dares
To love above him; for 'tis dangerous.
'Tis that, I know; for thou dost look, with eyes
Sparkling desire, and trembling to possess.
I know my charms have reached thy very soul,
And thrilled thee through with darted fires; but thou
Dost fear so much, thou darest not wish. The king!
There, there's the dreadful sound! the king's thy rival!

Sel. Madam, the king is here, and entering now.

Zara. As I could wish; by Heaven I'll be revenged.

Enter the KING, PEREZ, *and Attendants.*

King. Why does the fairest of her kind withdraw
Her shining from the day, to gild this scene
Of death and night? Ha! what disorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of king and rival mentioned.
What's he that dares be rival to the king,
Or lift his eyes to like where I adore?

Zara. There, he, your prisoner, and that was my slave.

King. How? better than my hopes? Does she accuse him? [*Aside.*

Zara. Am I become so low by my captivity,
And do your arms so lessen what they conquer,
That Zara must be made the sport of slaves?
And shall the wretch, whom yester sun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my power,
Presume to-day to plead audacious love,
And build bold hopes on my dejected fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the rage of Heaven,
And wrench the bolt red-hissing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but to think that insolence.
'Tis daring for a god. Hence to the wheel
With that Ixion, who aspires to hold
Divinity embraced; to whips and prisons
Drag him with speed, and rid me of his face.
[*Guards seize Osmyn, and exeunt.*

Zara. Compassion led me to bemoan his state,
Whose former faith had merited much more:
And, through my hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large! thence sprung his insolence,
And what was charity, he construed love.

King. Enough; his punishment be what you please.
But let me lead you from this place of sorrow,
To one where young delights attend, and joys,
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your approach,
And spread, like roses to the morning sun:
Where every hour shall roll in circling joys,
And love shall wing the tedious wasting day.
Life, without love, is load; and time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Prison.*

OSMYN *with a Paper.*

Osm. But now, and I was closed within the tomb,
That holds my father's ashes; and but now,
Where he was prisoner, I too am imprisoned.
Sure 'tis the hand of Heaven that leads me thus,
And for some purpose points out these remembrances.
In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper; what it is this light will shew:
'If my Alphonso'——Ha! [*Reading.*
'If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heaven;
'Give me more weight, crush my declining years
'With bolts, with chains, imprisonment, and want;
'But bless my son, visit not him for me.'
It is his hand; this was his prayer——yet more:
'Let every hair, which sorrow by the roots
[*Reading.*
'Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
'Be doubled in thy mercies to my son:
'Not for myself, but him, hear me, all-gracious'—

'Tis wanting what should follow—Heaven should follow,
But 'tis torn off—Why should that word alone
Be torn from this petition? 'Twas to Heaven,
But Heaven was deaf, Heaven heard him not; but thus,
Thus as the name of Heaven from this is torn,
So did it tear the ears of mercy from
His voice, shutting the gates of prayer against him.
If piety be thus debarred access
On high, and of good men the very best
Is singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge,
What is reward? Or what is punishment?
But who shall dare to tax eternal justice!
Yet I may think——I may, I must; for thought
Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reason can be born. Reason, the power
To guess at right and wrong, the twinkling lamp
Of wandering life, that winks and wakes by turns,
Fooling the follower, betwixt shade and shining.
What noise! Who's there? My friend? How camest thou hither?

Enter HELI.

Heli. The time's too precious to be spent in telling.
The captain, influenced by Almeria's power,
Gave order to the guards for my admittance.
Osm. How does Almeria? But I know she is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her?
Heli. You may. Anon, at midnight, when the king
Is gone to rest, and Garcia is retired,
Who takes the privilege to visit late,
Presuming on a bridegroom's right, she'll come.
Osm. She'll come; 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
She'll come; but whither, and to whom? Oh, Heaven!
To a vile prison, and a captived wretch;
To one, whom, had she never known, she had
Been happy. Why, why was that heavenly creature
Abandoned o'er to love what Heaven forsakes?
Why does she follow, with unwearied steps,
One, who has tired misfortune with pursuing?
One driven about the world, like blasted leaves
And chaff, the sport of adverse winds; 'till late,
At length imprisoned in some cleft of rock,
On earth it rests, and rots to silent dust?
Heli. Have hopes, and hear the voice of better fate.
I have learned there are disorders ripe for mutiny
Among the troops, who thought to share the plunder,
Which Manuel to his own use and avarice
Converts. This news has reached Valentia's frontiers,
Where many of your subjects, long oppressed
With tyranny, and grievous impositions,
Are risen in arms, and call for chiefs to head
And lead them, to regain their rights and liberty.
Osm. By Heaven thou hast roused me from my lethargy!
The spirit which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood,
Deaf to revenge—nay, which refused to hear
The piercing sighs and murmurs of my love
Yet unenjoyed; what not Almeria could
Revive or raise, my people's voice has wakened.
Heli. Our posture of affairs, and scanty time,
My lord, require you should compose yourself.
Osm. Oh, my Antonio! I am all on fire;
My soul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the foe with conquering troops.
I hear them call to lead them on to liberty,
To victory; their shouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the heavens. Where is the king?
Where is Alphonso? Ha! where? where indeed?
Oh, I could tear and burst the strings of life,
To break these chains. Off, off, ye stains of royalty;
Off, slavery. Oh, curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would soar and stoop at victory beneath.
Heli. Abate this ardour, sir, or we are lost;
And think on what we may reduce to practice.
Zara, the cause of your restraint, may be
The means of liberty restored. That gained,
Occasion will not fail to point out ways
For your escape. Mean time, I have thought already
With speed and safety to convey myself,
Where, not far off, some malcontents hold council
Nightly, who hate this tyrant; some, who love
Anselmo's memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your cause.
Osm. My friend and counsellor, as thou think'st fit,
So do. I will, with patience, wait my fortune.
Heli. When Zara comes, abate of your aversion.
Osm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble love:
But as I may I'll do. I have a paper
Which I would shew thee, friend, but that the sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy expedition.
Within I found it, by my father's hand
'Twas writ; a prayer for me, wherein appears
Paternal love, prevailing o'er his sorrows;
Such sanctity, such tenderness, so mixed
With grief, as would draw tears from inhumanity.
Heli. The care of Providence sure left it there,
To arm your mind with hope. Such piety
Was never heard in vain. Heaven has in store
For you those blessings it withheld from him.
In that assurance live; which time, I hope,
And our next meeting, will confirm.
Osm. Farewell,
My friend; the good thou dost deserve, attend thee. [*Exit Heli.*
I have been to blame, and questioned, with impiety,
The care of Heaven. Not so my father bore
More anxious grief. This should have better taught me;
This lesson, in some hour of inspiration
By him set down, when his pure thoughts were borne,
Like fumes of sacred incense, o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence, on angels' wings, through ways
Of light, to the bright source of all. For there
He in the book of prescience saw this day;
And, waking to the world and mortal sense,
Left this example of his resignation,
This his last legacy to me: which, here,
I'll treasure as more worth than diadems,
Or all extended rule of regal power.

Enter ZARA, *veiled.*

Osm. What brightness breaks upon me thus, through shades,

And promises a day to this dark dwelling?
Is it my love?
Zara. Oh, that thy heart had taught
[*Lifting her veil.*
Thy tongue that saying!
Osm. Zara! I am betrayed
By my surprise.
Zara. What! does my face displease thee?
That, having seen it, thou dost turn thy eyes
Away, as from deformity and horror?
If so, this sable curtain shall again
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee, seeing,
And unseen. 'Is it my love?' Ask again
That question; speak again in that soft voice;
And look again with wishes in thy eyes.
Oh, no! thou canst not, for thou seest me now,
As she, whose savage breast hath been the cause
Of these thy wrongs; as she, whose barbarous rage
Has loaded thee with chains and galling irons.
Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my falseness;
Could one who loved, thus torture whom she loved?
No, no, it must be hatred, dire revenge,
And detestation, that could use thee thus.
So dost thou think; then do but tell me so;
Tell me, and thou shalt see how I'll revenge
Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear
This heart of flint, 'till it shall bleed; and thou
Shall weep for mine, forgetting thy own miseries.
Osm. You wrong me, beauteous Zara, to believe
I bear my fortunes with so low a mind,
As still to meditate revenge on all,
Whom chance, or fate, working by secret causes,
Has made, per-force, subservient to that end
The heavenly powers allot me; no, not you,
But destiny, and inauspicious stars,
Have cast me down to this low being. Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deserved it.
Zara. Canst thou forgive me, then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my fault, to call it madness?
Oh, give that madness yet a milder name,
And call it passion! then, be still more kind,
And call that passion love.
Osm. Give it a name,
Or being, as you please, such I will think it.
Zara. Oh, thou dost wound me more with this thy goodness,
Than e'er thou couldst with bitterest reproaches;
Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.
Osm. Yet I could wish——
Zara. Haste me to know it; what?
Osm. That at this time I had not been this thing.
Zara. What thing?
Osm. This slave.
Zara. Oh, Heaven! my fears interpret
This thy silence; somewhat of high concern,
Long fashioning within thy labouring mind,
And now just ripe for birth, my rage has ruined.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so cursed?
Osm. Time may have still one fated hour to come,
Which, winged with liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.
Zara. Swift as occasion, I
Myself will fly; and earlier than the morn,
Wake thee to freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some news few minutes past arrived, which seemed
To shake the temper of the king—Who knows
What racking cares disease a monarch's bed?
Or love, that late at night still lights his lamp,
And strikes his rays through dusk and folded lids,
Forbidding rest, may stretch his eyes awake,
And force their balls abroad at this dead hour.
I'll try.
Osm. I have not merited this grace;
Nor, should my secret purpose take effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such benefits.
Zara. Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I have already lost. But now,
So does the form of our engagements rest,
Thou hast the wrong till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy justice to return
My love. Adieu. [*Exit.*
Osm. This woman has a soul,
Of godlike mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in spite of me, my best
Esteem; to this, she's fair, few more can boast
Of personal charms, or with less vanity
Might hope to captivate the hearts of kings;
But she has passions which outstrip the wind,
And tear her virtues up, as tempests root
The sea. I fear, when she shall know the truth,
Some swift and dire event of her blind rage
Will make all fatal. But, behold, she comes
For whom I fear, to shield me from my fears,
The cause and comfort of my boding heart.

Enter ALMERIA.

My life, my health, my liberty, my all!
How shall I welcome thee to this sad place?
How speak to thee the words of joy and transport?
How run into thy arms, withheld by fetters?
Or take thee into mine, while I am thus manacled,
And pinioned, like a thief or murderer?
Shall I not hurt and bruise thy tender body,
And stain thy bosom with the rust of these
Rude irons? Must I meet thee thus, Almeria?
Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou toldst me thou wouldst think how we might meet,
To part no more—Now, we will part no more;
For these thy chains, or death, shall join us ever.
Osm. Hard means to ratify that word! Oh cruelty!
That ever I should think beholding thee

A torture! Yet such is the bleeding anguish
Of my heart, to see thy sufferings—Oh, Heaven!
That I could almost turn my eyes away,
Or wish thee from my sight.
Alm. Oh, say not so!
Though 'tis because thou lovest me. Do not say,
On any terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's heart, devour our woes
With mutual appetite; and, mingling in
One cup the common stream of both our eyes,
Drink bitter draughts, with never-slaking thirst;
Thus better, than for any cause to part.
What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly
Upon me—speak, and take me in thy arms—
Thou canst not; thy poor arms are bound, and strive,
In vain, with the remorseless chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy flesh, festering thy limbs
With rankling rust.
Osm. Oh! O——
Alm. Give me that sigh.
Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs?
Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red, and start;
Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.
Osm. For this world's rule, I would not wound thy breast
With such a dagger as then stuck my heart.
Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound me more
Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me,
Thou givest me pain with too much tenderness.
Osm. And thy excessive love distracts my sense.
Oh, wouldst thou be less killing, soft, or kind,
Grief could not double thus his darts against me.
Alm. Thou dost me wrong, and grief, too, robs my heart,
If there he shoot not every other shaft;
Thy second self should feel each other wound,
And woe should be in equal portions dealt.
I am thy wife——
Osm. Oh, thou hast searched too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel cords,
That strain my cracking nerves; engines and wheels,
That piece-meal grind, are beds of down and balm
To that soul-racking thought.
Alm. Then I am cursed
Indeed, if that be so! if I am thy torment,
Kill me, then, kill me, dash me with thy chains,
Tread on me: What, am I the bosom-snake
That sucks thy warm life-blood, and gnaws thy heart?
Oh, that thy words had force to break those bonds,
As they have strength to tear this heart in sunder;
So shouldst thou be at large from all oppression.
Am I, am I of all thy woes the worst?
Osm. My all of bliss, my everlasting life,
Soul of my soul, and end of all my wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy weepings?
Why dost thou ask? Why dost thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy sorrows have disturbed thy peace of mind,
And thou dost speak of miseries impossible.
Alm. Didst not thou say, that racks and wheels were balm,
And beds of ease, to thinking me thy wife?
Osm. No, no; nor should the subtlest pains that hell,
Or hell-born malice, can invent, extort
A wish, or thought, from me to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my heart:
Thou art my wife—nay, thou art yet my bride—
The sacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccomplished: his mysterious rites
Delayed; nor has our Hymeneal torch
Yet lighted up his last most grateful sacrifice;
But dashed with rain from eyes, and swailed with sighs,
Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring light.
Is this dark cell a temple for that god?
Or this vile earth an altar for such offerings?
This den for slaves, this dungeon damped with woes;
Is this our marriage-bed? are these our joys?
Is this to call thee mine? Oh, hold, my heart!
To call thee mine! Yes; thus, even thus, to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extremest extasy.
But, Oh, thou art not mine, not even in misery;
And 'tis denied to me to be so blessed,
As to be wretched with thee.
Alm. No; not that
The extremest malice of our fate can hinder:
That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.
There we will feast and smile on past distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, our mutual ruin.
Osm. Oh, thou dost talk, my love, as one resolved,
Because not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think of to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unextended arms:
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will strain,
To grasp and reach what is denied my hands:
Think how the blood will start, and tears will gush,
To follow thee, my separating soul.
Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with Garcia!
Then will I smear these walls with blood, disfigure
And dash my face, and rive my clotted hair,
Break on the flinty floor my throbbing breast,
And grovel, with gashed hands, to scratch a grave,
Stripping my nails to tear this pavement up,
And bury me alive.
Alm. Heart-breaking horror!
Osm. Then Garcia shall lie panting on thy bosom,

Luxurious, revelling amidst thy charms;
And thou, per-force, must yield, and aid his transport.
Hell! hell! have I not cause to rage and rave?
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips, to this?
Are they not soothing softness, sinking ease,
And wafting air, to this? Oh, my Almeria!
What do the damned endure, but to despair,
But knowing heaven, to know it lost for ever?
Alm. Oh, I am struck; thy words are bolts of ice,
Which, shot into my breast, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, shake, and faint, with thrilling fears.
No, hold me not! Oh, let us not support,
But sink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
Where, levelled low, no more we'll lift our eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm face of earth
With rivers of incessant scalding rain.

Enter ZARA, PEREZ, *and* SELIM.

Zara. Somewhat of weight to me requires his freedom.
Dare you dispute the king's command? Behold
The royal signet.
Per. I obey; yet beg
Your majesty one moment to defer
Your entering, till the princess is returned
From visiting the noble prisoner.
Zara. Ha!
What sayest thou?
Osm. We are lost! undone! discovered!
Retire, my life, with speed—Alas! we are seen;
Speak of compassion, let her hear you speak
Of interceding for me with the king;
Say somewhat quickly to conceal our loves,
If possible——
Alm. I cannot speak.
Osm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But till she's gone; then bless me thus again.
Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confusion in his face, and grief in hers!
'Tis plain I have been abused—Death and destruction!
How shall I search into this mystery?
The bluest blast of pestilential air
Strike, damp, deaden her charms, and kill his eyes;
Perdition catch them both, and ruin part them.
Osm. This charity to one unknown, and thus
[*Aloud to Almeria as she goes out.*
Distressed, Heaven will repay; all thanks are poor. [*Exit Almeria.*
Zara. Damned, damned dissembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choak in my rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this deceiver—You seem much surprised.
Osm. At your return so soon, and unexpected!
Zara. And so unwished, unwanted too, it seems.
Confusion! Yet I will contain myself.
You are grown a favourite since last we parted;
Perhaps I am saucy and intruding——
Osm. Madam!
Zara. I did not know the princess' favourite.
Your pardon, sir—mistake me not; you think
I am angry; you are deceived. I came to set
You free; but shall return much better pleased,
To find you have an interest superior.
Osm. You do not come to mock my miseries?
Zara. I do.
Osm. I could at this time spare your mirth.
Zara. I know thou couldst; but I am not often pleased,
And will indulge it now. What miseries?
Who would not be thus happily confined,
To be the care of weeping majesty;
To have contending queens, at dead of night,
Forsake their down, to wake with watery eyes,
And watch, like tapers, o'er your hours of rest?
Oh, curse! I cannot hold——
Osm. Come, it is too much.
Zara. Villain!
Osm. How, madam!
Zara. Thou shalt die.
Osm. I thank you.
Zara. Thou liest, for now I know for whom thou wouldst live.
Osm. Then you may know for whom I would die.
Zara. Hell! hell!
Yet I will be calm—Dark and unknown betrayer!
But now the dawn begins, and the slow hand
Of fate is stretched to draw the veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked mark of public view.
Osm. You may be still deceived, 'tis in my power——
Zara. Ha! sayest thou—but I will prevent it—
Who waits there? As you will answer it, look this slave [*To the guard.*
Attempt no means to make himself away.
I have been deceived. The public safety now
Requires he should be more confined, and none,
No, not the princess, suffered or to see
Or speak with him. I will quit you to the king.
Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base injustice thou hast done my love:
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,
And all those ills which thou so long hast mourned;
Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State.*

ZARA *and* SELIM.

Zara. THOU hast already racked me with thy stay;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?
Sel. Your accusation highly has incensed
The king, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of Osmyn; but, to that, fresh news
Is since arrived, of more revolted troops.
'Tis certain Heli, too, is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and distraction) some
Who bore high offices of weight and trust,
Both in the state and army. This confirms
The king in full belief of all you told him
Concerning Osmyn, and his correspondence
With them who first began the mutiny.
Wherefore a warrant for his death is signed;
And order given for public execution.
Zara. Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his fate and mine;
Find out the king, tell him I have of weight,
More than his crown, to impart ere Osmyn die.
Sel. It needs not, for the king will straight be here,
And, as to your revenge, not his own interest,
Pretend to sacrifice the life of Osmyn.
Zara. What shall I say, invent, contrive, advise?
Something to blind the king, and save his life,
In whom I live. Spite of my rage and pride,
I am a woman, and a lover still.
Oh! 'tis more grief but to suppose his death,
Than still to meet the rigour of his scorn.
From my despair my anger had its source;
When he is dead I must despair for ever.
For ever! that's despair——it was distrust
Before; distrust will ever be in love,
And anger in distrust; both short-lived pains.
But in despair, and ever-during death,
No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.
Oh, torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be borne—Devise the means to shun it,
Quick; or, by Heaven, this dagger drinks thy blood.
Sel. My life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.
Zara. Forgive my rage; I know thy love and truth.
But say, what's to be done, or when, or how,
Shall I prevent or stop the approaching danger?
Sel. You must still seem more resolute, and fixed
On Osmyn's death; too quick a change of mercy
Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise
That execution may be done in private.
Zara. On what pretence?
Sel. Your own request is enough.
However, for a colour, tell him, you
Have cause to fear his guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to Osmyn's interest,
Who, at the place of execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an escape;
The state of things will countenance all suspicions.
Then offer to the king, to have him strangled
In secret, by your mutes; and get an order,
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant, and I'll acquaint you with the rest.

Enter KING, GONSALEZ, *and* PEREZ.

King. Bear to the dungeon those rebellious slaves,
The ignoble curs that yelp to fill the cry,
And spend their mouths in barking tyranny.
But for their leaders, Sancho and Ramirez,
Let them be led away to present death.
Perez, see it performed.
Gons. Might I presume,
Their execution better were deferred,
Till Osmyn die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this conspiracy.
King. Then be it so.
Stay, soldier; they shall suffer with the Moor.
Are none of those returned who followed Heli?
Gons. None, sir. Some papers have been since discovered
In Roderigo's house, who fled with him,
Which seemed to intimate, as if Alphonso
Were still alive, and arming in Valentia:
Which wears, indeed, this colour of a truth,
They who are fled have that way bent their course.
Of the same nature divers notes have been
Dispersed, to amuse the people; whereupon
Some, ready of belief, have raised this rumour:
That, being saved upon the coast of Afric,
He there disclosed himself to Albuccacim,
And, by a secret compact made with him,
Opened and urged the way to this invasion;
While he himself, returning to Valentia,
In private, undertook to raise this tumult.
Zara. Ha! hearest thou that? Is Osmyn then Alphonso?
Oh, Heaven! a thousand things occur at once
To my remembrance now, that make it plain.
Oh, certain death for him, as sure despair
For me, if it be known——If not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest baseness now,
To yield him up—No, I will conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.
Gons. 'Tis not impossible. Yet it may be,
That some impostor has usurped his name.
Your beauteous captive Zara can inform,
If such a one, so escaping, was received,
At any time, in Albuccacim's court.

King. Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect:
An unforeseen, unwelcome hour of business,
Has thrust between us and our while of love;
But wearing, now, apace with ebbing sand,
Will quickly waste and give again the day.
Zara. You're too secure: the danger is more imminent
Than your high courage suffers you to see;
While Osmyn lives, you are not safe.
King. His doom
Is passed; if you revoke it not, he dies.
Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One, who did call himself Alphonso,
Was cast upon my coast, as 'tis reported,
And oft had private conference with the king;
To what effect I knew not then: but he,
Alphonso, secretly departed, just
About the time our arms embarked for Spain.
What I know more is, that a triple league,
Of strictest friendship, was professed between
Alphonso, Heli, and the traitor Osmyn.
King. Public report is ratified in this.
Zara. And Osmyn's death required, of strong necessity.
King. Give order strait, that all the prisoners die.
Zara. Forbear a moment, somewhat more I have,
Worthy your private ear, and this your minister.
King. Let all, except Gonsalez, leave the room.
[*Exeunt Perez, &c.*
Zara. I am your captive, and you've used me nobly;
And, in return of that, though otherwise
Your enemy, I have discovered Osmyn,
His private practice, and conspiracy,
Against your state: and, fully to discharge
Myself of what I've undertaken, now
I think it fit to tell you, that your guards
Are tainted; some among them have resolved
To rescue Osmyn at the place of death.
King. Is treason, then, so near us as our guards?
Zara. Most certain; though my knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular men.
King. What is to be done?
Zara. That, too, I will advise.
I have, remaining in my train, some mutes,
A present once from the sultana queen,
In the grand signior's court. These, from their infancy,
Are practised in the trade of death; and shall
(As there the custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.
Gons. My lord, the queen advises well.
King. What offering, or what recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy so great services?
To cast beneath your feet the crown you have saved,
Though on the head that wears it, were too little.
Zara. Of that hereafter: but, mean time, tis fit
You give strict charge that none may be admitted
To see the prisoner, but such mutes as I
Shall send.
King. Who waits there?

Enter PEREZ.

On your life, take heed
That only Zara's mutes, or such who bring
Her warrant, have admittance to the Moor.
Zara. They, and no other, not the princess' self.
Per. Your Majesty shall be obeyed.
King. Retire. [*Exit Perez.*
Gons. That interdiction, so particular,
Pronounced with vehemence, against the princess,
Should have more meaning than appears barefaced.
This king is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not. [*Aside.*]—Your majesty, sure, might have spared
The last restraint: you hardly can suspect
The princess is confederate with the Moor.
Zara. I've heard her charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his request.
Gons. Ha!
King. How! She visit Osmyn! What, my daughter?
Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruined all.
Zara. And after did solicit you, on his
Behalf.——
King. Never. You have been misinformed.
Zara. Indeed! Then 'twas a whisper, spread by some
Who wished it so; a common art in courts,
I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instruction for my ministers of death.
[*Exeunt Zara and Selim.*
Gons. There's somewhat yet of mystery in this;
Her words and actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree:
I like it not. [*Aside.*
King. What dost thou think, Gonsalez?
Are we not much indebted to this fair one?
Gons. I am a little slow of credit, sir,
In the sincerity of women's actions.
Methinks this lady's hatred to the Moor
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her mutes are meant to be employed
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your guards
Corrupted! How? By whom? Who told her so?
In the evening Osmyn was to die; at midnight
She begged the royal signet, to release him;
In the morning he must die again; ere noon
Her mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This, put together, suits not well,
King. Yet that there's truth in what she has discovered

Is manifest, from every circumstance.
This tumult, and the lords who fled with Heli,
Are confirmation;——that Alphonso lives,
Agrees expressly too, with her report.
Gons. I grant it, sir; and doubt not, but in rage
Of jealousy, she has discovered what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceived.
But why that needless caution of the princess?
What if she had seen Osmyn? Though it were strange;
But if she had, what was't to her, unless
She feared her stronger charms might cause the Moor's
Affection to revolt?
King. I thank thee, friend.
There's reason in thy doubt, and I am warned.—
But think'st thou that my daughter saw this Moor?
Gons. If Osmyn be, as Zara has related,
Alphonso's friend, 'tis not impossible
But she might wish, on his account, to see him.
King. Say'st thou? By Heaven, thou hast roused a thought,
That, like a sudden earthquake, shakes my frame.
Confusion! then my daughter's an accomplice,
And plots in private with this hellish Moor.
Gons. That were too hard a thought——but see, she comes—
'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
And try, howe'er, if I've divined aright.
If what I fear be true, she'll be concerned
For Osmyn's death, as he's Alphonso's friend:
Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

King. Your coming has prevented me, Almeria;
I had determined to have sent for you.
Let your attendant be dismissed; I have
[*Leonora retires.*
To talk with you. Come near; why dost thou shake?
What mean those swollen and red-flecked eyes, that look
As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
In waking anguish? Why this on the day
Which was designed to celebrate thy nuptials;
But that the beams of light are to be stained
With reeking gore, from traitors on the rack?
Wherefore I have deferred the marriage-rites;
Nor shall the guilty horrors of the day
Prophane that jubilee.
Alm. All days to me
Henceforth are equal: this, the day of death,
To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undistinguished roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended woe.
King. whence is thy grief? Give me to know the cause;
And look thou answer me with truth; for know
I am not unacquainted with thy falshood.
Why art thou mute? Base and degenerate maid!
Gons. Dear madam, speak, or you'll incense the king.
Alm. What is it to speak? Or wherefore should I speak?
What mean these tears but grief unutterable?
King. They are the dumb confessions of thy mind;
They mean thy guilt, and say thou wert confederate
With damned conspirators, to take my life.
Oh, impious parricide! Now canst thou speak?
Alm. O earth, behold, I kneel upon thy bosom,
And bend my flowing eyes to stream upon
Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy bowels of compassion, take
Into the womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent,
——I have no parent else—be thou a mother,
And step between me and the curse of him,
Who was—who was, but is no more, a father;
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes;
And, for the tender names of child and daughter,
Now calls me murderer and parricide.
King. Rise, I command thee, rise—and if thou wouldst
Acquit thyself of these detested names,
Swear thou hast never seen that foreign dog,
Now doomed to die, that most accursed Osmyn.
Alm. Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purposes. So Heaven's
My witness.
King. Vile equivocating wretch!
With innocence! Oh, patience! hear—she owns it!
Confesses it! By heaven, I'll have him racked,
Torn, mangled, flayed, impaled—all pains and tortures
That wit of man, or dire revenge, can think,
Shall he, accumulated, underbear.
Alm. Oh, I am lost.——There fate begins to wound.
King. Hear me, then; if thou canst reply; know, traitress,
I'm not to learn that cursed Alphonso lives;
Nor am I ignorant what Osmyn is——
Alm. Then all is ended, and we both must die.
Since thou'rt revealed, alone thou shalt not die;
And yet alone would I have died, Heaven knows,
Repeated deaths, rather than have revealed thee.
Yes, all my father's wounding wrath, though each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest sword,
And cleaves my heart, I would have borne it all,
Nay all the pains that are prepared for thee;
To the remorseless rack I would have given
This weak and tender flesh, to have been bruised
And torn, rather than have revealed thy being.
King. Hell, hell! Do I hear this, and yet endure!
What! darest thou to my face avow thy guilt?
Hence, ere I curse—fly my just rage with speed;
Lest I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a father! Think, I am your child!
Turn not your eyes away—look on me kneeling;
Now, curse me if you can, now spurn me off.
Did ever father curse his kneeling child?
Never: for always blessings crown that posture.
Nature inclines, and half way meets that duty,
Stooping to raise from earth the filial reverence;
For bended knees returning folding arms,
With prayers, and blessings, and paternal love.
Oh, hear me, then, thus crawling on the earth—
King. Be thou advised, and let me go, while yet
The light impression thou hast made remains.
Alm. No, never will I rise, nor lose this hold,
'Till you are moved, and grant that he may live.
King. Ha! Who may live? Take heed! No more of that;
For, on my soul, he dies, though thou and I,
And all, should follow to partake his doom.
Away, off, let me go——Call her attendants.
[*Leonora and women return.*
Alm. Drag me; and harrow the earth with my bare bosom;
I will not go 'till you have spared my husband!
King. Ha! What sayest thou? Husband! Husband! damnation!
What husband! which? Who?
Alm. He, he is my husband.
King. Poison and daggers! Who?
Alm. Oh—— [*Faints.*
Gons. Help! support her.
Alm. Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—I will dig,
I will dig a grave, and tear up death; I will;
I will scrape, till I collect his rotten bones,
And cloath their nakedness with my own flesh;
Yes, I will strip off life, and we will change:
I will be death! then, though you kill my husband,
He shall be mine still, and for ever mine.
King. What husband? whom dost thou mean?
Gons. She raves!
Alm. Oh, that I did. Osmyn, he is my husband.
King. Osmyn!
Alm. Not Osmyn, but Alphonso, is my dear
And wedded husband—Heaven, and air, and seas,
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witness.
King. Wilder than winds or waves thyself dost rave.
Should I hear more, I too should catch thy madness.
Yet somewhat she must mean of dire import,
Which I will not hear, till I am more at peace.
Watch her returning sense, and bring me word;
And look that she attempt not on her life.
[*Exit King.*
Alm. Oh, stay, yet stay; hear me, I am not mad.
I would to Heaven I were—He is gone.
Gons. Have comfort.
Alm. Cursed be that tongue that bids me be of comfort;
Cursed my own tongue, that could not move his pity;
Cursed these weak hands, that could not hold him here!
For he is gone, to doom Alphonso's death.
Gons. Your too excessive grief works on your fancy,
And deludes your sense. Alphonso, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your father's power.
Alm. Hence, thou detested, ill-timed flatterer;
Source of my woes: thou and thy race be cursed;
But doubly thou, who couldst alone have policy
And fraud to find the fatal secret out,
And know that Osmyn was Alphonso.
Gons. Ha!
Alm. Why dost thou start? What dost thou see or hear?
Was it the doleful bell, tolling for death?
Or dying groans from my Alphonso's breast?
See, see, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghastly head glares by, all smeared with blood,
Gasping as it would speak; and after, see,
Behold, a damp, dead hand has dropped a dagger:
I will catch it—Hark! a voice cries murder! ah!
My father's voice! hollow it sounds, and calls
Me from the tomb—I will follow it; for there
I shall again behold my dear Alphonso.
[*Exeunt Almeria and Leonora.*
Gons. She is greatly grieved; nor am I less surprized.
Osmyn Alphonso! No; she over-rates
My policy; I never suspected it;
Nor now had known it, but from her mistake.
Her husband too! Ha! where is Garcia then?
And where the crown that should descend on him,
To grace the line of my posterity?
Hold, let me think—if I should tell the king—
Things come to this extremity: his daughter
Wedded already—what if he should yield?
Knowing no remedy for what is past,
And, urged by nature pleading for his child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And though I know he hates, beyond the grave,
Anselmo's race; yet if—that If concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be assured, is folly.
But how prevent the captive queen, who means
To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain. O well
Invented tale! He was Alphonso's friend.
This subtle woman will amuse the king.
If I delay—'twill do—or better so.
One to my wish. Alonzo thou art welcome.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. The king expects your lordship.
Gons. 'Tis no matter.
I am not in the way at present, good Alonzo.
Alm. If it please your lordship, I will return, and say
I have not seen you.

Gons. Do, my best Alonzo.
Yet stay, I would—but go; anon will serve—
Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.
I think thou wouldst not stop to do me service.
Alon. I am your creature.
Gons. Say thou art my friend.
I have seen thy sword do noble execution.
Alon. All that it can, your lordship shall command.
Gons. Thanks; and I take thee at thy word. Thou hast seen,
Amongst the followers of the captive queen,
Dumb men, who make their meaning known by signs.
Alon. I have, my lord.
Gons. Couldst thou procure, with speed
And privacy, the wearing garb of one
Of those, though purchased by his death, I would give
Thee such reward, as should exceed thy wish.
Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I wait your lordship?
Gons. At my apartment. Use thy utmost diligence;
And say I have not been seen—Haste, good Alonzo. [*Exit Alonzo.*
So, this can hardly fail. Alphonso slain,
The greatest obstacle is then removed.
Almeria widowed, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room of State.*

Enter KING, PEREZ, *and* ALONZO.

King. Not to be found! in an ill hour he is absent.
None, say you? none! What, not the favourite eunuch?
Nor she herself, nor any of her mutes,
Have yet required admittance?
Per. None, my lord.
King. Is Osmyn so disposed, as I commanded?
Per. Fast bound in double chains, and at full length,
He lies supine on earth; with as much ease
She might remove the centre of this earth,
As loose the rivets of his bonds.
King. It is well.
[*A mute appears, and, seeing the king, retires.*
Ha! stop and seize that mute; Alonzo, follow him.
Entering, he met my eyes, and, starting back,
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his bosom,
As to conceal the importance of his errand.
[*Alonzo follows him, and returns with a paper.*
Alon. A bloody proof of obstinate fidelity!
King. What dost thou mean?
Alon. Soon as I seized the man,
He snatched from out his bosom this—and strove,
With rash and greedy haste, at once, to cram
The morsel down his throat. I caught his arm,
And hardly wrenched his hand to bring it from him;
Which done, he drew a poinard from his side,
And, on the instant, plunged it in his breast.
King. Remove the body thence, ere Zara see it.
Alon. I will be so bold to borrow his attire;
'Twill quit me of my promise to Gonsalez.
[*Aside. Exit.*
Per. Whate'er it is, the king's complexion turns.
King. How is this? My mortal foe beneath my roof! [*Having read the letter.*
Oh, give me patience, all ye powers! No, rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury—Ha! who's there?
Per. My lord.
King. Hence, slave! how darest thou bide to watch, and pry
Into how poor a thing a king descends?
How like thyself, when passion treads him down!
Ha! stir not, on thy life; for thou wert fixed,
And planted here, to see me gorge this bait,
And lash against the hook—by Heaven, you are all
Rank traitors! thou art with the rest combined:
Thou knewest that Osmyn was Alphonso; knewest
My daughter privately with him conferred;
And wert the spy and pandar to their meeting.
Per. By all that's holy, I am amazed——
King. Thou liest.
Thou art accomplice too with Zara; here
Where she sets down—'Still I will set thee free.'
[*Reading.*
That somewhere is repeated—'I have power
O'er them that are thy guards'—Mark that, thou traitor.
Per. It was your majesty's command I should
Obey her order.
King. [*Reading.*] 'And still will I set
Thee free, Alphonso'—Hell! cursed, cursed, Alphonso!
False and perfidious Zara! Strumpet daughter!
Away, begone, thou feeble boy, fond Love!
All nature, softness, pity, and compassion,
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell hate within my breast, revenge and gall.
By Heaven, I will meet, and counterwork this treachery.
Hark thee, villain, traitor—answer me, slave!
Per. My service has not merited those titles.
King. Darest thou reply? Take that—thy service! thine! [*Strikes him.*
What is thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
One moment's ease? Hear my command: and look.

That thou obey, or horror on thy head:
Drench me thy dagger in Alphonso's heart——
Why dost thou start? Resolve, or——
Per. Sir, I will.
King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,
His teeth may grin, and mock at her remorse.
[*Perez going.*
Stay thee—I have farther thought—I will add to this,
And give her eyes yet greater disappointment:
When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;
And let the cell, where she will expect to see him,
Be darkened, so as to amuse the sight.
I will be conducted thither—mark me well—
There with his turban, and his robe arrayed,
And laid along, as he now lies, supine,
I shall convict her, to her face, of falsehood.
When, for Alphonso's, she shall take my hand,
And breathe her sighs upon my lips, for his;
Sudden I will start, and dash her with her guilt.
But see, she comes. I will shun the encounter; thou
Follow me, and give heed to my direction.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ZARA *and* SELIM.

Zara. The mute not yet returned! ha! it was the king,
The king that parted hence! frowning he went;
His eyes, like meteors, rolled, then darted down
Their red and angry beams; as if his sight
Would, like the raging dog-star, scorch the earth,
And kindle ruin in its course: Dost think
He saw me?
Sel. Yes: but then, as if he thought
His eyes had erred, he hastily recalled
The imperfect look, and sternly turned away.
Zara. Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast undone me.
Thy shallow artifice begets suspicion,
And, like a cobweb veil, but thinly shades
The face of thy design! alone disguising
What should have ne'er been seen; imperfect mischief!
Thou, like the adder, venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the traveller, and after hearest
Not his pursuing voice; even when thou thinkst
To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass
Confess, and point the path which thou hast crept.
Oh, fate of fools! officious in contriving;
In executing, puzzled, lame, and lost.
Sel. Avert it, Heaven, that you should ever suffer
For my defect; or that the means which I
Devised to serve, should ruin your design.
Prescience is Heaven's alone, not given to man;
If I have failed, in what, as being man,
I needs must fail, impute not as a crime
My nature's want, but punish nature in me;
I plead not for a pardon, and to live,
But to be punished and forgiven. Here, strike;
I bare my breast, to meet your just revenge.
Zara. I have not leisure now to take so poor
A forfeit as thy life; somewhat of high,
And more important fate, requires my thought.
When I have concluded on myself, if I
Think fit, I will leave thee my command to die.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in charge; for I am resolved.
Give order that the two remaining mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a bowl
Of such ingredients mixed, as will, with speed,
Benumb the living faculties, and give
Most easy and inevitable death.
Yes, Osmyn, yes; be Osmyn or Alphonso,
I will give thee freedom, if thou darest be free:
Such liberty as I embrace myself,
Thou shalt partake. Since fates no more afford;
I can but die with thee, to keep my word.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Opening, shews the Prison.*

Enter GONSALEZ *disguised like a Mute, with a dagger.*

Gon. Nor centinel, nor guard! the doors unbarred!
And all as still, as at the noon of night!
Sure death already has been busy here.
There lies my way; that door, too, is unlocked.
[*Looking in.*
Ha! sure he sleeps—all is dark within, save what
A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,
By fits reveals—his face seems turned, to favour
The attempt: I'll steal and do it unperceived.
What noise! somebody coming! is it Alonzo?
Nobody. Sure he'll wait without——I would
'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sting him to the heart,
Then cast my skin, and leave it there to answer it.
[*Goes in.*

Enter GARCIA *and* ALONZO.

Gar. Where, where, Alonzo, where's my father? where
The king? Confusion! all is on the rout!
All is lost, all ruined by surprize and treachery.
Where, where is he? Why dost thou mislead me?
Alon. My lord, he entered but a moment since,
And could not pass me unperceived—What hoa!
My lord, my lord! What hoa! my lord Gonsalez!

Enter GONSALEZ, *bloody.*

Gons. Perdition choak your clamours—whence this rudeness?
Garcia!
Gar. Perdition, slavery, and death,
Are entering now our doors. Where is the king?
What means this blood; and why this face of horror?
Gons. No matter—give me first to know the cause

Of these your rash, and ill-timed exclamations.
Gar. The eastern gate is to the foe betrayed,
Who, but for heaps of slain that choak the passage,
Had entered, long ere now, and borne down all
Before them, to the palace walls. Unless
The king in person animate our men,
Granada's lost; and, to confirm this fear,
The traitor Perez, and the captive Moor,
Are through a postern fled, and joined the foe.
Gons. Would all were false as that! for whom you call
The Moor, is dead. That Osmyn was Alphonso;
In whose heart's blood this poniard yet is warm.
Gar. Impossible; for Osmyn was, while flying,
Pronounced aloud by Perez for Alphonso.
Gons. Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,
How much report has wronged your easy faith.
[*Garcia goes in.*
Alon. My lord, for certain truth, Perez is fled;
And has declared, the cause of his revolt
Was to revenge a blow the king had given him.
Gar. [*Returning.*] Ruin and horror! Oh, heart-wounding sight!
Gons. What says my son? What ruin? Ha! what horror?
Gar. Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This deed—Oh, dire mistake! Oh, fatal blow!
The king——
Gons. Alon. The king!
Gar. Dead, weltering, drowned in blood.
See, see, attired like Osmyn, where he lies.
[*They look in.*
Oh, whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner or the cause?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our swords against
Ourselves, and expiate, with our own, his blood.
Gons. Oh, wretch! Oh, cursed, rash, deluded fool!
On me, on me turn your avenging swords.
I, who have spilt my royal master's blood,
Should make atonement by a death as horrid,
And fall beneath the hand of mine own son.
Gar. Ha! what! atone this murder with a greater!
The horror of that thought has damped my rage.
The earth already groans to bear this deed;
Oppress her not, nor think to stain her face
With more unnatural blood. Murder my father!
Better with this to rip up my own bowels,
And bathe it to the hilt, in far less damnable
Self-murder.
Gons. Oh, my son! from the blind dotage
Of a father's fondness these ills arose.
For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody:
For thee I've plunged into this sea of sin;
Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
While the other bore the crown (to wreath thy brow),
Whose weight has sunk me, ere I reached the shore.
Gar. Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe is entered: (*Shout.*
The shrillness of that shout speaks them at hand.
We have no time to search into the cause
Of this surprising, and most fatal error.
What's to be done? the king's death known, would strike
The few remaining soldiers with despair,
And make them yield to mercy of the conqueror.
Alon. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body.
Require me not to tell the means, till done,
Lest you forbid what you may then approve.
[*Goes in. Shout.*
Gons. They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the soldiers were amused with hopes
And, in the mean time, fed with expectation
To see the king in person at their head.
Gar. Were it a truth, I fear it is too late.
But I'll omit no care, nor haste, and try,
Or to repel their force, or bravely die.
[*Exit Garcia.*

Re-enter ALONZO.

Gons. What hast thou done, Alonzo?
Alon. Such a deed,
As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
Though for the crown of universal empire.
But what are kings, reduced to common clay?
Or who can wound the dead? I have from the body
Severed the head, and in an obscure corner
Disposed it, muffled in the mute's attire,
Leaving to view of them who enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable trunk;
Which may be still mistaken by the guards
For Osmyn, if, in seeking for the king,
They chance to find it.
Gons. 'Twas an act of horror;
And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haste thee, Alonzo, haste thee hence, with speed,
To aid my son. I'll follow, with the last
Reserve, to reinforce his arms: at least,
I shall make good, and shelter, his retreat.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter ZARA, *followed by* SELIM, *and two Mutes bearing the bowls.*

Zara. Silence and solitude are every where.
Through all the gloomy ways, and iron doors,
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is seen or heard. A dreadful din was wont
To grate the sense, when entered here, from groans,
And howls of slaves condemned; from clink of chains,

And crash of rusty bars and creaking hinges!
And ever and anon the sight was dashed
With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
Of grim and ghastly executioners.
Yet more this stillness terrifies my soul,
Than did that scene of complicated horrors.
It may be, that the cause of this my errand
And purpose, being changed from life to death,
Had also wrought this chilling change of temper.
Or does my heart bode more? What can it, more
Than death?
Let them set down the bowls, and warn Alphonso
That I am here—so. You return, and find
[*Mutes going in.*
The king; tell him, what he required, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the deed.
[*Exit Selim.*

Enter Mutes.

Zara. What have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare you thus,
[*The mutes return, and look affrighted.*
With haggard eyes? Why are your arms across?
Your heavy and desponding heads hung down?
Why is it you more than speak in these sad signs?
Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.
[*They go to the scene, which openeng, she perceives the body.*
Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! Oh——I'm lost.
Oh, Osmyn! Oh, Alphonso! Cruel fate!
Cruel, cruel, oh, more than killing object!
I came prepared to die, and see thee die—
Nay, came prepared myself to give thee death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn—
Oh, this accursed, this base, this treacherous king!

Enter SELIM.

Sel. I've sought in vain, for no where can the king
Be found——
Zara. Get thee to hell, and seek him there.
[*Stabs him.*
His hellish rage had wanted means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel.
Sel. You thought it better then—but I am rewarded.
The mute you sent, by some mischance was seen,
And forced to yield your letter with his life;
I found the dead and bloody body stripped——
My tongue faulters, and my voice fails—I sink—
Drink not the poison—for Alphonso is——[*Dies.*
Zara. As thou art now—and I shall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead: for 'twas decreed
We both should die. Nor is it that I survive;
I have a certain remedy for that.
But, oh, he died unknowing in my heart!
He knew I loved, but knew not to what height;
Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
A martyr, and a victim to my vows.
Insensible of this last proof he's gone;
Yet fate alone can rob his mortal part
Of sense: his soul still sees, and knows each purpose,
And fixed event, of my persisting faith.
Then wherefore do I pause? Give me the bowl.
[*A mute kneels, and gives one of the bowls.*
Hover a moment, yet, thou gentle spirit,
Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.
This to our mutual bliss, when joined above.
[*Drinks.*
Oh, friendly draught, already in my heart.
Cold, cold; my veins are icicles and frost.
I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there;
Cover us close—or I shall chill his breast,
And fright him from my arms—See, see, he slides
Still farther from me; look, he hides his face,
I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach,—
Oh, now he's gone, and all is dark—— [*Dies.*
[*The mutes kneel, and mourn over her.*

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Alm. Oh, let me seek him in this horrid cell;
For in the tomb, or prison, I alone
Must hope to find him.
Leon. Heavens! what dismal scene
Of death is this? The eunuch, Selim, slain!
Alm. Shew me, for I am come in search of death;
But want a guide; for tears have dimmed my sight.
Leon. Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful men,
Who seem the murderers, kneel weeping by;
Feeling remorse, too late, for what they've done.
But, oh, forbear—lift up your eyes no more;
But haste away, fly from this fatal place,
Where miseries are multiplied; return,
Return, and look not on; for there's a dagger
Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes
Rain blood——
Alm. Oh, I foreknow, foresee that object.
Is it at last then so? Is he then dead?
What! dead at last? quite, quite, for ever dead?
There, there, I see him; there he lies, the blood
Yet bubbling from his wounds—Oh, more than savage!
Had they or hearts or eyes, that did this deed?
Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hands?
Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to stone?
——I do not weep! The springs of tears are dried;
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my husband's murdered!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll sluice this heart,
The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.
——Those men have left to weep! they look on me!

I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody hands have erred,
And wrongfully have slain those innocents:
I am the sacrifice designed to bleed,
And come prepared to yield my throat—They shake
Their heads, in sign of grief and innocence!
[*They point at the bowl on the ground.*
And point! What mean they? Ha! a cup; Oh, well
I understand what medicine has been here.
Oh, noble thirst! yet greedy to drink all———
——Oh, for another draught of death——What mean they? [*They point at the other cup.*
Ha! point again! 'tis there, and full, I hope.
Thanks to the liberal hand that filled thee thus!
I'll drink my glad acknowledgment——.

Leon. Oh, hold,
For mercy's sake! Upon my knee I beg———

Alm. With thee the kneeling world should beg in vain.
Seest thou not there? Behold who prostrate lies,
And pleads against thee; who shall then prevail?
Yet I will take a cold and parting leave
From his pale lips; I'll kiss him ere I drink,
Lest the rank juice should blister on my mouth,
And stain the colour of my last adieu.
Horror! a headless trunk! nor lips nor face,
[*Coming near the body, starts and lets fall the cup.*
But spouting veins, and mangled flesh! Oh, Oh!

Enter ALPHONSO, HELI, PEREZ, *with* GARCIA *prisoner. Guards and Attendants.*

Alph. Away, stand off! Where is she? let me fly,
Save her from death, and snatch her to my heart.

Alm. Oh!

Alph. Forbear; my arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladness.
Oh, let me talk, to thy reviving sense,
The words of joy and peace; warm thy cold beauties
With the new-flushing ardour of my cheek;
Into thy lips pour the soft trickling balm
Of cordial sighs; and re-inspire thy bosom
With the breath of love. Shine, awake, Almeria!
Give a new birth to thy long-shaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light.

Alm. Where am I? Heaven! what does this dream intend?

Alph. Oh, may'st thou never dream of less delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys!

Alm. Given me again from death! Oh, all ye powers,
Confirm this miracle! Can I believe
My sight against my sight? and shall I trust
That sense, which, in one instant, shews him dead
And living?—Yes, I will; I've been abused
With apparitions and affrighting phantoms:
This is my lord, my life, my only husband;
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father, too, shall have compassion——

Alph. Oh, my heart's comfort; 'tis not given to this
Frail life to be entirely blessed. Even now,
In this extremest joy my soul can taste,
Yet I am dashed to think that thou must weep;
Thy father fell where he designed my death.
Gonsalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring, have, with their last breath, confessed
The just decree of Heaven, which on themselves
Has turned their own most bloody purposes.
Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you should be thus——
[*She weeps.*
Let them remove the body from her sight.
Ill-fated Zara! Ha! a cup! Alas!
Thy error then is plain! but I were flint
Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.
Oh, Garcia!——
Whose virtue has renounced thy father's crimes,
Seest thou how just the hand of Heaven has been?
Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair;
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

TAMERLANE.

BY

ROWE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

TAMERLANE.
BAJAZET.
AXALLA.
MONESES.
STRATOCLES.
PRINCE OF TANAIS.
OMAR.
MIRVAN.
ZAMA.
HALY.
Dervise.

WOMEN.

ARPASIA.
SELIMA.

Parthian and Tartarian Soldiers. Mutes belonging to Bajazet. Other Attendants.

Scene—Tamerlane's Camp, near Angoria, in Galatia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before Tamerlane's Tent.*

Enter the PRINCE *of* TANAIS, ZAMA, *and* MIRVAN.

Pr. HAIL to the sun! from whose returning light
The cheerful soldier's arms new lustre take,
To deck the pomp of battle. O, my friends!
Was ever such a glorious face of war?
See, from this height, how all Galatia's plains,
With nations numberless, are covered o'er;
Who, like a deluge, hide the face of earth,
And leave no object in the vast horizon,
But glittering arms, and skies.

Zam. Our Asian world,
From this important day, expects a lord;
This day they hope an end of all their woes,
Of tyranny, of bondage, and oppression,
From our victorious emperor, Tamerlane.

Mir. Well has our holy Alla marked him out,
The scourge of lawless pride, and dire ambition,
The great avenger of the groaning world.
Well has he worn the sacred cause of justice
Upon his prosperous sword. Approving Heaven
Still crowned the righteous warrior with success;
As if it said, 'Go forth, and be my champion,
Thou, most like me of all my works below.'

Pr. No lust of rule, the common vice of kings,
No furious zeal, inspired by hot-brained priests,
Ill hid beneath religion's specious name,
E'er drew his temperate courage to the field:
But to redress an injured people's wrongs,
To save the weak one from the strong oppressor,
Is all his end of war. And, when he draws
The sword to punish, like relenting Heaven,
He seems unwilling to deface his kind.

Mir. So rich his soul, in every virtuous grace,
That, had not nature made him great by birth,
Yet all the brave had sought him for their friend.
The Christian prince, Axalla, nicely bred
In polished arts of European courts,
For him forsakes his native Italy,
And lives a happy exile in his service.

Pr. Pleased with the gentle manners of that prince,
Our mighty lord is lavish of his friendship;
Though Omar and the Tartar lords repine,
And loudly tax their monarch as too partial.

Zam. Ere the mid-hour of night, from tent to tent,

Unwearied, through the numerous host he past,
Viewing, with careful eye, each several quarter;
Whilst from his looks, as from divinity,
The soldiers took presage, and cried, 'Lead on,
Great Alla, and our emperor; lead on
To victory, and everlasting fame.'

Mir. Hear you of Bajazet?

Pr. Late in the evening
A slave, of near attendance on his person,
'Scaped to our camp. From him we learned, the tyrant,
With rage redoubled, for the fight prepares;
Some accidental passion fires his breast,
(Love, as 'tis thought, for a fair Grecian captive)
And adds new horror to his native fury.
For five returning suns, scarce was he seen
By any, the most favoured of his court,
But in lascivious ease, among his women,
Lived, from the war retired; or else alone,
In sullen mood, sat meditating plagues
And ruin to the world; till yester morn,
Like fire, that, labouring upwards, rends the earth,
He burst with fury from his tent, commanding
All should be ready for the fight this day.

Zam. I know his temper well, since in his court,
Companion of the brave Axalla's embassy,
I oft observed him proud, impatient
Of aught superior, e'en of Heaven, that made him;
Fond of false glory, of the savage power
Of ruling without reason, of confounding
Just and unjust, by an unbounded will;
By whom religion, honour, all the bands
That ought to hold the jarring world in peace,
Were held the tricks of state, snares of wise princes,
To draw their easy neighbours to destruction.

Mir. Thrice, by our law and prophet, has he sworn,
By the world's lord and maker, lasting peace,
With our great master, and his royal friend,
The Grecian emperor; as oft, regardless
Of plighted faith, with most unkingly baseness,
Has ta'en the advantage of their absent arms,
Without a war proclaimed, or cause pretended,
To waste, with sword and fire, their fruitful fields;
Like some accursed fiend, who, 'scaped from hell,
Poisons the balmy air through which he flies,
He blasts the bearded corn, and loaded branches,
The labouring hind's best hopes, and marks his way with ruin.

Pr. But see his fate! The mighty Tamerlane
Comes, like the proxy of inquiring Heaven,
To judge, and to redress. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter TAMERLANE, *Guards, and other Attendants.*

Tam. Yet, yet a little, and destructive slaughter
Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous prospect;
Pass but an hour, which stands betwixt the lives
Of thousands and eternity. What change
Shall hasty death make in yon glittering plain!
Oh, thou fell monster, War! that in a moment
Layest waste the noblest part of the creation,
The boast and masterpiece of the great Maker,
That wears, in vain, the impression of his image,
Unprivileged from thee.
Health to our friends, and to our arms success,
[*To the Prince, Zama, and Mirvan.*
Such as the cause for which we fight deserves!

Pr. Nor can we ask beyond what Heaven bestows,
Preventing still our wishes. See, great sir,
The universal joy your soldiers wear,
Omen of prosperous battle.
Impatient of the tedious night, in arms
Watchful they stood, expecting opening day;
And now are hardly by their leaders held
From darting on the foe. Like a hot courser,
That bounding paws the mouldering soil, disdaining
The rein that checks him, eager for the race.

Tam. Yes, prince, I mean to give a loose to war.
This morn Axalla, with my Parthian horse,
Arrives to join me. He, who, like a storm,
Swept, with his flying squadrons, all the plain
Between Angoria's walls and yon tall mountains,
That seem to reach the clouds; and now he comes,
Loaden with spoils and conquest, to my aid.
[*Flourish of Trumpets.*

Zam. These trumpets speak his presence——

Enter AXALLA, *who kneels to* TAMERLANE.

Tam. Welcome! thou worthy partner of my laurels,
Thou brother of my choice, a band more sacred
Than nature's brittle tie. By holy friendship,
Glory and fame stood still for thy arrival!
My soul seemed wanting in its better half,
And languished for thy absence; like a prophet,
That waits the inspiration of his god.

Ax. My emperor! My ever royal master!
To whom my secret soul more lowly bends,
Than forms of outward worship can express;
How poorly does your soldier pay this goodness,
Who wears his every hour of life out for you!
Yet 'tis his all, and what he has, he offers;
Nor now disdain to accept the gift he brings,

Enter SELIMA, MONESES, STRATOCLES, *Prisoners; Guards, Mutes, &c.*

This earnest of your fortune. See, my lord,
The noblest prize that ever graced my arms!
Approach, my fair——

Tam. This is indeed to conquer,
And well to be rewarded for thy conquest;
The bloom of opening flowers, unsullied beauty,
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
And looks like nature in the world's first spring.
But say, Axalla——

Sel. Most renowned in war,
[*Kneeling to Tam.*

Look with compassion on a captive maid,
Though born of hostile blood; nor let my birth,
Derived from Bajazet, prevent that mercy,
Which every subject of your fortune finds.
War is the province of ambitious man,
Who tears the miserable world for empire;
Whilst our weak sex, incapable of wrong,
On either side claims privilege of safety.
Tam. [*raising her.*] Rise, royal maid! the pride of haughty power
Pays homage, not receives it, from the fair.
Thy angry father fiercely calls me forth,
And urges me, unwillingly, to arms.
Yet, though our frowning battles menace death,
And mortal conflict, think not that we hold
Thy innocence and virtue as our foe.
Here, till the fate of Asia is decided,
In safety stay. To-morrow is your own.
Nor grieve for who may conquer, or who lose;
Fortune on either side shall wait thy wishes.
Sel. Where shall my wonder and my praise begin?
From the successful labours of thy arms,
Or from a theme more soft, and full of peace,
Thy mercy and thy gentleness? Oh, Tamerlane!
What can I pay thee for this noble usage,
But grateful praise? So Heaven itself is paid.
Give peace, ye powers above, peace to mankind;
Nor let my father wage unequal war,
Against the force of such united virtues!
Tam. Heaven hear thy pious wish!—But since our prospect
Looks darkly on futurity, till fate
Determine for us, let thy beauty's safety
Be my Axalla's care; in whose glad eyes,
I read what joy the pleasing service gives him.
Is there amongst thy other prisoners aught
[*To Ax.*
Worthy our knowledge?
Ax. This brave man, my lord,
[*Pointing to Mon.*
With long resistance held the combat doubtful.
His party, prest with numbers, soon grew faint,
And would have left their charge an easy prey;
Whilst he alone, undaunted at the odds,
Though hopeless to escape, fought well and firmly;
Nor yielded, till, o'ermatched by many hands,
He seemed to shame our conquest, whilst he owned it.
Tam. Thou speak'st him as a soldier should a soldier,
Just to the worth he finds. I would not war
[*To Mon.*
With aught that wears thy virtuous stamp of greatness.
Thy habit speaks thee Christian—Nay, yet more,
My soul seems pleased to take acquaintance with thee,
As if allied to thine: perhaps 'tis sympathy
Of honest minds; like strings wound up in music,
Where, by one touch, both utter the same harmony.
Why art thou, then, a friend to Bajazet?
And why my enemy?
Mon. If human wisdom
Could point out every action of our lives,
And say, 'Let it be thus, in spite of fate
Or partial fortune,' then I had not been
The wretch I am.
Tam. The brave meet every accident
With equal minds. Think nobler of thy foes,
Than to account thy chance in war an evil.
Mon. Far, far from that: I rather hold it grievous,
That I was forced even but to seem your enemy;
Nor think the baseness of a vanquished slave
Moves me to flatter for precarious life,
Or ill-bought freedom, when I swear, by Heaven!
Were I to chuse, from all mankind, a master,
It should be Tamerlane.
Tam. A noble freedom
Dwells with the brave, unknown to fawning sycophants,
And claims a privilege of being believed.
I take thy praise as earnest of thy friendship.
Mon. Still you prevent the homage I should offer.
O, royal sir! let my misfortunes plead,
And wipe away the hostile mark I wore.
I was, when, not long since, my fortune hailed me,
Blessed to my wish, I was the prince Moneses;
Born, and bred up to greatness: witness the blood,
Which, through successive heroes' veins, allied
To our Greek emperors, rolled down to me,
Feeds the bright flame of glory in my heart.
Tam. Even that, that princely tie should bind thee to me,
If virtue were not more than all alliance.
Mon. I have a sister,—oh, severe remembrance!
Our noble house's, nay, her sex's pride;
Nor think my tongue too lavish, if I speak her
Fair as the fame of virtue, and yet chaste
As its cold precepts; wise beyond her sex
And blooming youth; soft as forgiving mercy,
Yet greatly brave, and jealous for her honour:
Such as she was, to say I barely loved her,
Is poor to my soul's meaning. From our infancy,
There grew a mutual tenderness between us,
Till, not long since, her vows were kindly plighted
To a young lord, the equal of her birth.
The happy day was fixed, and now approaching,
When faithless Bajazet (upon whose honour,
In solemn treaty given, the Greeks depended,)
With sudden war, broke in upon the country,
Secure of peace, and for defence unready.
Tam. Let majesty no more be held divine,
Since kings, who are called gods, profane themselves.
Mon. Among the wretches, whom that deluge swept
Away to slavery, myself and sister,
Then passing near the frontiers to the court,
(Which waited for her nuptials) were surprised,
And made the captives of the tyrant's power.
Soon as we reached his court, we found our usage

Beyond what we expected, fair and noble;
'Twas then the storm of your victorious arms
Looked black, and seemed to threaten, when he prest me
(By oft repeating instances) to draw
My sword for him: But when he found my soul
Disdained his purpose, he more fiercely told me,
That my Arpasia, my loved sister's fate,
Depended on my courage shewn for him.
I had long learnt to hold myself at nothing;
But for her sake, to ward the blow from her,
I bound my service to the man I hated.
Six days are past, since, by the sultan's order,
I left the pledge of my return behind,
And went to guard this princess to his camp:
The rest the brave Axalla's fortune tells you.

Tam. Wisely the tyrant strove to prop his cause,
By leagning with thy virtue; but just Heaven
Has torn thee from his side, and left him naked
To the avenging bolt, that drives upon him.
Forget the name of captive, and I wish
I could as well restore that fair one's freedom,
Whose loss hangs heavy on thee: yet ere night,
Perhaps, we may deserve thy friendship nobler;
The approaching storm may cast the shipwrecked wealth
Back to thy arms: till that be past, since war
(Though in the justest cause) is ever doubtful,
I will not ask thy sword to aid my victory,
Lest it should hurt that hostage of thy valour,
Our common foe detains.

Mon. Let Bajazet
Bend to his yoke repining slaves by force;
You, sir, have found a nobler way to empire,
Lord of the willing world.

Tam. Oh, my Axalla!
Thou hast a tender soul, apt for compassion,
And art thyself a lover and a friend.
Does not this prince's fortune move thy temper?

Ax. Yes, sir, I mourn the brave Moneses' fate,
The merit of his virtue hardly matched
With disadventurous chance: yet, prince, allow me,
Allow me, from the experience of a lover,
To say, one person, whom your story mentioned,
(If he survive) is far beyond you wretched:
You named the bridegroom of your beauteous sister.

Mon. I did. Oh, most accurst!

Ax. Think what he feels,
Dashed in the fierceness of his expectation:
Then, when the approaching minute of possession
Had wound imagination to the height—
Think, if he lives!

Mon. He lives! he does: 'tis true
He lives! But how? To be a dog, and dead,
Were Paradise to such a state as his:
He holds down life, as children do a potion,
With strong reluctance and convulsive struglings,
Whilst his misfortunes press him to disgorge it.

Tam. Spare the remembrance; 'tis an useless grief,
And adds to the misfortune by repeating.
The revolution of a day may bring
Such turns, as Heaven itself could scarce have promised,
Far, far beyond thy wish: let that hope cheer thee.
Haste, my Axalla, to dispose with safety
Thy beauteous charge, and on the foe revenge
The pain which absence gives; thy other care,
Honour and arms, now summon thy attendance.
Now do thy office well, my soul! Remember
Thy cause, the cause of Heaven and injured earth.
O thou Supreme! if thy great spirit warms
My glowing breast, and fires my soul to arms,
Grant that my sword, assisted by thy power,
This day may peace and happiness restore,
That war and lawless rage may vex the world no more.

[*Exeunt Tamerlane, Moneses, Straiocles, Prince of Tanais, Zama, Mirvan, and Attendants.*

Ax. The battle calls, and bids me haste to leave thee;
Oh, Selima!—but let destruction wait.
Are there not hours enough for blood and slaughter?
This moment shall be love's, and I will waste it
In soft complainings, for thy sighs and coldness,
For thy forgetful coldness; even at Birza,
When in thy father's court my eyes first owned thee,
Fairer than light, the joy of their beholding,
Even then thou wert not thus.

Sel. Art not thou changed,
Christian Axalla? Art thou still the same?
Those were the gentle hours of peace, and thou
The world's good angel, that didst kindly join
Its mighty masters in harmonious friendship:
But since those joys that once were ours are lost,
Forbear to mention them, and talk of war;
Talk of thy conquests and my chains, Axalla.

Ax. Yet I will listen, fair, unkind upbraider!
Yet I will listen to thy charming accents,
Although they make me curse my fame and fortune,
My laurel wreaths, and all the glorious trophies,
For which the valiant bleed—Oh, thou unjust one!
Dost thou then envy me this small return
My niggard fate has made, for all the mournings,
For all the pains, for all the sleepless nights,
That cruel absence brings?

Sel. Away, deceiver!
I will not hear thy soothing. Is it thus
That Christian lovers prove the faith they swear?
Are war and slavery the soft endearments,
With which they court the beauties they admire?
'Twas well my heart was cautious of believing

Thy vows, and thy protesting. Know, my conqueror,
Thy sword has vanquished but the half of Selima;
Her soul disdains thy victory.
Ax. Hear, sweet heaven!
Hear the fair tyrant, how she wrests love's laws,
As she had vowed my ruin! What is conquest?
What joy have I from that, but to behold thee,
To kneel before thee, and, with lifted eyes,
To view thee, as devotion does a saint,
With awful, trembling pleasure; then to swear
Thou art the queen and mistress of my soul?
Has not even Tamerlane (whose word, next Heaven's,
Makes fate at second-hand) bid thee disclaim
Thy fears? And dost thou call thyself a slave,
Only to try how far the sad impression
Can sink into Axalla?
Sel. Oh, Axalla!
Ought I to hear you?
Ax. Come back, ye hours,
And tell my Selima what she has done!
Bring back the time, when to her father's court
I came, ambassador of peace from Tamerlane;
When, hid by conscious darkness and disguise,
I past the dangers of the watchful guards,
Bold as the youth who nightly swam the Hellespont:
Then, then she was not sworn the foe of love;
When, as my soul confest its flame, and sued
In moving sounds for pity, she frowned rarely,
But, blushing, heard me tell the gentle tale;
Nay, even confest, and told me, softly sighing,
She thought there was no guilt in love like mine.
Sel. Young, and unskilful in the world's false arts,
I suffered love to steal upon my softness,
And warm me with a lambent guiltless flame:
Yes, I have heard thee swear a thousand times,
And call the conscious powers of heaven to witness
The tenderest, truest, everlasting passion.
But, oh! 'tis past; and I will charge remembrance
To banish the fond image from my soul.
Since thou art sworn the foe of royal Bajazet,
I have resolved to hate thee.
Ax. Is it possible!
Hate is not in thy nature; thy whole frame
Is harmony, without one jarring atom.
Why dost thou force thy eyes to wear this coldness?
It damps the springs of life. Oh! bid me die;
Much rather bid me die, if it be true
That thou hast sworn to hate me!——
Sel. Let life and death
Wait the decision of the bloody field;
Nor can thy fate, my conqueror, depend
Upon a woman's hate. Yet, since you urge
A power, which once perhaps I had, there is
But one request that I can make with honour.
Ax. Oh, name it! say!——
Sel. Forego your right of war,
And render me this instant to my father.
Ax. Impossible!—The tumult of the battle,
That hastes to join, cuts off all means of commerce
Betwixt the armies.
Sel. Swear then to perform it,
Which way soe'er the chance of war determines,
On my first instance.
Ax. By the sacred majesty
Of heaven, to whom we kneel, I will obey thee!
Yes, I will give thee this severest proof
Of my soul's vowed devotion; I will part with thee,
(Thou cruel, to command it!) I will part with thee,
As wretches, that are doubtful of hereafter,
Part with their lives, unwilling, loth, and fearful,
And trembling at futurity. But is there nothing,
No small return that honour can afford,
For all this waste of love?
Sel. The gifts of captives
Wear somewhat of constraint; and generous minds
Disdain to give, where freedom of the choice
Does but seem wanting.
Ax. What! not one kind look?
Then thou art changed indeed. [*Trumpets.*] Hark, I am summoned,
And thou wilt send me forth like one unblessed,
Whom fortune has forsaken, and ill fate
Marked for destruction. Thy surprising coldness
Hangs on my soul, and weighs my courage down;
And the first feeble blow I meet shall raze me
From all remembrance: nor is life or fame
Worthy my care, since I am lost to thee. [*Going.*
Sel. Ha! goest thou to the fight?——
Ax. I do.——Farewell!——
Sel. What! and no more! A sigh heaves in my breast,
And stops the struggling accents on my tongue,
Else, sure, I should have added something more,
And made our parting softer.
Ax. Give it way.
The niggard honour, that affords not love,
Forbids not pity——
Sel. Fate perhaps has set
This day, the period of thy life and conquests;
And I shall see thee, borne at evening back,
A breathless corse.——Oh! can I think on that,
And hide my sorrows?—No—they will have way,
And all the vital air, that life draws in,
Is rendered back in sighs.
Ax. The murmuring gale revives the drooping flame,
That at thy coldness languished in my breast:
So breathe the gentle zephyrs on the spring,
And waken every plant, and odorous flower,
Which winter frost had blasted, to new life.
Sel. To see thee for this moment, and no more—

Oh! help me to resolve against this tenderness,
That charms my fierce resentments, and presents thee,
Not as thou art, mine and my father's foe,
But as thou wert, when first thy moving accents
Won me to hear; when, as I listened to thee,
The happy hours past by us unperceived,
So was my soul fixed to the soft enchantment.
Ax. Let me be still the same! I am, I must be.
If it were possible my heart could stray,
One look from thee would call it back again,
And fix the wanderer for ever thine.
Sel. Where is my boasted resolution now?
[*Sinking into his arms.*
Oh, yes! thou art the same; my heart joins with thee,
And, to betray me, will believe thee still:
It dances to the sounds that moved it first,
And owns at once the weakness of my soul.
So, when some skilful artist strikes the strings,
The magic numbers rouse our sleeping passions,
And force us to confess our grief and pleasure.
Alas! Axalla, say——dost thou not pity
My artless innocence, and easy fondness?
Oh! turn thee from me, or I die with blushing.
Ax. No, let me rather gaze, for ever gaze,
And bless the new-born glories that adorn thee!
From every blush, that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring,
To revel in the roses—it will not be,
[*Trumpets.*
This envious trumpet calls, and tears me from thee—

Sel. My fears increase, and doubly press me now:
I charge thee, if thy sword comes cross my father,
Stop for a moment, and remember me.
Ax. Oh, doubt not but his life shall be my care;
Even dearer than my own———
Sel. Guard that for me too.
Ax. O, Selima! thou hast restored my quiet.
The noble ardour of the war, with love
Returning, brightly burns within my breast,
And bids me be secure of all hereafter.
So cheers some pious saint a dying sinner
(Who trembled at the thought of pains to come)
With Heaven's forgiveness, and the hopes of mercy:
At length, the tumult of his soul appeased,
And every doubt and anxious scruple eased,
Boldly he proves the dark, uncertain road;
The peace, his holy comforter bestowed,
Guides, and protects him like a guardian god.
[*Exit.*
Sel. In vain all arts a love-sick virgin tries,
Affects to frown, and seem severely wise,
In hopes to cheat the wary lover's eyes.
If the dear youth her pity strives to move,
And pleads with tenderness, the cause of love,
Nature asserts her empire in her heart,
And kindly takes the faithful lover's part.
By love herself, and nature, thus betrayed,
No more she trusts in pride's fantastic aid,
But bids her eyes confess the yielding maid.
[*Exit Selima, Guards following.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Tamerlane's Camp.*

Enter MONESES.

Mon. THE dreadful business of the war is over:
And Slaughter, that, from yester morn 'till even,
With giant steps, past striding o'er the field,
Besmeared and horrid with the blood of nations,
Now weary, sits among the mangled heaps,
And slumbers o'er her prey; while from this camp
The chearful sounds of victory and Tamerlane
Beat the high arch of heaven. Deciding Fate,
That crowns him with the spoils of such a day,
Has given it as an earnest of the world,
That shortly shall be his.

Enter STRATOCLES.

My Stratocles!
Most happily returned, might I believe
Thou bring'st me any joy?
Stra. With my best diligence,
This night I have enquired of what concerns you.
Scarce was the sun, who shone upon the horror
Of the past day, sunk to the western ocean,
When, by permission from the prince Axalla,
I mixt among the tumult of the warriors
Returning from the battle: here, a troop
Of hardy Parthians, red with honest wounds,
Confest the conquest they had well deserved:
There, a dejected crew of wretched captives,
Sore with unprofitable hurts, and groaning
Under new bondage, followed sadly after
The haughty victor's heels. But that, which fully
Crowned the success of Tamerlane, was Bajazet,
Fallen, like the proud archangel, from the height
Where once (even next to majesty divine)
Enthroned he sat, down to the vile descent
And lowness of a slave: but, oh! to speak
The rage, the fierceness, and the indignation!—
It bars all words, and cuts description short.
Mon. Then he is fallen! that comet which on high
Portended ruin; he has spent his blaze,
And shall distract the world with fears no more.
Sure it must bode me well; for oft my soul
Has started into tumult at his name,
As if my guardian angel took the alarm,
At the approach of somewhat mortal to me.

But say, my friend, what hear'st thou of Arpasia?
For there my thoughts, my every care is centered.
Stra. Though on that purpose still I bent my search,
Yet nothing certain could I gain, but this;
That in the pillage of the sultan's tent
Some women were made prisoners, who this morning
Were to be offered to the emperor's view:
Their names and qualities, though oft enquiring,
I could not learn.
Mon. Then must my soul still labour
Beneath uncertainty and anxious doubt,
The mind's worst state. The tyrant's ruin gives me
But a half ease.
Stra. 'Twas said, not far from hence
The captives were to wait the emperor's passage.
Mon. Haste we to find the place. Oh, my Arpasia!
Shall we not meet? Why hangs my heart thus heavy,
Like death, within my bosom? Oh! 'tis well,
The joy of meeting pays the pangs of absence,
Else who could bear it?
When thy loved sight shall bless my eyes again,
Then I will own I ought not to complain,
Since that sweet hour is worth whole years of pain. [*Exeunt Moneses and Stratocles.*

SCENE II.—*The inside of a magnificent Tent. Symphony of Warlike Music.*

Enter TAMERLANE, AXALLA, PRINCE OF TANAIS, ZAMA, MIRVAN, *Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

Ax. From this auspicious day the Parthian name
Shall date its birth of empire, and extend
Even from the dawning east to utmost Thule,
The limits of its sway.
Pr. Nations unknown,
Where yet the Roman eagle never flew,
Shall pay their homage to victorious Tamerlane;
Bend to his valour and superior virtue,
And own, that conquest is not given by chance,
But, bound by fatal and resistless merit,
Waits on his arms.
Tam. It is too much: you dress me
Like an usurper, in the borrowed attributes
Of injured Heaven. Can we call conquest ours?
Shall man, this pigmy, with a giant's pride,
Vaunt of himself, and say, 'Thus have I done this?'
Oh, vain pretence to greatness! Like the moon,
We borrow all the brightness which we boast,
Dark in ourselves, and useless. If that hand,
That rules the fate of battles, strike for us,
Crown us with fame, and gild our clay with honour,
'Twere most ungrateful to disown the benefit,
And arrogate a praise which is not ours.
Ax. With such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosperous fortune,
Is to deserve that fortune: in adversity
The mind grows tough by buffetting the tempest,
Which, in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.
Tam. Oh, Axalla!
Could I forget I am a man as thou art,
Would not the winter's cold, or summer's heat,
Sickness, or thirst, and hunger, all the train
Of nature's clamorous appetites, asserting
An equal right in kings and common men,
Reprove me daily?—No—If I boast of aught,
Be it to have been Heaven's happy instrument,
The means of good to all my fellow-creatures:
This is a king's best praise.

Enter OMAR.

Om. Honour and fame [*Bowing to Tamerlane.*
For ever wait the emperor! May our prophet
Give him ten thousand thousand days of life,
And every day like this! The captive sultan,
Fierce in his bonds, and at his fate repining,
Attends your sacred will.
Tam. Let him approach.

Enter BAJAZET, *and other Turkish Prisoners in chains, with a guard of Soldiers.*

When I survey the ruins of this field,
The wild destruction which thy fierce ambition
Has dealt among mankind (so many widows
And helpless orphans has thy battle made,
That half our eastern world this day are mourners),
Well may I, in behalf of heaven and earth,
Demand from thee atonement for this wrong.
Baj. Make thy demand to those that own thy power!
Know, I am still beyond it; and though Fortune
(Curse on that changeling deity of fools!)
Has stript me of the train and pomp of greatness,
That outside of a king, yet still my soul,
Fixt high, and on itself alone dependent,
Is ever free and royal, and even now,
As at the head of battle, does defy thee:
I know what power the chance of war has given,
And dare thee to the use on't. This vile speeching,
This after-game of words, is what most irks me;
Spare that, and for the rest 'tis equal all——
Be it as it may.
Tam. Well was it for the world,
When on their borders neighbouring princes met,
Frequent in friendly parle, by cool debates
Preventing wasteful war: such should our meeting
Have been, hadst thou but held in just regard
The sanctity of leagues so often sworn to.
Canst thou believe thy prophet, or, what's more,

That power supreme, which made thee and thy prophet,
Will, with impunity, let pass that breach
Of sacred faith given to the royal Greek?
Baj. Thou pedant talker! ha! art thou a king,
Possest of sacred power, Heaven's darling attribute,
And dost thou prate of leagues, and oaths, and prophets!
I hate the Greek (perdition on his name!)
As I do thee, and would have met you both,
As death does human nature, for destruction.
Tam. Causeless to hate, is not of human kind:
The savage brute, that haunts in woods remote
And desart wilds, tears not the fearful traveller,
If hunger, or some injury, provoke not.
Baj. Can a king want a cause, when empire bids
Go on? What is he born for, but ambition?
It is his hunger, 'tis his call of nature,
The noble appetite which will be satisfied,
And, like the food of gods, makes him immortal.
Tam. Henceforth I will not wonder we were foes,
Since souls, that differ so, by nature hate,
And strong antipathy forbids their union.
Baj. The noble fire, that warms me, does indeed
Transcend thy coldness. I am pleased we differ,
Nor think alike.
Tam. No—for I think like man;
Thou, like a monster, from whose baneful presence
Nature starts back; and though she fixed her stamp
On thy rough mass, and marked thee for man,
Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee,
As formed for her destruction.——
'Tis true, I am a king, as thou hast been:
Honour and glory, too, have been my aim;
But, though I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet would I chuse to fix my name by peace,
By justice, and by mercy, and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind;
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I sway,
Or forfeit of my honour.
Baj. Prophet, I thank thee.——
Damnation!—Couldst thou rob me of my glory,
To dress up this tame king, this preaching dervise?
Unfit for war, thou shouldst have lived secure
In lazy peace, and, with debating senates,
Shared a precarious sceptre, sat tamely still,
And let bold factions canton out thy power,
And wrangle for the spoils they robbed thee of;
Whilst I (curse on the power that stops my ardour!)
Would, like a tempest, rush amidst the nations,
Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Alla,
My angry thunder on the frighted world.
Tam. The world!—'twould be too little for thy pride:
Thou wouldst scale heaven——
Baj. I would:—Away! my soul
Disdains thy conference.
Tam. Thou vain, rash thing,
That, with gigantic insolence, hast dared
To lift thy wretched self above the stars,
And mate with power Almighty—thou art fallen!
Baj. 'Tis false! I am not fallen from aught I have been;
At least my soul resolves to keep her state,
And scorns to take acquaintance with ill-fortune.
Tam. Almost beneath my pity art thou fallen;
Since, while the avenging hand of Heaven is on thee,
And presses to the dust thy swelling soul,
Fool-hardy, with the stronger thou contendest.
To what vast heights had thy tumultuous temper
Been hurried, if success had crowned thy wishes!
Say, what had I to expect, if thou hadst conquered?
Baj. Oh, glorious thought! By Heaven I will enjoy it,
Though but in fancy; imagination shall
Make room to entertain the vast idea.
Oh! had I been the master but of yesterday,
The world, the world had felt me; and for thee,
I had used thee, as thou art to me—a dog,
The object of my scorn and mortal hatred:
I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,
And mounted from that footstool to my saddle:
Then, when thy daily servile task was done,
I would have caged thee, for the scorn of slaves,
Till thou hadst begged to die; and even that mercy
I had denied thee. Now thou know'st my mind,
And question me no farther.
Tam. Well dost thou teach me,
What justice should exact from thee. Mankind,
With one consent, cry out for vengeance on thee;
Loudly they call, to cut off this league-breaker,
This wild destroyer, from the face of earth.
Baj. Do it, and rid thy shaking soul at once
Of its worst fear.
Tam. Why slept the thunder,
That should have armed the idol deity,
And given thee power, ere yester sun was set,
To shake the soul of Tamerlane? Hadst thou an arm
To make thee feared, thou shouldst have proved it on me,
Amidst the sweat and blood of yonder field,
When, through the tumult of the war, I sought thee,
Fenced in with nations.
Baj. Curse upon the stars,
That fated us to different scenes of slaughter!
Oh! could my sword have met thee!——
Tam. Thou hadst then,
As now, been in my power, and held thy life

Dependent on my gift—Yes, Bajazet,
I bid thee—live! So much my soul disdains
That thou shouldst think I can fear aught but Heaven:
Nay, more; couldst thou forget thy brutal fierceness,
And form thyself to manhood, I would bid thee
Live, and be still a king, that thou mayest learn
What man should be to man, in war remembering
The common tie and brotherhood of kind.
This royal tent, with such of thy domestics
As can be found, shall wait upon thy service;
Nor will I use my fortune to demand
Hard terms of peace, but such as thou mayst offer
With honour, I with honour may receive.

[*Tamerlane signs to an Officer, who unbinds Bajazet.*

Baj. Ha! sayst thou—no—our prophet's vengeance blast me,
If thou shalt buy my friendship with thy empire.
Damnation on thee, thou smooth fawning talker!
Give me again my chains, that I may curse thee,
And gratify my rage: or, if thou wilt
Be a vain fool, and play with thy perdition,
Remember I'm thy foe, and hate thee deadly.
Thy folly on thy head!

Tam. Be still my foe.
Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return: thy stubborn pride,
That spurns the gentle office of humanity,
Shall in my honour own, and thy despite,
I have done as I ought. Virtue still does
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward:
Above the worthless trophies men can raise,
She seeks not honours, wealth, nor airy praise,
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

[*Exeunt Tamerlane, Axalla, Prince of Tanais, Mirvan, Zama, and Attendants.*

Baj. Come, lead me to my dungeon! plunge me down,
Deep from the hated sight of man and day,
Where, under covert of the friendly darkness,
My soul may brood, at leisure, o'er its anguish!

Om. Our royal master would, with noble usage,
Make your misfortunes light: he bids you hope—

Baj. I tell thee, slave, I have shook hands with hope,
And all my thoughts are rage, despair, and horror!
Ha! wherefore am I thus?—Perdition seize me!
But my cold blood runs shivering to my heart,
As at some phantom, that in dead of night,
With dreadful action, stalks around our beds.
The rage and fiercer passions of my breast
Are lost in new confusion.——

Enter Haly.

Arpasia!—Haly!

Ha. Oh, emperor! for whose hard fate our prophet,
And all the heroes of thy sacred race,
Are sad in paradise, thy faithful Haly,
The slave of all thy pleasures, in this ruin,
This universal shipwreck of thy fortunes,

Enter Arpasia.

Has gathered up this treasure for thy arms:
Nor even the victor, haughty Tamerlane
(By whose command once more thy slave beholds thee),
Denies this blessing to thee, but, with honour,
Renders thee back thy queen, thy beauteous bride.

Baj Oh! had her eyes, with pity, seen my sorrows,
Had she the softness of a tender bride,
Heaven could not have bestowed a greater blessing,
And love had made amends for loss of empire.
But see, what fury dwells upon her charms!
What lightning flashes from her angry eyes!
With a malignant joy she views my ruin:
Even beauteous in her hatred, still she charms me,
And awes my fierce tumultuous soul to love.

Arp. And darest thou hope, thou tyrant! ravisher!
That Heaven has any joy in store for thee?
Look back upon the sum of thy past life,
Where tyranny, oppression, and injustice,
Perjury, murders, swell the black account;
Where lost Arpasia's wrongs stand bleeding fresh,
Thy last recorded crime. But Heaven has found thee;
At length the tardy vengeance has o'erta'en thee,
My weary soul shall bear a little longer
The pain of life, to call for justice on thee:
That once complete, sink to the peaceful grave,
And lose the memory of my wrongs and thee.

Baj. Thou railest! I thank thee for it—Be perverse,
And muster all the woman in thy soul:
Goad me with curses, be a very wife,
That I may fling off this tame love, and hate thee.

Enter Moneses. [*Bajazet starting.*

Ha! Keep thy temper, heart! nor take alarm
At a slave's presence!

Mon. It is Arpasia!—Leave me, thou cold fear!
Sweet as the rosy morn she breaks upon me,
And sorrow, like the night's unwholesome shade,
Gives way before the golden dawn she brings.

Baj. [*Advancing towards him.*] Ha! Christian! Is it well that we meet thus?
Is this thy faith!

Mon. Why does thy frowning brow
Put on this form of fury? Is it strange
We should meet here, companions in misfortune,
The captives in one common chance of war?
Nor shouldst thou wonder that my sword has failed
Before the fortune of victorious Tamerlane,

When thou, with nations like the sanded shore,
With half the warring world upon thy side,
Couldst not stand up against his dreadful battle,
That crushed thee with its shock. Thy men can witness,
Those cowards that forsook me in the combat,
My sword was not inactive.
Baj. No, it is false;
Where is my daughter, thou vile Greek? Thou hast
Betrayed her to the Tartar; or, even worse,
Pale with thy fear, didst lose her like a coward;
And, like a coward now, would cast the blame
On fortune and ill stars.
Mon. Ha! saidst thou like a coward?
What sanctity, what majesty divine
Hast thou put on, to guard thee from my rage,
That thus thou darest to wrong me?
Baj. Out, thou slave,
And know me for thy lord——
Mon. I tell thee, tyrant,
When in the pride of power thou sat'st on high,
When like an idol thou wert vainly worshipped,
By prostrate wretches, born with slavish souls:
Even when thou wert a king, thou wert no more,
Nor greater than Moneses; born of a race
Royal, and great as thine. What art thou now, then?
The fate of war has set thee with the lowest;
And captives (like the subjects of the grave),
Losing distinction, serve one common lord.
Baj. Braved by this dog! Now give a loose to rage,
And curse thyself! curse thy false cheating prophet!
Ha! yet there is some revenge. Hear me, thou Christian!
Thou leftst that sister with me: Thou impostor!
Thou boaster of thy honesty! Thou liar!
But take her to thee back.
Now to explore my prison—if it holds
Another plague like this, the restless damned
(If muftis lie not) wander thus in hell;
From scorching flames to chilling frosts they run,
Then from their frosts to fires return again,
And only prove variety of pain.
[*Exeunt Bajazet and Haly.*
Arp. Stay, Bajazet, I charge thee by my wrongs!
Stay and unfold a tale of so much horror
As only fits thy telling. Oh, Moneses!
Mon. Why dost thou weep? Why this tempestuous passion,
That stops thy faultering tongue short on my name?
Oh, speak! unveil this mystery of sorrow,
And draw the dismal scene at once to sight!
Arp. Thou art undone, lost, ruined, and undone!
Mon. I will not think it is so, while I have thee;
While thus it is given to hold thee in my arms;
For while I sigh upon thy panting bosom,
The sad remembrance of past woes is lost.
Arp. Forbear to sooth thy soul with flattering thoughts,
Of evils overpast, and joys to come:
Our woes are like the genuine shade beneath,
Where fate cuts off the very hopes of day,
And everlasting night and horror reign.
Mon. By all the tenderness and chaste endearments
Of our past love, I charge thee, my Arpasia,
To ease my soul of doubts! Give me to know,
At once, the utmost malice of my fate!
Arp. Take then thy wretched share in all I suffer,
Still partner of my heart! Scarce hadst thou left
The sultan's camp, when the imperious tyrant,
Softening the pride and fierceness of his temper,
With gentle speech, made offer of his love.
Amazed, as at the thought of sudden death,
I started into tears, and often urged
(Though still in vain) the difference of our faiths.
At last, as flying to the utmost refuge,
With lifted hands and streaming eyes, I owned
The fraud; which when we first were made his prisoners,
Conscious of my unhappy form, and fearing
For thy dear life, I forced thee to put on
Thy borrowed name of brother, mine of sister;
Hiding beneath that veil the nearer tie
Our mutual vows had made before the priest.
Kindling to rage at hearing of my story,
'Then, be it so,' he cried: 'Thinkest thou thy vows,
Given to a slave, shall bar me from thy beauties?'
Then bade the priest pronounce the marriage-rites,
Which he performed; whilst, shrieking with despair,
I called, in vain, the powers of Heaven to aid me.
Mon. Villain! Imperial villain! Oh, the coward!
Awed by his guilt, though backed by force and power,
He durst not, to my face, avow his purpose;
But, in my absence, like a lurking thief,
Stole on my treasure, and at once undid me.
Arp. Had they not kept me from the means of death,
Forgetting all the rules of Christian suffering,
I had done a desperate murder on my soul,
Ere the rude slaves, that waited on his will,
Had forced me to his——
Mon. Stop thee there, Arpasia,
And bar my fancy from the guilty scene!
Let not thought enter, lest the busy mind
Should muster such a train of monstrous images,
As would distract me. Oh! I cannot bear it.
Thou lovely hoard of sweets, where all my joys
Were treasured up, to have thee rifled thus!
Thus torn untasted from my eager wishes!
But I will have thee from him. Tamerlane
(The sovereign judge of equity on earth)

Shall do me justice on this mighty robber,
And render back thy beauties to Moneses.
Arp. And who shall render back my peace, my honour,
The spotless whiteness of my virgin soul?
Ah! no, Moneses—Think not I will ever
Bring a polluted love to thy chaste arms:
I am the tyrant's wife.—Oh, fatal title!
And, in the sight of all the saints, have sworn,
By honour, womanhood, and blushing shame,
To know no second bride-bed but my grave.
Mon. I swear it must not be, since still my eye
Finds thee as heavenly white, as angel pure,
As in the earliest hours of life thou wert:
Nor art thou his, but mine; thy first vow is mine,
Thy soul is mine.
Arp. O! think not, that the power
Of most persuasive eloquence can make me
Forget I have been another's, been his wife.
Now, by my blushes, by the strong confusion
And anguish of my heart, spare me, Moneses,
Nor urge my trembling virtue to the precipice.
Shortly, oh! very shortly, if my sorrows
Divine aright, and Heaven be gracious to me,
Death shall dissolve the fatal obligation,
And give me up to peace, to that blest place,
Where the good rest from care and anxious life.
Mon. Oh, teach me, thou fair saint, like thee to suffer!
Teach me, with hardy piety, to combat
The present ills: instruct my eyes to pass
The narrow bounds of life, this land of sorrow,
And, with bold hopes, to view the realms beyond,
Those distant beauties of the future state.
Tell me, Arpasia—say, what joys are those
That wait to crown the wretch who suffers here?
Oh! tell me, and sustain my failing faith.
Arp. Imagine somewhat exquisitely fine,
Which fancy cannot paint, which the pleased mind
Can barely know, unable to describe it;
Imagine it is a tract of endless joys,
Without satiety or interruption;
Imagine it is to meet, and part no more.
Mon. Grant, gentle Heaven, that such may be our lot!
Let us be blest together. Oh, my soul!
Build on that hope, and let it arm thy courage,
To struggle with the storm that parts us now.
Arp. Yes, my Moneses! now the surges rise,
The swelling sea breaks in between our barks,
And drives us to our fate on different rocks.
Farewell! My soul lives with thee.
Mon. Death is parting,
It is the last sad adieu 'twixt soul and body.
But this is somewhat worse——my joy, my comfort,
All that was left in life, fleets after thee;
My aching sight hangs on thy parting beauties,
Thy lovely eyes, all drowned in floods of sorrow.
So sinks the setting sun beneath the waves,
And leaves the traveller, in pathless woods,
Benighted and forlorn—Thus, with sad eyes,
Westward he turns, to mark the light's decay,
Till, having lost the last faint glimpse of day,
Cheerless, in darkness, he pursues his way.
[*Exeunt Moneses and Arpasia, severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The inside of the Royal Tent.*

Enter Axalla, Selima, *and Women Attendants.*

Ax. Can there be aught in love beyond this proof,
This wondrous proof, I give thee of my faith?
To tear thee from my bleeding bosom thus!
To rend the strings of life, to set thee free,
And yield thee to a cruel father's power!
Foe to my hopes! What canst thou pay me back,
What but thyself, thou angel! for this fondness?
Sel. Thou dost upbraid me, beggar as I am,
And urge me with my poverty of love.
Perhaps thou think'st, 'tis nothing for a maid
To struggle through the niceness of her sex,
The blushes and the fears, and own she loves.
Thou think'st 'tis nothing for my artless heart
To own my weakness, and confess thy triumph.
Ax. Oh! yes I own it; my charmed ears ne'er knew
A sound of so much rapture, so much joy.
Not voices, instruments, not warbling birds,
Not winds, not murmuring waters joined in concert,
Not tuneful nature, not the according spheres,
Utter such harmony, as when my Selima,
With down-cast looks and blushes, said—I love.
Sel. And yet thou say'st, I am a niggard to thee!
I swear the balance shall be held between us,
And love be judge, if, after all the tenderness,
Tears and confusion of my virgin soul,
Thou shouldst complain of aught, unjust Axalla!
Ax. Why was I ever blest!—Why is remembrance
Rich with a thousand pleasing images
Of past enjoyments, since 'tis but plague to me?
When thou art mine no more, what will it ease me
To think of all the golden minutes past,
To think that thou wert kind, and I was happy?
But like an angel fallen from bliss, to curse
My present state, and mourn the heaven I've lost.

Sel. Hope better for us both; nor let thy fears,
Like an unlucky omen, cross my way.
My father, rough and stormy in his nature,
To me was always gentle, and, with fondness
Paternal, ever met me with a blessing.
Oft, when offence had stirred him to such fury,
That not grave counsellors, for wisdom famed,
Nor hardy captains, that had fought his battles,
Presumed to speak, but struck with awful dread,
Were hushed as death; yet has he smiled on me,
Kissed me, and bade me utter all my purpose,
Till, with my idle prattle, I had soothed him,
And won him from his anger.

Ax. Oh! I know
Thou hast a tongue to charm the wildest tempers.
Herds would forget to graze, and savage beasts
Stand still and lose their fierceness, but to hear thee,
As if they had reflection, and by reason
Forsook a less enjoyment for a greater.
But, oh! when I revolve each circumstance,
My Christian faith, my service closely bound
To Tamerlane, my master, and my friend,
Tell me, my charmer, if my fears are vain?
Think what remains for me, if the fierce sultan
Should doom thy beauties to another's bed!

Sel. 'Tis a sad thought: but to appease thy doubts,
Here, in the awful sight of Heaven, I vow
No power shall e'er divide me from thy love,
Even duty shall not force me to be false.
My cruel stars may tear thee from my arms,
But never from my heart; and when the maids
Shall yearly come with garlands of fresh flowers,
To mourn with pious office o'er my grave,
They shall sit sadly down, and weeping tell
How well I loved, how much I suffered for thee:
And while they grieve my fate, shall praise my constancy.

Ax. But see, the sultan comes!——My beating heart
Bounds with exulting motion; hope and fear
Fight with alternate conquest in my breast.
Oh! can I give her from me? Yield her up?
Now mourn, thou god of love, since honour triumphs,
And crowns his cruel altars with thy spoils.

Enter BAJAZET.

Baj. To have a nauseous courtesy forced on me,
Spite of my will, by an insulting foe!
Ha! they would break the fierceness of my temper,
And make me supple for their slavish purpose.
Curse on their fawning arts! From Heaven itself
I would not, on such terms, receive a benefit,
But spurn it back upon the giver's hand.

[*Selima comes forward, and kneels to Bajazet.*

Sel. My lord! my royal father!

Baj. Ha! what art thou?
What heavenly innocence! that in a form
So known, so loved, hast left thy paradise,
For joyless prison, for this place of woe!
Art thou my Selima?

Sel. Have you forgot me?
Alas, my piety is then in vain!
Your Selima, your daughter whom you loved,
The fondling once of her dear father's arms,
Is come to claim her share in his misfortunes;
To wait and tend him with obsequious duty;
To sit, and weep for every care he feels;
To help to wear the tedious minutes out,
To soften bondage, and the loss of empire.

Baj. Now, by our prophet, if my wounded mind
Could know a thought of peace, it would be now!
Even from thy prating infancy thou wert
My joy, my little angel; smiling comfort
Came with thee, still to glad me. Now I'm cursed
Even in thee too. Reproach and infamy
Attend the Christian dog, to whom thou wert trusted!
To see thee here—'twere better see thee dead!

Ax. Thus Tamerlane, to royal Bajazet,
With kingly greeting sends; since with the brave
(The bloody business of the fight once ended)
Stern hate and opposition ought to cease;
Thy queen already to thy arms restored,
Receive this second gift, thy beauteous daughter;
And if there be aught farther in thy wish,
Demand with honour, and obtain it freely.

Baj. Bear back thy fulsome greeting to thy master;
Tell him, I'll none of it. Had he been a god,
All his omnipotence could not restore
My fame diminished, loss of sacred honour,
The radiancy of majesty eclipsed:
For aught besides, it is not worth my care;
The giver and his gifts are both beneath me.

Ax. Enough of war the wounded earth has known;
Weary at length, and wasted with destruction,
Sadly she rears her ruined head, to shew
Her cities humbled, and her countries spoiled,
And to her mighty masters sues for peace.
Oh, sultan! by the Power divine I swear,
With joy I would resign the savage trophies
In blood and battle gained, could I atone
The fatal breach 'twixt thee and Tamerlane;
And think a soldier's glory well bestowed
To buy mankind a peace.

Baj. And what art thou,
That dost presume to mediate 'twixt the rage
Of angry kings?

Ax. A prince, born of the noblest,
And of a soul that answers to that birth,
That dares not but do well. Thou dost put on
A forced forgetfulness, thus not to know me,
A guest so lately to thy court, then meeting
On gentler terms.—

Sel. Could aught efface the merit
Of brave Axalla's name, yet when your daughter
Shall tell how well, how nobly she was used,
How light this gallant prince made all her bondage,
Most sure the royal Bajazet will own
That honour stands indebted to such goodness,
Nor can a monarch's friendship more than pay it.
Baj. Ha! know'st thou that, fond girl?—Go—'tis not well,
And when thou couldst descend to take a benefit
From a vile Christian, and thy father's foe,
Thou didst an act dishonest to thy race:
Henceforth, unless thou mean'st to cancel all
My share in thee, and write thyself a bastard,
Die, starve, know any evil, any pain,
Rather than taste a mercy from these dogs.
Sel. Alas! Axalla!
Ax. Weep not, lovely maid!
I swear, one pearly drop from those fair eyes
Would over-pay the service of my life!
One sigh from thee has made a large amends
For all thy angry father's frowns and fierceness.
Baj. Oh, my curst fortune!—Am I fallen thus low!
Dishonoured to my face! Thou earth-born thing!
Thou clod! how hast thou dared to lift thy eyes
Up to the sacred race of mighty Ottoman,
Whom kings, whom even our prophet's holy offspring
At distance have beheld? And what art thou?
What glorious titles blazon out thy birth?
Thou vile obscurity! ha!—say—thou base one.
Ax. Thus challenged, virtue, modest as she is,
Stands up to do herself a common justice;
To answer, and assert that inborn merit,
That worth, which conscious to herself she feels.
Were honour to be scanned by long descent,
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest, and recount,
Among my fathers, names of ancient story,
Heroes and god-like patriots, who subdued
The world by arms and virtue, and, being Romans,
Scorned to be kings; but that be their own praise:
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myself an undeserver. I could prove
My friendship such, as thou mightest deign to accept
With honour, when it comes with friendly office,
To render back thy crown, and former greatness;
And yet even this, even all is poor, when Selima,
With matchless worth, weighs down the adverse scale.
Baj. To give me back what yesterday took from me,
Would be to give like Heaven, when having finished
This world (the goodly work of his creation),
He bid his favourite man be lord of all.
But this———
Ax. Nor is this gift beyond my power.
Oft has the mighty master of my arms
Urged me, with large ambition, to demand
Crowns and dominions from his bounteous power:
'Tis true, I waved the proffer, and have held it
The worther choice to wait upon his virtues,
To be the friend and partner of his wars,
Than to be Asia's lord. Nor wonder then,
If, in the confidence of such a friendship,
I promise boldly for the royal giver,
Thy crown and empire.
Baj. For our daughter thus
Meanest thou to barter? Ha! I tell thee, Christian,
There is but one, one dowry thou canst give,
And I can ask, worthy my daughter's love.
Ax. Oh! name the mighty ransom; task my power;
Let there be danger, difficulty, death,
To enhance the price.
Baj. I take thee at thy word.
Bring me the Tartar's head.
Ax. Ha!
Baj. Tamerlane's!
That death, that deadly poison, to my glory.
Ax. Prodigious! Horrid!
Sel. Lost! for ever lost!
Baj. And couldst thou hope to bribe me with aught else?
With a vile peace, patched up on slavish terms?
With tributary kingship?——No!—To merit
A recompence from me, sate my revenge.
The Tartar is my bane, I cannot bear him:
One heaven and earth can never hold us both;
Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly
Keep rage alive, till one be lost for ever;
As if two suns should meet in the meridian,
And strive, in fiery combat, for the passage.
Weep'st thou, fond girl? Now, as thy king, and father,
I charge thee, drive this slave from thy remembrance!
Hate shall be pious in thee. Come, and join
[*Laying hold on her hand.*
To curse thy father's foes.
Sel. Undone for ever!
Now, tyrant duty, art thou yet obeyed?
There is no more to give thee. Oh, Axalla!
[*Bajazet leads out Selima, she looking back on Axalla.*
Ax. 'Twas what I feared; fool that I was to obey!
The coward, Love, that could not bear her frown,
Has wrought his own undoing. Perhaps e'en now
The tyrant's rage prevails upon her fears:
Fiercely he storms: she weeps, and sighs, and trembles,
But swears at length to think on me no more.
He bade me take her. But, oh, gracious honour!
Upon what terms? My soul yet shudders at it,
And stands but half recovered of her fright.
The head of Tamerlane! monstrous impiety!
Bleed, bleed to death, my heart, be virtue's martyr.

Oh, emperor! I own I ought to give thee
Some nobler mark, than dying, of my faith.
Then let the pains I feel my friendship prove;
'Tis easier far to die, than cease to love.
[*Exit Axalla.*

SCENE II.—*Tamerlane's Camp.*

Enter severally MONESES, *and* PRINCE *of* TANAIS.

Mon. If I not press untimely on his leisure,
You would much bind a stranger to your service,
To give me means of audience from the emperor.
Pr. Most willingly; though, for the present moment,
We must intreat your stay; he holds him private.
Mon. His counsel, I presume?
Pr. No, the affair
Is not of earth, but heaven—A holy man,
(One whom our prophet's law calls such) a dervise,
Keeps him in conference.
Mon. Hours of religion,
Especially of princes, claim a reverence,
Nor will be interrupted.
Pr. What his business
Imports, we know not; but, with earnest suit,
This morn, he begged admittance. Our great master
(Than whom none bows more lowly to high Heaven)
In reverend regard holds all that bear
Relation to religion, and, on notice
Of his request, received him on the instant.
Mon. We will attend his pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TAMERLANE *and a Dervise.*

Tam. Thou bring'st me thy credentials from the highest,
From Alla, and our prophet. Speak thy message;
It must import the best and noblest ends.
Der. Thus speaks our holy Mahomet, who has given thee
To reign and conquer: ill dost thou repay
The bounties of his hand, unmindful of
The fountain whence thy streams of greatness flow.
Thou hast forgot high Heaven, hast beaten down
And trampled on religion's sanctity.
Tam. Now, as I am a soldier and a king
(The greatest names of honour), do but make
Thy imputation out, and Tamerlane
Shall do thee ample justice on himself.
So much the sacred name of Heaven awes me,
Could I suspect my soul of harbouring aught
To its dishonour, I would search it strictly,
And drive the offending thought with fury forth.
Der. Yes, thou hast hurt our holy prophet's honour,
By fostering the pernicious Christian sect:
Those, whom his sword pursued, with fell destruction,
Thou takest into thy bosom, to thy councils!
They are thy only friends. The true believers
Mourn to behold thee favour this Axalla.
Tam. I fear me, thou outgoest the prophet's order,
And bring'st his venerable name to shelter
A rudeness, ill-becoming thee to use,
Or me to suffer. When thou namest my friend,
Thou namest a man beyond a monk's discerning,
Virtuous and great, a warrior and a prince.
Der. He is a Christian; there our law condemns him,
Although he were even all thou speakest, and more.
Tam. 'Tis false; no law divine condemns the virtuous,
For differing from the rules your schools devise.
Look round, how Providence bestows alike
Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,
On different nations, all of different faiths;
And (though by several names and titles worshipped)
Heaven takes the various tribute of their praise;
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.
Thus, when he viewed the many forms of nature,
He found that all was good, and blest the fair variety.
Der. Most impious and profane!—Nay, frown not, prince!
Full of the prophet, I despise the danger
Thy angry power may threaten. I command thee
To hear, and to obey; since thus says Mahomet:
Why have I made thee dreadful to the nations?
Why have I given thee conquest, but to spread
My sacred law even to the utmost earth,
And make my holy Mecca the world's worship?
Go on, and wheresoe'er thy arms shall prosper,
Plant there the prophet's name; with sword and fire
Drive out all other faiths, and let the world
Confess him only.
Tam. Had he but commanded
My sword to conquer all, to make the world
Know but one lord, the task were not so hard;
'Twere but to do what has been done already;
And Philip's son, and Cæsar, did as much;
But to subdue the unconquerable mind,
To make one reason have the same effect
Upon all apprehensions; to force this
Or this man, just to think as thou and I do;
Impossible! Unless souls were alike
In all, which differ now like human faces.
Der. Well might the holy cause be carried on,
If Musselmen did not make war on Musselmen.
Why holdest thou captive a believing monarch?
Now, as thou hopest to 'scape the prophet's curse,
Release the royal Bajazet, and join,
With force united, to destroy the Christians.
Tam. 'Tis well——I've found the cause that moves thy zeal.

What shallow politician set thee on,
In hopes to fright me this way to compliance?
Der. Our prophet only——
Tam. No—thou dost belie him,
Thou maker of new faiths! that darest to build
Thy fond inventions on religion's name.
Religion's lustre is, by native innocence,
Divinely pure, and simple from all arts;
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,
The harlot of your fancies; and, by adding
False beauties, which she wants not, make the world
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,
And would not bear all lights. Hence! I have found thee.
Der. I have but one resort. Now aid me, prophet! [*Aside.*
Yet I have somewhat further to unfold;
Our prophet speaks to thee in thunder—thus—
[*The Dervise draws a concealed dagger, and offers to stab Tamerlane.*
Tam. No, villain, Heaven is watchful o'er its worshippers,
[*Wresting the dagger from him.*
And blasts the murderer's purpose. Think, thou wretch!
Think on the pains that wait thy crime, and tremble
When I shall doom thee———
Der. 'Tis but death at last;
And I will suffer greatly for the cause,
That urged me first to the bold deed.
Tam. Oh, impious!
Enthusiasm thus makes villains martyrs.
[*Pausing.*] It shall be so—To die! 'twere a reward——
Now, learn the difference 'twixt thy faith and mine:
Thine bids thee lift thy dagger to my throat;
Mine can forgive the wrong, and bid thee live.
Keep thy own wicked secret, and be safe!
If thou repentest, I have gained one to virtue,
And am, in that, rewarded for my mercy;
If thou continuest still to be the same,
'Tis punishment enough to be a villain.
Hence! from my sight—It shocks my soul to think,
That there is such a monster in my kind.
[*Exit Dervise.*
Whither will man's impiety extend?
Oh, gracious Heaven! dost thou withhold thy thunder,
When bold assassins take thy name upon them,
And swear they are the champions of thy cause?

Enter Moneses.

Mon. Oh, emperor! before whose awful throne
The afflicted never kneel in vain for justice;
[*Kneeling to Tam.*
Undone, and ruined, blasted in my hopes,
Here let me fall before your sacred feet,
And groan out my misfortunes, till your pity
(The last support and refuge that is left me)
Shall raise me from the ground, and bid me live!
Tam. Rise, prince, nor let me reckon up thy worth,
And tell how boldly that might bid thee ask,
Lest I should make a merit of my justice,
The common debt I owe to thee, to all,
Even to the meanest of mankind, the charter
By which I claim my crown, and Heaven's protection.
Speak, then, as to a king, the sacred name
Where power is lodged, for righteous ends alone,
Mon. One only joy, one blessing, my fond heart
Had fixed its wishes on, and that is lost;
That sister, for whose safety my sad soul
Endured a thousand fears——
Tam. I well remember,
When, ere the battle joined, I saw thee first,
With grief uncommon to a brother's love,
Thou told'st a moving tale of her misfortunes,
Such as bespoke my pity. Is there aught
Thou canst demand from friendship? Ask, and have it.
Mon. First, oh! let me entreat your royal goodness,
Forgive the folly of a lover's caution,
That forged a tale of folly to deceive you,
Said I, she was my sister?—Oh! 'tis false;
She holds a dearer interest in my soul,
Such as the closest ties of blood ne'er knew;
An interest, such as power, wealth, and honour,
Cannot buy, but love, love only, can bestow:
She was the mistress of my vows, my bride,
By contract mine; and long ere this the priest
Had tied the knot for ever, had not Bajazet——
Tam. Ha! Bajazet!—If yet his power withholds
The cause of all thy sorrows, all thy fears,
E'en gratitude for once shall gain upon him,
Spite of his savage temper, to restore her.
This morn a soldier brought a captive beauty,
Sad, though she seemed, yet of a form most rare,
By much the noblest spoil of all the field;
E'en Scipio, or a victor yet more cold,
Might have forgot his virtue at her sight.
Struck with a pleasing wonder, I beheld her,
Till, by a slave that waited near her person,
I learned she was the captive sultan's wife:
Straight I forbid my eyes the dangerous joy
Of gazing long, and sent her to her lord.
Mon. There was Moneses lost! Too sure my heart
(From the first mention of her wondrous charms)
Presaged it could be only my Arpasia.
Tam. Arpasia! didst thou say?
Mon. Yes, my Arpasia.
Tam. Sure I mistake, or fain I would mistake thee:
I named the queen of Bajazet, his wife.
Mon. His queen! his wife! he brings that holy title,
To varnish o'er the monstrous wrongs he has done me.

Tam. Alas! I fear me, prince, thy griefs are just;
Thou art, indeed, unhappy——
Mon. Can you pity me,
And not redress? Oh, royal Tamerlane!
[*Kneeling.*
Thou succour of the wretched, reach thy mercy
To save me from the grave, and from oblivion!
Be gracious to the hopes that wait my youth.
Oh! let not sorrow blast me, lest I wither,
And fall in vile dishonour! Let thy justice
Restore me my Arpasia; give her back,
Back to my wishes, to my transports give her,
To my fond, restless, bleeding, dying bosom!
Oh! give her to me yet while I have life
To bless thee for the bounty! Oh, Arpasia!
Tam. Unhappy, royal youth, why dost thou ask
What honour must deny? Ha! is she not
His wife, whom he has wedded, whom enjoyed?
And wouldst thou have my partial friendship break
That holy knot, which, tied once, all mankind
Agree to hold sacred and undissolveable?
The brutal violence would stain my justice,
And brand me with a tyrant's hated name
To late posterity.
Mon. Are then the vows,
The holy vows we registered in heaven,
But common air?
Tam. Could thy fond love forget
The violation of a first enjoyment?——
But sorrow has disturbed and hurt thy mind.
Mon. Perhaps it has, and, like an idle madman,
That wanders with a train of hooting boys,
I do a thousand things to shame my reason.
Then let me fly, and bear my follies with me,
Far, far from the world's sight. Honour and fame,
Arms, and the glorious war shall be forgotten;
No noble sound of greatness, or ambition,
Shall wake my drowsy soul from her dead sleep,
Till the last trump do summon.
Tam. Let thy virtue
Stand up and answer to these warring passions,
That vex thy manly temper. From the moment
When first I saw thee, something wondrous noble
Shone through thy form, and won my friendship for thee,
Without the tedious form of long acquaintance;
Nor will I lose thee poorly for a woman.
Come, droop no more! thou shalt with me pursue
True greatness, till we rise to immortality.
Thou shalt forget these lesser cares, Moneses;
Thou shalt, and help me to reform the world.
Mon. So the good genius warns his mortal charge
To fly the evil fate that still pursues him,
Till it have wrought his ruin. Sacred Tamerlane,
Thy words are as the breath of angels to me.
But, oh! too deep the wounding grief is fixt,
For any hand to heal.
Tam. This dull despair
Is the soul's laziness. Rouse to the combat,
And thou art sure to conquer. War shall restore thee;
The sound of arms shall wake thy martial ardour,
And cure this amorous sickness of thy soul,
Begun by sloth, and nursed by too much ease.
The idle god of love supinely dreams,
Amidst inglorious shades and purling streams;
In rosy fetters and fantastic chains,
He binds deluded maids and simple swains;
With soft enjoyments wooes them to forget
The hardy toils and labours of the great.
But, if the warlike trumpet's loud alarms
To virtuous acts excite, and manly arms,
The coward boy avows his abject fear,
On silken wings sublime he cuts the air,
Scared at the noble noise and thunder of the war.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Bajazet's Tent.*

Enter HALY, *and the Dervise.*

Haly. To 'scape with life from an attempt like this,
Demands my wonder justly.
Der. True, it may;
But 'tis a principle of his new faith;
'Tis what his Christian favourites have inspired,
Who fondly make a merit of forgiveness,
And give their foes a second opportunity,
If the first blow should miss. Failing to serve
The sultan to my wish, and even despairing
Of further means to effect his liberty,
A lucky accident retrieved my hopes.
Ha. The prophet and our master will reward
Thy zeal in their behalf; but speak thy purpose.
Der. Just entering here, I met the Tartar general,
Fierce Omar.
Ha. He commands, if I mistake not,
This quarter of the army, and our guards.
Der. The same. By his stern aspect, and the fires
That kindled in his eyes, I guessed the tumult
Some wrong had raised in his tempestuous soul;
A friendship of old date had given me privilege
To ask of his concerns. In short, I learned,
That, burning for the sultan's beauteous daughter,
He had begged her, as a captive of the war,
From Tamerlane; but meeting with denial
Of what he thought his services might claim,
Loudly he storms, and curses the Italian,
As cause of this affront. I joined his rage,

And added to his injuries, the wrongs
Our prophet daily meets with from Axalla.
But see, he comes. Improve what I shall tell,
And all we wish is ours.
[*They seem to talk together aside.*

Enter OMAR.

Om. No —— if I forgive it,
Dishonour blast my name! Was it for this
That I directed his first steps to greatness,
Taught him to climb, and made him what he is?
When our great Cham first bent his eyes towards him,
(Then petty prince of Parthia) and, by me
Persuaded, raised him to his daughter's bed,
Called him his son, and successor of the empire;
Was it for this, that like a rock I stood,
And stemmed a torrent of our Tartar lords,
Who scorned his upstart sway? When Calibes,
In bold rebellion, drew e'en half the provinces
To own his cause, I, like his better angel,
Stood by his shaking throne, and fixed it fast:
And am I now so lost to his remembrance,
That, when I ask a captive, he shall tell me,
She is Axalla's right, his Christian minion?

Der. Allow me, valiant Omar, to demand,
Since injured thus, why right you not yourself?
The prize you ask is in your power.

Om. It is,
And I will seize it in despite of Tamerlane,
And that Italian dog.

Ha. What need of force,
When every thing concurs to meet your wishes?
Our mighty master would not wish a son
Nobler than Omar. From a father's hand
Receive that daughter, which ungrateful Tamerlane
Has to your worth denied.

Om. Now, by my arms,
It will be great revenge. What will your sultan
Give to the man that shall restore his liberty,
His crown, and give him power to wreak his hatred
Upon his greatest foe?

Ha. All he can ask,
And far beyond his wish. [*Trumpets.*

Om. These trumpets speak
The emperor's approach; he comes once more
To offer terms of peace. Retire within.
I will know farther—he grows deadly to me;
And curse me, prophet, if I not repay
His hate with retribution full as mortal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Draws, and discovers ARPASIA *lying on a couch.*

SONG.

To thee, O gentle Sleep, alone
Is owing all our peace,
By thee our joys are heightened shown,
By thee our sorrows cease.
The nymph whose hand, by fraud or force,
Some tyrant has possessed,
By thee, obtaining a divorce,
In her own choice is blessed.
Oh, stay! Arpasia bids thee stay;
The sadly weeping fair
Conjures thee, not to lose in day
The object of her care.
To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,
That motion chased her sleep;
Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought
The griefs, for which we weep.

Arp. Oh, death! thou gentle end of human sorrows,
Still must my weary eye-lids vainly wake
In tedious expectation of thy peace?
Why stand thy thousand thousand doors still open,
To take the wretched in, if stern religion
Guard every passage, and forbid my entrance?
Lucrece could bleed, and Portia swallow fire,
When urged with griefs beyond a mortal sufferance;
But here it must not be. Think then, Arpasia,
Think on the sacred dictates of thy faith,
And let that arm thy virtue to perform
What Cato's daughter durst not!—Live, Arpasia,
And dare to be unhappy.

Enter TAMERLANE.

Tam. When fortune smiles upon the soldier's arms,
And adds even beauty to adorn his conquest,
Yet she ordains the fair should know no fears,
No sorrows to pollute their lovely eyes,
But should be used even nobly, as herself,
The queen and goddess of the warrior's vows.
Such welcome as a camp can give, fair sultaness,
We hope you have received; it shall be larger,
And better as it may.

Arp. Since I have borne
That miserable mark of fatal greatness,
I have forgot all difference of conditions;
Sceptres and fetters are grown equal to me,
And the best change my fate can bring is death.

Tam. When sorrow dwells in such an angel form,
Well may we guess that those above are mourners;
Virtue is wronged, and bleeding innocence
Suffers some wondrous violation here,
To make the saints look sad. Oh! teach my power
To cure those ills which you unjustly suffer,
Lest Heaven should wrest it from my idle hand,
If I look on, and see you weep in vain.

Arp. Not that my soul disdains the generous aid
Thy royal goodness proffers; but, oh, emperor!
It is not in my fate to be made happy;

Nor will I listen to the cozener, Hope,
But stand resolved to bear the beating storm
That roars around me; safe in this alone,
That I am not immortal. Though 'tis hard,
'Tis wondrous hard, when I remember thee,
Dear native Greece! and you, ye weeping maids,
That were companions of my virgin youth!
My noble parents! Oh, the grief of heart,
The pangs, that, for unhappy me, bring down
Their reverend ages to the grave with sorrow.
And yet there is a woe surpassing all:
Ye saints and angels, give me of your constancy,
If you expect I shall endure it long!

Tam. Why is my pity all that I can give
To tears like yours? And yet I fear 'tis all;
Nor dare I ask, what mighty loss you mourn,
Lest honour should forbid to give it back.

Arp. No, Tamerlane, nor did I mean thou shouldst:
But know, (though to the weakness of my sex
I yield these tears) my soul is more than man.
Think, I am born a Greek, nor doubt my virtue;
A Greek! from whose famed ancestors of old
Rome drew the patterns of her boasted heroes.
They must be mighty evils that can vanquish
A Spartan courage, and a Christian faith.

Enter BAJAZET.

Baj. To know no thought of rest! to have the mind
Still ministering fresh plagues, as in a circle,
Where one dishonour treads upon another;
What know the fiends beyond it? Ha! by hell,
[*Seeing Arp. and Tam.*
There wanted only this to make me mad.
Comes he to triumph here? to rob my love,
And violate the last retreat of happiness?

Tam. But that I read upon thy frowning brow,
That war yet lives, and rages in thy breast,
Once more (in pity to the suffering world)
I meant to offer peace.

Baj. And meanest thou too
To treat it with our empress? and to barter
The spoils, which fortune gave thee, for her favours?

Arp. What would the tyrant? [*Aside.*

Baj. Seekest thou thus our friendship?
Is this the royal usage thou didst boast?

Tam. The boiling passion, that disturbs thy soul,
Spreads clouds around, and makes thy purpose dark—
Unriddle what thy mystic fury aims at.

Baj. Is it a riddle? Read it there explained;
There, in my shame. Now judge me thou, O prophet,
And equal Heaven, if this demand not rage!
The peasant-hind, begot and born to slavery,
Yet dares assert a husband's sacred right,
And guards his homely couch from violation:
And shall a monarch tamely bear the wrong
Without complaining?

Tam. If I could have wronged thee,
If conscious virtue, and all-judging Heaven,
Stood not between to bar ungoverned appetite,
What hindered, but in spite of thee, my captive,
I might have used a victor's boundless power,
And sated every wish my soul could form?
But to secure thy fears, know, Bajazet,
This is among the things I dare not do.

Baj. By hell, it is false! else wherefore art thou present?
What cam'st thou for, but to undo my honour?
I found thee holding amorous parly with her,
Gazing and glutting on her wanton eyes,
And bargaining for pleasures yet to come:
My life, I know, is the devoted price—
But take it! I am weary of the pain.

Tam. Yet ere thou rashly urge my rage too far,
I warn thee to take heed: I am a man,
And have the frailties common to man's nature:
The fiery seeds of wrath are in my temper,
And may be blown up to so fierce a blaze,
As wisdom cannot rule. Know, thou hast touched me
Even in the nicest, tenderest part, my honour;
My honour; which, like power, disdains being questioned;
Thy breath has blasted my fair virtue's fame,
And marked me for a villain, and a tyrant.

Arp. And stand I here an idle looker-on,
To see my innocence murdered and mangled
By barbarous hands, nor can revenge the wrong?
Art thou a man, and dar'st thou use me thus?
[*To Bajazet.*
Hast thou not torn me from my native country,
From the dear arms of my lamenting friends,
From my soul's peace, and from my injured love?
Hast thou not ruined, blotted me for ever,
And driven me to the brink of black despair?
And is it in thy malice yet to add
A wound more deep, to sully my white name,
My virtue?

Baj. Yes, thou hast thy sex's virtues,
Their affectation, pride, ill-nature, noise,
Proneness to change, even from the joy that pleased them:
So gracious is your idol, dear variety,
That for another love you would forego
An angel's form, to mingle with a devil's;
Through every state and rank of men you wander,
Till even your large experience takes in all
The different nations of the peopled earth.

Arp. Why soughtst thou not from thy own impious tribe
A wife like one of these? For such thy race
(If human nature brings forth such) affords.
Greece, for chaste virgins famed, and pious matrons,
Teems not with monsters like your Turkish wives,
Whom guardian eunuchs, haggard and deformed,
Whom walls and bars make honest by constraint.
Know, I detest, like hell, the crime thou mentionest:

Not that I fear, or reverence thee, thou tyrant!
But that my soul, conscious of whence it sprung,
Sits unpolluted in its sacred temple,
And scorns to mingle with a thought so mean.
Tam. Oh, pity! that a greatness so divine
Should meet a fate so wretched, so unequal.
Thou, blind and wilful to the good that courts thee, [*To Bajazet.*
With open-handed bounty Heaven pursues thee,
And bids thee, (undeserving as thou art,
And monstrous in thy crimes) be happy yet;
Whilst thou, in fury, dost avert the blessing,
And art an evil genius to thyself,
Baj. No—Thou! thou art my greatest curse on earth!
Thou, who hast robbed me of my crown and glory,
And now pursuest me to the verge of life,
To spoil me of my honour. Thou! thou hypocrite!
That wearest a pageant outside shew of virtue,
To cover the hot thoughts that glow within!
Thou rank adulterer!
Tam. Oh, that thou wert
The lord of all those thousands, that lie breathless,
On yonder field of blood, that I again
Might hunt thee, in the face of death and danger,
Through the tumultuous battle, and there force thee,
Vanquished and sinking underneath my arm,
To own thou hast traduced me like a villain!
Baj. Ha! Does it gall thee, Tartar? By revenge,
It joys me much to find thou feel'st my fury.
Yes, I will echo to thee, thou adulterer!
Thou dost prophane the name of king and soldier,
And like a ruffian bravo, cam'st with force
To violate the holy marriage-bed.
Tam. Wert thou not sheltered by thy abject state,
The captive of my sword, by my just anger,
My breath, like thunder, should confound thy pride,
And doom thee dead, this instant, with a word.
Baj. It is false! my fate's above thee, and thou darest not.
Tam. Ha! dare not! Thou hast raised my ponderous rage,
And now it falls, to crush thee at a blow.
A guard there! Seize and drag him to his fate!
[*Enter a guard, they seize Bajazet.*
Tyrant, I will do a double justice on thee;
At once revenge myself, and all mankind.
Baj. Well dost thou, ere thy violence and lust
Invade my bed, thus to begin with murder:
Drown all thy fears in blood, and sin securely.
Tam. Away!
Arp. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, stay! I charge thee, by renown;
By that bright glory thy great soul pursues,
Call back the doom of death!
Tam. Fair injured excellence,
Why dost thou kneel, and waste such precious prayers,
As might even bribe the saints to partial justice,
For one to goodness lost; who first undid thee,
Who still pursues and aggravates the wrong?
Baj. By Alla! no, I will not wear a life
Bought with such vile dishonour. Death shall free me
At once from infamy, and thee, thou traitress!
Arp. No matter, though the whistling winds grow loud,
And the rude tempest roars, 'tis idle rage:
Oh! mark it not; but let thy steady virtue
Be constant to its temper. Save his life,
And save Arpasia from the sport of talkers.
Think, how the busy, meddling world will toss
Thy mighty name about, in scurril mirth;
Shall brand thy vengeance, as a foul design,
And make such monstrous legends of our lives,
As late posterity shall blush in reading.
Tam. Oh, matchless virtue! Yes, I will obey;
Though laggard in the race, admiring yet,
I will pursue the shining path thou tread'st.
Sultan, be safe! Reason resumes her empire,
[*The guards release Bajazet.*
And I am cool again.—Here break we off,
Lest farther speech should minister new rage.
Wisely from dangerous passsons I retreat,
To keep a conquest which was hard to get:
And, oh! 'tis time I should for flight prepare,
A war more fatal seems to threaten there,
And all my rebel-blood assists the fair:
One moment more, and I too late shall find,
That love's the strongest power that lords it o'er the mind.
[*Exit Tamerlane, followed by the guards.*
Baj. To what new shame, what plague am I reserved!
Why did my stars refuse me to the warm,
While yet my regal state stood unimpeached,
Nor knew the curse of having one above me?
Then too (although by force I grasped the joy)
My love was safe, nor felt the rack of doubt.
Why hast thou forced this nauseous life upon me?
Is it to triumph o'er me?—But I will,
I will be free; I will forget thee all;
The bitter and the sweet, the joy and pain,
Death shall expunge at once, and ease my soul.
Prophet, take notice, I disclaim thy Paradise,
Thy fragrant bowers, and everlasting shades;
Thou hast placed woman there, and all thy joys are tainted. [*Exit Bajazet.*
Arp. A little longer yet, be strong, my heart;
A little longer let the busy spirits
Keep on their cheerful round.—It will not be!
Love, sorrow, and the sting of vile reproach,
Succeeding one another in their course,
Like drops of eating water on the marble,
At length have worn my boasted courage down:

I will indulge the woman in my soul,
And give a loose to tears and to impatience;
Death is at last my due, and I will have it.——
And see, the poor Moneses comes, to take
One sad adieu, and then we part for ever.

Enter MONESES.

Mon. Already am I onward of my way,
Thy tuneful voice comes like a hollow sound
At distance, to my ears. My eyes grow heavy,
And all the glorious lights of Heaven look dim;
'Tis the last office they shall ever do me,
To view thee once, and then to close and die.
Arp. Alas! how happy have we been, Moneses!
Ye gentle days, that once were ours, what joys
Did every cheerful morning bring along!
No fears, no jealousies, no angry parents,
That for unequal births, or fortunes frowned;
But love, that kindly joined our hearts, to bless us,
Made us a blessing too to all besides.
Mon. Oh, cast not thy remembrance back, Arpasia!
'Tis grief unutterable, 'tis distraction!
But let this last of hours be peaceful sorrow!
Here let me kneel, and pay my latest vows.
Be witness, all ye saints, thou Heaven and Nature,
Be witness of my truth, for you have known it!
Be witness, that I never knew a pleasure,
In all the world could offer, like Arpasia!
Be witness, that I lived but in Arpasia!
And, oh, be witness, that her loss has killed me!
Arp. While thou art speaking, life begins to fail,
And every tender accent chills like death.
Oh! let me haste then, yet, ere day declines
And the long night prevail, once more to tell thee
What, and how dear, Moneses has been to me.
What has he not been?—All the names of love,
Brothers, or fathers, husbands, all are poor:
Moneses is myself; in my fond heart,
Even in my vital blood, he lives and reigns:
The last dear object of my parting soul
Will be Moneses; the last breath that lingers
Within my panting breast, shall sigh Moneses.
Mon. It is enough! Now to thy rest, my soul!
The world and thou have made an end at once.
Arp. Fain would I still detain thee, hold thee still:
Nor honour can forbid, that we together
Should share the few poor minutes that remain.
I swear, methinks this sad society
Has somewhat pleasing in it.—Death's dark shades
Seem, as we journey on, to lose their horror;
At near approach the monsters, formed by fear,
Are vanished all, and leave the prospect clear;
Amidst the gloomy vale, a pleasing scene,
With flowers adorned, and never-fading green,
Inviting stands, to take the wretched in!
No wars, no wrongs, no tyrants, no despair,
Disturb the quiet of a place so fair,
But injured lovers find Elysium there. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BAJAZET, OMAR, HALY, *and the Dervise.*

Baj. Now, by the glorious tomb that shrines our prophet,
By Mecca's sacred temple, here I swear,
Our daughter is thy bride! and to that gift
Such wealth, such power, such honours will I add,
That monarchs shall with envy view thy state,
And own thou art a demi-god to them.
Thou hast given me what I wished, power of revenge,
And when a king rewards, 'tis ample retribution.
Om. Twelve Tartar lords, each potent in his tribe,
Have sworn to own my cause, and draw their thousands,
To-morrow, from the ungrateful Parthian's side:
The day declining seems to yield to night,
Ere little more than half her course be ended.
In an auspicious hour prepare for flight;
The leaders of the troops, through which we pass,
Raised by my power, devoted to my service,
Shall make our passage secret and secure.
Der. Already, mighty sultan, art thou safe,
Since, by yon passing torches' light, I guess,
To his pavilion Tamerlane retires,
Attended by a train of waiting courtiers.
All who remain within these tents are thine,
And hail thee as their lord.——
Ha! the Italian prince,
With sad Moneses, are not yet gone forth.
Baj. Ha! with our queen and daughter!
Om. They are ours:
I marked the slaves, who waited on Axalla;
They, when the emperor past out, prest on,
And mingled with the crowd, nor missed their lord:
He is your prisoner, sir: I go this moment,
To seize, and bring him to receive his doom.
[*Exit Omar.*
Baj. Haste, Haly, follow, and secure the Greek:
Him too I wish to keep within my power.
[*Exit Haly.*
Der. If my dread lord permit his slave to speak,
I would advise to spare Axalla's life,
Till we are safe beyond the Parthian's power:
Him, as our pledge of safety, may we hold;
And, could you gain him to assist your flight,
It might import you much.
Baj. Thou counsellest well;
And though I hate him (for he is a Christian,
And to my mortal enemy devoted),
Yet, to secure my liberty and vengeance,
I wish he now were ours.
Der. And see, they come!
Fortune repents; again she courts your side,

And, with this first fair offering of success,
She wooes you to forget her crime of yesterday.

Enter Omar, *with* Axalla *Prisoner*, Selima *following, weeping.*

Ax. I will not call thee villain; 'tis a name
Too holy for thy crime: to break thy faith,
And turn a rebel to so good a master,
Is an ingratitude unmatched on earth.
The first revolting angel's pride could only
Do more than thou hast done. Thou copiest well,
And keepest the black original in view.

Om. Do rage, and vainly call upon thy master
To save his minion. My revenge has caught thee,
And I will make thee curse that fond presumption,
That set thee on to rival me in aught.

Baj. Christian, I hold thy fate at my disposal!
One only way remains to mercy open;
Be partner of my flight and my revenge,
And thou art safe. Thy other choice is death.

Om. What means the sultan?

Der. I conjure you, hold———
Your rival is devoted to destruction:
[*Aside to Omar.*
Nor would the sultan now defer his fate,
But for our common safety.—Listen further.
[*Whispers.*

Ax. Then briefly thus. Death is the choice I make;
Since, next to Heaven, my master and my friend
Has interest in my life, and still shall claim it.

Baj. Then take thy wish—Call in our mutes!

Sel. My father,
If yet you have not sworn to cast me off,
And turn me out to wander in misfortune;
If yet my voice be gracious in your ears;
If yet my duty and my love offend not,
Oh, call your sentence back, and save Axalla!

Baj. Rise, Selima! The slave deserves to die,
Who durst, with sullen pride, refuse my mercy:
Yet, for thy sake, once more I offer life.

Sel. Some angel whisper to my anxious soul,
What I shall do to save him.—Oh, Axalla!
Is it so easy to thee to forsake me?
Canst thou resolve, with all this cold indifference,
Never to see me more? To leave me here
The miserable mourner of thy fate,
Condemned to waste my widowed virgin youth,
My tedious days and nights, in lonely weeping,
And never know the voice of comfort more?

Ax. Search not too deep the sorrows of my breast:
Thou say'st I am indifferent and cold;
Oh! is it possible my eyes should tell
So little of the fighting storm within?
Oh! turn thee from me, save me from thy beauties!
Falsehood and ruin all look lovely there.
Oh! let my labouring soul yet struggle through—
I will—I would resolve to die, and leave thee.

Baj. Then let him die!—He trifles with my favour.
I have too long attended his resolves.

Sel. Oh! stay a minute, yet a minute longer!
[*To Bajazet.*
A minute is a little space in life.
There is a kind consenting in his eyes,
And I shall win him to your royal will.
Oh, my Axalla! seem but to consent.—
[*To Ax. aside.*
Unkind and cruel, will you then do nothing?
I find I am not worth thy least of cares.

Ax. Oh! labour not to hang dishonour on me!
I could bear sickness, pain and poverty,
Those mortal evils worse than death, for thee.
But this—It has the force of fate against us,
And cannot be.

Sel. See, see, sir, he relents! [*To Bajazet.*
Already he inclines to own your cause.
A little longer, and he is all yours.

Baj. Then mark how far a father's fondness yields.
'Till midnight I defer the death he merits,
And give him up 'till then to thy persuasion.
If by that time he meets my will, he lives;
If not, thyself shalt own he dies with justice.

Ax. 'Tis but to lengthen life upon the rack.
I am resolved already.

Sel. Oh! be still,
Nor rashly urge a ruin on us both!
'Tis but a moment more I have to save thee.
Be kind, auspicious Alla, to my prayer!
More for my love, than for myself, I fear;
Neglect mankind awhile, and make him all thy care! [*Exeunt Axalla and Selima.*

Baj. Moneses—is that dog secured?

Om. He is.

Baj. 'Tis well—My soul perceives returning greatness,
As nature feels the spring. Lightly she bounds,
And shakes dishonour, like a burden, from her;
Once more imperial, awful, and herself.
So, when of old, Jove from the Titans fled,
Ammon's rude front his radiant face belied,
And all the majesty of Heaven lay hid.
At length, by fate, to power divine restored,
His thunder taught the world to know its Lord,
The God grew terrible again, and was again adored. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Bajazet's Tent.*

Arpasia.

SURE 'tis a horror, more than darkness brings,
That sits upon the night! Fate is abroad;
Some ruling fiend hangs in the dusky air,
And scatters ruin, death, and wild distraction,
O'er all the wretched race of man below.
Not long ago, a troop of ghastly slaves
Rushed in, and forced Moneses from my sight;
Death hung so heavy on his drooping spirits,
That scarcely could he say—Farewell—for ever!
And yet, methinks, some gentle spirit whispers,
Thy peace draws near, Arpasia, sigh no more!
And see! the king of terrors is at hand;
His minister appears.

Enter BAJAZET *and* HALY.

Baj. [*Aside to Haly.*] The rest I leave
To thy dispatch. For, oh! my faithful Haly,
Another care has taken up thy master.
Spite of the high-wrought tempest in my soul,
Spite of the pangs which jealousy has cost me,
This haughty woman reigns within my breast;
In vain I strive to put her from my thoughts,
To drive her out with empire, and revenge.
Still she comes back, like a retiring tide,
That ebbs awhile, but strait returns again,
And swells above the beach.

Ha. Why wears my lord
An anxious thought for what his power commands?
When, in a happy hour, you shall, ere long,
Have borne the empress from amidst your foes,
She must be yours, be only and all yours.

Baj. On that depends my fear. Yes, I must have her;
I own, I will not, cannot, go without her,
But such is the condition of our flight,
That should she not consent, 'twould hazard all
To bear her hence by force. Thus I resolve then,
By threats and prayers, by every way, to move her;
If all prevail not, force is left at last;
And I will set life, empire, on the venture,
To keep her mine—Be near to wait my will.
[*Exit Haly.*
When last we parted, 'twas on angry terms;
Let the remembrance die, or kindly think
That jealous rage is but a hasty flame,
That blazes out, when love too fiercely burns.

Arp. For thee to wrong me, and for me to suffer,
Is the hard lesson that my soul has learnt,
And now I stand prepared for all to come;
Nor is it worth my leisure to distinguish
If love or jealousy commit the violence.
Each have alike been fatal to my peace,
Confirming me a wretch, and thee a tyrant.

Baj. Still to deform thy gentle brow with frowns,
And still to be perverse, it is a manner
Abhorrent from the softness of thy sex:
Women, like summer storms, awhile are cloudy,
Burst out in thunder, and impetuous showers;
But strait, the sun of beauty dawns abroad,
And all the fair horizon is serene.

Arp. Then, to retrieve the honour of my sex,
Here I disclaim that changing and inconstancy:
To thee I will be ever as I am.

Baj. Thou sayest I am a tyrant; think so still,
And let it warn thy prudence to lay hold
On the good hour of peace, that courts thee now.
Souls, formed like mine, brook being scorned but ill,
Be well advised, and profit by my patience;
It is a short-lived virtue.

Arp. Turn thine eyes
Back on the story of my woes, barbarian!
Thou that hast violated all respects
Due to my sex, and honour of my birth.
Thou brutal ravisher! that hast undone me,
Ruined my love! Can I have peace with thee?
Impossible! First heaven and hell shall join;
They only differ more.

Baj. I see, 'tis vain
To court thy stubborn temper with endearments.
Resolve, this moment, to return my love,
And be the willing partner of my flight,
Or, by the prophet's holy law, thou diest!

Arp. And dost thou hope to fright me with the phantom,
Death? 'Tis the greatest mercy thou canst give;
So frequent are the murders of thy reign,
One day scarce passing by unmarked with blood,
That children, by long use, have learnt to scorn it.
Know, I disdain to aid thy treacherous purpose,
And shouldst thou dare to force me, with my cries
I will call Heaven and earth to my assistance.

Baj. Confusion! dost thou brave me? But my wrath
Shall find a passage to thy swelling heart,
And rack thee worse than all the pains of death.
That Grecian dog, the minion of thy wishes,
Shall be dragged forth, and butchered in thy sight;
Thou shalt behold him when his pangs are terrible,
Then, when he stares, and gasps, and struggles strongly,
Even in the bitterest agony of dying;
'Till thou shalt rend thy hair, tear out thy eyes,
And curse thy pride; while I applaud my vengeance.

Arp. Oh, fatal image! All my powers give way,
And resolution sickens at the thought;
A flood of passion rises in my breast,
And labours fiercely upward to my eyes.

Come, all ye great examples of my sex,
Chaste virgins, tender wives, and pious matrons!
Ye holy martyrs, who, with wondrous faith
And constancy unshaken, have sustained
The rage of cruel men, and fiery persecution,
Come to my aid, and teach me to defy
The malice of this fiend! I feel, I feel
Your sacred spirit arm me to resistance.
Yes, tyrant, I will stand this shock of fate;
Will live to triumph o'er thee, for a moment,
Then die well pleased, and follow my Moneses.

Baj. Thou talkest it well. But talking is thy privilege;
'Tis all the boasted courage of thy sex;
Though, for thy soul, thou darest not meet the danger.

Arp. By all my hopes of happiness, I dare!—
My soul is come within her ken of heaven;
Charmed with the joys and beauties of that place,
Her thoughts and all her cares she fixes there,
And 'tis in vain for thee to rage below:
Thus stars shine bright, and keep their place above,
Though ruffling winds deform this lower world.

Baj. This moment is the trial.

Arp. Let it come!
This moment then shall shew I am a Greek,
And speak my country's courage in my suffering.

Baj. Here, mercy, I disclaim thee! Mark me, traitress!
My love prepares a victim to thy pride,
And when it greets thee next, 'twill be in blood.
[*Exit Bajazet.*

Arp. My heart beats higher, and my nimble spirits
Ride swiftly through their purple channels round.
'Tis the last blaze of life. Nature revives,
Like a dim winking lamp, that flashes brightly
With parting light, and straight is dark for ever.
And see, my last of sorrows is at hand;
Death and Moneses come together to me;
As if my stars, that had so long been cruel,
Grew kind at last, and gave me all I wish.

Enter MONESES, *guarded by some Mutes; others attending with a cup of poison, and a bow-string.*

Mon. I charge ye, O ye ministers of fate!
Be swift to execute your master's will;
Bear me to my Arpasia; let me tell her,
The tyrant is grown kind. He bids me go,
And die beneath her feet. A joy shoots through
My drooping breast; as often, when the trumpet
Has called my youthful ardour forth to battle,
High in my hopes, and ravished with the sound,
I have rushed eager on, amidst the foremost,
To purchase victory, or glorious death.

Arp. If it be happiness, alas! to die,
To lie forgotten in the silent grave,
To love and glory lost, and from among
The great Creator's works expunged and blotted,
Then, very shortly, shall we both be happy.

Mon. There is no room for doubt; 'tis certain bliss.
The tyrant's cruel violence, thy loss,
Already seem more light; nor has my soul
One unrepented guilt upon remembrance,
To make me dread the justice of hereafter;
But standing now on the last verge of life,
Boldly I view the last abyss, eternity,
Eager to plunge, and leave my woes behind me.

Arp. By all the truth of our past loves, I vow,
To die appears a very nothing to me.
But, oh, Moneses! should I not allow
Somewhat to love, and to my sex's tenderness?
This very now I could put off my being
Without a groan; but to behold thee die!——
Nature shrinks in me at the dreadful thought,
Nor can my constancy sustain this blow.

Mon. Since thou art armed for all things after death,
Why should the pomp and preparation of it
Be frightful to thy eyes? There's not a pain,
Which age or sickness brings, the least disorder
That vexes any part of this fine frame,
But is full as grievous. All that the mind feels
Is much, much more. And see, I go to prove it.

Enter a Mute; he signs to the rest, who proffer a bow-string to Moneses.

Arp. Think, ere we part!

Mon. Of what?

Arp. Of something soft,
Tender and kind, of something wondrous sad.
Oh, my full soul!

Mon. My tongue is at a loss;
Thoughts crowd so fast, thy name is all I have left,
My kindest, truest, dearest, best Arpasia!
[*The Mutes struggle with him.*

Arp. I have a thousand, thousand things to utter,
A thousand more to hear yet. Barbarous villains!
Give me a minute. Speak to me, Moneses!

Mon. Speak to thee? 'Tis the business of my life,
'Tis all the use I have for vital air.
Stand off, ye slaves! To tell thee that my heart
Is full of thee; that, even at this dread moment,
My fond eyes gaze with joy and rapture on thee;
Angels, and light itself, are not so fair.

Enter BAJAZET, HALY, *and Attendants.*

Baj. Ha! wherefore lives this dog? Be quick, ye slaves!
And rid me of my pain.

Mon. For only death,
And the last night, can shut out my Arpasia.
[*The Mutes strangle Moneses.*

Arp. Oh, dismal! 'tis not to be borne! Ye moralists!
Ye talkers! what are all your precepts now?

Patience! distraction! Blast the tyrant, blast him,
Avenging lightnings! Snatch him hence, ye fiends!
Love! Death! Moneses! Nature can no more;
Ruin is on her, and she sinks at once.
[*She sinks down.*
Baj. Help, Haly! raise her up, and bear her out!
Ha. Alas! She faints.
Arp. No, tyrant, 'tis in vain.
Oh! I am now beyond thy cruel power;
The peaceful slumber of the grave is on me:
Even all the tedious days of life I have wandered,
Bewildered with misfortunes:
At length 'tis night, and I have reached my home.
Forgetting all the toils and troubles past,
Weary I'll lay me down, and sleep, till——Oh!
[*She dies.*
Baj. Fly, ye slaves!
And fetch me cordials. No, she shall not die!
Spite of her sullen pride, I'll hold in life,
And force her to be blest against her will.
Ha. Already 'tis beyond the power of art;
For, see, a deadly cold has froze the blood,
The pliant limbs grow stiff, and lose their use,
And all the animating fire is quenched:
Even beauty too is dead; an ashy pale
Grows o'er the roses; the red lips have lost
Their fragrant hue, for want of that sweet breath,
That blest them with its odours as it past.
Baj. Can it be possible? Can rage and grief,
Can love and indignation be so fierce,
So mortal in a woman's heart? Confusion!
Is she escaped then? What is royalty,
If those, that are my slaves, and should live for me,
Can die, and bid defiance to my power?

Enter the Dervise.

Der. The valiant Omar sends, to tell thy greatness
The hour of flight is come, and urges haste;
Since he descries, near Tamerlane's pavilion,
Bright troops of crowding torches, who from thence,
On either hand, stretch far into the night,
And seem to form a shining front of battle.
Behold, even from this place thou mayst discern them. [*Looking out.*
Baj. By Alla, yes! they cast a day around them,
And the plain seems thick-set with stars, as heaven.
Ha! or my eyes are false, they move this way;
'Tis certain so. Fly, Haly, to our daughter.
[*Exit Haly.*
Let some secure the Christian prince, Axalla;
We will begone this minute.

Enter OMAR.

Om. Lost! undone!
Baj. What meanest thou?
Om. All our hopes of flight are lost.
Mirvan and Zama, with the Parthian horse,
Inclose us round; they hold us in a toil.
Baj. Ha! whence this unexpected curse of chance?
Om. Too late I learnt, that early in the night
A slave was suffered, by the princess' order,
To pass the guard. I clove the villain down,
Who yielded to his flight; but that's poor vengeance!
That fugitive has raised the camp upon us,
And unperceived, by favour of the night,
In silence they have marched to intercept us.
Baj. My daughter! Oh, the traitress!
Der. Yet we have
Axalla in our power, and angry Tamerlane
Will buy his favourite's life, on any terms.
Om. With those few friends I have, I for a while
Can face their force: if they refuse us peace,
Revenge shall sweeten ruin, and 'twill joy me,
To drag my foe down with me, in my fall.
[*Exit Omar.*

Enter HALY, *with* SELIMA, *weeping.*

Baj. See where she comes, with well-dissembled innocence;
With truth and faith so lovely in her face,
As if she durst even disavow the falsehood.——
Hop'st thou to make amends with trifling tears,
For my lost crown, and disappointed vengeance?
Ungrateful Selima! thy father's curse!
Bring forth the minion of her foolish heart!
He dies this moment.——
Ha. Would I could not speak
The crime of fatal love! The slave who fled,
By whom we are undone, was that Axalla.
Baj. Ha! sayest thou?
Ha. Hid beneath that vile appearance,
The princess found a means for his escape.
Sel. I am undone! even nature has disclaimed me!
My father! have I lost you all? My father!
Baj. Talk'st thou of nature, who hast broke her bands!
Thou art my bane, thou witch! thou infant parricide!
But I will study to be strangely cruel;
I will forget the folly of my fondness;
Drive all the father from my breast; now snatch thee,
Tear thee to pieces, drink thy treacherous blood,
And make thee answer all my great revenge!
Now, now, thou traitress! [*Offers to kill her.*
Sel. Plunge the poignard deep!
[*She embraces him.*
The life my father gave shall bear his summons,
And issue at the wound!——Start not to feel
My heart's warm blood gush out upon your hands;
Since from your spring I drew the purple stream,
And I must pay it back, if you demand it.

Baj. Hence, from my thoughts, thou soft relenting weakness!
Has thou not given me up a prey? betrayed me!
Sel. Oh, not for worlds! not even for all the joys,
Love, or the prophet's paradise can give!
Amidst the fears and sorrows of my soul,
Amidst the thousand pains of anxious tenderness,
I made the gentle, kind Axalla swear,
Your life, your crown, and honour, should be safe.
Baj. Away! my soul disdains the vile dependence!
No, let me rather die, die like a king!
Shall I fall down at the proud Tartar's foot,
And say, have mercy on me? Hark! they come!
[*Shout.*
Disgrace will overtake my lingering hand;
Die then! Thy father's shame, and thine, die with thee! [*Offers to kill her.*
Sel. For Heaven, for pity's sake!
Baj. No more, thou trifler!
[*She catches hold of his arm.*
Ha! darest thou bar my will? Tear off her hold!
Sel. What, not for life! Should I not plead for life?
When nature teaches even the brute creation
To hold fast that, her best, her noblest gift.
Look on my eyes, which you so oft have kissed,
And swore they were your best-loved queen's, my mother's;
Behold them now streaming for mercy, mercy!
Look on me, and deny me, if you can!
'Tis but for life I beg! Is that a boon
So hard for me to obtain, or you to grant?
Oh, spare me! Spare your Selima, my father!
Baj. A lazy sloth hangs on my resolution:
It is my Selima!—Ha! What, my child!
And can I murder her?—Dreadful imagination!
Again they come! I leave her to my foes!
[*Shouts.*
And shall they triumph o'er the race of Bajazet!
Die, Selima! Is that a father's voice?
Rouse, rouse, my fury! Yes, she dies the victim
To my lost hopes! Out, out, thou foolish nature!
Seize her, ye slaves! and strangle her this moment! [*To the Mutes.*
Sel. Oh, let me die by you! Behold my breast!
I would not shrink! Oh, save me but from these!
Baj. Dispatch! [*The Mutes seize her.*
Sel. But for a moment, while I pray
That Heaven may guard my royal father.
Baj. Dogs!
Sel. That you may only bless me, ere I die.
[*Shout.*
Baj. Ye tedious villains! then the work is mine!
[*As Bajazet runs at Selima, with his sword, enter Tamerlane, Axalla, &c. Axalla gets between Bajazet and Selima, whilst Tamerlane and the rest drive Bajazet and the Mutes off the Stage.*
Ax. And am I come to save thee? Oh, my joy!
Be this the whitest hour of all my life!
This one success is more than all my wars,
The noblest, dearest glory of my sword.
Sel. Alas, Axalla! Death has been around me;
My coward soul still trembles at the fright,
And seems but half secure, even in thy arms.
Ax. Retire, my fair, and let me guard thee forth:
Blood and tumultuous slaughter are about us,
And danger, in her ugliest forms, is here;
Nor will the pleasure of my heart be full,
Till all my fears are ended in thy safety.
[*Exeunt Axalla and Selima.*

Enter TAMERLANE, *the* PRINCE *of* TANAIS, ZAMA, MIRVAN, *and Soldiers; with* BAJAZET, OMAR, *and the Dervise, prisoners.*

Tam. Mercy at length gives up her peaceful sceptre,
And justice sternly takes her turn to govern;
'Tis a rank world, and asks her keenest sword,
To cut up villainy of monstrous growth.
Zama, take care, that with the earliest dawn,
Those traitors meet the fate their treason merits!
[*Pointing to Omar and the Dervise.*
For thee, thou tyrant! [*To Baj.*] whose oppressive violence
Has ruined those thou shouldst protect at home;
Whose wars, whose slaughters, whose assassinations,
(That basest thirst of blood! that sin of cowards!)
Whose faith, so often given, and always violated,
Have been the offence of Heaven, and plague of earth——
What punishment is equal to thy crimes?
The doom, thy rage designed for me, be thine:
Closed in a cage, like some destructive beast,
I'll have thee borne about, in public view,
A great example of that righteous vengeance,
That waits on cruelty, and pride, like thine.
Baj. It is beneath me to decline my fate;
I stand prepared to meet thy utmost hate:
Yet think not I will long thy triumph see:
None want the means, when the soul dares be free.
I'll curse thee with my last, my parting breath,
And keep the courage of my life, in death;
Then boldly venture on that world unknown:
It cannot use me worse than this has done.
[*Exit Bajazet, guarded.*
Tam. Behold the vain effects of earth-born pride,
That scorned Heaven's laws, and all its power defied!
That could the hand, which formed it first, forget,
And fondly say, I made myself be great!
But justly those above assert their sway,
And teach even kings what homage they should pay,
Who then rule best, when mindful to obey.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

FAIR PENITENT.

BY

ROWE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.	WOMEN.
SCIOLTO, *a nobleman of Genoa.*	CALISTA, *daughter to Sciolto.*
ALTAMONT, *a young lord, in love with Calista.*	LAVINIA, *sister to Altamont, and wife to Horatio.*
HORATIO, *his friend.*	LUCILLA, *confident to Calista.*
LOTHARIO, *a young lord, and enemy to Altamont.*	
ROSSANO, *his friend.*	

Scene,—Sciolto's palace and garden, with some part of the street near it, in Genoa.

ACT I.

Alt. LET this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it;
Let it be marked for triumphs and rejoicings;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Chuse it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes,
This happy day, that gives me my Calista!

Hor. Yes, Altamont; to-day thy better stars
Are joined to shed their kindest influence on thee;
Sciolto's noble hand, that raised thee first,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Completes it's bounty, and restores thy name
To that high rank and lustre which it boasted,
Before ungrateful Genoa had forgot
The merit of thy god-like father's arms;
Before that country, which he long had served,
In watchful councils, and in winter-camps,
Had cast off his white age to want and wretchedness,
And made their court to faction by his ruin.

Alt. Oh, great Sciolto! Oh, my more than father!
Let me not live, but at thy very name,
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee——
Forget! (but 'tis impossible) then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason,
Be driven from the commerce of mankind,
To wander in the desert among brutes,
To bear the various fury of the seasons,
The night's unwholsome dew, and noon-day's heat,
To be the scorn of earth and curse of heaven!

Hor. So open, so unbounded was his goodness,
It reached even me, because I was thy friend.
When that great man I loved, thy noble father,
Bequeathed thy gentle sister to my arms,
His last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,
That happy tie made me Sciolto's son;
He called us his, and, with a parent's fondness,
Indulged us in his wealth, blessed us with plenty,
Healed all our cares, and sweetened love itself.

Alt. By Heaven, he found my fortunes so abandoned,
That nothing but a miracle could raise them:
My father's bounty, and the state's ingratitude,
Had stripped him bare, not left him even a grave.
Undone myself and sinking with his ruin,
I had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him,
But fruitless tears.

Hor. Yet what thou couldest, thou didst,
And didst it like a son; when his hard creditors,
Urged and assisted by Lothario's father,
(Foe to thy house, and rival of their greatness)
By sentence of the cruel law forbid
His venerable corpse to rest in earth,
Thou gav'st thyself a ransom for his bones;
With piety uncommon didst give up
Thy hopeful youth to slaves, who ne'er knew mercy,
Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains,
Who laugh at human nature and forgiveness,
And are, like fiends, the factors of destruction.
Heaven, who beheld the pious act, approved it,
And bade Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,
To bless thy filial virtue with abundance.
Alt. But see, he comes, the author of my happiness,
The man who saved my life from deadly sorrow,
Who bids my days be blest with peace and plenty,
And satisfies my soul with love and beauty!

Enter Sciolto; *he runs to* Altamont, *and embraces him.*

Sci. Joy to thee, Altamont! Joy to myself!
Joy to this happy morn that makes thee mine;
That kindly grants what nature had denied me,
And makes me father of a son like thee!
Alt. My father! Oh, let me unlade my breast,
Pour out the fulness of my soul before you;
Shew every tender, every grateful thought,
This wondrous goodness stirs. But it is impossible,
And utterance all is vile; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.
Sci. It is enough; I know thee, thou art honest;
Goodness innate, and worth hereditary,
Are in thy mind; thy noble father's virtues
Spring freshly forth, and blossom in thy youth.
Alt. Thus Heaven from nothing raised his faint creation,
And then, with wondrous joy, beheld its beauty,
Well pleased to see the excellence he gave.
Sci. O, noble youth! I swear, since first I knew thee,
Even from that day of sorrows when I saw thee,
Adorned and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I set thee down, and sealed thee for my own:
Thou art my son, even near me as Calista.
Horatio and Lavinia too are mine;
[*Embraces Horatio.*
All are my children, and shall share my heart.
But wherefore waste we thus this happy day?
The laughing minutes summon thee to joy,
And with new pleasures court thee as they pass;
Thy waiting bride even chides thee for delaying,
And swears thou com'st not with a bridegroom's haste.
Alt. Oh! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont,
One kind remembrance in Calista's breast,
The winds, with all their wings, would be too slow
To bear me to her feet. For oh, my father!
Amidst the stream of joy that bears me on,
Blest as I am, and honoured in your friendship,
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.
Sci. What means my son?
Alt. When at your intercession,
Last night, Calista yielded to my happiness,
Just ere we parted, as I sealed my vows
With rapture on her lips, I found her cold,
As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;
A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
Her eyes a piteous shower of tears let fall,
And then she sighed, as if her heart were breaking.
With all the tenderest eloquence of love,
I begged to be a sharer in her grief:
But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,
Sadly replied, her sorrows were her own,
Nor in a father's power to dispose of.
Sci. Away! it is the cozenage of their sex;
One of the common arts they practise on us:
To sigh and weep then when their hearts beat high
With expectation of the coming joy.
Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,
Unknowing in the subtleties of women.
The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
To see the end of all her wishes near,
When blushing, from the light and public eyes,
To the kind covert of the night she flies,
With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves,
Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lothario *and* Rossano.

Loth. The father, and the husband!
Ros. Let them pass.
They saw us not.
Loth. I care not if they did;
Ere long I mean to meet them face to face,
And gall them with my triumph o'er Calista.
Ros. You lov'd her once.
Loth. I liked her, would have married her,
But that it pleased her father to refuse me,
To make this honourable fool her husband:
For which, if I forget him, may the shame
I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine!
Ros. She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father?
Loth. She was, and oft in private gave me hearing;
Till, by long listening to the soothing tale,
At length her easy heart was wholly mine.
Ros. I have heard you oft describe her, haughty, insolent,
And fierce with high disdain: it moves my wonder,
That virtue, thus defended, should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.

Loth. Hear then, I will tell thee:
Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
When every eye was closed, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Haply I stole unheeded to her chamber.
Ros. That minute sure was lucky.
Loth. Oh, it was great!
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, unattired, warm, tender, full of wishes;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,
Were charmed to rest, and love alone was waking.
Within her rising bosom all was calm,
As peaceful seas that know no storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.
I snatched the glorious golden opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful ardour pressed her,
'Till with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.
Even all the live-long night we passed in bliss,
In ecstacies too fierce to last for ever;
At length the morn and cold indifference came;
When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.
Ros. You saw her soon again?
Loth. Too soon I saw her:
For, Oh! that meeting was not like the former:
I found my heart beat high no more with transport,
No more I sighed, and languished for enjoyment;
'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
While every weakness fell before her throne.
Ros. What of the lady?
Loth. With uneasy fondness
She hung upon me, wept, and sighed, and swore
She was undone; talked of a priest, and marriage;
Of flying with me from her father's power;
Called every saint, and blessed angel down,
To witness for her that she was my wife.
I started at that name.
Ros. What answer made you?
Loth. None; but pretending sudden pain and illness,
Escaped the persecution. Two nights since,
By message urged and frequent importunity,
Again I saw her. Straight with tears and sighs,
With swelling breasts, with swooning, with distraction,
With all the subtleties and powerful arts
Of wilful woman, labouring for her purpose,
Again she told the same dull nauseous tale.
Unmoved, I begged her spare the ungrateful subject,
Since I resolved, that love and peace of mind
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage chain;
That I would still retain her in my heart,
My ever gentle mistress and my friend!
But for those other names of wife and husband,
They only meant ill-nature, cares, and quarrels.
Ros. How bore she this reply?
Loth. Even as the earth,
When, winds pent up, or eating fires beneath,
Shaking the mass, she labours with destruction.
At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words;
But when the storm found way, it was wild and loud.
Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,
Enthusiastic passion swelled her breast,
Enlarged her voice, and ruffled all her form.
Proud, and disdainful of the love I proffered,
She called me villain! monster! base betrayer!
At last, in very bitterness of soul,
With deadly imprecations on herself,
She vowed severely never to see me more;
Then bid me fly that minute: I obeyed,
And, bowing, left her to grow cool at leisure.
Ros. She has relented since, else why this message
To meet the keeper of her secrets here
This morning?
Loth. See the person whom you named!

Enter LUCILLA.

Well, my ambassadress, what must we treat of?
Come you to menace war, and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message?
Is your fair mistress calmer! Does she soften?
And must we love again? Perhaps she means
To treat in juncture with her new ally,
And make her husband party to the agreement.
Luc. Is this well done, my lord! Have you put off
All sense of human nature? Keep a little,
A little pity, to distinguish manhood,
Lest other men, though cruel, should disclaim you,
And judge you to be numbered with the brutes.
Loth. I see thou hast learned to rail.
Luc. I have learned to weep:
That lesson my sad mistress often gives me:
By day she seeks some melancholy shade,
To hide her sorrows from the prying world;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast;
Then, ever and anon, she wrings her hands,
And cries, false, false Lothario!
Loth. Oh, no more!
I swear thou wilt spoil thy pretty face with crying,
And thou hast beauty that may make thy fortune:
Some keeping cardinal shall doat upon thee,
And barter his church treasure for thy freshness.
Luc. What! shall I sell my innocence and youth,
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man!
To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing!
The base, profest betrayer of our sex!
Let me grow old in all misfortunes else,
Rather than know the sorrows of Calista!

Loth. Does she send thee to chide in her behalf?
I swear thou dost it with so good a grace,
That I could almost love thee for thy frowning.
Luc. Read there, my lord, there, in her own sad lines, [*Giving a letter.*
Which best can tell the story of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindness gives her.
[*Loth.* reads.]—'*Your cruelty—Obedience to my father—Give my hand to Altamont.*'
By Heaven it is well! such ever be the gifts,
With which I greet the man whom my soul hates. [*Aside.*
But to go on!
'*Wish—heart—honour—too faithless—Weakness—to-morrow—last trouble—lost Calista.*'
Women, I see, can change as well as men.
She writes me here, forsaken as I am,
That I should bind my brows with mournful willow,
For she has given her hand to Altamont:
Yet, tell the fair inconstant——
Luc. How, my lord!
Loth. Nay, no more angry words: say to Calista,
The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure;
If she can leave her happy husband's arms,
To think upon so lost a thing as I am.
Luc. Alas! for pity, come with gentler looks;
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph:
And, though you love her not, yet swear you do,
So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.
Loth. Ha! who comes here?
Luc. The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.
He must not see me here. To-morrow early
Be at the garden gate.
Loth. Bear to my love
My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.
[*Lothario putting up the letter hastily, drops it as he goes out.*
[*Exeunt Lothario and Rossano one way, and Lucilla another.*

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Sure it is the very error of my eyes;
Waking I dream, or I beheld Lothario;
He seemed conferring with Calista's woman:
At my approach they started, and retired.
What business could he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble Altamont
Profest and deadly hate—What paper's this?
[*Taking up the letter.*
Ha! To Lothario!—'s death! Calista's name! [*Opening it.*
Confusion and misfortunes! [*Reads it.*
'Your cruelty has at length determined me,
'and I have resolved this morning to yield a perfect obedience to my father, and to give my
'hand to Altamont, in spite of my weakness for
'the false Lothario. I could almost wish I had
'that heart, and that honour to bestow with it,
'which you have robbed me of:
Damnation! to the rest—— [*Reads again.*
'But, Oh! I fear, could I retrieve them, I should
'again be undone by the too faithless, yet too
'lovely Lothario. This is the last weakness of
'my pen, and to-morrow shall be the last in
'which I will indulge my eyes. Lucilla shall
'conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me
'see you; it shall be the last trouble you shall
'meet with from
'The lost CALISTA.
The lost, indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.
Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt even make thy father curse his age;
At sight of this black scroll, the gentle Altamont
(For, Oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)
Shall droop, and hang his discontented head,
Like merit scorned by insolent authority,
And never grace the public with his virtues.
Perhaps even now he gazes fondly on her,
And, thinking soul and body both alike,
Blesses the perfect workmanship of Heaven!
Then sighing, to his every care speaks peace,
And bids his heart be satisfied with happiness.
Oh, wretched husband! while she hangs about thee
With idle blandishments, and plays the fond one,
Even then her hot imagination wanders,
Contriving riot, and loose 'scapes of love;
And whilst she clasps thee close, makes thee a monster!
What if I give this paper to her father?
It follows, that his justice dooms her dead,
And breaks his heart with sorrow! hard return
For all the good his hand has heaped on us!
Hold, let me take a moment's thought——

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. My lord!
Trust me, it joys my heart that I have found you.
Enquiring wherefore you had left the company,
Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended,
They told me you had felt some sudden illness.
Where are you sick? Is it your head? your heart?
Tell me, my love, and ease my anxious thoughts,
That I may take you gently in my arms,
Soothe you to rest, and soften all your pains.
Hor. It were unjust—No, let me spare my friend,
Lock up the fatal secret in my breast,
Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.
Lav. What means my lord?
Hor. Ha! saidst thou, my Lavinia?
Lav. Alas! you know not what you make me suffer.
Why are you pale? Why did you start and tremble?

Whence is that sigh? and wherefore are your eyes
Severely raised to Heaven! The sick man thus,
Acknowledging the summons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,
And, with confusion, thinks upon his exit.
Hor. Oh, no! thou hast mistook my sickness quite;
These pangs are of the soul. Would I had met
Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilence,
Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought!
Lav. Alas! what is it? Wherefore turn you from me?
Why did you falsely call me your Lavinia,
And swear I wss Horatio's better half,
Since now you mourn unkindly by yourself,
And rob me of my partnership of sadness?
Witness, ye holy powers, who know my truth,
There cannot be a chance in life so miserable,
Nothing so very hard, but I could bear it,
Much rather than my love should treat me coldly,
And use me like a stranger to his heart.
Hor. Seek not to know what I would hide from all,
But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure,
Ought that was joyful, fortunate, or good,
But straight I ran to bless thee with the tidings,
And laid up all my happiness with thee:
But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee pain?
Then spare me, I conjure thee; ask no further;
Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let them brood in secret o'er their sorrows.
Lav. It is enough; chide not, and all is well!
Forgive me if I saw you sad, Horatio,
And ask to weep out part of your misfortunes:
I would not press to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my loved lord, yet you must grant me this,
Forget your cares for this one happy day;
Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamont;
For his dear sake, let peace be in your looks.
Even now the jocund bridegroom waits your wishes;
He thinks the priest has but half blessed his marriage,
Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy.
Hor. Oh, never, never, never! Thou art innocent:
Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,
And candour of the mind, adorn thee ever;
But there are such, such false ones, in the world,
'Twould fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement,
To hear their story told.
Lav. False ones, my lord!
Hor. Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles
The graces, little loves, and young desires, inhabit;
But all that gaze upon them are undone;
For they are false, luxurious in their appetites,
And all the Heaven they hope for, is variety:
One lover to another still succeeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the last fool is welcome as the former;
Till, having loved his hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the herd that went before him.
Lav. Can there be such, and have they peace of mind?
Have they, in all the series of their changing,
One happy hour? If women are such things,
How was I formed so different from my sex?
My little heart is satisfied with you;
You take up all her room, as in a cottage
Which harbours some benighted princely stranger,
Where the good man, proud of his hospitality,
Yields all his homely dwelling to his guests,
And hardly keeps a corner for himself.
Hor. Oh! were they all like thee, men would adore them,
And all the business of their lives be loving;
The nuptial band should be the pledge of peace,
And all domestic cares and quarrels cease;
The world should learn to love by virtuous rules,
And marriage be no more the jest of fools.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall.*

Enter CALISTA *and* LUCILLA.

Cal. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy!
If thou wilt soothe me, tell me some dismal tale
Of pining discontent, and black despair;
For, oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever!
Luc. Why do you follow still that wandering fire,
That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderness of woe,
That false Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont,
Kind as the softest virgin of our sex,
And faithful as the simple village swain,
That never knew the courtly vice of changing,
Sighs at your feet, and wooes you to be happy.
Cal. Away! I think not of him. My sad soul
Has formed a dismal melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees,
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens, and birds ill-omened, only dwell:
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That, bubbling, winds among the weeds: no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,

Sought that sad place out, to despair and die in!
Luc. Alas, for pity!
Cal. There I fain would hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from shame!
For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul
Never to live with public loss of honour:
'Tis fixed to die, rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools! Scorned by the women,
And pitied by the men! Oh, insupportable!
Luc. Can you perceive the manifest destruction,
The gaping gulf that opens just before you,
And yet rush on, though conscious of the danger?
Oh, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature!
By all the good I wish, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me intreat you,
Never to see this faithless man again;
Let me forbid his coming.
Cal. On thy life
I charge thee no: my genius drives me on;
I must, I will behold him once again:
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.
My labouring heart, that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burden; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.
Luc. Trust not to that:
Rage is the shortest passion of our souls:
Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden showers,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still, as it ebbs, the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver Love supplies its place.
Cal. I have been wronged enough to arm my temper
Against the smooth delusion; but alas!
(Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me)
A woman's softness hangs about me still:
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.
Luc. Ye sacred powers, whose gracious providence
Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
From their deceitful tongues, their vows, and flatteries!
Still let me pass neglected by their eyes,
Let my bloom wither, and my form decay,
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal love may never be my bane! [*Exit.*
Cal. Ha, Altamont! Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's accesses with dissembling:
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions, and tumultuous thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Begone, my cares, I give you to the winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont;
For from this sacred æra of my love,
A better order of succeeding days
Comes smiling forward, white and lucky all.
Calista is the mistress of the year;
She crowns the season with auspicious beauty,
And bids even all my hours be good and joyful.
Cal. If I were ever mistress of such happiness,
Oh! wherefore did I play the unthrifty fool,
And, wasting all on others, leave myself
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort!
Alt. Oh, mighty Love! Shall that fair face profane
This thy great festival with frowns and sadness!
I swear it shall not be, for I will woo thee
With sighs so moving, with so warm a transport,
That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me,
And kindle into joy.
Cal. I tell thee, Altamont,
Such hearts as ours were never paired above:
Ill-suited to each other; joined, not matched;
Some sullen influence, a foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,
How very much we differ. Even this day,
That fills thee with such ecstacy and transport,
To me brings nothing that should make me bless it,
Or think it better than the day before,
Or any other in the course of time,
That duly took its turn, and was forgotten.
Alt. If to behold thee as my pledge of happiness,
To know none fair, none excellent but thee:
If still to love thee with unwearied constancy,
Through every season, every change of life,
Through wrinkled age, through sickness and misfortune,
Be worth the least return of grateful love,
Oh, then let my Calista bless this day,
And set it down for happy.
Cal. 'Tis the day
In which my father gave my hand to Altamont;
As such, I will remember it for ever.

Enter SCIOLTO, HORATIO, *and* LAVINIA.

Scio. Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no pause,
But fill up every minute of this day!
'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves;
The glorious sun himself for you looks gay;
He shines for Altamont and for Calista.
Let there be music; let the master touch
The sprightly string, and softly-breathing flute,
'Till harmony rouse every gentle passion,
Teach the cold maid to loose her fears in love,
And the fierce youth to languish at her feet.
Begin: even age itself is cheared with music;
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,

Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport. [*Music.*

SONG.

Ah, stay! ah, turn! ah, whither would you fly,
Too charming, too relentless maid?
I follow, not to conquer, but to die;
You of the fearful are afraid.
In vain I call; for she, like fleeting air,
When pressed by some tempestuous wind,
Flies swifter from the voice of my despair,
Nor casts one pitying look behind.

Sci. Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome;
All who rejoice with me to-day are friends:
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth;
The sprightly bowl shall chearfully go round,
None shall be grave, nor too severely wise;
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.
Oh, grant, ye powers, that I may see these happy,
[*Pointing to Alt. and Cal.*
Completely blest, and I have life enough;
And leave the rest indifferently to fate. [*Exeunt.*

Hor. What if, while all are here intent on revelling,
I privately went forth, and sought Lothario?
This letter may be forged; perhaps the wantonness
Of his vain youth, to stain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend.
Oh, no! my heart forebodes it must be true.
Methought, even now, I marked the starts of guilt
That shook her soul; though damned dissimulation
Screened her dark thoughts, and set to public view
A specious face of innocence and beauty.
Oh, false appearance! What is all our sovereignty,
Our boasted power? When they oppose their arts,
Still they prevail, and we are found their fools.
With such smooth looks, and many a gentle word,
The first fair she beguiled her easy lord;
Too blind with love and beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal snare;
Nor could believe that such a heavenly face
Had bargained with the devil, to damn her wretched race. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The street near Sciolto's Palace.*

Enter LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

Loth. To tell thee then the purport of my thoughts;
The loss of this fond paper would not give me
A moment of disquiet, were it not
My instrument of vengeance on this Altamont;
Therefore I mean to wait some opportunity
Of speaking with the maid we saw this morning.

Ros. I wish you, sir, to think upon the danger
Of being seen; to-day their friends are round them;
And any eye that lights by chance on you,
Shall put your life and safety to the hazard.
[*They confer aside.*

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Still I must doubt some mystery of mischief,
Some artifice beneath. Lothario's father!
I knew him well; he was sagacious, cunning,
Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful counsels,
But of a cold, inactive hand in war;
Yet, with these coward's virtues, he undid
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend.
This son, if fame mistakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful—Ha! he is here!
[*Seeing him.*

Loth. Damnation! He again! This second time
To-day he has crossed me, like my evil genius.

Hor. I sought you, sir.

Loth. 'Tis well, then, I am found.

Hor. 'Tis well you are. The man, who wrongs my friend,
To the earth's utmost verge I would pursue.
No place, though e'er so holy, should protect him;
No shape, that artful fear e'er formed, should hide him,
Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.

Loth. Ha! dost thou know me, that I am Lothario?
As great a name as this proud city boasts of?
Who is this mighty man, then, this Horatio,
That I should basely hide me from his anger,
Lest he should chide me for his friend's displeasure?

Hor. The brave, it is true, do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers,
Freely without disguise they love and hate,
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And Heaven and men are judges of their actions.

Loth. Such let them be of mine; there is not a purpose,
Which my soul ever framed, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And what I once durst do, have dared to justify.

Hor. Where was this open boldness, this free spirit,
When but this very morning I surprised thee,
In base, dishonest privacy, consulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,
To sell her lady's secrets, stain her honour,

And, with a forged contrivance, blast her virtue?
At sight of me thou fled'st.
Loth. Ha! fled from thee?
Hor. Thou fled'st, and guilt was on thee, like a thief,
A pilferer, descried in some dark corner,
Who there had lodged, with mischievous intent,
To rob and ravish at the hour of rest,
And do a midnight murder on the sleepers!
Loth. Slave! villain!
[*Offers to draw, Rossano holds him.*
Ros. Hold, my lord! think where you are,
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your honour
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.
Loth. Then, since thou dost provoke my vengeance, know,
I would not, for this city's wealth, for all
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore,
But that the joys I reaped with that fond wanton,
The wife of Altamont, should be as public
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature.
Think'st thou I meant the shame should be concealed?
Oh, no! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit messenger to bear the news
To the dull doating husband: now I have found him,
And thou art he.
Hor. I hold thee base enough
To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this;
Yet mark me well, young lord; I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great a soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a scroll so villainous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name:
These are the mean dishonest arts of cowards,
Strangers to manhood, and to glorious dangers;
Who, bred at home in idleness and riot,
Ransack for mistresses the unwholesome stews,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.
Loth. Think'st thou I forged the letter? Think so still,
Till the broad shame come staring in thy face,
And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.
Hor. Away! no woman could descend so low:
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are;
Fit only for yourselves, you herd together;
And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.
Legends of saints, who never yet had being,
Or, being, ne'er were saints, are not so false
As the fond tales which you recount of love.
Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my leisure,
I could produce such damning proof——
Hor. 'Tis false!
You blame the fair with lies, because they scorn you,
Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence:
Rather than make you blest, they would die virgins,
And stop the propagation of mankind.
Loth. It is the curse of fools to be secure;
And that be thine and Altamont's. Dream on;
Nor think upon my vengeance till thou feel'st it.
Hor. Hold, sir! another word, and then farewell:
Though I think greatly of Calista's virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy power to hurt;
Yet, as she shares the honour of my Altamont,
That treasure of a soldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expence, I must not have
(Mark me, young sir her very name profaned
Learn to restrain the licence of your speech;
'Tis held you are too lavish. When you are met
Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,
Of dice, of whores, of horses, and yourselves;
'Tis safer, and becomes your understandings.
Loth. What if we pass beyond this solemn order,
And, in defiance of the stern Horatio,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter loose,
And use his sacred friendship for our mirth?
Hor. 'Tis well, sir, you are pleasant——
Loth. By the joys
Which my soul yet has uncontrouled pursued,
I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,
Though all thy force were armed to bar my way;
But, like the birds, great Nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flowery gardens,
Rifle the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.
Hor. What liberty has vain presumptuous youth,
That thou shouldst dare provoke me unchastised?
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee, shun my walks!
If, in the bounds of yon forbidden place,
Again thou art found, expect a punishment,
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from those who wrong them much; even death,
Or something worse: an injured husband's vengeance
Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fair form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of Heaven!
Loth. Is, then, my way in Genoa prescribed
By a dependent on the wretched Altamont,
A talking sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation?
Hor. Away! thy speech is fouler than thy manners.
Loth. Or, if there be a name more vile, his parasite;
A beggar's parasite!
Hor. Now, learn humanity,
[*Offers to strike him, Rossano interposes*
Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows

Loth. Damnation! [*They draw.*
Ros. Hold, this goes no further here.
Horatio, 'tis too much; already see
The crowd are gathering to us.
Loth. Oh, Rossano!
Or give me way, or thou art no more my friend.
Ros. Sciolto's servants, too, have ta'en the alarm;
You'll be oppressed by numbers. Be advised,
Or I must force you hence. Take it on my word,
You shall have justice done you on Horatio.
Put up, my lord.
Loth. This will not brook delay;
West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon, to-morrow, I expect thee,
Thy single hand to mine.
Hor. I'll meet thee there.
Loth. To-morrow, oh, my better stars! to-morrow
Exert your influence: shine strongly for me;
'Tis not a common conquest I would gain,
Since love, as well as arms, must grace my triumph. [*Exeunt Lothario and Rossano.*
Hor. Two hours ere noon to-morrow! ha! ere that
He sees Calista! Oh, unthinking fool——
What if I urged her with the crime and danger?
If any spark from Heaven remain unquenched
Within her breast, my breath, perhaps, may wake it.
Could I but prosper there, I would not doubt
My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaster.
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
So many of your sex would not, in vain,
Of broken vows, and faithless men, complain:
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of sense betrayed!
Convinced by reason, they your power confess,
Pleased to be happy, as you're pleased to bless,
And, conscious of your worth, can never love you less. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in Sciolto's palace.*

Enter SCIOLTO *and* CALISTA.

Sci. Now, by my life, my honour, 'tis too much!
Have I not marked thee, wayward as thou art,
Perverse and sullen all this day of joy?
When every heart was cheered, and mirth went round,
Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish,
Sat on thy brow, like some malignant planet,
Foe to the harvest and the healthy year,
Who scowls adverse, and lours upon the world;
When all the other stars, with gentle aspect,
Propitious shine, and meaning good to man.
Cal. Is then the task of duty half performed?
Has not your daughter given herself to Altamont,
Yielded the native freedom of her will
To an imperious husband's lordly rule,
To gratify a father's stern command?
Sci. Dost thou complain?
Cal. For pity do not frown then,
If, in despite of all my vowed obedience,
A sigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance:
For, oh! that sorrow, which has drawn your anger,
Is the sad native of Calista's breast:
And once possessed, will never quit its dwelling,
Till life, the prop of all, shall leave the building,
To tumble down, and moulder into ruin.
Sci. Now by the sacred dust of that dear saint
That was thy mother; by her wondrous goodness,
Her soft, her tender, most complying sweetness,
I swear, some sullen thought, that shuns the light,
Lurks underneath that sadness in thy visage.
But mark me well! though, by yon Heaven, I love thee
As much, I think, as a fond parent can;
Yet shouldst thou, (which the powers above forbid)
E'er stain the honour of thy name with infamy,
I'll cast thee off, as one whose impious hands
Had rent asunder nature's dearest ties,
Which, once divided, never join again.
To-day I've made a noble youth thy husband!
Consider well his worth; reward his love;
Be willing to be happy, and thou art so.
[*Exit Sciolto.*
Cal. How hard is the condition of our sex,
Through every state of life the slaves of man!
In all the dear delightful days of youth
A rigid father dictates to our wills,
And deals out pleasure with a scanty hand.
To his, the tyrant husband's reign succeeds;
Proud with opinion of superior reason,
He holds domestic business and devotion
All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
Like cloistered ideots, from the world's acquaintance,
And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are we
Born with high souls, but to assert ourselves,
Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
And claim an equal empire o'er the world?

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. She's here! yet, oh! my tongue is at a loss.
Teach me, some power, that happy art of speech,
To dress my purpose up in gracious words;
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
And never waken the tempestuous passions.
By Heaven she weeps!——Forgive me, fair Calista,
If I presume on privilege of friendship,
To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils

That hurt your peace, and quench those eyes in tears.
Cal. To steal, unlooked for, on my private sorrow,
Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
But rather means the spy.
Hor. Unkindly said!
For, oh! as sure as you accuse me falsely,
I come to prove myself Calista's friend.
Cal. You are my husband's friend, the friend of Altamont.
Hor. Are you not one? Are you not joined by Heaven,
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are you not mixt, like streams of meeting rivers,
Whose blended waters are no more distinguished,
But roll into the sea, one common flood?
Then who can give his friendship but to one?
Who can be Altamont's and not Calista's?
Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperious rulers,
May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
But minds will still look back to their own choice.
So the poor captive in a foreign realm,
Stands on the shore, and sends his wishes back
To the dear native land from whence he came.
Hor. When souls, that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues:
Love shall be banished from the genial bed,
The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,
And every day shall be a day of cares.
Cal. Then all the boasted office of thy friendship,
Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is.
Alas! what needed that?
Hor. Oh! rather say,
I came to tell her how she might be happy;
To soothe the secret anguish of her soul;
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.
Cal. Say thou, to whom this paradise is known,
Where lies the blissful region? Mark my way to it,
For, oh! 'tis sure I long to be at rest.
Hor. Then—to be good is to be happy—Angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow! 'tis the fiend,
The avenging fiend, that follows us behind,
With whips and stings. The blest know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is goodness.
Cal. And what bold parasite's officious tongue
Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt?
Hor. None should; but 'tis a busy, talking world,
That, with licentious breath, blows, like the wind,
As freely on the palace as the cottage.
Cal. What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy words,
Which thou would'st seem unwilling to express,
As if it meant dishonour to my virtue?
Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,
And let thy oracle be understood.
Hor. Lothario!
Cal. Ha! what would'st thou mean by him?
Hor. Lothario and Calista! thus they join
Two names, which Heaven decreed should never meet.
Hence have the talkers of this populous city
A shameful tale to tell, for public sport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When she had given her honour to a wretch.
Cal. Death and confusion! Have I lived to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence!
To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!
Thus to be used! thus! like the vilest creature,
That ever was a slave to vice and infamy!
Hor. By honour and fair truth, you wrong me much;
For on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office.
I came with strong reluctance, as if death
Had stood across my way, to save your honour,
Your's and Sciolto's, your's and Altamont's;
Like one who ventures through a burning pile,
To save his tender wife, with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.
Cal. Is this the famous friend of Altamont,
For noble worth and deeds of arms renowned?
Is this the tale-bearing officious fellow,
That watches for intelligence from eyes;
This wretched Argus of a jealous husband,
That fills his easy ears with monstrous tales,
And makes him toss, and rave, and wreak at length
Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife,
Who guiltless dies, because her fool ran mad?
Hor. Alas! this rage is vain; for if your fame
Or peace be with your care, you must be calm,
And listen to the means are left to save them.
'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.
By me your genius speaks, by me it warns you,
Never to see that curst Lothario more;
Unless you mean to be despised, be shunned
By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons;
Unless you have devoted this rare beauty
To infamy, diseases, prostitution———
Cal. Dishonour blast thee, base, unmannered slave!
That darest forget my birth, and sacred sex,
And shock me with the rude, unhallowed sound!
Hor. Here kneel, and in the awful face of Heaven
Breathe out a solemn vow, never to see,
Nor think, if possible, on him that ruined thee;
Or, by my Altamont's dear life, I swear,

This paper; nay, you must not fly—This paper,
[*Holding her.*
This guilty paper shall divulge your shame——
Cal. What meanest thou by that paper? What contrivance
Hast thou been forging to deceive my father;
To turn his heart against his wretched daughter,
That Altamont and thou may share his wealth?
A wrong like this will make me even forget
The weakness of my sex.——Oh, for a sword,
To urge my vengeance on the villain's hand,
That forged the scroll!
Hor. Behold! Can this be forged?
See where Calista's name——
[*Shewing the letter near.*
Cal. To atoms thus, [*Tearing it.*
Thus let me tear the vile, detested falsehood,
The wicked, lying evidence of shame.
Hor. Confusion!
Cal. Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare, even on thy life,
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue.
I am myself the guardian of my honour,
And will not bear so insolent a monitor.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Where is my life, my love, my charming bride,
Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes,
The wish, and care, and business of my youth?
Oh, let me find her, snatch her to my breast,
And tell her she delays my bliss too long,
Till my soft soul even sickens with desire.
Disordered!—and in tears!—Horatio too!
My friend is in amaze—What can it mean?
Tell me, Calista, who has done thee wrong,
That my swift sword may find out the offender,
And do thee ample justice.
Cal. Turn to him.
Alt. Horatio!
Cal. To that insolent.
Alt. My friend!
Could he do this? He, who was half myself?
One faith has ever bound us, and one reason
Guided our wills. Have I not found him just,
Honest as truth itself? And could he break
The sanctity of friendship? Could he wound
The heart of Altamont in his Calista?
Cal. I thought what justice I should find from thee!
Go fawn upon him, listen to his tale,
Applaud his malice, that would blast my fame,
And treat me like a common prostitute.
Thou art perhaps confederate in his mischief,
And wilt believe the legend, if he tells it.
Alt. Oh, impious! what presumptuous wretch shall dare
To offer at an injury like that?
Priesthood, nor age, nor cowardice itself,
Shall save him from the fury of my vengeance.
Cal. The man who dared to do it was Horatio;
Thy darling friend; 'twas Altamont's Horatio.

But mark me well; while thy divided heart
Doats on a villain that has wronged me thus,
No force shall drag me to thy hated bed.
Nor can my cruel father's power do more
Than shut me in a cloister: there, well pleased,
Religious hardships will I learn to bear,
To fast and freeze at midnight hours of prayer:
Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,
With melancholy, speechless saints to dwell;
But bless the day I to that refuge ran,
Free from the marriage chain, and from that tyrant man. [*Exit Calista.*
Alt She's gone; and, as she went, ten thousand fires
Shot from her angry eyes; as if she meant
Too well to keep the cruel vow she made.
Now, as thou art a man, Horatio, tell me,
What means this wild confusion in thy looks,
As if thou wert at variance with thyself,
Madness and reason combating within thee,
And thou wert doubtful which should get the better?
Hor. I would be dumb for ever; but thy fate
Has otherwise decreed it. Thou hast seen
That idol of thy soul, that fair Calista;
Thou hast beheld her tears.
Alt. I have seen her weep;
I have seen that lovely one, that dear Calista,
Complaining, in the bitterness of sorrow,
That thou, my friend, Horatio, thou hast wronged her.
Hor. That I have wronged her! had her eyes been fed
From that rich stream which warms her heart, and numbered
For every falling tear a drop of blood,
It had not been too much; for she has ruined thee,
Even thee, my Altamont. She has undone thee.
Alt. Dost thou join ruin with Calista's name?
What is so fair, so exquisitely good?
Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?
Does she not come, like wisdom, or good fortune,
Replete with blessings, giving wealth and honour?
The dowry which she brings is peace and pleasure,
And everlasting joys are in her arms.
Hor. It had been better thou had'st lived a beggar,
And fed on scraps at great men's surly doors,
Than to have matched with one so false, so fatal.—
Alt. It is too much for friendship to allow thee.
Because I tamely bore the wrong thou didst her,
Thou dost avow the barbarous, brutal part,
And urge the injury even to my face!
Hor. I see she has got possession of thy heart;
She has charmed thee, like a syren, to her bed,
With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds:
Too late the rocks and quicksands will appear,
When thou art wrecked upon the faithless shore,

Then vainly wish thou had'st not left thy friend,
To follow her delusion.
Alt. If thy friendship
Do churlishly deny my love a room,
It is not worth my keeping; I disclaim it.
Hor. Canst thou so soon forget what I've been to thee?
I shared the task of nature with thy father,
And formed with care thy inexperienced youth
To virtue and to arms.
Thy noble father, oh, thou light young man!
Would he have used me thus? One fortune fed us;
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flourished, and together fell.
He called me friend, like thee: would he have left me
Thus, for a woman, and a vile one, too?
Alt. Thou canst not, dar'st not mean it! Speak again!
Say, who is vile; but dare not name Calista.
Hor. I had not spoke at first, unless compelled,
And forced to clear myself; but since thus urged,
I must avow, I do not know a viler.
Alt. Thou wert my father's friend; he loved thee well;
A kind of venerable mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance.
I cannot, dare not, lift my sword against thee,
But henceforth never let me see thee more.
[*Going out.*
Hor. I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
And must and will preserve thee from dishonour,
Even in despite of thee. [*Holds him.*
Alt. Let go my arm!
Hor. If honour be thy care, if thou would'st live
Without the name of credulous, wittol husband,
Avoid thy bride, shun her detested bed,
The joys it yields are dashed with poison——
Alt. Off!
To urge me but a minute more is fatal.
Hor. She is polluted, stained——
Alt. Madness and raging!
But hence——
Hor. Dishonoured by the man you hate——
Alt. I prithee loose me yet, for thy own sake,
If life be worth the keeping——
Hor. By Lothario.
Alt. Perdition take thee, villain, for the falsehood! [*Strikes him.*
Now, nothing but thy life can make atonement.
Hor. A blow! thou hast used me well——
[*Draws.*
Alt. This to thy heart——
Hor. Yet hold—By Heaven, his father's in his face!
Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tenderness
And I could rather die myself than hurt him.
Alt. Defend thyself; for, by my much wronged love,
I swear, the poor evasion shall not save thee.
Hor. Yet hold—thou know'st I dare—think how we've lived——
[*They fight; Altamont presses on Horatio, who retires.*
Nay then, 'tis brutal violence; and thus,
Thus Nature bids me guard the life she gave.
[*They fight.*

LAVINIA *enters, and runs between their swords.*

Lav. My brother, my Horatio! Is it possible!
Oh, turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia!
If you must quench your impious rage in blood,
Behold, my heart shall give you all her store,
To save those dearer streams that flow from yours.
Alt. 'Tis well thou hast found a safe-guard; none but this,
No power on earth could save thee from my fury.
Lav. O fatal, deadly sound!
Hor. Safety from thee!
Away, vain boy! Hast thou forgot the reverence
Due to my arm, thy first, thy great example,
Which pointed out thy way to noble daring,
And shewed thee what it was to be a man?
Lav. What busy, meddling fiend, what foe to goodness,
Could kindle such a discord? Oh, lay by
Those most ungentle looks, and angry weapons,
Unless you mean my griefs and killing fears
Should stretch me out at your relentless feet,
A wretched corse, the victim of your fury.
Hor. Ask'st thou what made us foes? 'Twas base ingratitude,
'Twas such a sin to friendship, as Heaven's mercy,
That strives with man's untoward, monstrous wickedness,
Unwearied with forgiving, scarce could pardon.
He, who was all to me, child, brother, friend,
With barbarous, bloody malice, sought my life.
Alt. Thou art my sister, and I would not make thee
The lonely mourner of a widowed bed;
Therefore, thy husband's life is safe! but warn him,
No more to know this hospitable roof.
He has but ill repaid Sciolto's bounty.
We must not meet; 'tis dangerous. Farewell.
[*He is going out, Lavinia holds him.*
Lav. Stay, Altamont, my brother, stay; if ever
Nature, or what is nearer much than nature,
The kind consent of our agreeing minds,
Have made us dear to one another, stay,
And speak one gentle word to your Horatio!
Behold, his anger melts, he longs to love you,
To call you friend, then press you hard, with all
The tender, speechless joy of reconcilement.
Alt. It cannot, shall not be—you must not hold me.
Lav. Look kindly, then.
Alt. Each minute that I stay,
Is a new injury to fair Calista.

From thy false friendship to her arms I'll fly;
There, if in any pause of love I rest,
Breathless with bliss, upon her panting breast,
In broken, melting accents, I will swear,
Henceforth to trust my heart with none but her;
Then own, the joys which on her charms attend,
Have more than paid me for my faithless friend.
[*Altamont breaks from Lavinia, and exit.*
Hor. Oh, raise thee, my Lavinia, from the earth!
It is too much; this tide of flowing grief,
This wondrous waste of tears, too much to give
To an ungrateful friend, and cruel brother.
Lav. Is there not cause for weeping? Oh, Horatio!
A brother and a husband were my treasure;
'Twas all the little wealth that poor Lavinia
Saved from the shipwreck of her father's fortunes.
One half is lost already. If thou leav'st me;
If thou should'st prove unkind to me, as Altamont,
Whom shall I find to pity my distress,
To have compassion on a helpless wanderer,
And give her where to lay her wretched head?
Hor. Why dost thou wound me with thy soft complainings?
Though Altamont be false, and use me hardly,
Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.
Talk not of being forsaken; for I'll keep thee
Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happiness.
Heaven formed thee gentle, fair, and full of goodness,
And made thee all my portion here on earth:
It gave thee to me, as a large amends
For fortune, friends, and all the world beside.
Lav. Then you will love me still, cherish me ever,
And hide me from misfortune in your bosom?
Here end my cares, nor will I lose one thought,
How we shall live, or purchase food and raiment.
The holy Power, who cloathes the senseless earth
With woods, with fruits, with flowers, and verdant grass,
Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,
Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us.
Hor. From Genoa, from falsehood and inconstancy,
To some more honest, distant clime we'll go.
Nor will I be beholden to my country,
For aught but thee, the partner of my flight.
Lav. Yes, I will follow thee; forsake, for thee,
My country, brother, friends, even all I have.
Though mine's a little all, yet were it more,
And better far, it should be left for thee,
And all that I would keep, should be Horatio.
So, when a merchant sees his vessel lost,
Though richly freighted from a foreign coast,
Gladly, for life, the treasure he would give,
And only wishes to escape, and live:
Gold, and his gains, no more employ his mind;
But, driving o'er the billows with the wind,
Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest behind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Garden.*

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. With what unequal tempers are we formed?
One day the soul, supine with ease and fulness,
Revels secure, and fondly tells herself
The hour of evil can return no more;
The next, the spirits, palled and sick of riot,
Turn all to discord, and we hate our beings,
Curse the past joy, and think it folly all,
And bitterness and anguish. Oh, last night!
What has ungrateful beauty paid me back,
For all the mass of friendship which I squandered?
Coldness, aversion, tears, and sullen sorrow,
Dashed all my bliss, and damped my bridal bed.
Soon as the morning dawned, she vanished from me,
Relentless to the gentle call of love.
I've lost a friend, and I have gained——a wife!
Turn not to thought, my brain! but let me find
Some unfrequented shade; there lay me down,
And let forgetful dulness steal upon me,
To soften and assuage this pain of thinking. [*Exit.*

LOTHARIO *and* CALISTA *discovered.*

Loth. Weep not, my fair; but let the God of Love
Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,
Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought
Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee;
But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
And let us melt the present hour in bliss.
Cal. Seek not to soothe me with thy false endearments,
To charm me with thy softness: 'tis in vain:
Thou can'st no more betray, nor I be ruined.
The hours of folly, and of fond delight,
Are wasted all, and fled; those that remain
Are doomed to weeping, anguish, and repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long account,
Of all the sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come; thou hast undone me.
Loth. Unjust Calista! dost thou call it ruin,
To love as we have done; to melt, to languish,
To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,
And then be blest even to that wish's height?

To die with joy, and straight to live again;
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous transport—
Cal. Oh, let me hear no more! I cannot bear it;
'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year!
Let not the voice of mirth or music know it!
Let it be dark and desolate; no stars
To glitter o'er it! let it wish for light,
Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn!
For 'twas the night that gave me up to shame,
To sorrow, to the false Lothario.
Loth. Hear this, ye powers! mark, how the fair deceiver
Sadly complains of violated truth;
She calls me false, even she, the faithless she,
Whom day and night, whom heaven and earth have heard
Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand times, she would be only mine;
And yet, behold, she has given herself away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Even to the man whom most I hate on earth.—
Cal. Art thou so base to upbraid me with a crime,
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause?
If indignation, raging in my soul,
For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
Urged me to a deed of desperation,
And wound myself to be revenged on thee,
Think whom I should devote to death and hell,
Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario!
Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's power,
Not all the vows and prayers of sighing Altamont,
Could have prevailed, or won me to forsake thee.
Loth. How have I failed in justice, or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first?
Even now my heart beats high, I languish for thee,
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,
As if thou ne'er hadst blest me with thy beauty.
Cal. How! didst thou dare to think that I would live
A slave to base desires, and brutal pleasures,
To be a wretched wanton for thy leisure,
To toy, and waste an hour of idle time with?
My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought.
Loth. The driving storm of passion will have way,
And I must yield before it. Wert thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal, whom thou hast doomed,
Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

Enter behind them ALTAMONT.

Alt. I have lost my peace—Ha! do I live and wake?
Cal. Hadst thou been true, how happy had I been!
Not Altamont, but thou, hadst been my lord.
But wherefore named I happiness with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curst;
For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,
Calls me to answer for my virtue stained,
My honour lost to thee: for thee it haunts me,
With stern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me,
With Altamont complaining for his wrongs——
Alt. Behold him here! [*Coming forward.*
Cal. Ah! [*Starting.*
Alt. The wretch, whom thou hast made!
Curses and sorrows hast thou heaped upon him,
And vengeance is the only good that's left.
[*Drawing.*
Loth. Thou hast taken me somewhat unawares, 'tis true:
But love and war take turns, like day and night,
And little preparation serves my turn,
Equal to both, and armed for either field.
We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel;
Earth, Heaven, and fair Calista judge the combat!
Cal. Distraction! Fury! Sorrow! Shame! and death!
Alt. Thou hast talked too much, thy breath is poison to me;
It taints the ambient air; this for my father—
This for Sciolto—and this last for Altamont.
[*They fight; Lothario is wounded once or twice, and then falls.*
Loth. Oh, Altamont! thy genius is the stronger!
Thou hast prevailed!—My fierce ambitious soul
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride;
I conquered in my turn, in love I triumphed.
Those joys are lodged beyond the reach of fate;
That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,
Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying.
[*Dies.*
Cal. And what remains for me, beset with shame,
Encompassed round with wretchedness? There is
But this one way to break the toil, and 'scape.
[*She catches up Lothario's sword, and offers to kill herself; Altamont runs to her, and wrests it from her.*
Alt. What means thy frantic rage?
Cal. Off! let me go.
Alt. Oh! thou hast more than murdered me; yet still,
Still art thou here! and my soul starts with horror,
At thought of any thing that may reach thee.
Cal. Think'st thou I mean to live to be forgiven?
Oh, thou hast known but little of Calista!
If thou hadst never heard my shame, if only
The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,
I would not bear to be reproached by them,
But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
And hide me from their beams.
Sciolto within. What, ho! my son!

Alt. It is Sciolto calls; come near and find me;
The wretchedest thing of all my kind on earth.
Cal. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father!
Madness! Confusion! let the storm come on,
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me;
Dash my devoted bark, ye surges, break it!
'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises.
When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Enter SCIOLTO.

Sci. Even now Rossano leaped the garden wall——
Ha! Death has been among you—Oh, my fears!
Last night thou had'st a difference with thy friend;
The cause thou gavest me was a damned one.
Didst thou not wrong the man who told thee truth?
Answer me quick——
Alt. Oh! press me not to speak;
Even now my heart is breaking, and the mention
Will lay me dead before thee. See that body,
And guess my shame, my ruin! Oh, Calista!
Sci. It is enough! but I am slow to execute,
And justice lingers in my lazy hand;
Thus let me wipe dishonour from my name,
And cut thee from the earth, thou stain to goodness—
[*Offers to kill Calista, Altamont holds him.*
Alt. Stay thee, Sciolto! thou rash father, stay!
Or turn the point on me, and through my breast
Cut out the bloody passage to Calista!
So shall my love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom I wished to live.
Cal. No, Altamont; my heart, that scorned thy love,
Shall never be indebted to thy pity.
Thus torn, defaced, and wretched as I seem,
Still I have something of Sciolto's virtue.
Yes, yes, my father, I applaud thy justice;
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow!
Be merciful, and free me from my pain;
'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I could curse
The cheerful day, men, earth, and heaven, and thee,
Even thee, thou venerable good old man,
For being author of a wretch like me.
Alt. Listen not to the wildness of her raving;
Remember nature! Should thy daughter's murder
Defile that hand, so just, so great in arms,
Her blood would rest upon thee to posterity,
Pollute thy name, and sully all thy wars.
Cal. Have I not wronged his gentle nature much?
And yet behold him pleading for my life!
Lost as thou art to virtue, oh, Calista!
I think thou can'st not bear to be outdone;
Then haste to die, and be obliged no more.
Sci. Thy pious care has given me time to think,
And saved me from a crime; then rest, my sword:
To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,
Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge.
But mark me well! I will have justice done;
Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunished:
I will see justice executed on thee,
Even to a Roman strictness; and thou, Nature,
Or whatsoe'er thou art, that plead'st within me,
Be still; thy tender strugglings are in vain.
Cal. Then am I doomed to live, and bear your triumph?
To groan beneath your scorn and fierce upbraiding,
Daily to be reproached, and have my misery
At morn, at noon, at night, told over to me,
Lest my remembrance might grow pitiful,
And grant a moment's interval of peace!
Is this, is this the mercy of a father?
I only beg to die, and he denies me.
Sci. Hence, from my sight! thy father cannot bear thee;
Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
Where, on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortune, cares, and anguish dwell;
Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,
And death and hell detested rule maintain;
There howl out the remainder of thy life,
And wish thy name may be no more remembered!
Cal. Yes, I will fly to some such dismal place,
And be more cursed than you can wish I were;
This fatal form, that drew on my undoing,
Fasting, and tears, and hardships shall destroy;
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
Nor ought that may continue hated life.
Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and changed,
Stretched at my length, and dying in my cave,
On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her tears have washed her stains away;
At length 'tis time her punishment should cease;
Die, thou poor suffering wretch, and be at peace.
[*Exit Calista.*
Sci. Who of my servants wait there?

Enter two or three Servants.

Raise that body, and bear it in. On your lives
Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.
Exeunt Servants, with Lothario's body.
Alt. There is a fatal fury in your visage;
It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction.
My father, I am sick of many sorrows,
Even now my easy heart is breaking with them;
Yet, above all, one fear distracts me most;
I tremble at the vengeance which you meditate
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.
Sci. Hast thou not read what brave Virginius did?
With his own hand he slew his only daughter,
To save her from the fierce Decemvir's lust.
He slew her, yet unspotted, to prevent
The shame which she might know. Then what should I do?

But thou hast tied my hand.—I will not kill her;
Yet, by the ruin she has brought upon us,
The common infamy that brands us both,
She shall not 'scape.
Alt. You mean that she shall die then?
Sci. Ask me not what, nor how, I have resolved,
For all within is anarchy and uproar!
Oh, Altamont! What a vast scheme of joy
Has this one day destroyed? Well did I hope
This daughter would have blest my latter days;
That I should live to see you the world's wonder,
So happy, great, and good, that none were like you,
While I, from busy life and care set free,
Had spent the evening of my age at home,
Among a little prattling race of yours!
There, like an old man, talked awhile, and then
Lain down and slept in peace. Instead of this,
Sorrow and shame must bring me to my grave—
Oh, damn her! damn her!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Arm yourself, my lord:
Rossano, who but now escaped the garden,
Has gathered in the street a band of rioters,
Who threaten you, and all your friends, with ruin,
Unless Lothario be returned in safety. [*Exit.*
Sci. By Heaven, their fury rises to my wish,
Nor shall misfortune know my house alone,
But thou, Lothario, and thy race, shall pay me
For all the sorrows which my age is cursed with!
I think my name as great, my friends as potent,
As any in the state; all shall be summoned;
I know that all will join their hands to ours,
And vindicate thy vengeance. When our force
Is full, and armed, we shall expect thy sword
To join with us, and sacrifice to justice.——
[*Exit Sciolto.*
Alt. There is a stupid weight upon my senses;
A dismal sullen stillness, that succeeds
The storm of rage and grief, like silent death,
After the tumult and the noise of life.
Would it were death, as sure 'tis wondrous like it,
For I am sick of living; my soul's palled,
She kindles not with anger and revenge:
Love was the informing, active fire within:
Now that is quenched, the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.
[*A tumultuous noise, with clashing of swords, as at a little distance.*

Enter Lavinia, *with two Servants, their swords drawn.*

Lav. Fly, swiftly fly, to my Horatio's aid,
Nor lose your vain officious cares on me!
Bring me my lord, my husband, to my arms!
He is Lavinia's life! bring him me safe,
And I shall be at ease, be well, and happy.
[*Exeunt Servants.*
Alt. Art thou Lavinia? Oh! what barbarous hand
Could wrong thy poor defenceless innocence,
And leave such marks of more than savage fury?
Lav. My brother! Oh! my heart is full of fears;
Perhaps even now my dear Horatio bleeds!—
Nor far from hence, as passing to the port,
By a mad multitude we were surrounded,
Who ran upon us with uplifted swords,
And cried aloud for vengeance, and Lothario.
My lord, with ready boldness, stood the shock,
To shelter me from danger; but in vain,
Had not a party from Sciolto's palace
Rushed out, and snatched me from amidst the fray.
Alt. What of my friend?
Lav. Ha! by my joys, 'tis he! [*Looking out.*
He lives, he comes to bless me! he is safe!——

Enter Horatio, *with two or three Servants, their swords drawn.*

1st Ser. 'Twere at the utmost hazard of your life
To venture forth again, till we are stronger:
Their number trebles ours.
Hor. No matter; let it:
Death is not half so shocking as that traitor.
My honest soul is mad with indignation,
To think her plainness could be so abused,
As to mistake that wretch, and call him friend;
I cannot bear the sight!
Alt. Open, thou earth,
Gape wide, and take me down to thy dark bosom,
To hide me from Horatio!
Hor. Oh, Lavinia!
Believe not but I joy to see thee safe:
Would our ill-fortune had not drove us hither:
I could even wish we rather had been wrecked
On any other shore, than saved on this.
Lav. Oh! let us bless the mercy that preserved us,
That gracious power that saved us for each other:
And, to adorn the sacrifice of praise,
Offer forgiveness too; be thou like Heaven,
And put away the offences of thy friend,
Far, far from thy remembrance.
Alt. I have marked him,
To see if one forgiving glance stole hither;
If any spark of friendship were alive,
That would, by sympathy, at meeting glow,
And strive to kindle up the flame a-new;
'Tis lost, 'tis gone; his soul is quite estranged,
And knows me for its counterpart no more!
Hor. Thou know'st thy rule, thy empire in Horatio;
Nor canst thou ask in vain, command in vain,
Where nature, reason, nay, where love is judge;
But when you urge my temper to comply
With what it most abhors, I cannot do it.
Lav. Where didst thou get this sullen gloomy hate?
It was not in thy nature to be thus;

Come, put it off, and let thy heart be cheerful!
Be gay again, and know the joys of friendship,
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
The double joys, where each is glad for both;
Friendship, the wealth, the last retreat and strength,
Secure against ill-fortune, and the world.
Hor. I am not apt to take a light offence,
But patient of the failings of my friends,
And willing to forgive; but when an injury
Stabs to the heart, and rouses my resentment,
(Perhaps it is the fault of my rude nature)
I own I cannot easily forgive it.
Alt. Thou hast forgot me!
Hor. No.
Alt. Why are thy eyes
Impatient of me then, scornful, and fierce?
Hor. Because they speak the meaning of my heart;
Because they are honest, and disdain a villain!
Alt. I've wronged thee much, Horatio.
Hor. True, thou hast.
When I forget it, may I be a wretch,
Vile as thyself, a false perfidious fellow,
An infamous, believing, British husband.
Alt. I've wronged thee much, and Heaven has well avenged it.
I have not, since we parted, been at peace,
Nor known one joy sincere; our broken friendship
Pursued me to the last retreat of love,
Stood glaring like a ghost, and made me cold with horror.
Misfortunes on misfortunes press upon me,
Swell o'er my head like waves, and dash me down;
Sorrow, remorse, and shame, have torn my soul;
They hang, like winter, on my youthful hopes,
And blast the spring and promise of my year.
Lav. So flowers are gathered to adorn a grave,
To lose their freshness amongst bones and rottenness,
And have their odours stifled in the dust.
Canst thou hear this, thou cruel, hard Horatio?
Canst thou behold thy Altamont undone?
That gentle, that dear youth! canst thou behold him,
His poor heart broken, death in his pale visage,
And groaning out his woes, yet stand unmoved?
Hor. The brave and wise I pity in misfortune;
But when ingratitude and folly suffers,
'Tis weakness to be touched.
Alt. I will not ask thee
To pity or forgive me; but confess,
This scorn, this insolence of hate, is just;
'Tis constancy of mind, and manly in thee.
But, Oh! had I been wronged by thee, Horatio,
There is a yielding softness in my heart
Could ne'er have stood it out; but I had ran,
With streaming eyes, and open arms, upon thee,
And pressed thee close, close!
Hor. I must hear no more;
Thy weakness is contagious; I shall catch it,
And be a tame, fond wretch.
Lav. Where wouldst thou go?
Wouldst thou part thus? you shalt not, 'tis impossible;
For I will bar thy passage, kneeling thus:
Perhaps, thy cruel hand may spurn me off,
But I will throw my body in thy way,
And thou shalt trample over my faithful bosom,
Tread on me, wound me, kill me, ere thou pass.
Alt. Urge not in vain thy pious suit, Lavinia,
I have enough to rid me of my pain.
Calista, thou hadst reached my heart before;
To make all sure, my friend repeats the blow:
But in the grave our cares shall be forgotten,
There love and friendship cease. [*Falls.*
[*Lavinia runs to him, and endeavours to raise him.*
Lav. Speak to me, Altamont!
He faints! He dies! Now, turn and see thy triumph!
My brother! But our cares shall end together;
Here will I lay me down by thy dear side,
Bemoan thy too hard fate, then share it with thee,
And never see my cruel lord again.
[*Horatio runs to Altamont, and raises him in his arms.*
Hor. It is too much to bear! Look up, my Altamont!
My stubborn, unrelenting heart has killed him.
Look up and bless me! tell me that thou livest!
Oh! I have urged thy gentleness too far;
[*He revives.*
Do thou and my Lavinia both forgive me;
A flood of tenderness comes o'er my soul;
I cannot speak—I love, forgive, and pity thee—
Alt. I thought that nothing could have stayed my soul;
That long ere this her flight had reached the stars;
But thy known voice has lured her back again.
Methinks, I fain would set all right with thee,
Make up this most unlucky breach, and then,
With thine and Heaven's forgiveness on my soul,
Shrink to my grave, and be at ease for ever.
Hor. By Heaven, my heart bleeds for thee; even this moment,
I feel thy pangs of disappointed love.
Is it not pity that this youth should fall,
That all his wondrous goodness should be lost,
And the world never know it? Oh, my Altamont!
Give me thy sorrows, let me bear them for thee,
And shelter thee from ruin!
Lav. Oh, my brother,
Think not but we will share in all thy woes;
We'll sit all day, and tell sad tales of love:
And when we light upon some faithless woman,
Some beauty, like Calista, false and fair,
We'll fix our grief, and our complaining there;
We'll curse the nymph that drew the ruin on,
And mourn the youth that was, like thee, undone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room hung with black; on one side Lothario's body on a bier; on the other a table, with a skull and other bones, a book and a lamp on it.*

Calista is discovered on a couch, in black; her hair hanging loose and disordered. After soft music, she rises and comes forward.

SONG.

Hear, you midnight phantoms, hear,
You who pale and wan appear,
And fill the wretch who wakes with fear;
You, who wander, scream and groan
Round the mansions once your own;
You, who still your crimes upbraid;
You, who rest not with the dead;
From the coverts where you stray,
Where you lurk and shun the day,
From the charnel and the tomb,
Hither haste ye, hither come.

Chide Calista for delay,
Tell her, 'tis for her you stay;
Bid her die and come away.
See the sexton with his spade,
See the grave already made;
Listen, fair one, to thy knell,
This music is thy passing bell.

Cal. 'Tis well! these solemn sounds, this pomp of horror,
Are fit to feed the frenzy in my soul.
Here's room for meditation even to madness;
Till the mind burst with thinking. This dull flame
Sleeps in the socket. Sure the book was left
To tell me something; for instruction then—
He teaches holy sorrow and contrition,
And penitence. Is it become an art, then?
A trick, that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't;
[*Throwing away the book.*
I have more real anguish in my heart,
Than all their pedant discipline ever knew.
What charnel has been rifled for these bones?
Fie! this is pageantry; they look uncouthly.
But what of that, if he or she, that owned them,
Safe from disquiet sit, and smile to see
The farce their miserable relicks play?
But here's a sight is terrible indeed!
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay, Lothario?
That dear perfidious—Ah! how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted blood, and those dead eyes!
Ascend, ye ghosts, fantastic forms of night,
In all your different dreadful shapes ascend,
And match the present horror, if ye can!

Enter SCIOLTO.

Sci. This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,
Nature for rest ordained, and soft repose;
And yet distraction, and tumultuous jars,
Keep all our frighted citizens awake:
The senate, weak, divided, and irresolute,
Want power to succour the afflicted state.
Vainly in words and long debates they are wise,
While the fierce factions scorn their peaceful orders,
And drown the voice of law in noise and anarchy.
Amidst the general wreck, see where she stands,
[*Pointing to Calista.*
Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sacked,
Spectatress of the mischief which she made.
Cal. It is Sciolto! Be thyself, my soul;
Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,
That he may see thou art not lost so far,
But somewhat still of his great spirit lives
In the forlorn Calista.
Sci. Thou wert once
My daughter.
Cal. Happy were it had I died,
And never lost that name.
Sci. That's something yet;
Thou wert the very darling of my age:
I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee,
That all the blessings I could gather for thee,
By cares on earth, and by my prayers to Heaven,
Were little for my fondness to bestow;
Why didst thou turn to folly, then, and curse me?
Cal. Because my soul was rudely drawn from yours;
A poor imperfect copy of my father,
Where goodness, and the strength of manly virtue,
Was thinly planted, and the idle void
Filled up with light belief, and easy fondness;
It was, because I loved, and was a woman.
Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a cherubim;
But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
Hast thou e'er dared to meditate on death?
Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.
Sci. Ha! answer me! Say, hast thou coolly thought?
'Tis not the stoick's lessons got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror;
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the trial comes, they stand aghast;
Hast thou considered what may happen after it?

How thy account may stand, and what to answer?
Cal. I have turned my eyes inward upon myself,
Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste;
Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,
And longs to find some happy place of rest.
Sci. 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit,
That dwelt in antient Latian breasts, when Rome
Was mistress of the world. I would go on
And tell thee all my purpose; but it sticks
Here at my heart, aad cannot find a way.
Cal. Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,
And write the meaning with your poignard here.
Sci. Oh! truly guessed—see'st thou, this trembling hand— [*Holding up a dagger.*
Thrice justice urged—and thrice the slackening sinews
Forgot their office, and confessed the father.
At length the stubborn virtue has prevailed,
It must, it must be so——Oh! take it then,
[*Giving the dagger.*
And know the rest untaught!
Cal. I understand you.
It is but thus, and both are satisfied.
[*She offers to kill herself: Sciolto catches hold of her arm.*
Sci. A moment, give me yet a moment's space.
The stern, the rigid judge has been obeyed;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off every tender human thought,
To doom my child to death; but spare my eyes
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,
My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror!
Cal. Ha! Is it possible! and is there yet
Some little dear remain of love and tenderness
For poor, undone Calista, in your heart!
Sci. Oh! when I think what pleasure I took in thee,
What joys thou gavest me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty!
How have I stood, and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then, lifting up my hands, and wondering, blest thee—
By my strong grief, my heart even melts within me;
I could curse Nature, and that tyrant, honour,
For making me thy father, and thy judge;
Thou art my daughter still!
Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness.
Oh! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years be numbered.

Sci. Would it were otherwise—but thou must die.——
Cal. That I must die, it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking:
Thither the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner,
Fly for relief, and lay their burthens down.
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade; here let me breathe my last,
Charmed with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tuned their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.
Sci. I am summoned hence; ere this my friends expect me.
There is I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me, I shall never see thee more;
If it be so, this is our last farewell,
And these the parting pangs, which nature feels,
When anguish rends the heart-strings—Oh, my daughter! [*Exit Sciolto.*
Cal. Now think, thou cursed Calista! now behold
The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around,
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head.
Yet Heaven, who knows our weak, imperfect natures,
How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,
Makes not too strict inquiry for our offences,
But is atoned by penitence and prayer:
Cheap recompence! here 'twould not be received,
Nothing but blood can make the expiation,
And cleanse the soul from inbred, deep pollution.
And see, another injured wretch is come,
To call for justice from my tardy hand.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Hail to you, horrors! hail, thou house of death!
And thou, the lovely mistress of the shades,
Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,
And makes it grateful as the dawn of day,
Oh, take me in, a fellow-mourner, with thee,
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
And when the fountain of thy eyes is dry,
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both.
Cal. I know thee well; thou art the injured Altamont;
Thou comest to urge me with the wrongs I've done thee;
But know, I stand upon the brink of life,
And in a moment mean to set me free
From shame and thy upbraiding.
Alt. Falsely, falsely
Dost thou accuse me! When did I complain,
Or murmur at my fate? For thee I have
Forgot the temper of Italian husbands,
And fondness has prevailed upon revenge.

I bore my load of infamy with patience,
As holy men do punishment from Heaven;
Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee.
Oh, then, forbid me not to mourn thy loss,
To wish some better fate had ruled our loves,
And that Calista had been mine, and true.
Cal. Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss.
But, oh, behold! my proud disdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love,
Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,
That, were I not abandoned to destruction,
With thee I might have lived for ages blessed,
And died in peace within thy faithful arms.
Alt. Then happiness is still within our reach.
Here let remembrance lose our past misfortunes,
Tear all records that hold the fatal story;
Here let our joys begin, from hence go on,
In long successive order.
Cal. What! in death?
Alt. Then, art thou fixed to die?—But be it so;
We'll go together; my adventurous love
Shall follow thee to those uncertain beings.
Whether our lifeless shades are doomed to wander
In gloomy groves, with discontented ghosts;
Or whether through the upper air we flit,
And tread the fields of light; still I'll pursue thee,
'Till fate ordains that we shall part no more.
Cal. Oh, no! Heaven has some other better lot in store
To crown thee with. Live, and be happy long;
Live, for some maid that shall deserve thy goodness,
Some kind, unpractised heart, that never yet
Has listened to the false ones of thy sex,
Nor known the arts of ours; she shall reward thee,
Meet thee with virtues equal to thy own,
Charm thee with sweetness, beauty, and with truth;
Be blest in thee alone, and thou in her.

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Now, mourn indeed, ye miserable pair;
For now the measure of your woes is full.
Alt. What dost thou mean, Horatio?
Hor. Oh, 'tis dreadful!
The great, the good Sciolto dies this moment.
Cal. My father!
Alt. That's a deadly stroke, indeed.
Hor. Not long ago he privately went forth,
Attended but by few, and those unbidden.
I heard which way he took, and straight pursued him;
But found him compassed by Lothario's faction,
Almost alone, amidst a croud of foes.
Too late we brought him aid, and drove them back;
Ere that, his frantic valour had provoked
The death he seemed to wish for from their swords.
Cal. And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient earth?
Dost thou not labour with thy murderous weight?
And you, ye glittering, heavenly host of stars,
Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you;
For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
And nature sickens at me. Rest, thou world,
This parricide shall be thy plague no more;
Thus, thus I set thee free. [*Stabs herself.*
Hor. Oh, fatal rashness!
Alt. Thou dost instruct me well. To lengthen life,
Is but to trifle now.
[*Altamont offers to kill himself; Horatio prevents him, and wrests his sword from him.*
Hor. Ha! what means
The frantic Altamont? Some foe to man
Has breathed on every breast contagious fury,
And epidemic madness.

Enter SCIOLTO, *pale and bloody, supported by servants.*

Cal. Oh, my heart!
Well may'st thou fail; for see, the spring that fed
Thy vital stream is wasted, and runs low.
My father! will you now, at last, forgive me,
If, after all my crimes, and all your sufferings,
I call you once again by that dear name?
Will you forget my shame, and those wide wounds?
Lift up your hand, and bless me, ere I go
Down to my dark abode?
Sci. Alas, my daughter!
Thou hast rashly ventured on a stormy sea,
Where life, fame, virtue, all were wrecked and lost.
But sure thou hast borne thy part in all the anguish,
And smarted with the pain. Then, rest in peace:
Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,
And save thee from the malice of posterity;
And may'st thou find with Heaven the same forgiveness,
As with thy father here.—Die, and be happy.
Cal. Celestial sounds! Peace dawns upon my soul,
And every pain grows less—Oh, gentle Altamont!
Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone;
But pity me—Had I but early known
Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both—Now, 'tis too late;
And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee;
Thou art their last dear object—Mercy, Heaven!
[*She dies.*
Alt. Cold! dead, and cold! and yet thou art not changed,
But lovely still. Hadst thou a thousand faults,
What heart so hard, what virtue so severe,

But at that beauty must of force relented,
Melted to pity, love, and to forgiveness?
Sci. Oh, turn thee from that fatal object, Altamont!
Come near, and let me bless thee, ere I die,
To thee, and brave Horatio, I bequeath
My fortunes—Lay me by thy noble father,
And love my memory, as thou hast his;
For thou hast been my son—Oh, gracious Heaven!
Thou that hast endless blessings still in store
For virtue, and for filial piety,
Let grief, disgrace, and want be far away;
But multiply thy mercies on his head.
Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,
And peace in all his ways— [*He dies.*

Alt. Take, take it all:
To thee, Horatio, I resign the gift,
Whilst I pursue my father, and my love,
And find my only portion in the grave.
Hor. The storm of grief bears hard upon his youth,
And bends him, like a drooping flower, to earth.
By such examples are we taught to prove
The sorrows, that attend unlawful love.
Death, or some worse misfortune, soon divide,
The injured bridegroom from his guilty bride.
If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

CATO.

BY

ADDISON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CATO.
LUCIUS, } *senators.*
SEMPRONIUS, }
JUBA, *prince of Numidia,*
SYPHAX, *general of the Numidians.*
PORTIUS, } *sons of Cato.*
MARCUS, }

DECIUS, *ambassador from Cæsar.*

WOMEN.

MARCIA, *daughter of Cato.*
LUCIA, *daughter of Lucius.*

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

Scene,—A hall in the governor's palace in Utica.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter PORTIUS *and* MARCUS.

Por. THE dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day;
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome. Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravaged more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortured, even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's named,
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
The insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field,
Strewed with Rome's citizens, and drenched in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
Oh, Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mixed with too much horror to be envied;
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell, but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurped,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

Marc. Who knows not this! But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base, degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?

Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, covered with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heaven, such virtue, joined with such success,
Distracts my very soul! our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.
Por. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors;
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.
Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh, Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpitied, and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind—
Por. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival;
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper.
[*Aside.*
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant, Love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.
Marc. Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost
In high ambition or a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse;
I feel it here: my resolution melts——
Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince,
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it;
But still the smothered fondness burns within him;
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour, and desire of fame,
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great Cato's son, and shew the world
A virtue, wanting in a Roman soul!
Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind them.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, shew
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?
Por. Marcus, I know thy generous temper well;
Fling but the appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.
Marc. A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.
Por. Heaven knows I pity thee! Behold my eyes,
Even whilst I speak—do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.
Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?
Por. Oh, Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.
Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak distempered soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions. But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.
[*Exit Marc.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Sem. Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aside.*
Good-morrow, Portius; let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.
To-morrow, should we thus express a friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This sun, perhaps, this morning's sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.
Por. My father has this morning called together
To this poor hall, his little Roman senate,
(The leavings of Pharsalia) to consult
If he can yet oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.
Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful;
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make even Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flushed with conquest. Oh, my Portius!
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be blessed indeed!
Por. Alas, Sempronius! wouldst thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou mightst as well court the pale, trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charmed. Thou must take heed, my Portius;
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son;
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shews in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.
Por. Well dost thou seem to check my lingering here
On this important hour—I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh the event of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in them.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.
[*Exit.*
Sem. Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurred,
And every moment quickened to the course.
Cato has used me ill: he has refused
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruined cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That showers down blessings on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim, as my reward, his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes——

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Sempronius, all is ready;
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.
Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Even while we speak our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! though know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war. In vain has nature formed
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all; victorious in his march,
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him:
Through winds, and waves, and storms, he works his way,
Impatient for the battle; one day more
Will see the victor thundering at our gates.
But, tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.
Syph. Alas, he's lost!
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues—But I'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here),
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith and honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck the infection into all his soul.
Sem. Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.
Syph. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is called together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're covered thick with art.
Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax; I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way);
I'll bellow out for Rome, and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar, till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick; wouldst thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feigned zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!
Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit.
Sem. Once more be sure to try thy skill on Juba.
Meanwhile I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontent, till they break out
Unlooked for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
Oh! think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods!
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*
Syph. I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short; Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observed of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent:
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?
Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.
Juba. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world?

Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?
Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets these people up
Above our own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they, with tougher sinews, bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launched from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who, like our active African, instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides, in troops, the embattled elephant,
Laden with war? These, these, are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.
Juba. These all are virtues of a meaner rank;
Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude, unpolished world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild, licentious savage,
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
The embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.
Syph. Patience, kind Heaven!—excuse an old man's warmth:
What are those wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That renders man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods designed us?
Juba. To strike thee dumb—turn up thy eyes to Cato!
There may'st thou see to what a god-like height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And, when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.
Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African,
That traverses our vast Numidian desarts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises those boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chace;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst;
Toils all the day, and, at the approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.
Juba. Thy prejudices, Syphax, wont discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could, with equal glory,
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!
Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fallen by a slave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his slaughtered army now have lain
On Afric's sands disfigured with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.
Juba. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.
Syph. Oh, that you would profit by your father's ills!
Juba. What wouldst thou have me do?
Syph. Abandon Cato.
Juba. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.
Syph. Aye, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.
Juba. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I have hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I will give it.
Syph. Sir, your great father never used me thus.
Alas, he is dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then sighing, cried,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son! His grief
Swelled up so high, he could not utter more.
Juba. Alas! thy story melts away my soul;
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!
Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.
Juba. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:

Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms;
Vent all thy passion, and I will stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.
Syph. Alas! my prince, I would guide thee to your safety.
Juba. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?
Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes!
Juba. My father scorned to do it.
Syph. And therefore died.
Juba. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.
Syph. Rather say your love.
Juba. Syphax, I have promised to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame,
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?
Syph. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force.
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flushed with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks;
Were you with these, my prince, you would soon forget
The pale, unripened beauties of the north.
Juba. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners; Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles,
Dwell in her looks, and, with becoming grace,
Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.
Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider——
Juba. Ha! Syphax, is it not she? She moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I prithee, Syphax, leave me.
Syph. Ten thousand curses fasten on them both!
Now will the woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I have been labouring all this while.
[*Exit Syphax.*

Enter MARCIA *and* LUCIA.

Juba. Hail, charming maid! How does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget the approach of Cæsar.
Mar. I should be grieved, young prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slackened them to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.
Juba. Oh, Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.
Mar. My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approved of by the gods and Cato.
Juba. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy god-like father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life,
His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.
Mar. My father never, at a time like this,
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.
Juba. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid! I will hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand, ranged in its just array,
And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee!
Oh, lovely maid! then will I think on thee;
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit Juba.*
Luc. Marcia, you're too severe;
How could you chide the young good-natured prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air?
A prince, that loves and doats on you to death?
Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chid him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.
Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?
Mar. How, Lucia! wouldst thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes armed with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head.
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature formed me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.
Mar. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retired distress.
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?
Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee,
They are Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.
Mar. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes,
And often have revealed their passion to me.
But tell me, whose address thou favourest most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.
Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?
Mar. For neither——
And yet for both—The youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?
Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—Why wilt thou make me name him!
Thou knowest it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleased and disgusted with it knows not what—
Mar. Oh, Lucia, I'm perplexed! Oh, tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?
Luc. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?
——Oh, Portius, thou hast stolen away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.
Mar. Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou knowest not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy youth! How will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.
Luc. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.
Mar. Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fallen on him.
Luc. Was ever virgin love distrest like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourned his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it will have on Marcus.
Mar. He knows too well how easily he is fired,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.
Luc. Alas! too late I find myself involved
In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissention in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! It cuts into my soul.
Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods submit the event of things.
Our lives, discoloured with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines,
'Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Senate.* LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and Senators.*

Sem. ROME still survives in this assembled senate.
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.
Luc. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
The occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter CATO.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council:
Cæsar's approach has summoned us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's sultry desarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fixed

To hold it out and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time, and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.
Sem. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to chuse, slavery or death!
No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'Tis Rome demands your help:
Rise, and revenge your slaughtered citizens,
Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow;
And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us.
Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is towering frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
In Rome's defence, intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not the impartial world with reason say,
We lavished at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion?
Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace.
Already have our quarrels filled the world
With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse the awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shewn our love to Rome,
Now let us shew submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth: when this end fails,
Arms have no further use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.
Sem. This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft
Conceal a traitor—something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.
[*Aside to Cato.*
Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
Immoderate valour swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate: we have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heat, and seasoned to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time;
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Fathers, this moment, as I watched the gate,
Lodged on my post, a herald is arrived
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.
Cato. By your permission, fathers—bid him enter.
[*Exit Marcus.*
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter DECIUS.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato—
Cato. Could he send it,
To Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders with the senate?
Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.
Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato

Disdains a life which he has power to offer.
Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who checked his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?
Cato. These very reasons thou has urged forbid it.
Dec. Cato, I have orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours;
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.
Cato. No more:
I must not think of life on such conditions.
Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.
Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.
Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—
Cato. Nay, more; though Cato's voice was ne'er employed
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.
Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.
Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.
Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?
Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he is a friend to virtue.
Dec. Consider, Cato, you are in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.
Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinned its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.
Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares and proffered friendship?
Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain.
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato:
Would Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By sheltering men much better than himself.
Dec. Your high unconquered heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit Decius.*
Sem. Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice; thy soul breathes liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utterest,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.
Luc. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.
Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to walk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
Oh, could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country!
By heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony!
Luc. Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.
Sem. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.
Cato. Come; no more, Sempronius:
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.
Sem. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrificed to Rome—I stand reproved.
Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.
Luc. Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinced the senate,
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.
Sem. We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drowned amidst the senate's.
Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it,
That Heaven may say it ought to be prolonged.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Enter JUBA.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolved,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheathed, and turn its edge on Cæsar.
Juba. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when, some days before his death,
He ordered me to march for Utica,
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, pressed me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, 'My son,' said he,
'Whatever fortune shall befal thy father,
'Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great
'And virtuous deeds; do but observe him well,
'Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear them.'
Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwise.
Juba. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.
Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.
Juba. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on the other side the sun;
Oft have their black ambassadors appeared,
Loaden with gifts, and filled the courts of Zama.
Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.
Juba. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
The assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horrors of the war,
And making death more grim.
Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar!
Reduced, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric?
Juba. Cato, perhaps
I am too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.
Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On Heaven's first favourites and the best of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues that shun the day, and lie concealed
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.
Juba. I am charmed whene'er thou talkest; pant for virtue;
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.
Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato;
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.
Juba. The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.
Cato. What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.
Juba. I would fain retract them,
Give them me back again: they aimed at nothing.
Cato. Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Juba. Oh! they are extravagant;
Still let me hide them.
Cato. What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse?
Juba. I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.
Cato. What wouldst thou say?
Juba. Cato, thou hast a daughter.
Cato. Adieu, young prince; I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember,
The hand of Fate is over us, and Heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of ought
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.—
[*Exit.*

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. How is this, my prince! What, covered with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.
Juba. Syphax, I am undone!
Syph. I know it well.
Juba. Cato thinks meanly of me.
Syph. And so will all mankind.
Juba. I have opened to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.
Syph. Cato's a proper person to entrust
A love-tale with!
Juba. Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart. Was ever wretch like Juba!
Syph. Alas, my prince, how are you changed of late!
I have known young Juba rise before the sun,

To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you roused him to the chace! I have seen you,
Even in the Lybian dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and, stooping from your horse,
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.
Juba. Prithee, no more.
Syph. How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipped with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!
Juba. Syphax, this old man's talk (though honey flowed
In every word) would now lose its sweetness.
Cato's displeased, and Marcia lost for ever.
Syph. Young prince, I yet could give you good advice;
Marcia might still be yours.
Juba. What sayest thou, Syphax?
By Heavens, thou turnest me all into attention.
Syph. Marcia might still be yours.
Juba. As how, dear Syphax?
Syph. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unused to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds.
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.
Juba. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! Wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy mine honour?
Syph. Gods, I could tear my hair to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and inexperienced men,
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.
Juba. Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?
Syph. The boasted ancestors of those great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under Heaven, was founded on a rape;
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos
(The gods on earth), are all the spurious blood
Of violated maids, of ravished Sabines.
Juba. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.
Syph. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, the extravagance of virtue.
Juba. If knowledge of the world make men perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!
Syph. Go, go; you are young.
Juba. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswered! Thou art a traitor,
A false old traitor.
Syph. I have gone too far. [*Aside.*
Juba. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.
Syph. I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.
Juba. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.
Syph. Must one rash word, the infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*
Juba. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfilled, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presumest to treat thy prince withscorn?
Syph. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions!
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? Why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?
Juba. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.
Syph. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is called in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb;
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.
Juba. Thou knowest the way too well into my heart;
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.
Syph. What greater instance can I give? I've offered
To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love, at any price.
Juba. Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.
Syph. And 'tis for this my prince has called me traitor!
Juba. Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so.
Syph. You did, indeed, my prince, you called me traitor.
Nay, further, threatened you would complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loved you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay, more, his honour, in your service?
Juba. Syphax, I know thou lovest me; but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection;

That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.
Syph. By Heavens,
I am ravished when you talk thus, though you chide me!
Alas! I have hitherto been used to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king,
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince!
Juba. Syphax, thou now beginnest to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations,
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.
Syph. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep,
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.
Juba. Syphax, thy hand; we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age;
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre come into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.
Syph. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.
Juba. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I would rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.
[*Exit.*
Syph. Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!
These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence, 'tis gone! I give it to the winds:
Cæsar, I am wholly thine.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolved to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.
Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declared for peace, and terms were offered
To Cato, by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in the general undistinguished ruin.
Syph. But how stands Cato?
Sem. Thou hast seen mount Atlas:
Whilst storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height:
Such is that haughty man; his towering soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.
Syph. But what's this messenger?
Sem. I have practised with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fixed?
Syph. Yes—but it is to Cato.
I have tried the force of every reason on him,
Soothed and caressed; been angry, soothed again;
Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight.
But all are vain; he scorns them all for Cato.
Sem. Come, 'tis no matter; we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.
Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her.
Sem. Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.
Syph. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepared for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among the ranks?
Sem. All, all is ready;
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers;
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.
Syph. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to see how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, the impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desart all around him rise,
And, smothered in the dusty whirlwind, dies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

Marc. THANKS to my stars I have not ranged about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

Por. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

Marc. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness;
Then, prithee, spare me on its tender side.
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

Por. When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
The impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair-one's presence;
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence,
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food;
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him;
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou see'st me suffer.

Por. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou knowest my temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes,
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

Por. Marcus, thou can'st not ask what I'd refuse.
But here, believe me, I have a thousand reasons—

Marc. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one that loves like me?
O Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou did'st but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

Por. What should I do! If I disclose my passion
Our friendship's at an end; if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother. [*Aside.*

Marc. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, Portius;
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Observe her, well, and blame me if thou canst.

Por. She sees us, and advances——

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.
[*Exit.*

Enter LUCIA.

Luc. Did I not see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

Por. Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to shew
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions, and his virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigured in him.
Heavens, would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul!
Oh, Lucia, I'm distressed; my heart bleeds for him:
Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou smilest upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's grief, as might perhaps destroy him.

Por. Alas, poor youth! What dost thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has begged his rival to solicit for him;
Then do not strike him dead with a denial;

But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope;
Perhaps when we have passed these gloomy hours,
And weathered out the storm that beats upon us——
Luc. No, Portius, no; I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves:
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heaven I swear,
To Heaven and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischief hangs upon us!
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts as far—as I am able.
Por. What hast thou said! I'm thunderstruck—recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.
Luc. Has not the vow already passed my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis sealed in Heaven.
May all the vengeance, that was ever poured
On perjured heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!
Por. Fixed in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!
Luc. At length I've acted my severest part;
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart; my tears will flow.
But, oh, I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.
Por. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!
Luc. Oh, stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves;
But, oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live.
Por. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. Oh, Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunned ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick let us part! Perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee! Ha! she faints!
Wretch that I am, what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injured innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—
But ah! she moves, life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.
Luc. Oh, Portius, was this well—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles? To call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman loved?
—What do I say? My half-recovered sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul was bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us; we must part.
Por. Name not the word! my frighted thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.
Luc. What wouldst thou have me do? Consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think thou seest thy dying brother
Stabbed at his heart, and all besmeared with blood,
Storming at Heaven and thee! Thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, the accursed cause,
That robs him of his son: poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia. What could Lucia answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?
Por. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist, that hung upon my mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul;
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Brightening each other: thou art all divine.
Luc. Portius, no more; thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? Why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much—farewell, my Portius;
Farewell, though death is in the word—for ever.
Por. Stay, Lucia, stay? What dost thou say? For ever?
Luc. Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell—
Oh, how shall I repeat the word! for ever.
Por. Thus o'er the dying lamp the unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.
Luc. If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!
Por. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met
The common accidents of life; but here
Such an unlooked-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.
Luc. What dost thou say? Not part!
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, that thunder o'er us?
—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way:
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
Farewell! and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief like mine.
[*Exit Lucia.*

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Portius, what hopes? How stands she? Am I doomed
To life or death?
Por. What wouldst thou have me say?
Marc. What means this pensive posture? Thou appearest
Like one amazed and terrified.
Por. I've reason.
Marc. Thy down-cast looks, and thy disordered thoughts,
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.
Por. I'm grieved I undertook it.
Marc. What? does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart, and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!
Por. Away, you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.
Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion, when 'tis void of love?
Fool that I was to chuse so cold a friend
To urge my cause!—Compassionates my pains!
Prithee, what art, what rhetoric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon?—She pities me!
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death——
Por. Marcus, no more; have I deserved this treatment?
Marc. What have I said! Oh, Portius, oh forgive me!
A soul, exasperated in ills, falls out
With every thing, its friend, itself—but, hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?
Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the wind, and comes more full upon us.
Marc. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me; thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.
Por. Quick, let us hence. Who knows if Cato's life
Stands sure? Oh, Marcus, I am warmed, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *with the Leaders of the mutiny.*

Sem. At length the winds are raised, the storm blows high;
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Mean-while I'll herd amongst his friends, and seem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.
[*Exit.*
1 *Lead.* We are all safe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him:
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest:
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Re-enter SEMPRONIUS, *with* CATO, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, *and* MARCUS.

Cato. Where are those bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon their foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?
Sem. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonished! [*Aside.*
Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquered towns, and plundered provinces?
Fired with such motives, you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape the envenomed aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? Why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injured strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wronged?
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguished from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!
Sem. By Heavens they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost! [*Aside.*
Cato. Have you forgotten Lybia's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parched earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore the untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When, on the banks of an unlooked for stream,
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last of all your host that thirsted?
Sem. If some penurious source by chance appeared,
Scanty of waters, when you scooped it dry,
And offered the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash the untasted moisture from him?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?
Cato. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar,
You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

Luc. See, Cato, see the unhappy men; they weep!
Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.
Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend to all the rest.
Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care:
First let them each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impaled, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake;
There let them hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up, and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.
Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?
Sem. How! wouldst thou clear rebellion?
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood!
Cato. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
But, in their deaths, remember they are men;
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour:
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When, by just vengeance, guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold the punishment with pleasure,
And lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside.
Sem. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.
Cato. Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my friends! the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power delivered down
From age to age, by your renowned forefathers
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood):
Oh, let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives, in thy possession, happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.
[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*
1 *Lead.* Sempronius, you have acted like yourself.
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.
Sem. Villain, stand off, base, grovelling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!
2 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius;
Throw off the mask; there are none here but friends.
Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They are sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death!
1 *Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this——
Sem. Dispatch them quick, but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest, with their dying breath, they sow sedition.
[*Exeunt guards, with their leaders.*

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Our first design, my friend, has proved abortive:
Still there remains an after-game to play.
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.
Sem. Confusion! I have failed of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!
Syph. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?
Sem. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.
Syph. Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinders, then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?
Sem. But how to gain admission? For access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.
Syph. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards;
The doors will open when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.
Sem. Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disordered charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto seized of Proserpine, conveyed
To hell's tremendous gloom the affrighted maid;
There grimly smiled, pleased with the beauteous prize,
Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

Luc. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believest 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?
Mar. Oh, Lucia, Lucia, might my big swoln heart,
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.
Luc. I know thou art doomed alike to be beloved
By Juba, and thy father's friend, Sempronius:
But which of these has power to charm like Portius!
Mar. Still I must beg thee not to name Sempronius;
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man;
Juba, to all the bravery of a hero,
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman kind, but Marcia, happy.
Luc. And why not Marcia? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.
Mar. While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.
Luc. But should this father give you to Sempronius?
Mar. I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add, to all the griefs I suffer,
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! They march this way:
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger:
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtues we can boast,
The woman, that deliberates, is lost. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *dressed like* JUBA, *with Numidian guards.*

Sem. The deer is lodged, I've tracked her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and, when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
——How will the young Numidian rave to see
His mistress lost! If ought could glad my soul,
Beyond the enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young, gay barbarian.
—But hark! what noise! Death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left——
He must be murdered, and a passage cut
Through those his guards——Ha! dastards, do you tremble;——
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven——

Enter JUBA.

Juba. What do I see? Who's this, that dares usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?
Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!
Juba. What can this mean? Sempronius!
Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart!
Juba. Nay, then, beware thy own, proud, barbarous man.
[*Sem. falls. His guards surrender.*
Sem. Curse on my stars! Am I then doomed to fall
By a boy's hand, disfigured in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! This my close of life!
Oh! for a peal of thunder, that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato, tremble!
[*Dies.*
Juba. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.
[*Exit Juba, with prisoners, &c.*

Enter LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

Luc. Sure 'twas the clash of swords: my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.
Oh, Marcia, should thy brothers, for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.
Mar. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Ha! a Numidian! Heaven preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment,
But, ha! death to my sight! a diadem,
And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warmed
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!
Luc. Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind!
Thou can'st not put it to a greater trial.
Mar. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience;
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted!
Luc. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

Mar. Talk not of comfort! 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead!

Enter JUBA *listening.*

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserved it from me.
Juba. What do I hear? And was the false Sempronius
That best of men? Oh, had I fallen like him,
And could have been thus mourned, I had been happy.
Luc. Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.
Mar. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortured breast;
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.
Juba. I'm on the rack! Was he so near her heart?
Mar. Oh, he was all made up of love and charms!
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye; when he appeared,
A secret pleasure gladdened all that saw him;
But when he talked, the proudest Roman blushed
To hear his virtues, and old age grew worse.
Juba. I shall run mad——
Mar. Oh, Juba! Juba! Juba!
Juba. What means that voice? Did she not call on Juba?
Mar. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I loved him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remembered Marcia,
And the last words he uttered, called me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!
Juba. Where am I? Do I live? or am indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me!
Mar. Ye dear remains of the most loved of men,
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus——
Juba. See, Marcia, see,
[*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! He lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.
Mar. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?
Juba. A wretch,
Disguised like Juba on a cursed design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out:
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.
Mar. I've been surprised in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back; the love, that lay
Half smothered in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
I cannot, If I would, conceal it from thee.
Juba. I'm lost in ecstacy! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?——
Mar. And dost thou live to ask it?
Juba. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
Such life as Juba never felt 'till now!
Mar. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I loved thee.
Juba. Oh, fortunate mistake!
Mar. O happy Marcia!
Juba. My joy, my best beloved, my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!
Mar. Lucia, thy arm. Oh, let me rest upon it!
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment—
Oh, prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour.
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.
[*Exeunt Mar. and Luc.*
Juba. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquered towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine
[*Exit.*

A march at a distance.—Enter CATO *and* LUCIUS.

Luc. I stand astonished! What, the bold Sempronius,
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—
Cato. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes! I am surprised at nothing.
—Oh, Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where Portius comes: what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus changed?
Por. My heart is grieved,
I bring such news as will affect my father.

Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?
Por. Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercised his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once, with his Numidian horse,
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch;
I saw, and called to stop him, but in vain:
He tossed his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.
Cato. Perfidious man! But haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.
[*Exit Por.*
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquered world
Is Cæsar's! Cato has no business in it.
Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life!
Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or, by a base submission,
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?
Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungenerous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.
Cato. Curse on his virtues! they have undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason——
But see young Juba; the good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!
Luc. Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.
Cato. What's thy crime?
Juba. I am a Numidian.
Cato. And a brave one too. Thou hast a Roman soul.
Juba. Hast thou not heard of my false countrymen?
Cato. Alas, young prince! falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.
Juba. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the distressed.
Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserved;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortured in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.
Juba. What shall I answer thee? My ravished heart
O'erflows with sacred joy: I would rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato! than Numidia's empire.

Enter PORTIUS.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——
Cato. Ha! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? Has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?
Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and covered o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppressed with multitudes, he greatly fell.
Cato. I am satisfied.
Por. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierced through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground,
Cato. Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place
His urn near mine.
Por. Long may they keep asunder!
Luc. Oh, Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarmed,
Have gathered round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO, *meeting the corpse.*

Cato. Welcome, my son! Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earned by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourished in a civil war.
—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.
Juba. Was ever man like this!
Cato. Alas, my friends,
Why mourn you thus! let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears,
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more!
Oh, liberty! Oh, virtue! Oh, my country!
Juba. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flowed not o'er his own dead son.
[*Aside.*

Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,
The sun's whole course, the day and year are Cæsar's:
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered;
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh, my friends,
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire, fallen! Oh, cursed ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hand: Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.
Juba. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.
Cato. Cæsar ashamed! has he not seen Pharsalia!
Luc. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.
Cato. Lose not a thought on me; I am out of danger;
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say he conquered Cato.
But, oh, my friends! your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts; a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul. How shall I save my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee!
Luc. Cæsar has mercy if we ask it of him.
Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
And, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I myself, with tears, request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunished.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?—
Juba. If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba!
Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near: my son, thou oft hast seen
Thy sire engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou see'st me
Spent, overpowered, despairing of success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blessed
In humble virtues, and a rural life;
There live retired, pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
Por. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he scorns himself?
Cato. Farewell, my friends! If there be any of you,
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepared by my command
(Their sails already opening to the winds),
That shall convey you to the wished-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead son.*
There, the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

CATO *solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well.
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud,
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where—this world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus I am doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppressed, and harrassed out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awakened soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for Heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest; Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter PORTIUS.

But, ha! who's this? my son! Why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobeyed?
Por. Alas, my father!
What means this sword, this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence.
Cato. Rash youth, forbear!
Por. Oh, let the prayers, the intreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you!
Cato. Wouldst thou betray me? Wouldst thou give me up
A slave, a captive into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—
Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.
Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes——
Por. Oh, sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. Oh, my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeased,
Oh, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!
Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son, all will be well again;
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.
Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.
Cato. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct:
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embarked,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weighed down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.
Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.
[*Exit Cato.*

Enter MARCIA.

Oh, Marcia! Oh, my sister, still there is hope!
Our father will not cast away a life,
So needful to us all and to his country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatched me hence,
With orders that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.
[*Exit.*
Mar. Oh, ye immortal powers! that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose;
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And shew mankind that goodness is your care!

Enter LUCIA.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?
Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retired to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.
Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato!
In every view, in every thought, I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.
Mar. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle to his friends.
Filled with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.
Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blessed:
Marcia, we both are equally involved
In the same intricate, perplexed distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroyed
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—
Mar. And ever shall lament; unhappy youth!
Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determined of thyself?
Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to Heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
Oh, Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father!
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretched at ease, his fancy lost

In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smiled, and cried, Cæsar, thou cans't not hurt me.
Mar. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.
Lucius. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child; we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. Lucius, the horsemen are returned from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar; the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnished helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.
Lucius. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father;
Cæsar is still disposed to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.
Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arrived
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan! Oh, give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit.*
Lucius. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country. Ha! a second groan—
Heaven guard us all!—
Mar. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Por. Oh, sight of woe!
Oh, Marcia, what we feared is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword.
Lucius. Oh, Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.
Por. I've raised him up,
And placed him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his order, bear him hither.
Mar. Oh, Heaven! assist me in this dreadful hour,
To pay the last sad duties to my father!
Juba. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!
Lucius. Now is Rome fallen indeed!

CATO *brought in on a chair.*

Cato. Here set me down—
Portius, come near me—Are my friends embarked?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
Oh, Lucius, art thou here? Thou art too good—
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas! poor man, he weeps! Marcia, my daughter—
Oh, bend me forward! Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have matched his daughter with a king,
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous is a Roman—
I'm sick to death—Oh, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, the abode of guilt and sorrow!
And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. Oh, ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!
The best may err, but you are good, and—Oh!
[*Dies.*
Lucius. There fled the greatest soul that ever warmed
A Roman breast; oh, Cato! oh, my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observed.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow:
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

DISTREST MOTHER.

BY

PHILIPS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.	WOMEN.
PYRRHUS, *son of Achilles.*	ANDROMACHE, *Hector's widow.*
PHŒNIX, *counsellor to Pyrrhus.*	CEPHISA, *confidante to Andromache.*
ORESTES, *son of Agamemnon.*	HERMIONE, *daughter to Menelaus.*
PYLADES, *friend to Orestes.*	CLEONE, *confidante to Hermione.*
	Attendants on Pyrrhus and Orestes, &c.

Scene—A great hall in the court of Pyrrhus, at Buthrotos, the capital city of Epirus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Pyrrhus.*

Enter ORESTES, PYLADES, *and Attendants.*

Orest. O PYLADES! what's life without a friend?
At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up;
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me.
After an absence of six tedious moons,
How could I hope to find my Pylades,
My joy, my comfort, on this fatal shore?
Even in the court of Pyrrhus! in these realms,
These hated realms, so cross to all my wishes.
Oh, my brave friend! may no blind stroke of fate
Divide us more, and tear me from myself.

Pyl. O prince! O my Orestes! O my friend!—
Thus let me speak the welcome of my heart.
[*Embracing.*
Since I have gained this unexpected meeting,
Blest be the powers who barred my way to Greece,
And kept me here, e'er since the unhappy day,
When warring winds (Epirus full in view)
Sundered our barks on the loud, stormy main.

Orest. It was, indeed, a morning full of horror!

Pyl. A thousand boding cares have racked my soul
In your behalf. Often, with tears, I mourned
The fatal ills, in which your life's involved,
And grudged you dangers which I could not share.
I feared to what extremities the black despair,
That preyed upon your mind, might have betrayed you,
And lest the gods, in pity to your woes,
Should hear your prayers, and take the life you loathed.
But now with joy I see you!——The retinue,
And numerous followers, that surround you here,
Speak better fortunes, and a mind disposed
To relish life.

Orest. Alas, my friend, who knows
The destiny to which I stand reserved!
I come in search of an inhuman fair,
And live or die, as she decrees my fate.

Pyl. You much surprise me, prince!—I thought you cured
Of your unpitied, unsuccessful passion.
Why, in Epirus, should you hope to find
Hermione less cruel, than at Sparta?
I thought her pride, and the disdainful manner
In which she treated all your constant sufferings,
Had broke your fetters, and assured your freedom:
Ashamed of your repulse, and slighted vows,
You hated her; you talked of her no more:
Prince, you deceived me.

Orest. I deceived myself.
Do not upbraid the unhappy man, that loves thee.
Thou know'st I never hid my passion from thee;
Thou saw'st it in its birth and in its progress;
And when at last the hoary king, her father,
Great Menelaus, gave away his daughter,
His lovely daughter, to the happy Pyrrhus,
The avenger of his wrongs, thou sawest my grief,
My torture, my despair; and how I dragged,
From sea to sea, a heavy chain of woes.
O Pylades! my heart has bled within me,
To see thee, prest with sorrows not thy own,
Still wandering with me like a banished man!
Watchful, and anxious for thy wretched friend,
To temper the wild transports of my mind,
And save me from myself.

Pyl. Why thus unkind?
Why will you envy me the pleasing task
Of generous love, and sympathizing friendship?

Orest. Thou miracle of truth—but hear me on.
When in the midst of my disastrous fate,
I thought how the divine Hermione,
Deaf to my vows, regardless of my plaints,
Gave up herself, in all her charms, to Pyrrhus;
Thou mayest remember, I abhorred her name,
Strove to forget her and repay her scorn.
I made my friends, and even myself, believe
My soul was freed. Alas! I did not see,
That all the malice of my heart was love.
Triumphing thus, and yet a captive still,
In Greece I landed: and in Greece I found
The assembled princes all alarmed with fears,
In which their common safety seemed concerned.
I joined them: for I hoped that war and glory
Might fill my mind, and take up all my thoughts:
And, that my shattered soul, impaired with grief,
Once more would reassume its wonted vigour,
And every idle passion quit my breast.

Pyl. The thought was worthy Agamemnon's son.

Orest. But see the strange perverseness of my stars,
Which throws me on the rock I strove to shun!
The jealous chiefs, and all the states of Greece,
With one united voice complain of Pyrrhus;
That now, forgetful of the promise given,
And mindless of his godlike father's fate,
Astyanax he nurses in his court;
Astyanax, the young, surviving hope
Of ruined Troy; Astyanax, descended
From a long race of kings; great Hector's son.

Pyl. A name still dreadful in the ears of Greece!
But, prince, you'll cease to wonder why the child
Lives thus protected in the court of Pyrrhus,
When you shall hear, the bright Andromache,
His lovely captive, charms him from his purpose:
The mother's beauty guards the helpless son.

Orest. Your tale confirms what I have heard; and hence
Spring all my hopes. Since my proud rival wooes
Another partner to his throne and bed,
Hermione may still be mine. Her father,
The injured Menelaus, thinks already
His daughter slighted, and the intended nuptials
Too long delayed. I heard his loud complaints
With secret pleasure; and was glad to find
The ungrateful maid neglected in her turn,
And all my wrongs avenged in her disgrace.

Pyl. Oh, may you keep your just resentments warm!

Orest. Resentments! Oh, my friend, too soon I found
They grew not out of hatred! I'm betrayed:
I practice on myself; and fondly plot
My own undoing. Goaded on by love,
I canvassed all the suffrages of Greece:
And here I come their sworn ambassador,
To speak their jealousies, and claim this boy.

Pyl. Pyrrhus will treat your embassy with scorn.
Full of Achilles, his redoubted sire,
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headstrong, fierce;
Made up of passions: Will he then be swayed,
And give to death the son of her he loves?

Orest. Oh, would he render up Hermione,
And keep Astyanax, I should be blest!
He must; he shall. Hermione is my life,
My soul, my rapture!—I'll no longer curb
The strong desire that hurries me to madness:
I'll give a loose to love; I'll bear her hence;
I'll tear her from his arms; I'll—O, ye gods!
Give me Hermione, or let me die!——
But tell me, Pylades; how stand my hopes?
Is Pyrrhus still enamoured with her charms?
Or dost thou think he'll yield me up the prize,
The dear, dear prize, which he has ravished from me?

Pyl. I dare not flatter your fond hopes so far;
The king, indeed, cold to the Spartan princess,
Turns all his passion to Andromache,
Hector's afflicted widow. But in vain,
With interwoven love and rage, he sues
The charming captive, obstinately cruel.
Oft he alarms her for her child confined
Apart; and when her tears begin to flow,
As soon he stops them, and recalls his threats.
Hermione a thousand times has seen
His ill-requited vows return to her;
And takes his indignation all for love.
What can be gathered from a man so various?

He may, in the disorder of his soul,
Wed her he hates, and punish her he loves.
Orest. But tell me how the wronged Hermione
Brooks her slow nuptials, and dishonoured charms?
Pyl. Hermione would fain be thought to scorn
Her wavering lover, and disdain his falsehood;
But, spite of all her pride and conscious beauty,
She mourns in secret her neglected charms,
And oft has made me privy to her tears:
Still threatens to be gone; yet still she stays;
And sometimes sighs, and wishes for Orestes.
Orest. Ah, were those wishes from her heart, my friend!
I would fly in transport—— [*Flourish within.*
Pyl. Hear! the king approaches
To give you audience. Speak your embassy
Without reserve: urge the demands of Greece;
And, in the name of all the kings, require,
That Hector's son be given into your hands.
Pyrrhus, instead of granting what they ask,
To speed his love and win the Trojan dame,
Will make it merit to preserve her son.
But, see; he comes.
Orest. Meanwhile, my Pylades,
Go, and dispose Hermione to see
Her lover, who is come thus far, to throw
Himself, in all his sorrows, at her feet.

Enter PYRRHUS, PHOENIX, *and Attendants.*

Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son.
Nor does the son rise short of such a father.
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy;
And by an ill-timed pity keep alive
The dying embers of a ten years war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high brandished sword,
That filled their states with widows and with orphans,
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports; and, filled
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze?
You may, yourself, live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecians' just demands:
Satiate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.
Pyr. The Greeks are for my safety more concerned
Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hoped
Some glorious enterprize was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son dispatched for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renowned in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate,
To plot an infant's death! What right has Greece
To ask his life? Must I, must I alone,
Of all the scepter'd warriors, be denied
To treat my captive as I please? Know, prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shared the harvest of the war,
Andromache and this her son were mine;
Were mine by lot; and who shall wrest them from me?
Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize;
Did I concern myself in what they won?
Did I send embassies to claim their captives?
Orest. But, sir, we fear for you, and for ourselves.
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes—
Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise:
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far-fancied ills, and dangers out of sight.
Orest. Sir, call to mind the unrivalled strength of Troy;
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass;
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies!
Pyr. I call them all to mind; and see them all
Confused in dust; all mixt in one wide ruin;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy?
If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferred?
Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain?
He should have fallen among the slaughtered heaps,
Whelmed under Troy. His death had then been just.
When age and infancy, alike in vain,
Pleaded their weakness; when the heat of conquest,
And horrors of the fight, rouzed all our rage,
And blindly hurried us through scenes of death,
My fury then was without bounds: but now,
My wrath appeased, must I be cruel still?
And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood;
An infant's blood?—No, prince—go, bid the Greeks
Mark out some other victim; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has escaped from Troy
Shall not be saved to perish in Epirus.
Orest. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
Was doomed to death in Troy; nor mention how
The crafty mother saved her darling son:
The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence;
Nor is it the boy, but Hector, they pursue;
The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
Has drenched his sword; the father, whom the Greeks
May seek even here.—Prevent them, sir, in time.
Pyr. No! let them come; since I was born to wage
Eternal war. Let them now turn their arms
On him, who conquered for them: let them come,
And in Epirus seek another Troy.

Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike sire;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.
Orest. Shall Greece then find a rebel son in Pyrrhus?
Pyr. Have I then conquered to depend on Greece?
Orest. Hermione will sway your soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourself:
Her beauty will enforce my embassy.
Pyr. Hermione may have her charms; and I
May love her still, though not her father's slave.
I may in time give proofs, that I'm a lover;
But never must forget, that I'm a king.
Meanwhile, sir, you may see fair Helen's daughter;
I know how near in blood you stand allied.
That done, you have my answer, prince. The Greeks,
No doubt, expect your quick return.
[*Ex. Orest. &c.*
Phœn. Sir, do you send your rival to the princess?
Pyr. I am told, that he has loved her long.
Phœn. If so,
Have you not cause to fear the smothered flame
May kindle at her sight, and blaze a-new?
And she be brought to listen to his passion?
Pyr. Ay, let them, Phœnix, let them love their fill!
Let them go hence; let them depart together:
Together let them sail for Sparta: all my ports
Are open to them both. From what constraint,
What irksome thoughts, should I be then relieved!
Phœn. But, sir,——
Pyr. I shall, another time, good Phœnix,
Unbosom to thee all my thoughts—for, see,
Andromache appears.

Enter ANDROMACHE, *and* CEPHISA.

Pyr. May I, madam,
Flatter my hopes so far as to believe
You come to seek me here?
Andr. This way, sir, leads
To those apartments where you guard my son.
Since you permit me, once a day, to visit
All I have left of Hector and of Troy,
I go to weep a few sad moments with him.
I have not yet, to-day, embraced my child;
I have not held him in my widowed arms.
Pyr. Ah, madam, should the threats of Greece prevail,
You'll have occasion for your tears, indeed!
Andr. Alas, what threats! What can alarm the Greeks?
There are no Trojans left!
Pyr. Their hate to Hector
Can never die: the terror of his name
Still shakes their souls; and makes them dread his son.
Andr. A mighty honour for victorious Greece,
To fear an infant, a poor friendless child!
Who smiles in bondage: nor yet knows himself
The son of Hector, and the slave of Pyrrhus.
Pyr. Weak as he is, the Greeks demand his life;
And send no less than Agamemnon's son,
To fetch him hence.
Andr. And, sir, do you comply
With such demands?—This blow is aimed at me:
How should the child avenge his slaughtered sire?
But, cruel men! they will not have him live
To cheer my heavy heart, and ease my bonds.
I promised to myself in him a son,
In him a friend, a husband, and a father.
But I must suffer sorrow heaped on sorrow;
And still the fatal stroke must come from you.
Pyr. Dry up those tears, I must not see you weep—
And know, I have rejected their demands.
The Greeks already threaten me with war:
But, should they arm, as once they did for Helen,
And hide the Adriatic with their fleets;
Should they prepare a second ten years siege,
And lay my towers and palaces in dust,
I am determined to defend your son,
And rather die myself than give him up.
But, madam, in the midst of all these dangers,
Will you refuse me a propitious smile?
Hated of Greece, and prest on every side,
Let me not, madam, while I fight your cause,
Let me not combat with your cruelties,
And count Andromache amongst my foes!
Andr. Consider, sir, how this will sound in Greece?
How can so great a soul betray such weakness?
Let not men say, so generous a design
Was but the transport of a heart in love.
Pyr. Your charms will justify me to the world.
Andr. How can Andromache, a captive queen,
O'erwhelmed with grief, a burthen to herself,
Harbour a thought of love? Alas! what charms
Have these unhappy eyes, by you condemned
To weep for ever? Talk of it no more.
To reverence the misfortunes of a foe;
To succour the distrest; to give the son
To an afflicted mother; to repel
Confederate nations, leagued against his life;
Unbribed by love, unterrified by threats,
To pity, to protect him: these are cares,
These are exploits worthy Achilles' son.
Pyr. Will your resentments, then, endure for ever?
Must Pyrrhus never be forgiven? 'Tis true,
My sword has often reeked in Phrygian blood,
And carried havoc through your royal kindred;
But you, fair princess, amply have avenged
Old Priam's vanquished house: and all the woes
I brought on them, fall short of what I suffer.
We both have suffered in our turns: and now
Our common foe should teach us to unite.
Andr. Where does the captive not behold a foe?

Pyr. Forget the term of hatred, and behold
A friend in Pyrrhus! Give me but to hope!
I'll free your son; I'll be a father to him:
Myself will teach him to avenge the Trojans.
I'll go in person to chastise the Greeks,
Both for your wrongs and mine. Inspired by you,
What would I not atchieve! Again shall Troy
Rise from its ashes: this right arm shall fix
Her seat of empire; and your son shall reign.
Andr. Such dreams of greatness suit not my condition:
His hopes of empire perished with his father.
No; thou imperial city, ancient Troy,
Thou pride of Asia, founded by the gods!
Never, oh, never must we hope to see
Those bulwarks rise, which Hector could not guard!
Sir, all I wish for, is some quiet exile,
Where, far from Greece removed, and far from you,
I may conceal my son, and mourn my husband.
Your love creates me envy. Oh, return!
Return to your betrothed Hermione.
Pyr. Why do you mock me thus? You know, I cannot.
You know my heart is yours: my soul hangs on you:
You take up every wish: my waking thoughts,
And nightly dreams are all employed on you.
'Tis true, Hermione was sent to share
My throne and bed; and would with transport hear
The vows which you neglect.
Andr. She has no Troy,
No Hector to lament: she has not lost
A husband by your conquests. Such a husband!
(Tormenting thought!) whose death alone has made
Your sire immortal: Pyrrhus and Achilles
Are both grown great by my calamities.
Pyr. Madam, 'tis well! 'Tis very well! I find,
Your will must be obeyed. Imperious captive,
It shall. Henceforth I blot you from my mind:
You teach me to forget your charms; to hate you:
For know, inhuman beauty, I have loved
Too well to treat you with indifference.
Think well upon it: my disordered soul
Wavers between the extremes of love and rage;
I've been too tame; I will awake to vengeance!
The son shall answer for the mother's scorn.
The Greeks demand him: nor will I endanger
My realms, to pleasure an ungrateful woman.
Andr. Then he must die! Alas, my son must die!
He has no friend, no succour left, beside
His mother's tears, and his own innocence.
Pyr. Go, madam; visit this unhappy son.
The sight of him may bend your stubborn heart,
And turn to softness your unjust disdain.
I shall once more expect your answer. Go,
And think, while you embrace the captive boy,
Think that his life depends on your resolves.
[*Exit Pyrrhus, &c.*
Andr. I'll go: and in the anguish of my heart,
Weep o'er my child—If he must die, my life
Is wrapt in his; I shall not long survive.
'Tis for his sake that I have suffered life,
Groaned in captivity, and out-lived Hector.
Yes, my Astyanax, we'll go together!
Together to the realms of night we'll go!
There to thy ravished eyes thy sire I'll shew,
And point him out among the shades below.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

HERMIONE *and* CLEONE.

Her. Well, I'll be ruled, Cleone: I will see him;
I have told Pylades that he may bring him;
But trust me, were I left to my own thoughts,
I should forbid him yet.
Cleo. And why forbid him?
Is he not, madam, still the same Orestes?
Orestes, whose return you oft have wished?
The man whose sufferings you so oft lamented,
And often praised his constancy and love?
Her. That love, that constancy, so ill requited,
Upbraids me to myself! I blush to think
How I have used him; and would shun his presence.
'What will be my confusion when he sees me
Neglected, and forsaken, like himself?
Will he not say, 'Is this the scornful maid,
'The proud Hermione, that tyrannized
'In Sparta's court, and triumphed in her charms?
'Her insolence at last is well repaid.'
I cannot bear the thought!
Cleo. You wrong yourself
With unbecoming fears. He knows too well
Your beauty and your worth. Your lover comes not
To offer insults; but to repeat his vows,
And breathe his ardent passion at your feet.
But, madam, what's your royal father's will?
What orders do your letters bring from Sparta?
Her. His orders are, if Pyrrhus still deny
The nuptials, and refuse to sacrifice
This Trojan boy, I should with speed embark,
And with their embassy return to Greece.
Cleo. What would you more? Orestes comes in time
To save your honour. Pyrrhus cools apace:
Prevent his falsehood, and forsake him first.

I know you hate him: you have told me so.
Her. Hate him! My injured honour bids me hate him.
The ungrateful man, to whom I fondly gave
My virgin heart; the man I loved so dearly;
The man I doated on! Oh, my Cleone!
How is it possible I should not hate him?
Cleo. Then give him over, madam. Quit his court;
And with Orestes——
Her. No! I must have time
To work up all my rage! To meditate
A parting full of horror! My revenge
Will be but too much quickened by the traitor.
Cleo. Do you then wait new insults, new affronts?
To draw you from your father! Then to leave you!
In his own court to leave you—for a captive!
If Pyrrhus can provoke you, he has done it.
Her. Why dost thou heighten my distress?—I fear
To search out my own thoughts, and sound my heart.
Be blind to what thou seest: believe me cured:
Flatter my weakness; tell me I have conquered;
Think that my injured soul is set against him;
And do thy best to make me think so too.
Cleo. Why would you loiter here, then?
Her. Let us fly!
Let us begone! I leave him to his captive:
Let him go kneel, and supplicate his slave.
Let us begone! But what if he repent?
What if the perjured prince again submit,
And sue for pardon? What if he renew
His former vows? But, oh, the faithless man!
He slights me! drives me to extremities!—However,
I'll stay, Cleone, to perplex their loves;
I'll stay, till, by an open breach of contract,
I make him hateful to the Greeks. Already
Their vengeance have I drawn upon the son,
Their second embassy shall claim the mother:
I will redouble all my griefs on her!
Cleo. Ah, madam, whither does your rage transport you?
Andromache, alas! is innocent.
A woman plunged in sorrow; dead to love:
And when she thinks on Pyrrhus, 'tis with horror.
Her. Would I had done so too! He had not then
Betrayed my easy faith. But I, alas!
Discovered all the fondness of my soul!
I made no secret of my passion to him,
Nor thought it dangerous to be sincere:
My eyes, my tongue, my actions spoke my heart.
Cleo. Well might you speak without reserve to one,
Engaged to you by solemn oaths and treaties.
Her. His ardour too was an excuse for mine:
With other eyes he saw me then! Cleone,
Thou mayst remember, every thing conspired
To favour him: my father's wrongs avenged;
The Greeks triumphant; fleets of Trojan spoils;
His mighty sire's, his own immortal fame;
His eager love; all, all conspired against me!
—But I have done: I'll think no more of Pyrrhus.
Orestes wants not merit; and he loves me.
My gratitude, my honour, both plead for him:
And if I have power over my own heart, 'tis his.
Cleo. Madam, he comes——
Her. Alas, I did not think
He was so near! I wish I might not see him.

Enter ORESTES.

How am I to interpret, sir, this visit?
Is it a compliment of form or love?
Orest. Madam, you know my weakness. 'Tis my fate
To love unpitied: to desire to see you;
And still to swear each time shall be the last.
My passion breaks through my repeated oaths,
And every time I visit you I am perjured.
Even now, I find my wounds all bleed afresh:
I blush to own it; but I know no cure.
I call the gods to witness, I have tried
Whatever man could do (but tried in vain),
To wear you from my mind. Through stormy seas,
And savage climes, in a whole year of absence,
I courted dangers, and I longed for death.
Her. Why will you, prince, indulge this mournful tale?
It ill becomes the ambassador of Greece
To talk of dying and of love. Remember
The kings you represent: Shall their revenge
Be disappointed by your ill-timed passion?
Discharge your embassy: 'tis not Orestes
The Greeks desire should die.
Orest. My embassy
Is at an end, for Pyrrhus has refused
To give up Hector's son. Some hidden power
Protects the boy.
Her. Faithless, ungrateful man! [*Aside.*
Orest. I now prepare for Greece. But ere I go,
Would hear my final doom pronounced by you.
What do I say—I do already hear it!
My doom is fixed; I read it in your eyes.
Her. Will you then still despair? be still suspicious?
What have I done? Wherein have I been cruel?
'Tis true, you find me in the court of Pyrrhus:
But 'twas my royal father sent me hither.
And who can tell but I have shared your griefs?
Have I ne'er wept in secret? Never wished
To see Orestes?
Orest. Wished to see Orestes!——
Oh joy! oh ecstacy! My soul's entranced!
Oh, charming princess! Oh, transcendent maid!
My utmost wish!—Thus, thus let me express
My boundless thanks!——I never was unhappy—
Am I Orestes?—

Her. You are Orestes,
The same unaltered, generous, faithful lover:
The prince whom I esteem; whom I lament;
And whom I fain would teach my heart to love!
Orest. Ay, there it is!—I have but your esteem,
While Pyrrhus has your heart!
Her. Believe me, prince,
Were you as Pyrrhus, I should hate you!
Orest. No!
I should be blest! I should be loved as he is!—
Yet all this while I die by your disdain,
While he neglects your charms, and courts another.
Her. And who has told you, prince, that I'm neglected?
Has Pyrrhus said——(Oh, I shall go distracted!)
Has Pyrrhus told you so?——Or is it you,
Who think thus meanly of me?——Sir, perhaps,
All do not judge like you!——
Orest. Madam, go on!
Insult me still: I'm used to bear your scorn.
Her. Why am I told how Pyrrhus loves or hates?
—Go, prince, and arm the Greeks against the rebel;
Let them lay waste his country! raze his towns;
Destroy his fleets; his palaces;—himself!—
Go, prince, and tell me then how much I love him.
Orest. To hasten his destruction, come yourself;
And work your royal father to his ruin.
Her. Meanwhile he weds Andromache!
Orest. Ah, princess!
What is it I hear!
Her. What infamy for Greece,
If he should wed a Phrygian, and a captive!
Orest. Is this your hatred, madam?—'Tis in vain
To hide your passion; every thing betrays it:
Your looks, your speech, your anger: nay, your silence;
Your love appears in all; your secret flame
Breaks out the more, the more you would conceal it.
Her. Your jealousy perverts my meaning still,
And wrests each circumstance to your disquiet;
My very hate is construed into fondness.
Orest. Impute my fears, if groundless, to my love.
Her. Then hear me, prince. Obedience to a father
First brought me hither; and the same obedience
Detains me here, till Pyrrhus drive me hence,
Or my offended father shall recall me.
Tell this proud king, that Menelaus scorns
To match his daughter with a foe of Greece;
Bid him resign Astyanax, or me.
If he persists to guard the hostile boy,
Hermione embarks with you for Sparta.
[*Exit Her. and Cleone.*

Orest. Then is Orestes blest! My griefs are fled!
Fled like a dream!—Methinks I tread in air!
Pyrrhus, enamoured of his captive queen,
Will thank me, if I take her rival hence:
He looks not on the princess with my eyes!
Surprising happiness!—Unlooked-for joy!
Never let love despair!—the prize is mine!
Be smooth, ye seas! and ye, propitious winds,
Breathe from Epirus to the Spartan coasts!
I long to view the sails unfurled!—But, see!
Pyrrhus approaches in a happy hour.

Enter PYRRHUS, *and* PHOENIX.

Pyr. I was in pain to find you, prince. My warm
Ungoverned temper would not let me weigh
The importance of your embassy, and hear
You argue for my good.—I was to blame.
I since have poised your reasons; and I thank
My good allies: their care deserves my thanks.
You have convinced me, that the weal of Greece,
My father's honour, and my own repose,
Demand that Hector's race should be destroyed.
I shall deliver up Astyanax;
And you, yourself, shall bear the victim hence.
Orest. If you approve it, sir, and are content
To spill the blood of a defenceless child,
The offended Greeks, no doubt, will be appeased.
Pyr. Closer to strain the knot of our alliance,
I have determined to espouse Hermione.
You come in time to grace our nuptial rites:
In you the kings of Greece will all be present;
And you have right to personate her father,
As his ambassador, and brother's son.
Go, prince, renew your visit; tell Hermione,
To-morrow I receive her from your hands.
Orest. [*Aside.*] Oh, change of fortune! Oh, undone Orestes: [*Exit Orestes.*
Pyr. Well, Phœnix, am I still a slave to love?
What think'st thou now? Am I myself again?
Phœn. 'Tis as it should be: this discovers Pyrrhus;
Shews all the hero. Now you are yourself!
The son, the rival of the great Achilles!
Greece will applaud you; and the world confess,
Pyrrhus has conquered Troy a second time.
Pyr. Nay, Phœnix, now I but begin to triumph!
I never was a conqueror 'till now.
Believe me, a whole host, a war of foes,
May sooner be subdued, than love. Oh, Phœnix,
What ruin have I shunned! The Greeks enraged,
Hung o'er me, like a gathering storm, and soon
Had burst in thunder on my head; while I
Abandoned duty, empire, honour, all,
To please a thankless woman!—One kind look
Had quite undone me!
Phœn. Oh, my royal master!
The gods, in favour to you, made her cruel.
Pyr. Thou sawest with how much scorn she treated me!

When I permitted her to see her son,
I hoped it might have worked her to my wishes.
I went to see the mournful interview,
And found her bathed in tears, and lost in passion.
Wild with distress, a thousand times she called
On Hector's name: and when I spoke in comfort,
And promised my protection to her son,
She kissed the boy; and called again on Hector:
Then, strained him in her arms; and cried, 'Tis he!
'Tis he himself! his eyes, his every feature!
His very frown, and his stern look already!
'Tis he: 'Tis my loved lord whom I embrace!'
Does she then think, that I preserve the boy,
To soothe, and keep alive her flame for Hector?
Phæn. No doubt, she does; and thinks you favoured in it;
But let her go, for an ungrateful woman!
Pyr. I know the thoughts of her proud stubborn heart:
Vain of her charms, and insolent in beauty,
She mocks my rage; and, when it threatens loudest,
Expects 'twill soon be humbled into love.
But we shall change our parts; and she shall find
I can be deaf, like her; and steel my heart.
She's Hector's widow; I Achilles' son;
Pyrrhus is born to hate Andromache.
Phæn. My royal master, talk of her no more;
I do not like this anger. Your Hermione
Should now engross your thoughts. 'Tis time to see her;
'Tis time you should prepare the nuptial rites,
And not rely upon a rival's care;
It may be dangerous.
Pyr. But tell me, Phœnix,
Dost thou not think, the proud Andromache
Will be enraged, when I shall wed the princess?
Phæn. Why does Andromache still haunt your thoughts?
What is't to you, be she enraged or pleased?
Let her name perish: think of her no more!
Pyr. No, Phœnix!—I have been too gentle with her,
I've checked my wrath, and stiffled my resentment:
She knows not yet to what degree I hate her.
Let us return:——I'll brave her to her face:
I'll give my anger its free course against her.
Thou shalt see, Phœnix, how I'll break her pride!
Phæn. Oh, go not, sir!—There's ruin in her eyes!
You do not know your strength: you'll fall before her,
Adore her beauty, and revive her scorn.
Pyr. That were, indeed, a most unmanly weakness;
Thou dost not know me, Phœnix.
Phæn. Ah, my prince!
You are still struggling in the toils of love!
Pyr. Canst thou then think I love this woman still?
One who repays my passion with disdain!
A stranger, captive, friendless, and forlorn;
She and her darling son within my power;
His life a forfeit to the Greeks: Yet I
Preserve her son; would take her to my throne;
Would fight her battles, and avenge her wrongs;
And all this while she treats me as her foe!
Phæn. You have it in your power to be revenged.
Pyr. Yes:—and I'll shew my power! I'll give her cause
To hate me! her Astyanax shall die!——
What tears will then be shed! How will she then,
In bitterness of heart, reproach my name!
Then, to complete her woes, will I espouse
Hermione:—'Twill stab her to the heart!
Phæn. Alas, you threaten like a lover still!
Pyr. Phœnix, excuse this struggle of my soul:
'Tis the last effort of expiring love.
Phæn. Then hasten, sir, to see the Spartan princess;
And turn the bent of your desires on her.
Pyr. Oh! 'tis a heavy task to conquer love,
And wean the soul from her accustomed fondness.
But, come!—A long farewell to Hector's widow.
'Tis with a secret pleasure I look back,
And see the many dangers I have passed.
The merchant thus, in dreadful tempests tost,
Thrown by the waves on some unlooked-for coast,
Oft turns, and sees, with a delighted eye,
Midst rocks and shelves the broken billows fly;
And, while the outrageous winds the deep deform,
Smiles on the tumult, and enjoys the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter PYLADES *and* ORESTES,

Pyl. FOR Heaven's sake, sir, compose your ruffled mind,
And moderate your rage!
Orest. No, Pylades!
This is no time for counsel.——I am deaf.
Talk not of reason! I have been too patient.
Life is not worth my care. My soul grows desperate.
I'll bear her off, or perish in the attempt.
I'll force her from his arms:—By Heaven I will!
Pyl. Well, 'tis agreed, my friend:—We'll force her hence,
But still consider, we are in Epirus.
The court, the guards, Hermione herself,
The very air we breathe, belongs to Pyrrhus.

Good gods! what tempted you to seek her here!
Orest. Lost to myself, I knew not what I did.
My purposes were wild. Perhaps I came
To menace Pyrrhus, and upbraid the woman.
Pyl. This violence of temper may prove fatal.
Orest. It must be more than man to bear these shocks,
These outrages of fate, with temper!
He tells me, that he weds Hermione;
And will to-morrow take her from my hand!—
My hand shall sooner tear the tyrant's heart.—
Pyl. Your passion blinds you, sir; he's not to blame.
Could you but look into the soul of Pyrrhus,
Perhaps you'd find it tortured, like your own.
Orest. No, Pylades! 'Tis all design—His pride,
To triumph over me, has changed his love.
The fair Hermione, before I came,
In all her bloom of beauty, was neglected.
Ah, cruel gods! I thought her all my own!
She was consenting to return to Sparta:
Her heart, divided betwixt rage and love,
Was on the wing to take its leave of Pyrrhus.
She heard my sighs; she pitied my complaints;
She praised my constancy;——The least indifference,
From this proud king, had made Orestes happy.
Pyl. So your fond heart believes.
Orest. Did I not see
Her hate, her rage, her indignation rise
Against the ungrateful man?
Pyl. Believe me, prince,
'Twas then she loved him most. Had Pyrrhus left her,
She would have formed some new pretext to stay.
Take my advice:—Think not to force her hence;
But fly yourself from her destructive charms.
Her soul is linked to Pyrrhus: Were she yours,
She would reproach you still, and still regret
Her disappointed nuptials.——
Orest. Talk no more!
I cannot bear the thought! She must be mine!
Did Pyrrhus carry thunder in his hand,
I'd stand the bolt, and challenge all his fury,
Ere I resigned Hermione.——By force
I'll snatch her hence, and bear her to my ships;
Have we forgot her mother Helen's rape?
Pyl. Will then Orestes turn a ravisher,
And blot his embassy?
Orest. Oh, Pylades!
My grief weighs heavy on me:—'Twill distract me!
O leave me to myself!—Let not thy friendship
Involve thee in my woes. Too long already,
Too long hast thou been punished for my crimes.
It is enough, my friend!—It is enough!
Let not thy generous love betray thee farther:
The gods have set me as their mark, to empty
Their quivers on me.—Leave me to myself.
Mine be the danger; mine the enterprize.
All I request of thee is, to return,
And, in my place, convey Astyanax
(As Pyrrhus has consented) into Greece.
Go, Pylades——
Pyl. Lead on, my friend, lead on!
Let us bear off Hermione! No toil,
No danger can deter a friend:—Lead on!
Draw up the Greeks; summon your numerous train:
The ships are ready, and the wind sits fair:
There eastward lies the sea; the rolling waves
Break on those palace-stairs. I know each pass,
Each avenue and outlet of the court.
This very night we'll carry her on board.
Orest. Thou art too good! I trespass on thy friendship,
But, Oh! excuse a wretch, whom no man pities,
Except thyself: one just about to lose
The treasure of his soul: whom all mankind
Conspire to hate, and one who hates himself.
When will my friendship be of use to thee?
Pyl. The question is unkind. But now remember
To keep your counsels close, and hide your thoughts;
Let not Hermione suspect—no more—
I see her coming, sir—
Orest. Away, my friend;
I am advised; my all depends upon it.
[*Exit Pylades.*

Enter HERMIONE *and* CLEONE.

Orest. Madam, your orders are obeyed; I have seen
Pyrrhus, my rival; and have gained him for you.
The king resolves to wed you.
Her. So I am told:
And farther, I am informed that you, Orestes,
Are to dispose me for the intended marriage.
Orest. And are you, madam, willing to comply?
Her. Could I imagine Pyrrhus loved me still?
After so long delays, who would have thought
His hidden flames would shew themselves at last,
And kindle in his breast, when mine expired?
I can suppose, with you, he fears the Greeks;
That it is interest, and not love, directs him;
And that my eyes had greater power o'er you.
Orest. No, princess, no! It is too plain he loves you.
Your eyes do what they will, and cannot fail
To gain a conquest, where you wish they should.
Her. What can I do? alas! my faith is promised.
Can I refuse what is not mine to give?
A princess is not at her choice to love;
All we have left us is a blind obedience:
And yet, you see, how far I had complied,
And made my duty yield to your intreaties.
Orest. Ah, cruel maid! you knew—but I have done.
All have a right to please themselves in love:
I blame not you. 'Tis true, I hoped—but you
Are mistress of your heart, and I'm content.

Tis fortune is my enemy, not you.
But, madam, I shall spare you farther pain
On this uneasy theme, and take my leave.
[*Exit Orestes.*
Her. Cleone, couldst thou think he'd be so calm?
Cleo. Madam, his silent grief sits heavy on him.
He's to be pitied. His too eager love
Has made him busy to his own destruction.
His threats have wrought this change of mind in Pyrrhus.
Her. Dost thou think Pyrrhus capable of fear!
Whom should the intrepid Pyrrhus fear? the Greeks?
Did he not lead their harrassed troops to conquest,
When they despaired, when they retired from Troy,
And sought for shelter in their burning fleets?
Did he not then supply his father's place?
No, my Cleone, he is above constraint;
He acts unforced; and where he weds he loves.
Cleo. Oh, that Orestes had remained in Greece!
I fear to-morrow will prove fatal to him.
Her. Wilt thou discourse of nothing but Orestes?
Pyrrhus is mine again!—Is mine for ever!
Oh, my Cleone! I am wild with joy!
Pyrrhus, the bold! the brave! the godlike Pyrrhus!
—Oh, I could tell thee numberless exploits,
And tire thee with his battles—Oh, Cleone—
Cleo. Madam, conceal your joy—I see Andromache:
She weeps, and comes to speak her sorrows to you.
Her. I would indulge the gladness of my heart!
Let us retire: her grief is out of season.

Enter ANDROMACHE *and* CEPHISA.

Andr. Ah, madam, whither, whither do you fly?
Where can your eyes behold a sight more pleasing
Than Hector's widow suppliant and in tears?
I come not an alarmed, a jealous foe,
To envy you the heart your charms have won:
The only man I sought to please, is gone;
Killed in my sight, by an inhuman hand.
Hector first taught me love; which my fond heart
Shall ever cherish, 'till we meet in death.
But, oh, I have a son!—And you, one day,
Will be no stranger to a mother's fondness:
But Heaven forbid that you should ever know
A mother's sorrow for an only son.
Her joy, her bliss, her last surviving comfort!
When every hour she trembles for his life!
Your power o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my fears.
Alas, what danger is there in a child,
Saved from the wreck of a whole ruined empire?
Let me go hide him in some desert isle:
You may rely upon my tender care
To keep him far from perils of ambition:
All he can learn of me, will be to weep.
Her. Madam, 'tis easy to conceive your grief:
But it would ill become me to solicit
In contradiction to my father's will:
'Tis he who urges to destroy your son.
Madam, if Pyrrhus must be wrought to pity,
No woman does it better than yourself;
If you gain him, I shall comply of course.
[*Exeunt Her. and Cleone.*
Andr. Didst thou not mind with what disdain she spoke?
Youth and prosperity have made her vain;
She has not seen the fickle turns of life.
Ceph. Madam, were I as you, I'd take her counsel.
I'd speak my own distress: one look from you
Will vanquish Pyrrhus, and confound the Greeks—
See, where he comes—Lay hold on this occasion.

Enter PYRRHUS *and* PHŒNIX.

Pyr. Where is the princess?—Did you not inform me
Hermione was here? [*To Phœnix.*
Phœn. I thought so, sir.
Andr. Thou seest what mighty power my eyes have on him? [*To Cephisa.*
Pyr. What says she, Phœnix?
Andr. I have no hope left!
Phœn. Let us be gone:—Hermione expects you.
Ceph. For Heaven's sake, madam, break this suilen silence.
Andr. My child's already promised——
Ceph. But not given.
Andr. No, no! my tears are vain! his doom is fixed!
Pyr. See, if she deigns to cast one look upon us!
Proud woman!
Andr. I provoke him by my presence.
Let us retire.
Pyr. Come, let us satisfy
The Greeks; and give them up this Phrygian boy.
Andr. Ah, sir! recall those words—What have you said!
If you give up my son, oh, give up me!—
You, who so many times have sworn me friendship:
Oh, Heavens!—will you not look with pity on me?
Is there no hope? Is there no room for pardon?
Pyr. Phœnix will answer you: my word is past.
Andr. You, who would brave so many dangers for me!
Pyr. I was your lover then: I now am free.
To favour you I might have spared his life:
But you would ne'er vouchsafe to ask it of me.
Now, 'tis too late.
Andr. Ah, sir, you understood
My tears, my wishes, which I durst not utter,
Afraid of a repulse. Oh, sir, excuse

The pride of royal blood, that checks my soul.
You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,
To sue for pity, and to own a master.
Pyr. No! in your heart you curse me! you disdain
My generous flame, and scorn to be obliged!
This very son, this darling of your soul,
Would be less dear, did I preserve him for you.
Your anger, your aversion fall on me!
You hate me more than the whole league of Greece:
But I shall leave you to your great resentments.
Let us go, Phœnix, and appease the Greeks.
Andr. Then, let me die! and let me go to Hector!
Ceph. But, madam——
Andr. What can I do more? The tyrant
Sees my distraction, and insults my tears.
[*To Ceph.*
——Behold how low you have reduced a queen!
These eyes have seen my country laid in ashes;
My kindred fall in war; my father slain;
My husband dragged in his own blood; my son
Condemned to bondage, and myself a slave;
Yet, in the midst of these unheard-of woes,
'Twas some relief to find myself your captive;
And that my son, derived from ancient kings,
Since he must serve, had Pyrrhus for his master.
When Priam kneeled, the great Achilles wept:
I hoped I should not find his son less noble.
I thought the brave were still the most compassionate.
Oh, do not, sir, divide me from my child!
If he must die———
Pyr. Phœnix, withdraw a while. [*Exit Phœnix.*
Rise, madam—Yet you may preserve your son.
I find whenever I provoke your tears,
I furnish you with arms against myself.
I thought my hatred fixed before I saw you.
Oh, turn your eyes upon me, while I speak,
And see, if you discover in my looks
An angry judge, or an obdurate foe!
Why will you force me to desert your cause?
In your son's name I beg we may be friends;
Let me intreat you to secure his life!
Must I turn suppliant for him? Think, oh think,
'Tis the last time, you both may yet be happy!
I know the ties I break; the foes I arm:
I wrong Hermione; I send her hence;
And with her diadem I bind your brows.
Consider well; for 'tis of moment to you!
Chuse to be wretched, madam, or a queen.
My soul, consumed with a whole year's despair,
Can bear no longer these perplexing doubts;
I know, if I'm deprived of you, I die:
But oh, I die, if I wait longer for you!
I leave you to your thoughts. When I return,
We'll to the temple; there you'll find your son;
And there be crowned, or give him up for ever.
[*Exit Pyrrhus.*
Ceph. I told you, madam, that in spite of Greece,
You would o'er-rule the malice of your fortune.
Andr. Alas! Cephisa, what have I obtained!
Only a poor short respite for my son.
Ceph. You have enough approved your faith to Hector;
To be reluctant still would be a crime.
He would himself persuade you to comply.
Andr. How——wouldst thou give me Pyrrhus for a husband?
Ceph. Think you, 'twill please the ghost of your dead husband,
That you should sacrifice his son? Consider,
Pyrrhus once more invites you to a throne;
Turns all his power against the foes of Troy;
Remembers not Achilles was his father;
Retracts his conquests, and forgets his hatred.
Andr. But how can I forget it! How can I
Forget my Hector, treated with dishonour;
Deprived of funeral rites; and vilely dragged,
A bloody corse, about the walls of Troy?
Can I forget the good old king his father,
Slain in my presence; at the altar slain!
Which vainly, for protection, he embraced?
Hast thou forgot that dreadful night, Cephisa,
When a whole people fell? Methinks I see
Pyrrhus, enraged, and breathing vengeance, enter
Amidst the glare of burning palaces:
I see him hew his passage through my brothers;
And, bathed in blood, lay all my kindred waste.
Think, in this scene of horror, what I suffered!
This is the courtship I received from Pyrrhus;
And this the husband thou wouldst give me! No,
We both will perish first! I'll ne'er consent.
Ceph. Since you resolve Astyanax shall die,
Haste to the temple, bid your son farewell.
Why do you tremble, madam?
Andr. O Cephisa!
Thou hast awakened all the mother in me.
How can I bid farewell to the dear child,
The pledge, the image of my much-loved lord!
Alas, I call to mind the fatal day,
When his too-forward courage led him forth
To seek Achilles.
Ceph. Oh, the unhappy hour!
'Twas then Troy fell, and all her gods forsook her.
Andr. That morn, Cephisa, that ill-fated morn,
My husband bid thee bring Astyanax;
He took him in his arms; and, as I wept,
My wife, my dear Andromache, said he,
(Heaving with stifled sighs to see me weep)
What fortune may attend my arms, the gods
Alone can tell. To thee I give the boy;
Preserve him as the token of our loves;
If I should fall, let him not miss his sire
While thou survivest; but, by thy tender care,
Let the son see that thou didst love his father.
Ceph. And will you throw away a life so precious?
At once extirpate all the Trojan line?
Andr. Inhuman king! What has he done to suffer?

If I neglect your vows, is he to blame?
Has he reproached you with his slaughtered kindred?
Can he resent those ills he does not know?
But, oh! while I deliberate he dies.
No, no, thou must not die, while I can save thee;
Oh! let me find out Pyrrhus—Oh, Cephisa!
Do thou go find him.
Ceph. What must I say to him?
Andr. Tell him I love my son to such excess—
But dost thou think he means the child shall die?
Can love rejected turn to so much rage?
Ceph. Madam, he'll soon be here——Resolve on something.
Andr. Well then, assure him—
Ceph. Madam, of your love?
Andr. Alas, thou knowest it is not in my power.
Oh, my dead lord! Oh, Priam's royal house!
Oh, my Astyanax! At what a price
Thy mother buys thee!——Let us go.
Ceph. But whither?
And what does your unsettled heart resolve?
Andr. Come, my Cephisa, let us go together,
To the sad monument which I have raised
To Hector's shade; where in their sacred urn
The ashes of my hero lie inclosed;
The dear remains, which I have saved from Troy.
There let me weep, there summon to my aid,
With pious rites, my Hector's awful shade;
Let him be witness to my doubts, my fears,
My agonizing heart, my flowing tears;
Oh! may he rise in pity from his tomb,
And fix his wretched son's uncertain doom!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.—ANDROMACHE, CEPHISA.

Ceph. BLEST be the tomb of Hector, that inspires
These pious thoughts: or is it Hector's self,
That prompts you to preserve your son! 'Tis he
Who still presides o'er ruined Troy; 'tis he
Who urges Pyrrhus to restore Astyanax.
Andr. Pyrrhus has said he will; and thou hast heard him
Just now renew the oft-repeated promise.
Ceph. Already in the transports of his heart,
He gives you up his kingdom, his allies,
And thinks himself o'er-paid for all in you.
Andr. I think I may rely upon his promise:
And yet my heart is over-charged with grief.
Ceph. Why should you grieve! You see he bids defiance
To all the Greeks; and to protect your son
Against their rage, has placed his guards about him;
Leaving himself defenceless for his sake:
But, madam, think, the coronation pomp
Will soon demand your presence in the temple:
'Tis time you lay aside these mourning weeds.
Andr. I will be there; but first would see my son.
Ceph. Madam, you need not now be anxious for him;
He will be always with you, all your own,
To lavish the whole mother's fondness on him.
What a delight to train beneath your eye,
A son, who grows no longer up in bondage,
A son, in whom a race of kings revive!
But, madam, you are sad, and wrapt in thought,
As if you relished not your happiness.
Andr. Oh, I must see my son once more, Cephisa!
Ceph. Madam, he now will be no more a captive;
Your visits may be frequent as you please,
To-morrow you may pass the live-long day——
Andr. To-morrow! Oh, Cephisa!—But, no more!
Cephisa, I have always found thee faithful:
A load of care weighs down my drooping heart.
Ceph. Oh! that 'twere possible for me to ease you!
Andr. I soon shall exercise thy long-tried faith.—
Mean while I do conjure thee, my Cephisa,
Thou take no notice of my present trouble:
And when I shall disclose my secret purpose,
That thou be punctual to perform my will.
Ceph. Madam, I have no will but yours. My life
Is nothing, balanced with my love to you.
Andr. I thank thee, good Cephisa; my Astyanax
Will recompense thy friendship to his mother.
But, come; my heart's at ease: assist me now
To change this sable habit.—Yonder comes
Hermione; I would not meet her rage. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HERMIONE *and* CLEONE.

Cleo. This unexpected silence, this reserve,
This outward calm, this settled frame of mind,
After such wrongs and insults, much surprise me!
You, who before could not command your rage,
When Pyrrhus looked but kindly on his captive;
How can you bear unmoved, that he should wed her,
And seat her on a throne which you should fill?
I fear this dreadful stillness in your soul!
'Twere better, madam—
Her. Have you called Orestes?
Cleo. Madam, I have; his love is too impatient
Not to obey with speed the welcome summons.
His love-sick heart o'erlooks his unkind usage:
His ardour's still the same—Madam, he's here.

Enter ORESTES.

Orest. Ah, madam, is it true? Does, then, Orestes

At length attend you by your own commands?
What can I do——
Her. Orestes, do you love me?
Orest. What means that question, princess? Do I love you?
My oaths, my perjuries, my hopes, my fears,
My farewell, my return, all speak my love.
Her. Avenge my wrongs, and I'll believe them all.
Orest. It shall be done—my soul has catched the alarm.
We'll spirit up the Greeks—I'll lead them on—
Your cause shall animate our fleets and armies.
Let us return! let us not lose a moment,
But urge the fate of this devoted land!
Let us depart.
Her. No, prince, let us stay here!
I will have vengeance here—I will not carry
This load of infamy to Greece, nor trust
The chance of war to vindicate my wrongs.
Ere I depart, I'll make Epirus mourn.
If you avenge me, let it be this instant;
My rage brooks no delay—Haste to the temple,
Haste, prince, and sacrifice him!
Orest. Whom!
Her. Why, Pyrrhus.
Orest. Pyrrhus! Did you say, Pyrrhus?
Her. You demur!
Oh, fly, begone! give me no time to think!
Talk not of laws—he tramples on all laws—
Let me not hear him justified—away!
Orest. You cannot think I'll justify my rival.
Madam, your love has made him criminal.
You shall have vengeance; I'll have vengeance too:
But let our hatred be profest and open:
Let us alarm all Greece, denounce a war;
Let us attack him in his strength, and hunt him down
By conquest: should I turn base assassin,
'Twould sully all the kings I represent.
Her. Have I not been dishonoured! set at nought!
Exposed to public scorn!—and will you suffer
The tyrant, who dares use me thus, to live?
Know, prince, I hate him more than once I loved him;
The gods alone can tell how once I loved him;
Yes, the false perjured man, I once did love him;
And spite of all his crimes and broken vows,
If he should live, I may relapse—who knows,
But I to-morrow may forgive his wrongs?
Orest. First let me tear him piece-meal—he shall die.
But, madam, give me leisure to contrive
The place, the time, the manner of his death:
Yet I'm a stranger in the court of Pyrrhus;
Scarce have I set my foot within Epirus,
When you enjoin me to destroy the prince.
It shall be done this very night.
Her. But now,
This very hour, he weds Andromache;
The temple shines with pomp; the golden throne
Is now prepared; the joyful rites begin;
My shame is public—Oh, be speedy, prince!
My wrath's impatient—Pyrrhus lives too long!
Intent on love, and heedless of his person,
He covers with his guards the Trojan boy.
Now is the time! assemble all your Greeks;
Mine shall assist them; let their fury loose:
Already they regard him as a foe.
Begone, Orestes—kill the faithless tyrant:
My love shall recompense the glorious deed.
Orest. Consider, madam——
Her. You but mock my rage!
I was contriving how to make you happy.
Think you to merit by your idle sighs,
And not attest your love by one brave action?
Go, with your boasted constancy! and leave
Hermione to execute her own revenge!
I blush to think how my too easy faith
Has twice been baffled in one shameful hour!
Orest. Hear me but speak!——you know I'll die to serve you!
Her. I'll go myself: I'll stab him at the altar;
Then drive the poniard, reeking with his blood,
Through my own heart. In death we shall unite:
Better to die with him, than live with you!
Orest. That were to make him blest, and me more wretched:
Madam, he dies by me:—Have you a foe,
And shall I let him live? My rival, too?
Ere yon meridian sun declines, he dies:
And you shall say, that I deserve your love.
Her. Go, prince; strike home! and leave the rest to me.
Let all your ships be ready for our flight.
[*Exit Orestes.*
Cleo. Madam, you'll perish in this bold attempt.
Her. Give me my vengeance, I'm content to perish.
I was to blame to trust it with another:
In my own hands it had been more secure.
Orestes hates not Pyrrhus as I hate him:
I should have thrust the dagger home; have seen
The tyrant curse me with his panting breath,
And roll about his dying eyes, in vain,
To find Andromache, whom I would hide.
Oh, would Orestes, when he gives the blow,
Tell him he dies my victim!—Haste, Cleone;
Charge him to say, Hermione's resentments,
Not those of Greece, have sentenced him to death.
Haste, my Cleone! My revenge is lost,
If Pyrrhus knows not that he dies by me!
Cleo. I shall obey your orders—But see
The king approach!—Who could expect him here?
Her. O fly! Cleone, fly! and bid Orestes
Not proceed a step before I see him.
[*Exit Cleone.*

Enter PYRRHUS.

Pyr. Madam, I ought to shun an injured princess:
Your distant looks reproach me: and I come,
Not to defend, but to avow my guilt.
Pyrrhus will ne'er approve his own injustice;
Nor form excuses, while his heart condemns him.
I might perhaps alledge, our warlike sires,
Unknown to us, engaged us to each other,
And joined our hearts by contract, not by love:
But I detest such cobweb arts; I own
My father's treaty, and allow its force.
I sent ambassadors to call you hither;
Received you as my queen; and hoped my oaths,
So oft renewed, might ripen into love.
The gods can witness, madam, how I fought
Against Andromache's too fatal charms!
And still I wish I had the power to leave
This Trojan beauty, and be just to you.
Discharge your anger on this perjured man!
For I abhor my crime! and should be pleased
To hear you speak your wrongs aloud: no terms,
No bitterness of wrath, nor keen reproach,
Will equal half the upbraidings of my heart.

Her. I find, sir, you can be sincere: you scorn
To act your crimes with fear, like other men.
A hero should be bold; above all laws;
Be bravely false; and laugh at solemn ties.
To be perfidious shews a daring mind!
And you have nobly triumphed o'er a maid!
To court me; to reject me; to return;
Then to forsake me for a Phrygian slave:
To lay proud Troy in ashes; then to raise
The son of Hector, and renounce the Greeks,
Are actions worthy the great soul of Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Madam, go on: give your resentments birth;
And pour forth all your indignation on me.

Her. 'Twould please your queen, should I upbraid your falsehood;
Call you perfidious, traitor, all the names
That injured virgins lavish on your sex;
I should o'erflow with tears, and die with grief,
And furnish out a tale to soothe her pride.
But, sir, I would not over-charge her joys:
If you would charm Andromache, recount
Your bloody battles, your exploits, your slaughters,
Your great achievements, in her father's palace.
She needs must love the man, who fought so bravely,
And in her sight slew half her royal kindred.

Pyr. With horror I look back on my past deeds!
I punished Helen's wrongs too far; I shed
Too much of blood: but, madam, Helen's daughter
Should not object those ills the mother caused.
However I am pleased to find you hate me:
I was too forward to accuse myself:
The man, who ne'er was loved, can ne'er be false.
Obedience to a father brought you hither;
And I stood bound by promise to receive you:
But our desires were different ways inclined;
And you, I own, were not obliged to love me.

Her. Have I not loved you, then! perfidious man!
For you I slighted all the Grecian princes;
Forsook my father's house; concealed my wrongs,
When most provoked: would not return to Sparta,
In hopes that time might fix your wavering heart,
I loved you when inconstant: and even now,
Inhuman king, that you pronounce my death,
My heart still doubts, if I should love or hate you:
But, oh, since you resolve to wed another,
Defer your cruel purpose till to-morrow!
This is the last request I e'er shall make you—
See if the barbarous prince vouchsafes an answer!
Go, then, to the loved Phrygian! Hence! begone!
And bear to her those vows, that once were mine:
Go, in defiance of the avenging gods!
Begone! the priest expects you at the altar——
But, tyrant, have a care I come not thither.
[*Exit Her.*

Enter PHOENIX.

Phæ. Sir, did you mind her threats? Your life is in danger!
There is no trifling with a woman's rage.
The Greeks, that swarm about the court, all hate you;
Will treat you as their country's enemy,
And join in her revenge: besides, Orestes
Still loves her to distraction: sir, I beg——

Pyr. How, Phœnix! should I fear a woman's threats?
A nobler passion takes up all my thought:
I must prepare to meet Andromache.
Do thou place all my guards about her son:
If he be safe, Pyrrhus is free from fear.
[*Exit Pyr.*

PHŒNIX, *alone.*

Oh, Pyrrhus! oh, what pity 'tis, the gods,
Who filled thy soul with every kindly virtue,
Formed thee for empire and consummate greatness,
Should leave thee so exposed to wild desires,
That hurry thee beyond the bounds of reason!
[*A flourish of trumpets.*
Such was Achilles; generous, fierce, and brave,
Open and undesigning: but impatient,
Undisciplined, and not to be controuled:
I fear the whirl of passion, this career,
That overbears reflection and cool thought;
I tremble for the event! But see, the queen,

Magnificent in royal pride, appears.
I must obey, and guard her son from danger.
[*Exit Phœnix.*

Enter ANDROMACHE *and* CEPHISA.

Ceph. Madam, once more you look and move a queen!
Your sorrows are dispersed, your charms revive,
And every faded beauty blooms anew.
Andr. Yet all is not as I could wish, Cephisa.
Ceph. You see the king is watchful o'er your son;
Decks him with princely robes, with guards surrounds him.
Astaynax begins to reign already.
Andr. Pyrrhus is nobly minded: and I fain
Would live to thank him for Astyanax:
'Tis a vain thought——However, since my child
Has such a friend, I ought not to repine.
Ceph. These dark unfoldings of your soul perplex me.
What meant those floods of tears, those warm embraces,
As if you bid your son adieu for ever?
For Heaven's sake, madam, let me know your griefs!
If you mistrust my faith——
Andr. That were to wrong thee.
Oh, my Cephisa! this gay, borrowed air,
This blaze of jewels, and this bridal dress,
Are but mock trappings to conceal my woe:
My heart still mourns; I still am Hector's widow.
Ceph. Will you then break the promise given to Pyrrhus,
Blow up his rage afresh, and blast your hopes?
Andr. I thought, Cephisa, thou hadst known thy mistress.
Couldst thou believe I would be false to Hector?
Fall off from such a husband! break his rest,
And call him to this hated light again,
To see Andromache in Pyrrhus' arms?
Would Hector, were he living, and I dead,
Forget Andromache, and wed her foe!
Ceph. I cannot guess what drift your thoughts pursue;
But, oh, I fear there's something dreadful in it!
Must then Astyanax be doomed to die;
And you to linger out a life in bondage?
Andr. Nor this, nor that, Cephisa, will I bear;
My word is past to Pyrrhus, his to me;
And I rely upon his promised faith.
Unequal as he is, I know him well:
Pyrrhus is violent, but he's sincere,
And will perform beyond what he has sworn.
The Greeks will but incense him more; their rage
Will make him cherish Hector's son.
Ceph. Ah, madam,
Explain these riddles to my boding heart!
Andr. Thou may'st remember, for thou oft hast heard me
Relate the dreadful vision, which I saw,
When first I landed captive in Epirus.
That every night, as in a dream I lay,
A ghastly figure, full of gaping wounds,
His eyes aglare, his hair all stiff with blood,
Full in my sight thrice shook his head, and groaned.
I soon discerned my slaughtered Hector's shade;
But, oh, how changed! Ye, gods, how much unlike
The living Hector! Loud he bid me fly!
Fly from Achilles' son! then sternly frowned,
And disappeared. Struck with the dreadful sound,
I started and awaked.
Ceph. But did he bid you
Destroy Astyanax?
Andr. Cephisa, I'll preserve him;
With my own life, Cephisa, I'll preserve him.
Ceph. What may these words, so full of horror, mean?
Andr. Know, then, the secret purpose of my soul:
Andromache will not be false to Pyrrhus,
Nor violate her sacred love to Hector.
This hour I'll meet the king; the holy priest
Shall join us, and confirm our mutual vows:
This will secure a father to my child:
That done, I have no farther use for life:
This pointed dagger, this determined hand,
Shall save my virtue, and conclude my woes.
Ceph. Ah, madam! recollect your scattered reason;
This fell despair ill suits your present fortunes.
Andr. No other stratagem can serve my purpose:
This is the sole expedient to be just
To Hector, to Astyanax, to Pyrrhus.
I shall soon visit Hector, and the shades
Of my great ancestors: Cephisa, thou
Wilt lend a hand to close thy mistress' eyes?
Ceph. Oh, never think that I will stay behind you!
Andr. No, my Cephisa; I must have thee live.
Remember, thou didst promise to obey,
And to be secret: wilt thou now betray me?
After thy long, thy faithful service, wilt thou
Refuse my last commands, my dying wish?
Once more I do conjure thee, live for me.
Ceph. Life is not worth my care when you are gone.
Andr. I must commit into thy faithful hands
All that is dear and precious to my soul:
Live, and supply my absence to my child;
All that remains of Troy; a future progeny
Of heroes, and a distant line of kings,
In him, is all entrusted to thy care.
Ceph. But, madam, what will be the rage of Pyrrhus,
Defrauded of his promised happiness?
Andr. That will require thy utmost skill: Observe

The first impetuous onsets of his grief;
Use every artifice to keep him stedfast.
Sometimes with tears thou mayst discourse of me;
Speak of our marriage; let him think I loved him;
Tell him my soul reposed itself on him,
When I resigned my son to his protection.
Ceph. Oh, for a spirit to support my grief!
Is there ought more before you go for ever?
Andr. Oh, my Cephisa! my swoln heart is full!
I have a thousand farewells to my son:
But tears break in! Grief interrupts my speech—
—My soul overflows in fondness—let him know
I died to save him: And would die again.
Season his mind with early hints of glory;
Make him acquainted with his ancestors;
Trace out their shining story in his thoughts;
Dwell on the exploits of his immortal father,
And sometimes let him hear his mother's name.
Let him reflect upon his royal birth
With modest pride; Pyrrhus will prove a friend:
But let him know he has a conqueror's right.
He must be taught to stifle his resentments,
And sacrifice his vengeance to his safety.
Should he prove headstrong, rash, or unadvised,
He then will frustrate all his mother's virtue,
Provoke his fate, and I shall die in vain.
Ceph. Alas! I fear I never shall outlive you.
Andr. No more: thy tears, Cephisa, will betray me;
Assume a chearful look, but still remember—
[*Flourish within.*
Hark how the trumpet, with its sprightly notes,
Proclaims the appointed hour, and calls us hence.
Hector, I come, once more a queen, to join thee!
Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crowned,
Pleased with the sacred fife's enlivening sound,
Through gazing crowds in solemn state proceeds,
And, drest in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

HERMIONE *alone.*

What have I done? Where am I? Where is Pyrrhus?
Ye gods! What mean these horrors? I am undone!
My soul is on the rack! I cannot bear it:
Why do I wander like some guilty ghost?
What brought me to this place? What keeps me here?
The court of Pyrrhus has no room for me!
Do I still doubt if I should love or hate him?
Hard-hearted man! How unconcerned he left me!
Did he once sigh? Bestow one pitying look?
Once shed a tear? Or speak one soft, kind word?
Did he so much as feign one moment's sorrow,
To calm my griefs, and mitigate his falsehood?
Why am I still thus anxious for his life?
Why do I start at his impending fate?
Shall he then live? Shall the base traitor live,
To laugh at my distress? No, let him perish!
Be quick, Orestes! Execute my orders!
Alas! My orders! Oh, preposterous guilt!
Can I decree the death of him I love?
Was it for this my soul delighted in him?
Was it for this I left my father's court?
Have I then crossed so many realms and seas,
To murder Pyrrhus?

Enter CLEONE.

Her. Oh, Cleone, help me!
What have I done? Is Pyrrhus yet alive?
What sayst thou? Answer me: Where is the king?
Cleo. Madam, I saw the cruel prince set forward,
Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.
Still as he walked his ravished eyes were fixt
On the fair captive; while through shouting crowds
She passed along with a dejected air,
And seemed to mourn her Hector to the last.
Her. Insulting tyrant! I shall burst with rage!
But say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well!
Was his brow smooth? Say, did there not appear
Some shade of grief, some little cloud of sorrow?
Did he not stop? Did he not look once back?
Didst thou approach him? Was he not confounded?
Did he not——Oh, be quick and tell me all!
Cleo. Madam, the tumult of his joy admits
No thought but love. Unguarded he marched on,
'Midst a promiscuous throng of friends and foes.
His cares all turn upon Astyanax,
Whom he has lodged within the citadel,
Defended by the strength of all his guards.
Her. Enough! he dies!—the traitor!——Where's Orestes?
Cleo. He's in the temple with his whole retinue.
Her. Is he still resolute? Is he still determined?
Cleo. Madam, I fear——
Her. How! Is Orestes false?
Does he betray me too?
Cleo. A thousand doubts
Perplex his soul, and wound him with remorse:
His virtue and his love prevail by turns.
He told me Pyrrhus should not fall ignobly:
Pyrrhus, the warlike son of great Achilles.
He dreads the censure of the Grecian states;
Of all mankind; and fears to stain his honour.
Her. Poor timorous wretch! 'tis false! he basely fears
To cope with dangers, and encounter death;
'Tis that he fears:—Am I bright Helen's daughter?
To vindicate her wrongs all Greece conspired;
For her confederate nations fought, and kings were slain;
Troy was o'erthrown, and a whole empire fell.

My eyes want force to raise a lover's arm,
Against a tyrant that has dared to wrong me!
Cleo. Madam, like Helen, trust your cause to Greece.
Her. No; I'll avenge myself! I'll to the temple!
I'll overturn the altar, stab the priest!
I'll hurl destruction, like a whirlwind, round me!
They must not wed! they must not live! they shall not!
Let me be gone! I have no time to lose!
Stand off! hold me not! I am all distraction!
Oh, Pyrrhus! Tyrant! Traitor! Thou shalt bleed!

Enter ORESTES.

Orest. Madam, 'tis done; your orders are obeyed:
The tyrant lies expiring at the altar.
Her. Is Pyrrhus slain?
Orest. Even now he gasps in death:
Our Greeks, all undistinguished in the crowd,
Flocked to the temple, and dispersed themselves
On every side the altar. I was there;
Pyrrhus observed me with a haughty eye,
And, proud to triumph over Greece in me,
From his own brows he took the diadem,
And bound it on the temples of his captive;
Receive, said he, my crown; receive my faith;
Mine and my people's sovereign reign for ever.
From this blest hour, a father to your son,
I'll scourge his foes: henceforward be he styled
The Trojan king; I swear it at the altar,
And call the gods to ratify my vows.
His subjects, with loud acclamations, shook
The spacious dome. Our Greeks, enraged, cried out,
Revenge! revenge! broke through the thronging press,
And rushed, tumultuous, on the unguarded king;
Their eager fury left no work for me.
Pyrrhus awhile opposed their clashing swords,
And dealt his fatal blows, on every side,
With manly firmness; till, opprest by numbers,
Streaming with blood, all over gashed with wounds,
He reeled, he groaned, and at the altar fell.
—Haste, madam; let us fly! Haste to our ships!
They lie unmoored: our friends attend us there.
Her. What have they done!
Orest. Madam, forgive their rage.
I own your vengeance had been more complete,
Had Pyrrhus fallen by me, and had he known
Hermione chastised him by my arm.
Her. Peace, monster! peace! Go tell thy horrid tale
To savages, and howl it in the desert.
Wouldst thou impute to me thy barbarous guilt?
Me wouldst thou make the accomplice of thy crimes?
Hence to thy Greeks, and boast thy foul exploits!
My soul abhors them! I disclaim the deed!
Begone! I know thee not! Thou fell barbarian!
What had he done? What could provoke thy madness,
To assassinate so great, so brave a man?
Who set thee on?
Orest. Oh, grant me patience, Heaven!
With your own lips did you not curse the tyrant,
Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy him?
Her. What if, transported by my boundless passion,
I could not bear to see him wed another,
Were you to obey a jealous woman's frenzy?
You should have dived into my inmost thoughts;
My heart, though full of rage, was free from malice;
And all my anger was excess of love.
Why did you take me at my word! You saw
The struggles of my soul; you heard me rave;
You should have questioned me a thousand times,
Yet still have doubted, and still questioned on,
Before you ventured on a life so precious.
Orest. Hear me but speak: Heaven knows, against my will——
Her. Why did you not return? Why not consult me
A second time? And, undetermined still,
Again return, and still find new delays?
What had your rash officious Greeks, dire bloodhounds!
To do with my revenge? What drew you hither?
To bring on me the vengeful woes that haunt you?
Are these the fruits of your detested love?
Your fatal embassy, your hateful presence,
Drove Pyrrhus to my rival; and destroys
Both him and me. He might have loved me still,
Had you ne'er interposed—Avaunt! Begone!
And leave me in Epirus. I renounce
My friends, my country, Greece, and all mankind:
But chiefly I renounce thee! monster, thee!
[*Exit.*
Orest. Am I awake? Where am I? Soft my soul;
Be not too rash.——Was that Hermione?
Why should her anger thunder against me?
Was not this blood shed all by her command?—
I am, indeed, a most outrageous monster!
A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin!
And all to please a false, ungrateful woman.
Henceforward let the laws of nations cease;
And let the pale, that severs right and wrong,
Things sacred and profane, be broken down;
Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,
Are not in safety, while Orestes lives!
Oh! never more shall my torn mind be healed,
Nor taste the gentle comfort of repose!
A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,
And lay strong siege to my distracted soul!

Enter PYLADES, *attended by Greeks.*

Pyl. Haste, prince; let us be gone: 'tis death to stay.

Andromache reigns queen: she gives the alarm,
And vows revenge upon the foes of Pyrrhus.
The people arm and muster in the streets:
Our Greeks will not be able long to guard
The palace gates, and to secure our flight.
We must be speedy, sir.
Orest. You may depart,
My friends——Hermione and I remain——
Her cruelty has quite undone me!——Go,
And leave me to myself——I'll find her out.
Pyl. Alas, unhappy princess! she's no more;
Forget her, sir, and save yourself with us.
Orest. Hermione no more!—Oh, all ye powers!
Pyl. Full of disorder, wildness in her looks,
With hands expanded, and dishevelled hair,
Breathless and pale, with shrieks she sought the temple;
In the mid-way she met the corpse of Pyrrhus;
She started at the sight; then, stiff with horror,
Gazed frightful: waked from the dire amaze,
She raised her eyes to heaven with such a look,
As spoke her sorrows, and reproached the gods:
Then plunged a poniard deep within her breast,
And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in death.
Orest. I thank you, gods—I never could expect
To be so wretched—You have been industrious
To finish your decrees; to make Orestes
A dreadful instance of your power to punish.
I'm singled out to bear the wrath of Heaven.
Pyl. You hazard your retreat by these delays.
The guards will soon beset us. Your complaints
Are vain, and may be fatal.
Orest. True, my friend:
And therefore 'twas I thanked the bounteous gods.
My fate's accomplished—I shall die content.
Oh, bear me hence—blow winds!——
Pyl. Let us be gone.
Orest. The murdered lovers wait me—Hark, they call!
Nay, if your blood still reeks, I'll mingle mine!
One tomb will hold us all.
Pyl. Alas! I fear
His ravings will return with his misfortunes.
Orest. I am dizzy!—Clouds!—Quite lost in utter darkness.
Guide me, some friendly pilot, through the storm.
I shiver! Oh, I freeze!—So;—Light returns;
'Tis the grey dawn!—See, Pylades!—Behold!—
I am encompassed with a sea of blood!——
The crimson billows!—Oh, my brain's on fire!
Pyl. How is it, sir?—Repose yourself on me.
Orest. Pyrrhus, stand off!——What wouldst thou?—How he glares!
What envious hand has closed thy wounds?—Have at thee.
It is Hermione that strikes——Confusion!
She catches Pyrrhus in her arms.—Oh, save me!
How terrible she looks! She knits her brow!
She frowns me dead! She frights me into madness!
Where am I?——Who are you?
Pyl. Alas, poor prince!
Help to support him.—How he pants for breath!
Orest. This is most kind, my Pylades——Oh, why,
Why was I born to give thee endless trouble?
Pyl. All will go well; he settles into reason.
Orest. Who talks of reason? Better to have none,
Than not enough.——Run, some one, tell my Greeks,
I will not have them touch the king. Now—now
I blaze again! See there! Look where they come;
A shoal of furies—How they swarm about me!
My terror! Hide me! Oh, their snakey locks!
Hark, how they hiss! See, see their flaming brands!
Now they let drive full at me! How they grin,
And shake their iron whips! My ears! What yelling!
And see, Hermione! She sets them on——
Thrust not your scorpions thus into my bosom!
Oh! I am stung to death! Dispatch me soon!
There—take my heart, Hermione! Tear it out!
Disjoint me! kill me! Oh, my tortured soul!
Pyl. Kind Heaven restore him to his wonted calm!
Oft have I seen him rave, but never thus:
Quite spent! Assist me, friends, to bear him off;
Our time is short: should his strong rage return,
'Twould be beyond our power to force him hence.
Away, my friends! I hear the portal open.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter PHŒNIX, *attended by Guards.*

Phœn. All, all are fled! Orestes is not here!
Triumphant villains!—The base, giddy rabble,
Whose hands should all have been employed with fire,
To waste the fleet, flocked round the dying princess;
And, while they stand agaze, the Greeks embark.
Oh, 'tis too plain!—this sacrilegious murder
Was authorised.——The ambassador's escape
Declares his guilt.——Most bloody embassy!
Most unexampled deed!—Where, where, ye gods,
Is majesty secure, if in your temples
You give it no protection!—See, the queen.
[*A flourish of trumpets.*

Enter ANDROMACHE *and* CEPHISA.

Andr. Yes, ye inhuman Greeks! the time will come
When you shall dearly pay your bloody deeds!
How should the Trojans hope for mercy from you,
When thus you turn your impious rage on Pyrrhus;
Pyrrhus, the bravest man in all your league;
The man whose single valour made you triumph?
[*A dead march behind.*
Is my child there?——

Ceph. It is the corpse of Pyrrhus.
The weeping soldiers bear him on their shields.
Andr. Ill-fated prince! too negligent of life,
And too unwary of the faithless Greeks!
Cut off in the fresh ripening prime of manhood,
Even in the pride of life: thy triumphs new,
And all thy glories in full blossom round thee!
The very Trojans would bewail thy fate.
Ceph. Alas, then, will your sorrows never end!
Andr. Oh, never, never!——While I live, my tears
Will never cease; for I was born to grieve.——
Give present orders for the funeral pomp:
[*To Phœnix.*
Let him be robed in all his regal state;
Place round him every shining mark of honour:
And let the pile, that consecrates his ashes,
Rise like his fame, and blaze above the clouds.
[*A flourish of trumpets.*

Ceph. That sound proclaims the arrival of the prince;
The guards conduct him from the citadel.
Andr. With open arms I'll meet him!—Oh, Cephisa!
A springing joy, mixt with a soft concern,
A pleasure which no language can express,
An extacy that mothers only feel,
Plays round my heart, and brightens up my sorrow,
Like gleams of sunshine in a lowering sky.
Though plunged in ills, and exercised in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair:
When prest by dangers, and beset with foes,
The gods their timely succour interpose;
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelmed with grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

JANE SHORE.

BY

ROWE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DUKE OF GLOSTER.
LORD HASTINGS.
CATESBY.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFFE.
BELMOUR,
DUMONT.
Servant.

WOMEN.

ALICIA.
JANE SHORE.

Several Lords of the Council, Guards, and Attendants.

Scene,—London.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Tower.*

Enter the Duke of GLOSTER, SIR RICHARD RATCLIFFE, *and* CATESBY.

Glost. THUS far success attends upon our councils,
And each event has answered to my wish;
The queen and all her upstart race are quelled;
Dorset is banished, and her brother Rivers,
Ere this, lies shorter by the head at Pomfret.
The nobles have, with joint concurrence, named me
Protector of the realm. My brother's children,
Young Edward, and the little York, are lodged
Here, safe within the Tower. How say you, sirs,
Does not this business wear a lucky face?
The sceptre and the golden wreath of royalty
Seem hung within my reach.

Rat. Then take them to you,
And wear them long and worthily. You are
The last remaining male of princely York,
(For Edward's boys, the state esteems not of them,)
And therefore on your sovereignty and rule,
The common weal does her dependance make,
And leans upon your highness' able hand.

Cat. And yet to-morrow does the council meet,
To fix a day for Edward's coronation.
Who can expound this riddle?

Glost. That can I.
These lords are each one my approved good friends,
Of special trust and nearness to my bosom;
And howsoever busy they may seem,
And diligent to bustle in the state,
Their zeal goes on no farther than we lead,
And at our bidding stays.

Cat. Yet there is one,
And he amongst the foremost in his power,
Of whom I wish your highness were assured.
For me, perhaps it is my nature's fault,
I own, I doubt of his inclining, much.

Glost. I guess the man at whom your words would point:
Hastings——
Cat. The same.
Glost. He bears me great good-will.
Cat. 'Tis true, to you, as to the lord protector,
And Gloster's duke, he bows with lowly service:
But were he bid to cry, *God save king Richard,*
Then tell me in what terms he would reply?
Believe me, I have proved the man, and found him:
I know he bears a most religious reverence
To his dead master Edward's royal memory,
And whither that may lead him is most plain.
Yet more—One of that stubborn sort he is,
Who, if they once grow fond of an opinion,
They call it honour, honesty, and faith,
And sooner part with life than let it go.
Glost. And yet this tough impracticable heart
Is governed by a dainty-fingered girl.
Such flaws are found in the most worthy natures;
A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimpering she
Shall make him amble on a gossip's message,
And take the distaff with a hand as patient
As e'er did Hercules.
Rat. The fair Alicia,
Of noble birth and exquisite of feature,
Has held him long a vassal to her beauty.
Cat. I fear, he fails in his allegiance there;
Or my intelligence is false, or else
The dame has been too lavish of her feast,
And fed him till he loathes.
Glost. No more, he comes.

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. Health, and the happiness of many days,
Attend upon your grace.
Glost. My good lord chamberlain,
We're much beholden to your gentle friendship.
Hast. My lord, I come an humble suitor to you.
Glost. In right good time. Speak out your pleasure freely.
Hast. I am to move your highness in behalf
Of Shore's unhappy wife.
Glost. Say you, of Shore?
Hast. Once a bright star, that held her place on high:
The first and fairest of our English dames,
While royal Edward held the sovereign rule.
Now sunk in grief, and pining with despair,
Her waning form no longer shall incite
Envy in woman, or desire in man.
She never sees the sun, but through her tears,
And wakes to sigh the live-long night away.
Glost. Marry! the times are badly changed with her,
From Edward's days to these. Then all was jollity,
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
Piping and playing, minstrelsy and masquing;
Till life fled from us like an idle dream,
A shew of mummery without a meaning.
My brother, rest and pardon to his soul!
Is gone to his account; for this his minion,
The revel rout is done—But you were speaking
Concerning her—I have been told, that you
Are frequent in your visitation to her.
Hast. No farther, my good lord, than friendly pity,
And tender-hearted charity allow.
Glost. Go to; I did not mean to chide you for it.
For, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you
To cherish the distressed——On with your tale.
Hast. Thus it is, gracious sir, that certain officers,
Using the warrant of your mighty name,
With insolent, unjust, and lawless power,
Have seized upon the lands which late she held
By grant, from her great master Edward's bounty.
Glost. Somewhat of this, but slightly, have I heard;
And though some counsellors of forward zeal,
Some of most ceremonious sanctity,
And bearded wisdom, often have provoked
The hand of justice to fall heavy on her;
Yet still, in kind compassion of her weakness,
And tender memory of Edward's love,
I have withheld the merciless stern law
From doing outrage on her helpless beauty.
Hast. Good Heaven, who renders mercy back for mercy,
With open-handed bounty shall repay you:
This gentle deed shall fairly be set foremost,
To screen the wild escapes of lawless passion,
And the long train of frailties flesh is heir to.
Glost. Thus far, the voice of pity pleaded only:
Our farther and more full extent of grace
Is given to your request. Let her attend,
And to ourself deliver up her griefs.
She shall be heard with patience, and each wrong
At full redressed. But I have other news,
Which much import us both; for still my fortunes
Go hand in hand with yours: our common foes,
The queen's relations, our new-fangled gentry,
Have fallen their haughty crests—That for your privacy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment in Jane Shore's house.*

Enter BELMOUR *and* DUMONT.

Bel. How she has lived, you have heard my tale already;
The rest your own attendance in her family,
Where I have found the means this day to place you,
And nearer observation, best will tell you.
See, with what sad and sober cheer she comes.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Sure, or I read her visage much amiss,
Or grief besets her hard. Save you, fair lady!

The blessings of the cheerful morn be on you,
And greet your beauty with its opening sweets!
J. Sh. My gentle neighbour, your good wishes still
Pursue my hapless fortunes! Ah, good Belmour!
How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity!
Like thee reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix their pitying tears with those that weep!
Thy praise deserves a better tongue than mine,
To speak and bless thy name. Is this the gentleman,
Whose friendly service you commended to me?
Bel. Madam, it is.
J. Sh. A venerable aspect. [*Aside.*
Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks;
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience;
A friend like this would suit my sorrows well.
Fortune, I fear me, sir, has meant you ill, [*To Dum.*
Who pays your merit with that scanty pittance,
Which my poor hand and humble roof can give.
But to supply these golden vantages,
Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet
A just regard and value for your worth,
The welcome of a friend, and the free partnership
Of all that little good the world allows me.
Dum. You over-rate me much; and all my answer
Must be my future truth; let them speak for me,
And make up my deserving.
J. Sh. Are you of England?
Dum. No, gracious lady, Flanders claims my birth;
At Antwerp has my constant biding been,
Where sometimes I have known more plenteous days
Than these which now my failing age affords.
J. Sh. Alas! at Antwerp!—Oh, forgive my tears! [*Weeping.*
They fall for my offences—and must fall
Long, long ere they shall wash my stains away.
You knew perhaps—Oh grief! oh shame! my husband.
Dum. I knew him well—but stay this flood of anguish!
The senseless grave feels not your pious sorrows:
Three years and more are past, since I was bid,
With many of our common friends, to wait him
To his last peaceful mansion. I attended,
Sprinkled his clay-cold corse with holy drops,
According to our church's rev'rend rite,
And saw him laid in hallow'd ground, to rest.
J. Sh. Oh, that my soul had known no joy but him!
That I had lived within his guiltless arms,
And, dying, slept in innocence beside him!
But now his dust abhors the fellowship,
And scorns to mix with mine.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The lady Alicia
Attends your leisure.
J. Sh. Say I wish to see her. [*Exit Servant.*
Please, gentle sir, one moment to retire:
I'll wait you on the instant, and inform you
Of each unhappy circumstance, in which
Your friendly aid and counsel much may stead me. [*Exeunt Belmour and Dumont.*

Enter Alicia.

Alic. Still, my fair friend, still shall I find you thus?
Still shall these sighs heave after one another,
These trickling drops chase one another still,
As if the posting messengers of grief
Could overtake the hours fled far away,
And make old Time come back?
J. Sh. No, my Alicia,
Heaven and his saints be witness to my thoughts,
There is no hour of all my life o'er past,
That I could wish to take its turn again.
Alic. And yet some of those days my friend has known,
Some of those years might pass for golden ones,
At least if womankind can judge of happiness.
What could we wish, we, who delight in empire,
Whose beauty is our sovereign good, and gives us
Our reasons to rebel, and power to reign,
What could we more than to behold a monarch,
Lovely, renowned, a conqueror, and young,
Bound in our chains, and sighing at our feet?
J. Sh. 'Tis true, the royal Edward was a wonder,
The goodly pride of all our English youth;
He was the very joy of all that saw him;
Formed to delight, to love, and to persuade.
Impassive spirits and angelic natures
Might have been charmed, like yielding human weakness,
Stooped from their heaven, and listened to his talking.
But what had I to do with kings and courts?
My humble lot had cast me far beneath him;
And that he was the first of all mankind,
The bravest, and most lovely, was my curse.
Alic. Sure, something more than fortune joined your loves:
Nor could his greatness, and his gracious form,
Be elsewhere matched so well, as to the sweetness
And beauty of my friend.
J. Sh. Name him no more!
He was the bane and ruin of my peace.
This anguish and these tears, these are the legacies
His fatal love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
Believe me, my Alicia, thou wilt see me,
E'er yet a few short days pass o'er my head,
Abandoned to the very utmost wretchedness.

and of power has seized almost the whole
at was left for needy life's support;
y thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling
e thy charitable door for bread.
c. Joy of my life, my dearest Shore, forbear
ound my heart with thy foreboding sorrows;
thy sad soul to better hopes than these;
p thy eyes, and let them shine once more,
t as the morning sun above the mist.
thy charms, seek out the stern protector,
oothe his savage temper with thy beauty:
of his deadly, unrelenting nature,
all be moved to pity, and redress thee.
Sh. My form, alas! has long forgot to please;
cene of beauty and delight is changed;
ses bloom upon my fading cheek,
aughing graces wanton in my eyes;
aggard grief, lean-looking sallow care,
ining discontent, a rueful train,
l on my brow, all hideous and forlorn,
nly shadow of a hope is left me;
oble-minded Hastings, of his goodness,
indly undertaken to be my advocate,
nove my humble suit to angry Gloster.
c. Does Hastings undertake to plead your cause?
herefore should he not? Hastings has eyes;
entle lord has a right tender heart,
ng and easy, yielding to impression,
catching the soft flame from each new beauty;
ours shall charm him long.
Sh. Away, you flatterer!
charge his generous meaning with a weakness,
h his great soul and virtue must disdain.
nuch of love thy hapless friend has proved,
nany giddy foolish hours are gone,
n fantastic measures danced away:
he remaining few know only friendship!
ou, my dearest, truest, best Alicia,
nsafe to lodge me in thy gentle heart,
tner there; I will give up mankind,
t the transports of increasing passion,
ll the pangs we feel for its decay.
c. Live! live and reign for ever in my bosom! [*Embracing.*
nd unrivalled there possess thy own;
ou, the brightest of the stars above,
ints, that once were women here below,
tness of the truth, the holy friendship,
a here to this my other self I vow!
If I not hold her nearer to my soul,
Than every other joy the world can give;
Let poverty, deformity, and shame,
Distraction and despair seize me on earth!
Let not my faithless ghost have peace hereafter,
Nor taste the bliss of your celestial fellowship!
J. Sh. Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true;
Therefore these jewels, once the lavish bounty
Of royal Edward's love, I trust to thee;
[*Giving a casket.*
Receive this, all that I can call my own,
And let it rest unknown, and safe with thee:
That if the state's injustice should oppress me,
Strip me of all, and turn me out a wanderer,
My wretchedness may find relief from thee,
And shelter from the storm.
Alic. My all is thine;
One common hazard shall attend us both,
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
But let thy fearful doubting heart be still;
The saints and angels have thee in their charge,
And all things shall be well. Think not, the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the prisoner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to Heaven, and pull a blessing on thee;
Even man, the merciless insulter man,
Man, who rejoices in our sex's weakness,
Shall pity thee, and with unwonted goodness
Forget thy failings, and record thy praise.
J. Sh. Why should I think that man will do for me,
What yet he never did for wretches like me?
Mark by what partial justice we are judged:
Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entailed upon our kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestioned through the wilds of love;
While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
If, strongly charmed, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame:
In vain with tears her loss she may deplore,
In vain look back on what she was before;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Continues.*

Enter Alicia, *speaking to* Jane Shore *as entering.*

Alic. No farther, gentle friend; good angels guard you,
And spread their glorious wings about your slumbers.
The drowsy night grows on the world, and now
The busy craftsmen and o'er laboured hind
Forget the travail of the day in sleep:
Care only wakes, and moping pensiveness;
With meagre discontented looks they sit,
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.
Such vigils must I keep, so wakes my soul,
Restless and self-tormented! Oh, false Hastings!
Thou hast destroyed my peace.
[*Knocking within.*
What noise is that?
What visitor is this, who, with bold freedom,
Breaks in upon the peaceful night and rest,
With such a rude approach?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One from the court,
Lord Hastings (as I think) demands my lady.
Alic. Hastings! Be still, my heart, and try to meet him
With his own arts: with falsehood—But he comes.

Enter Lord Hastings, *speaks to a Servant as entering.*

Hast. Dismiss my train, and wait alone without.
Alicia here! Unfortunate encounter!
But be it as it may.
Alic. When humbly, thus,
The great descend to visit the afflicted,
When thus, unmindful of their rest, they come
To soothe the sorrows of the midnight mourner,
Comfort comes with them; like the golden sun,
Dispels the sullen shades with her sweet influence,
And cheers the melancholy house of care.
Hast. 'Tis true, I would not over-rate a courtesy,
Nor let the coldness of delay hang on it,
To nip and blast its favour, like a frost;
But rather chose, at this late hour to come,
That your fair friend may know I have prevailed;
The lord protector has received her suit,
And means to shew her grace.
Alic. My friend! my lord.
Hast. Yes, lady, yours: none has a right more ample
To task my power than you.
Alic. I want the words,
To pay you back a compliment so courtly;
But my heart guesses at the friendly meaning,
And will not die your debtor.
Hast. 'Tis well, madam.
But I would see your friend.
Alic. Oh, thou false lord!
I would be mistress of my heaving heart,
Stifle this rising rage, and learn from thee
To dress my face in easy dull indifference:
But it will not be; my wrongs will tear their way,
And rush at once upon thee.
Hast. Are you wise?
Have you the use of reason? Do you wake?
What means this raving, this transporting passion?
Alic. Oh, thou cool traitor! thou insulting tyrant!
Dost thou behold my poor distracted heart,
Thus rent with agonizing love and rage,
And ask me what it means? Art thou not false?
Am I not scorned, forsaken, and abandoned,
Left, like a common wretch, to shame and infamy,
Given up to be the sport of villains' tongues,
Of laughing parasites, and lewd buffoons?
And all because my soul has doated on thee
With love, with truth, and tenderness unutterable!
Hast. Are these the proofs of tenderness and love?
These endless quarrels, discontents, and jealousies,
These never-ceasing wailings and complainings,
These furious starts, these whirlwinds of the soul,
Which every other moment rise to madness?
Alic. What proof, alas! have I not given of love?
What have I not abandoned to thy arms?
Have I not set at nought my noble birth,
A spotless fame, and an unblemished race,
The peace of innocence, and pride of virtue?
My prodigality has given thee all;
And now, I've nothing left me to bestow,
You hate the wretched bankrupt you have made.
Hast. Why am I thus pursued from place to place,
Kept in the view, and crossed at every turn?
In vain I fly, and, like a hunted deer,
Scud o'er the lawns, and hasten to the covert;
E'er I can reach my safety, you o'ertake me
With the swift malice of some keen reproach,
And drive the winged shaft deep in my heart.
Alic. Hither you fly, and here you seek repose;
Spite of the poor deceit, your arts are known,
Your pious, charitable, midnight visits!
Hast. If you are wise, and prize your peace of mind,
Yet take the friendly counsel of my love;
Believe me true, nor listen to your jealousy.
Let not that devil, which undoes your sex,
That cursed curiosity seduce you,
To hunt for needless secrets, which, neglected,

Shall never hurt your quiet; but, once known,
Shall sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
And banish the sweet sleep for ever from you.
Go to—be yet advised—
Alic. Dost thou, in scorn,
Preach patience to my rage, and bid me tamely
Sit like a poor contented idiot down,
Nor dare to think thou'st wronged me? Ruin seize thee,
And swift perdition overtake thy treachery!
Have I the least remaining cause to doubt?
Hast thou endeavoured once to hide thy falsehood?
To hide it might have spoke some little tenderness,
And shewn thee half unwilling to undo me:
But thou disdainest the weakness of humanity;
Thy words, and all thy actions, have confessed it;
Even now thy eyes avow it, now they speak,
And insolently own the glorious villany.
Hast. Well, then! I own my heart has broke your chains.
Patient I bore the painful bondage long;
At length my generous love disdains your tyranny;
The bitterness and stings of taunting jealousy,
Vexatious days, and jarring, joyless nights,
Have driven him forth to seek some safer shelter,
Where he may rest his weary wings in peace.
Alic. You triumph! do! and, with gigantic pride,
Defy impending vengeance. Heaven shall wink;
No more his arm shall roll the dreadful thunder;
Nor send his lightnings forth: no more his justice
Shall visit the presuming sons of men,
But perjury, like thine, shall dwell in safety.
Hast. Whate'er my fate decrees for me hereafter,
Be present to me now, my better angel!
Preserve me from the storm that threatens now,
And if I have beyond atonement sinned,
Let any other kind of plague o'ertake me,
So I escape the fury of that tongue.
Alic. Thy prayer is heard—I go—but know, proud lord,
Howe'er thou scorn'st the weakness of my sex,
This feeble hand may find the means to reach thee,
Howe'er sublime in power and greatness placed,
With royal favour guarded round and graced;
On eagle's wings my rage shall urge her flight,
And hurl thee headlong from thy topmost height;
Then, like thy fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fallen, and grovelling at my feet;
See thy last breath with indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the shades below.
[*Exit.*
Hast. How fierce a fiend is passion! with what wildness,
What tyranny untamed it reigns in woman!
Unhappy sex! whose easy yielding temper
Gives way to every appetite alike:
Each gust of inclination, uncontrouled,
Sweeps through their souls, and sets them in an uproar;
Each motion of the heart rises to fury,
And love, in their weak bosoms, is a rage
As terrible as hate, and as destructive.
So the wind roars o'er the wide fenceless ocean,
And heaves the billows of the boiling deep,
Alike from north, from south, from east, from west;
With equal force the tempest blows, by turns,
From every corner of the seaman's compass.
But soft ye now—for here comes one, disclaims
Strife and her wrangling train; of equal elements,
Without one jarring atom, was she formed,
And gentleness and joy make up her being.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Forgive me, fair one, if officious friendship
Intrudes on your repose, and comes thus late
To greet you with the tidings of success.
The princely Gloster has vouchsafed you hearing;
To-morrow he expects you at the court;
There plead your cause, with never-failing beauty,
Speak all your griefs, and find a full redress.
J. Sh. Thus humbly let your lowly servant bend,
[*Kneeling.*
Thus let me bow my grateful knee to earth,
And bless your noble nature for this goodness.
Hast. Rise, gentle dame; you wrong my meaning much;
Think me not guilty of a thought so vain,
To sell my courtesy for thanks like these!
J. Sh. 'Tis true, your bounty is beyond my speaking:
But though my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you;
And when it melts before the throne of mercy,
Mourning and bleeding for my past offences,
My fervent soul shall breathe one prayer for you,
If prayers of such a wretch are heard on high,
That Heaven will pay you back, when most you need,
The grace and goodness you have shewn to me.
Hast. If there be ought of merit in my service,
Impute it there, where most 'tis due, to love;
Be kind, my gentle mistress, to my wishes,
And satisfy my panting heart with beauty.
J. Sh. Alas! my lord——
Hast. Why bend thy eyes to earth?
Wherefore these looks of heaviness and sorrow?
Why breathes that sigh, my love? And wherefore falls
This trickling shower of tears, to stain thy sweetness?
J. Sh. If pity dwells within your noble breast,
(As sure it does) Oh, speak not to me thus!
Hast. Can I behold thee, and not speak of love?
Even now, thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,

Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy softness steals upon my yielding senses,
Till my soul faints, and sickens with desire;
How canst thou give this motion to my heart,
And bid my tongue be still?

J. Sh. Cast round your eyes
Upon the high-born beauties of the court;
Behold, like opening roses, where they bloom,
Sweet to the sense, unsullied all, and spotless;
There chuse some worthy partner of your heart,
To fill your arms, and bless your virtuous bed;
Nor turn your eyes this way, where sin and misery,
Like loathsome weeds, have over-run the soil,
And the destroyer, Shame, has laid all waste.

Hast. What means this peevish, this fantastic change?
Where is thy wonted pleasantness of face,
Thy wonted graces, and thy dimpled smiles?
Where hast thou lost thy wit, and sportive mirth?
That chearful heart, which used to dance for ever,
And cast a day of gladness all around thee?

J. Sh. Yes, I will own I merit the reproach;
And for those foolish days of wanton pride,
My soul is justly humbled to the dust:
All tongues, like yours, are licensed to upbraid me,
Still to repeat my guilt, to urge my infamy,
And treat me like that abject thing I have been.
Yet let the saints be witness to this truth,
That now, though late, I look with horror back,
That I detest my wretched self, and curse
My past polluted life. All-judging Heaven,
Who knows my crimes, has seen my sorrow for them.

Hast. No more of this dull stuff. 'Tis time enough
To whine and mortify thyself with penance,
When the decaying sense is palled with pleasure,
And weary nature tires in her last stage;
Then weep and tell thy beads, when altering rheums
Have stained the lustre of thy starry eyes,
And failing palsies shake thy withered hand.
The present moment claims more generous use;
Thy beauty, night, and solitude, reproach me,
For having talked thus long—come let me press thee, [*Laying hold of her.*
Pant on thy bosom, sink into thy arms,
And lose myself in the luxurious flood!

J. Sh. Never! by those chaste lights above, I swear,
My soul shall never know pollution more;
Forbear, my lord!—here let me rather die:
[*Kneeling.*
Let quick destruction overtake me here,
And end my sorrows and my shame for ever.

Hast. Away with this perverseness!—'tis too much.
Nay, if you strive—'tis monstrous affectation!
[*Struggling.*

J. Sh. Retire! I beg you leave me—

Hast. Thus to coy it!——
With one who knows you too.——

J. Sh. For mercy's sake——

Hast. Ungrateful woman! Is it thus you pay
My services?———

J. Sh. Abandon me to ruin——
Rather than urge me——

Hast. This way to your chamber;
[*Pulling her.*
There if you struggle——

J. Sh. Help, oh, gracious Heaven!
Help! Save me! Help!

Enter DUMONT, *he interposes.*

Dum. My lord! for honour's sake——

Hast. Ha! What art thou?—Begone!

Dum. My duty calls me
To my attendance on my mistress here.

J. Sh. For pity, let me go——

Hast. Avaunt! base groom——
At distance wait, and know thy office better.

Dum. Forego your hold, my lord! 'tis most unmanly
This violence——

Hast. Avoid the room this moment,
Or I will tread thy soul out.

Dum. No, my lord——
The common ties of mankind call me now,
And bid me thus stand up in the defence
Of an oppressed, unhappy, helpless woman.

Hast. And dost thou know me, slave?

Dum. Yes, thou proud lord!
I know thee well; know thee with each advantage
Which wealth, or power, or noble birth can give thee.
I know thee, too, for one who stains those honours,
And blots a long illustrious line of ancestry,
By poorly daring thus to wrong a woman.

Hast. 'Tis wonderous well! I see, my saint-like dame,
You stand provided of your braves and ruffians,
To man your cause, and bluster in your brothel.

Dum. Take back the foul reproach, unmannered railer!
Nor urge my rage too far, lest thou should'st find
I have as daring spirits in my blood
As thou or any of thy race e'er boasted;
And though no gaudy titles graced my birth,
Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward,
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants,
Yet Heaven, that made me honest, made me more than ever king did, when he made a lord.

Hast. Insolent villain! henceforth let this teach thee [*Draws and strikes him.*
The distance 'twixt a peasant and a prince!

Dum. Nay, then, my lord, [*drawing*] learn you by this, how well

An arm resolved can guard its master's life.
[*They fight.*
J. Sh. Oh my distracting fears! hold. fo sweet Heaven. [*Runs off distractedly.*
[*They fight, Dumont disarms Lord Hastings.*
Hast. Confusion! baffled by a base-born hind!
Dum. Now, haughty sir, where is our difference now?
Your life is in my hand, and did not honour,
The gentleness of blood, and inborn virtue,
(Howe'er unworthy I may seem to you)
Plead in my bosom, I should take the forfeit.
But wear your sword again; and know, a lord
Opposed against a man, is but a man.
Hast. Curse on my failing arm! Your better fortune
Has given you vantage o'er me; but perhaps
Your triumph may be bought with dear repentance. [*Exit Hastings.*

Enter JANE SHORE.

J. Sh. Alas! what have ye done? Know ye the power,
The mightiness, that waits upon this lord?
Dum. Fear not, my worthiest mistress; 'tis a cause
In which Heaven's guards shall wait you. O pursue,
Pursue the sacred counsels of your soul,
Which urge you on to virtue; let not danger,
Nor the incumbering world, make faint your purpose.
Assisting angels shall conduct your steps,
Bring you to bliss, and crown your days with peace.
J. Sh. Oh, that my head were laid, my sad eyes closed,
And my cold corse wound in my shroud to rest!
My painful heart will never cease to beat,
Will never know a moment's peace till then.
Dum. Would you be happy, leave this fatal place;
Fly from the court's pernicious neighbourhood;
Where innocence is shamed, and blushing modesty
Is made the scorner's jest; where hate, deceit,
And deadly ruin, wear the masques of beauty,
And draw deluded fools with shews of pleasure.
J. Sh. Where should I fly, thus helpless and forlorn,
Of friends, and all the means of life bereft?
Dum. Belmour, whose friendly care still wakes to serve you,
Has found you out a little peaceful refuge,
Far from the court and the tumultuous city.
Within an ancient forest's ample verge,
There stands a lonely but a healthful dwelling,
Built for convenience and the use of life:
Around it fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
A little garden, and a limpid brook,
By nature 's own contrivance seems disposed;
No neighbours, but a few poor simple clowns,
Honest and true, with a well meaning priest:
No faction, or domestic fury's rage,
Did e'er disturb the quiet of that place,
When the contending nobles shook the land
With York and Lancaster's disputed sway.
Your virtue there may find a safe retreat
From the insulting powers of wicked greatness.
J. Sh. Can there be so much happiness in store!
A cell like that is all my hopes aspire to.
Haste, then, and thither let us take our flight,
Ere the clouds gather, and the wintery sky
Descends in storms to intercept our passage.
Dum. Will you then go! You glad my very soul.
Banish your fears, cast all your cares on me;
Plenty and ease, and peace of mind shall wait you,
And make your latter days of life most happy.
Oh, lady! but I must not, cannot tell you,
How anxious I have been for all your dangers,
And how my heart rejoices at your safety.
So when the spring renews the flowery field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build,
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood;
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow;
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders through the grove no more;
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The court.*

Enter ALICIA, *with a paper.*

Alic. THIS paper to the great protector's hand,
With care and secrecy, must be conveyed;
His bold ambition now avows its aim,
To pluck the crown from Edward's infant brow,
And fix it on his own. I know he holds
My faithless Hastings adverse to his hopes,
And much devoted to the orphan king;
On that I build: this paper meets his doubts,
And marks my hated rival as the cause
Of Hastings' zeal for his dead master's sons.
Oh, jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship,
Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms,
How does thy rancour poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness?

See where she comes! once my heart's dearest blessing;
Now my changed eyes are blasted with her beauty,
Loathe that known face, and sicken to behold her.

Enter JANE SHORE.

J. Sh. Now whither shall I fly to find relief?
What charitable hand will aid me now?
Will stay my falling steps, support my ruins,
And heal my wounded mind with balmy comfort?
Oh, my Alicia!
Alic. What new grief is this?
What unforeseen misfortune has surprised thee,
That racks thy tender heart thus?
J. Sh. Oh, Dumont!
Alic. Say what of him?
J. Sh. That friendly, honest man,
Whom Belmour brought of late to my assistance,
On whose kind care, whose diligence and faith,
My surest trust was built, this very morn
Was seized on by the cruel hand of power,
Forced from my house, and borne away to prison.
Alic. To prison, said you! Can you guess the cause?
J. Sh. Too well, I fear. His bold defence of me
Has drawn the vengeance of Lord Hastings on him.
Alic. Lord Hastings! Ha!
J. Sh. Some fitter time must tell thee
The tale of my hard hap. Upon the present
Hang all my poor, my last remaining hopes.
Within this paper is my suit contained;
Here, as the princely Gloster passes forth,
I wait to give it on my humble knees,
And move him for redress.
[*She gives the paper to Alicia, who opens and seems to read it.*
Alic. [*Aside.*] Now for a wile,
To sting my thoughtless rival to the heart;
To blast her fatal beauties, and divide her
For ever from my perjured Hastings' eyes!
The wanderer may then look back to me,
And turn to his forsaken home again.
Their fashions are the same, it cannot fail.
[*Pulling out the other paper.*
J. Sh. But see, the great protector comes this way,
Attended by a train of waiting courtiers.
Give me the paper, friend.
Alic. [*Aside.*] For love and vengeance!
[*She gives her the other paper.*

Enter the Duke of GLOSTER, *Sir* RICHARD RATCLIFFE, CATESBY, *Courtiers, and other Attendants.*

J. Sh. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, noble Gloster, turn thy gracious eye,
Incline thy pitying ear to my complaint!
A poor, undone, forsaken, helpless woman,
Intreats a little bread for charity,
To feed her wants, and save her life from perishing.
Glost. Arise, fair dame, and dry your watery eyes.
[*Receiving the paper, and raising her.*
Beshrew me, but 'twere pity of his heart
That could refuse a boon to such a suitress.
You have got a noble friend to be your advocate;
A worthy and right gentle lord he is,
And to his trust most true. This present now,
Some matters of the state detain our leisure;
Those once dispatched, we'll call for you anon,
And give your griefs redress. Go to! be comforted.
J. Sh. Good Heavens repay your highness for this pity,
And shower down blessings on your princely head.
Come, my Alicia, reach thy friendly arm,
And help me to support this feeble frame,
That nodding totters with oppressive woe,
And sinks beneath its load.
[*Exeunt J. Sh. and Alic.*
Glost. Now, by my holidame!
Heavy of heart she seems, and sore afflicted.
But thus it is when rude calamity
Lays its strong gripe upon these mincing minions
The dainty gew-gaw forms dissolve at once,
And shiver at the shock. What says her paper? [*Seeming to read.*
Ha! what is this? Come nearer, Ratcliffe! Catesby!
Mark the contents, and then divine the meaning.
[*He reads.*
'Wonder not, princely Gloster, at the notice
'This paper brings you from a friend unknown;
'Lord Hastings is inclined to call you master,
'And kneel to Richard, as to England's king;
'But Shore's bewitching wife misleads his heart,
'And draws his service to king Edward's sons:
'Drive her away, you break the charm that holds him,
'And he, and all his powers, attend you.'
Rat. 'Tis wonderful!
Cat. The means by which it came
Yet stranger too!
Glost. You saw it given, but now.
Rat. She could not know the purport.
Glost. No, 'tis plain——
She knows it not, it levels at her life;
Should she presume to prate of such high matters,
The meddling harlot! dear she should abide it.
Cat. What hand soe'er it comes from, be assured,
It means your highness well——
Glosc. Upon the instant,
Lord Hastings will be here; this morn I mean
To prove him to the quick; then if he flinch,
No more but this—away with him at once!
He must be mine or nothing——But he comes!
Draw nearer this way, and observe me well.
[*They whisper.*

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. This foolish woman hangs about my heart,
Lingers and wanders in my fancy still;
This coyness is put on; 'tis art and cunning;
And worn to urge desire——I must possess her.
The groom, who lift his saucy hand against me,
Ere this, is humbled, and repents his daring.
Perhaps, even she may profit by the example,
And teach her beauty not to scorn my power.

Glost. This do, and wait me e'er the council sits. [*Exeunt Rat. and Cat.*
My lord, you are well encountered; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:
Alas! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended;
How much for your good sake we mean to do,
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

Hast. Your highness binds me ever to your service.

Glost. You know your friendship is most potent with us,
And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matters for your ear.
The state is out of tune: distracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsels;
Amidst the wealthy city, murmurs rise,
Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government; hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man, are broke.
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

Hast. The resty knaves are over-run with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction;
If, in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton and repine; it is
Because the reins of power are held too slack,
And reverend authority, of late,
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

Glost. Beshrew my heart! but you have well divined
The source of these disorders. Who can wonder,
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to speak; hence comes the general cry,
And sum of all complaint; 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern.

Hast. 'Tis true, the king is young; but what of that?
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloster's valour, and most princely wisdom,
So well supply our infant sovereign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

Glost. The council (much I'm bound to thank them for't!)
Have placed a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of power, and subject to controul;
Scorned by my foes, and useless to my friends.
Oh, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence,
At large, to lord it in the common-weal;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt disputed titles.

Hast. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
A doubt like this———

Glost. Ay marry, but there is——
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occasion, doctor Shaw
Has moved the people much about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue? By right grave authority,
Of learning and religion, plainly proving,
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock; from thence, at full
Discoursing on my brother's former contract
To lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
His jolly match with this same buxom widow,
The queen he left behind him———

Hast. Ill befal
Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples!
By Heaven 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sovereign rule should take henceforward?
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malecontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brain,
Each day with some fantastic giddy change?

Glost. What if some patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the state?

Hast. Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor
And his pernicious counsels, who, for wealth,
For power, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!

Glost. You go too far, my lord.

Hast. Your highness' pardon———
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles
When, like a matron butchered by her sons,
And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers by,
Our groaning country bled at every vein;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevailed
When churches, palaces, and cities blazed;

When insolence and barbarism triumphed,
And swept away distinctions; peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid
The reverend crosier, and the holy mitre,
And desolation covered all the land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart,
Whose damned ambition would renew those horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before us!
Glost. How now! so hot!
Hast. So brave, and so resolved.
Glost. Is then our friendship of so little moment,
That you could arm your hand against my life?
Hast. I hope your highness does not think I mean it;
No; Heaven forefend that e'er your princely person
Should come within the scope of my resentment.
Glost. Oh, noble Hastings! Nay, I must embrace you; [*Embraces him.*
By holy Paul, y'are a right honest man!
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If, when I meant to lodge you near my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live your king and country's best support:
For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.
Hast. Accept what thanks a grateful heart should pay.
Oh, princely Gloster! judge me not ungentle,
Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
If, when the public safety is in question,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.
Glost. Enough of this: to deal in wordy compliment
Is much against the plainness of my nature:
I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit,
And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.
Farewell, and be my friend. [*Exit Glost.*
Hast. I am not read,
Nor skilled and practised in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The duke is surely noble; but he touched me
Even on the tenderest point; the master-string,
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confessed.
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Continues.*

Enter Duke of Gloster, Ratcliffe, *and* Catesby.

Glost. This was the sum of all: that he would brook
No alteration in the present state.
Marry, at last, the testy gentleman
Was almost moved to bid us bold defiance;
But there I dropt the argument, and changing
The first design and purport of my speech,
I praised his good affection to young Edward,
And left him to believe my thoughts like his.
Proceed we then in this forementioned matter,
As nothing bound, or trusting to his friendship.
Rat. Ill does it thus befall. I could have wished
This lord had stood with us. His friends are wealthy;
Thereto, his own possessions large and mighty;
The vassals and dependants on his power
Firm in adherence, ready, bold, and many;
His name had been of vantage to your highness,
And stood our present purpose much in stead.
Glost. This wayward and perverse declining from us,
Has warranted at full the friendly notice,
Which we this morn received. I hold it certain,
This puling, whining harlot rules his reason,
And prompts his zeal for Edward's bastard brood.
Cat. If she have such dominion o'er his heart,
And turn it at her will, you rule her fate;
And should, by inference and apt deduction,
Be arbiter of his. Is not her bread,
The very means immediate to her being,
The bounty of your hand? Why does she live,
If not to yield obedience to your pleasure,
To speak, to act, to think as you command?
Rat. Let her instruct her tongue to bear your message;
Teach every grace to smile in your behalf,
And her deluding eyes to gloat for you;
His ductile reason will be wound about,
Be led and turned again, say and unsay,
Receive the yoke, and yield exact obedience.
Glost. Your counsel likes me well, it shall be followed.
She waits without, attending on her suit.
Go, call her in, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt Ratcliffe and Catesby.*
How poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,
Who leaves the guidance of imperial manhood
To such a paltry piece of stuff as this is!
A moppet made of prettiness and pride;
That oftener does her giddy fancies change,
Than glittering dew-drops in the sun do colours—

Now, shame upon it! was our reason given
For such a use! To be thus puffed about
Like a dry leaf, an idle straw, a feather,
The sport of every whiffling blast that blows?
Beshrew my heart, but it is wondrous strange;
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them,
That masters even the wisest of us all.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Oh! you are come most fitly. We have pondered
On this your grievance: and though some there are,
Nay, and those great ones too, who would enforce
The rigour of our power to afflict you,
And bear a heavy hand; yet fear not you:
We've ta'en you to our favour; our protection
Shall stand between, and shield you from mishap.
J. Sh. The blessings of a heart with anguish broken,
And rescued from despair, attend your highness.
Alas! my gracious lord, what have I done
To kindle such relentless wrath against me?
If in the days of all my past offences,
When most my heart was lifted with delight,
If I withheld my morsel from the hungry,
Forgot the widow's want, and orphan's cry;
If I have known a good I have not shared,
Nor called the poor to take his portion with me,
Let my worst enemies stand forth, and now
Deny the succour, which I gave not then.
Glost. Marry there are, though I believe them not,
Who say you meddle in affairs of state:
That you presume to prattle, like a busy body,
Give your advice, and teach the lords o' th' council
What fits the order of the common-weal.
J. Sh. Oh, that the busy world, at least in this,
Would take example from a wretch like me!
None then would waste their hours in foreign thoughts,
Forget themselves, and what concerns their peace,
To tread the mazes of fantastic falsehood,
To haunt their idle sounds and flying tales,
Through all the giddy, noisy courts of rumour;
Malicious slander never would have leisure
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,
If all, like me, considered their own hearts,
And wept the sorrows which they found at home.
Glost. Go to! I know your power; and though I trust not
To every breath of fame, I am not to learn
That Hastings is professed your loving vassal.
But fair befal your beauty: use it wisely,
And it may stand your fortunes much in stead,
Give back your forfeit land with large increase,
And place you high in safety and in honour.
Nay, I could point a way, the which pursuing,
You shall not only bring yourself advantage,
But give the realm much worthy cause to thank you.
J. Sh. Oh! where or how—Can my unworthy hand
Become an instrument of good to any?
Instruct your lowly slave, and let me fly
To yield obedience to your dread command.
Glost. Why, that's well said—Thus then—Observe me well;
The state, for many high and potent reasons,
Deeming my brother Edward's sons unfit
For the imperial weight of England's crown—
J. Sh. Alas! for pity.
Glost. Therefore have resolved
To set aside their unavailing infancy,
And vest the sovereign rule in abler hands.
This, though of great importance to the public,
Hastings, for very peevishness and spleen,
Does stubbornly oppose.
J. Sh. Does he? Does Hastings?
Glost. Ay, Hastings.
J. Sh. Reward him for the noble deed, just Heavens!
For this one action, guard him, and distinguish him
With signal mercies, and with great deliverance!
Save him from wrong, adversity, and shame!
Let never-fading honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his name, even to time's end!
Let him know nothing else but good on earth,
And everlasting blessedness hereafter!
Glost. How now!
J. Sh. The poor, forsaken, royal little ones!
Shall they be left a prey to savage power?
Can they lift up their harmless hands in vain,
Or cry to Heaven for help, and not be heard?
Impossible! Oh, gallant, generous Hastings,
Go on, pursue! assert the sacred cause:
Stand forth, thou proxy of all-ruling Providence,
And save the friendless infants from oppression!
Saints shall assist thee with prevailing prayers,
And warring angels combat on thy side.
Glost. You are passing rich in this same heavenly speech,
And spend it at your pleasure. Nay, but mark me!
My favour is not bought with words like these.
Go to—you'll teach your tongue another tale.
J. Sh. No, though the royal Edward has undone me,
He was my king, my gracious master still;
He loved me too, though 'twas a guilty flame,
And fatal to my peace, yet still he loved me;
With fondness, and with tenderness he doated,
Dwelt in my eyes, and lived but in my smiles:
And can I—O my heart abhors the thought!
Stand by, and see his children robbed of right?
Glost. Dare not, even for thy soul, to thwart me further!
None of your arts, your feigning and your foolery;
Your dainty squeamish coying it to me;

Go—to your lord, your paramour, begone!
Lisp in his ear, hang wanton on his neck,
And play your monkey gambols over to him.
You know my purpose, look that you pursue it,
And make him yield obedience to my will.
Do it—or woe upon thy harlot's head!

J. Sh. Oh, that my tongue had every grace of speech,
Great and commanding as the breath of kings,
Sweet as the poet's numbers, and prevailing
As soft persuasion to a love-sick maid;
That I had art and eloquence divine,
To pay my duty to my master's ashes,
And plead, till death, the cause of injured innocence!

Glost. Ha! Dost thou brave me, minion! Dost thou know
How vile, how very a wretch, my power can make thee?
That I can let loose fear, distress, and famine,
To hunt thy heels, like hell-hounds, through the world;
That I can place thee in such abject state,
As help shall never find thee; where, repining,
Thou shalt sit down and gnaw the earth for anguish;
Groan to the pitiless winds without return;
Howl like the midnight wolf amidst the desert,
And curse thy life, in bitterness and misery!

J. Sh. Let me be branded for the public scorn,
Turned forth and driven to wander like a vagabond,
Be friendless and forsaken, seek my bread
Upon the barren wild, and desolate waste,
Feed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears,
E'er I consent to teach my lips injustice,
Or wrong the orphan who has none to save him!

Glost. 'Tis well—we'll try the temper of your heart.
What hoa! who waits without?

Enter Ratcliffe, Catesby, *and Attendants.*

Rat. Your highness' pleasure——

Glost. Go, some of you, and turn this strumpet forth!
Spurn her into the street; there, let her perish,
And rot upon a dung-hill. Through the city
See it proclaimed, that none, on pain of death,
Presume to give her comfort, food, or harbour;
Who ministers the smallest comfort, dies.
Her house, her costly furniture and wealth,
The purchase of her loose luxurious life,
We seize on, for the profit of the state.
Away! Begone!

J. Sh. Oh, thou most righteous judge—
Humbly behold, I bow myself to thee,
And own thy justice in this hard decree:
No longer, then, my ripe offences spare,
But what I merit, let me learn to bear.
Yet, since 'tis all my wretchedness can give,
For my past crimes my forfeit life receive;
No pity for my sufferings here I crave,
And only hope forgiveness in the grave.

[*Exit Shore, guarded by Catesby and others.*

Glost. So much for this. Your project's at an end. [*To Ratcliffe.*
This idle toy, this hilding scorns my power,
And sets us all at naught. See that a guard
Be ready at my call.

Rat. The council waits
Upon your highness' leisure.

Glost. Bid them enter.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham, *Earl of* Derby, *Bishop of* Ely, *Lord* Hastings, *and others, as to the council. The Duke of* Gloster *takes his place at the upper end, then the rest sit.*

Derb. In happy times we are assembled here,
To point the day, and fix the solemn pomp
For placing England's crown, with all due rites,
Upon our sovereign Edward's youthful brow.

Hast. Some busy meddling knaves, 'tis said, there are,
As such will still be prating, who presume
To carp and cavil at his royal right;
Therefore, I hold it fitting, with the soonest,
To appoint the order of the coronation.
So to approve our duty to the king,
And stay the babbling of such vain gainsayers.

Derb. We all attend to know your highness' pleasure. [*To Gloster.*

Glost. My lords, a set of worthy men you are,
Prudent and just, and careful for the state;
Therefore, to your most grave determination,
I yield myself in all things; and demand
What punishment your wisdom shall think meet
To inflict upon those damnable contrivers,
Who shall, with potions, charms, and witching drugs,
Practise against our person and our life?

Hast. So much I hold the king your highness' debtor,
So precious are you to the common weal,
That I presume, not only for myself,
But in behalf of these my noble brothers,
To say, whoe'er they be, they merit death.

Glost. Then judge yourselves, convince your eyes of truth:
Behold my arm, thus blasted, dry, and, withered,
[*Pulling up his sleeve.*
Shrunk like a foul abortion, and decayed,
Like some untimely product of the seasons,
Robbed of its properties of strength and office.
This is the sorcery of Edward's wife,
Who, in conjunction with that harlot Shore,
And other like confederate midnight hags,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work,
To torture and despoil me of my life.

Hast. If they have done this deed—

Glost. If they have done it!
Talk'st thou to me of If's, audacious traitor!

Thou art that strumpet witch's chief abettor,
The patron and complotter of her mischiefs,
And joined in this contrivance for my death.
Nay start not, lords—What ho! a guard there!

Enter Guards.

Lord Hastings, I arrest thee of high treason.
Seize him, and bear him instantly away.
He shall not live an hour. By holy Paul,
I will not dine before his head be brought me.
Ratcliffe, stay you, and see that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.
[*Exeunt Gloster and the lords following.*

Manent Lord HASTINGS, RATCLIFFE, *and Guards.*

Hast. What! and no more but this—How! to the scaffold?
Oh, gentle Ratcliffe! tell me, do I hold thee?
Or if I dream, what shall I do to wake,
To break, to struggle through this dread confusion?
For surely death itself is not so painful
As is this sudden horror and surprise.

Rat. You heard, the duke's commands to me were absolute.
Therefore, my lord, address you to your shrift,
With all good speed you may. Summon your courage,
And be yourself; for you must die this instant.

Hast. Yes, Ratcliffe, I will take thy friendly counsel,
And die as a man should; 'tis somewhat hard
To call my scattered spirits home at once:
But since what must be, must be—let necessity
Supply the place of time and preparation,
And arm me for the blow. 'Tis but to die,
'Tis but to venture on that common hazard,
Which many a time in battle I have run;
'Tis but to do, what at that very moment,
In many nations of the peopled earth,
A thousand and a thousand shall do with me;
'Tis but to close my eyes and shut out day-light,
To view no more the wicked ways of men,
No longer to behold the tyrant Gloster,
And be a weeping witness of the woes,
The desolation, slaughter, and calamities,
Which he shall bring on this unhappy land.

Enter ALICIA.

Alic. Stand off, and let me pass—I will, I must
Catch him once more in these despairing arms,
And hold him to my heart—O Hastings! Hastings!

Hast. Alas! why comest thou at this dreadful moment,
To fill me with new terrors, new distractions;
To turn me wild with thy distempered rage,
And shock the peace of my departing soul?
Away! I prithee leave me!

Alic. Stop a minute——
Till my full griefs find passage—Oh, the tyrant!
Perdition fall on Gloster's head and mine!

Hast. What means thy frantic grief?

Alic. I cannot speak——
But I have murdered thee—Oh, I could tell thee!

Hast. Speak and give ease to thy conflicting passion;
Be quick, nor keep me longer in suspense;
Time presses, and a thousand crowding thoughts
Break in at once! this way and that they snatch,
They tear my hurried soul: All claim attention,
And yet not one is heard. Oh! speak, and leave me;
For I have business would employ an age,
And but a minute's time to get it done in.

Alic. That, that's my grief—'tis I that urge thee on,
That haunt thee to the toil, sweep thee from earth,
And drive thee down this precipice of fate.

Hast. Thy reason is grown wild. Could thy weak hand
Bring on this mighty ruin? If it could,
What have I done so grievous to thy soul,
So deadly, so beyond the reach of pardon,
That nothing but my life can make atonement?

Alic. Thy cruel scorn hath stung me to the heart,
And set my burning bosom all in flames:
Raving and mad I flew to my revenge,
And writ I know not what—told the protector,
That Shore's detested wife, by wiles, had won thee
To plot against his greatness—He believed it,
(Oh, dire event of my pernicious counsel!)
And, while I meant destruction on her head,
He has turned it all on thine.

Hast. Accursed jealousy!
Oh, merciless, wild, and unforgiving fiend!
Blindfold it runs to undistinguished mischief,
And murders all it meets. Cursed be its rage,
For there is none so deadly; doubly cursed
Be all those easy fools who give it harbour;
Who turn a monster loose among mankind,
Fiercer than famine, war, or spotted pestilence;
Baneful as death, and horrible as hell!

Alic. If thou wilt curse, curse rather thine own falsehood;
Curse the lewd maxims of thy perjured sex,
Which taught thee first to laugh at faith and justice,
To scorn the solemn sanctity of oaths,
And make a jest of a poor woman's ruin:
Curse thy proud heart, and thy insulting tongue,
That raised this fatal fury in my soul,
And urged my vengeance to undo us both.

Hast. Oh, thou inhuman! Turn thy eyes away,
And blast me not with their destructive beams:
Why should I curse thee with my dying breath?
Begone! and let me die in peace.

Alic. Can'st thou, Oh, cruel Hastings, leave me thus!

Hear me, I beg thee—I conjure thee, hear me!
While with an agonizing heart, I swear,
By all the pangs I feel, by all the sorrows,
The terrors and despair thy loss shall give me,
My hate was on my rival bent alone.
Oh! had I once divined, false as thou art,
A danger to thy life, I would have died,
I would have met it for thee, and made bare
My ready faithful breast, to save thee from it.

Hast. Now mark! and tremble at Heaven's just award:
While thy insatiate wrath, and fell revenge,
Pursued the innocence which never wronged thee,
Behold the mischief falls on thee and me:
Remorse and heaviness of heart shall wait on thee,
And everlasting anguish be thy portion:
For me, the snares of death are wound about me,
And now, in one poor moment, I am gone.
Oh! if thou hast one tender thought remaining,
Fly to thy closet, fall upon thy knees,
And recommend my parting soul to mercy.

Alic. Oh! yet before I go for ever from thee,
Turn thee, in gentleness and pity, to me,
[*Kneeling.*
And, in compassion of my strong affliction,
Say, is it possible you can forgive
The fatal rashness of ungoverned love?
For, oh! 'tis certain, if I had not loved thee
Beyond my peace, my reason, fame, and life,
Desired to death, and doated to destraction,
This day of horror never should have known us.

Hast. Oh, rise, and let me hush thy stormy sorrows! [*Raising her.*
Assuage thy tears, for I will chide no more,
No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy fair one.
I see the hand of Heaven is armed against me;
And, in mysterious Providence, decrees
To punish me by thy mistaken hand.
Most righteous doom! for, oh, while I behold thee,
Thy wrongs rise up in terrible array,
And charge thy ruin on me; thy fair fame,
Thy spotless beauty, innocence, and youth,
Dishonoured, blasted, and betrayed by me.

Alic. And does thy heart relent for my undoing?
Oh, that inhuman Gloster could be moved,
But half so easily as I can pardon!

Hast. Here, then, exchange we mutually forgiveness:
So may the guilt of all my broken vows,
My perjuries to thee, be all forgotten,
As here my soul acquits thee of my death,
As here I leave thee with the softest tenderness,
Mourning the chance of our disastrous loves,
And begging Heaven to bless and to support thee.

Rat. My lord, dispatch; the duke has sent to chide me,
For loitering in my duty.

Hast. I obey.

Alic. Insatiate, savage monster! Is a moment
So tedious to thy malice? Oh, repay him,
Thou great avenger! Give him blood for blood:
Guilt haunt him! fiends pursue him! lightnings blast him!
Some horrid, cursed kind of death o'ertake him,
Sudden, and in the fulness of his sins!
That he may know how terrible it is,
To want that moment he denies thee now.

Hast. This rage is all in vain, that tears thy bosom;
Like a poor bird, that flutters in its cage,
Thou beatest thyself to death. Retire, I beg thee;
To see thee thus, thou knowest not how it wounds me;
Thy agonies are added to my own,
And make the burthen more than I can bear.
Farewell—Good angels visit thy afflictions,
And bring thee peace and comfort from above!

Alic. Oh! stab me to the heart, some pitying hand!
Now strike me dead!———

Hast. One thing I had forgot——
I charge thee, by our present common miseries;
By our past loves, if yet they have a name;
By all thy hopes of peace here and hereafter,
Let not the rancour of thy hate pursue
The innocence of thy unhappy friend;
Thou knowest who 'tis I mean; Oh! should'st thou wrong her,
Just Heaven shall double all thy woes upon thee,
And make them know no end—Remember this,
As the last warning of a dying man.
Farewell, for ever!
[*The guards carry Hastings off.*

Alic. For ever! Oh, for ever!
Oh, who can bear to be a wretch for ever!
My rival, too! His last thoughts hung on her,
And, as he parted, left a blessing for her:
Shall she be blest, and I be curst, for ever?
No: since her fatal beauty was the cause
Of all my sufferings, let her share my pains;
Let her, like me, of every joy forlorn,
Devote the hour when such a wretch was born;
Like me, to deserts and to darkness run,
Abhor the day, and curse the golden sun;
Cast every good, and every hope behind;
Detest the works of nature, loath mankind:
Like me, with cries distracted, fill the air,
Tear her poor bosom, rend her frantic hair;
And prove the torments of the last despair!
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter BELMOUR *and* DUMONT.

Dum. You saw her, then?
Bel. I met her, as returning,
In solemn penance, from the public cross.
Before her, certain rascal officers,
Slaves in authority, the knaves of justice,
Proclaimed the tyrant Gloster's cruel orders.
On either side her marched an ill-looked priest,
Who, with severe, with horrid haggard eyes,
Did, ever and anon, by turns, upbraid her,
And thunder, in her trembling ear, damnation.
Around her, numberless, the rabble flowed,
Shouldering each other, crowding for a view,
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling.
Some pitying—But those, alas! how few!
The most—such iron hearts we are, and such
The base barbarity of human kind——
With insolence, and lewd reproach, pursued her,
Hooting and railing, and, with villanous hands
Gathering the filth from out the common ways,
To hurl upon her head.
Dum. Inhuman dogs!
How did she bear it?
Bel. With the gentlest patience;
Submissive, sad, and lowly, was her look;
A burning taper in her hand she bore,
And on her shoulders, carelessly confused,
With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung;
Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread;
Feeble she seemed, and sorely smit with pain,
While barefoot as she trod the flinty pavement,
Her footsteps all along were marked with blood.
Yet, silent still she passed, and unrepining;
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except, when in some bitter pang of sorrow,
To Heaven she seemed, in fervent zeal, to raise,
And beg that mercy man denied her here.
Dum. When was this piteous sight?
Bel. These last two days.
You know my care was wholly bent on you,
To find the happy means of your deliverance.
Which, but for Hastings' death, I had not gained.
During that time, although I have not seen her,
Yet divers trusty messengers I have sent,
To wait about, and watch a fit convenience
To give her some relief; but all in vain;
A churlish guard attend upon her steps,
Who menace those with death that bring her comfort,
And drive all succour from her.
Dum. Let them threaten;
Let proud oppression prove its fiercest malice;
So Heaven befriend my soul, as here I vow
To give her help, and share one fortune with her.
Bel. Mean you to see her, thus, in your own form?
Dum. I do.
Bel. And have you thought upon the consequence?
Dum. What is there I should fear?
Bel. Have you examined
Into your inmost heart, and tried at leisure
The several secret springs that move the passions?
Has mercy fixed her empire there so sure,
That wrath and vengeance never may return?
Can you resume a husband's name, and bid
That wakeful dragon, fierce resentment, sleep?
Dum. Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my memory
To conjure up my wrongs to life again?
I have long laboured to forget myself,
To think on all time backward, like a space
Idle and void, where nothing e'er had being;
But thou hast peopled it again: Revenge
And jealousy renew their horrid forms,
Shoot all their fires, and drive me to distraction.
Bel. Far be the thought from me! My care was only
To arm you for the meeting: better were it
Never to see her, than to let that name
Recall forgotten rage, and make the husband
Destroy the generous pity of Dumont.
Dum. O thou hast set my busy brain at work,
And now she musters up a train of images,
Which, to preserve my peace, I had cast aside,
And sunk in deep oblivion—Oh, that form!
That angel face on which my dotage hung!
How have I gazed upon her, till my soul
With very eagerness went forth towards her,
And issued at my eyes—Was there a gem
Which the sun ripens in the Indian mine,
Or the rich bosom of the ocean yields;
What was there art could make, or wealth could buy,
Which I have left unsought to deck her beauty?
What could her king do more?—And yet she fled.
Bel. Away with that sad fancy——
Dum. Oh, that day!
The thought of it must live for ever with me.
I met her, Belmour, when the royal spoiler
Bore her in triumph from my widowed home!
Within his chariot, by his side she sat,
And listened to his talk with downward looks,
'Till sudden, as she chanced aside to glance,
Her eyes encountered mine—Oh! then, my friend!
Oh! who can paint my grief and her amazement!
As at the stroke of death, twice turned she pale,
And twice a burning crimson blushed all o'er her;
Then, with a shriek, heart-wounding, loud she cried,
While down her cheeks two gushing torrents ran,
Fast falling on her hands, which thus she wrung—
Moved at her grief, the tyrant ravisher,
With courteous action, wooed her oft to turn;
Earnest he seemed to plead, but all in vain;

Even to the last she bent her sight towards me,
And followed me—till I had lost myself.
Bel. Alas! for pity! Oh! those speaking tears!
Could they be false? Did she not suffer with you?
For though the king by force possessed her person,
Her unconsenting heart dwelt still with you;
If all her former woes were not enough,
Look on her now; behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to death, distressed on every side,
With no one hand to help; and tell me then,
If ever misery were known like hers?
Dum. And can she bear it? Can that delicate frame
Endure the beating of a storm so rude?
Can she, for whom the various seasons changed,
To court her appetite and crown her board,
For whom the foreign vintages were pressed,
For whom the merchant spread his silken stores,
Can she——
Entreat for bread, and want the needful raiment,
To wrap her shivering bosom from the weather?
When she was mine, no care came ever nigh her;
I thought the gentlest breeze, that wakes the spring,
Too rough to breathe upon her; chearfulness
Danced all the day before her, and at night
Soft slumbers waited on her downy pillow—
Now sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,
Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill rain
Drops from some pent-house on her wretched head,
Drenches her locks, and kills her with the cold.
It is too much—Hence with her past offences!
They are atoned at full—Why stay we, then?
Oh! let us haste, my friend, and find her out.
Bel. Somewhere about this quarter of the town,
I hear the poor abandoned creature lingers:
Her guard, though set with strictest watch to keep
All food and friendship from her, yet permit her
To wander in the streets, there choose her bed,
And rest her head on what cold stone she pleases.
Dum. Here let us then divide; each in his round
To search her sorrows out; whose hap it is
First to behold her, this way let him lead
Her fainting steps, and meet we here together.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Jane Shore, *her hair hanging loose on her shoulders, and bare-footed.*

J. Sh. Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, oh, my soul!
Do they not cover thee like rising floods,
And press thee like a weight of waters down?
Does not the hand of righteousness afflict thee?
And who shall plead against it? Who shall say
To power almighty, 'thou hast done enough;'
Or bid his dreadful rod of vengeance stay?
Wait then with patience, till the circling hours
Shall bring the time of thy appointed rest,
And lay thee down in death. The hireling, thus,
With labour drudges out the painful day,
And often looks with long expecting eyes
To see the shadows rise, and be dismissed.
And hark, methinks the roar, that late pursued me,
Sinks like the murmurs of a falling wind,
And softens into silence. Does revenge
And malice then grow weary, and forsake me?
My guard, too, that observed me still so close,
Tire in the task of their inhuman office,
And loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,
My spirits fail at once—This is the door
Of my Alicia—Blessed opportunity!
I'll steal a little succour from her goodness,
Now while no eye observes me.
[*She knocks at the door.*

Enter a Servant.

Is your lady,
My gentle friend, at home? Oh! bring me to her!
[*Going in.*
Ser. Hold, mistress, whither would you?
[*Pushing her back.*
J. Sh. Do you not know me?
Ser. I know you well, and know my orders, too:
You must not enter here——
J. Sh. Tell my Alicia,
'Tis I would see her.
Ser. She is ill at ease,
And will admit no visitor.
J. Sh. But tell her
'Tis I, her friend, the partner of her heart,
Wait at the door and beg——
Ser. 'Tis all in vain—
Go hence, and howl to those that will regard you.
[*Shuts the door, and exit.*
J. Sh. It was not always thus; the time has been,
When this unfriendly door, that bars my passage,
Flew wide, and almost leaped from off its hinges,
To give me entrance here; when this good house
Has poured forth all its dwellers to receive me:
When my approaches made a little holiday,
And every face was dressed in smiles to meet me:
But now 'tis otherwise; and those, who blessed me,
Now curse me to my face. Why should I wander,
Stray further on, for I can die even here!
[*She sits down at the door.*

Enter Alicia *in disorder, two Servants following.*

Alic. What wretch art thou, whose misery and baseness
Hang on my door; whose hateful whine of woe
Breaks in upon my sorrows, and distracts
My jarring senses with thy beggar's cry?

J. Sh. A very beggar, and a wretch, indeed;
One driven by strong calamity to seek
For succours here; one perishing for want,
Whose hunger has not tasted food these three days;
And humbly asks, for charity's dear sake,
A draught of water and a little bread.
Alic. And dost thou come to me, to me for bread?
I know thee not—Go—hunt for it abroad,
Where wanton hands upon the earth have scattered it,
Or cast it on the waters—Mark the eagle,
And hungry vulture, when they wind the prey;
Watch where the ravens of the valley feed,
And seek thy food with them—I know thee not.
J. Sh. And yet there was a time, when my Alicia
Has thought unhappy Shore her dearest blessing,
And mourned the live-long day she passed without me;
When, paired like turtles, we were still together;
When often, as we prattled arm in arm,
Inclining fondly to me she has sworn,
She loved me more than all the world besides.
Alic. Ha! say'st thou! Let me look upon thee well—
'Tis true—I know thee now—A mischief on thee!
Thou art that fatal fair, that cursed she,
That set my brain a madding. Thou hast robbed me;
Thou hast undone me——Murder! Oh, my Hastings!
See his pale bloody head shoots glaring by me!
Give me him back again, thou soft deluder,
Thou beauteous witch!
J. Sh. Alas! I never wronged you——
Oh! then be good to me; have pity on me;
Thou never knewest the bitterness of want,
And may'st thou never know it. Oh! bestow
Some poor remain, the voiding of thy table,
A morsel to support my famished soul.
Alic. Avaunt! and come not near me—
J. Sh. To thy hand
I trusted all; gave my whole store to thee,
Nor do I ask it back; allow me but
The smallest pittance! give me but to eat,
Lest I fall down, and perish here before thee.
Alic. Nay! tell not me! Where is thy king, thy Edward,
And all the smiling cringing train of courtiers,
That bent the knee before thee?
J. Sh. Oh! for mercy!
Alic. Mercy! I know it not—for I am miserable.
I'll give thee misery, for here she dwells;
This is her house, where the sun never dawns;
The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof,
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.
Hark! something cracks above! it shakes, it totters!
And see, the nodding ruin falls to crush me!
'Tis fallen, 'tis here! I felt it on my brain!
1 *Ser.* This sight disorders her—
2 *Ser.* Retire, dear lady—
And leave this woman—
Alic. Let her take my counsel:
Why shouldst thou be a wretch! Stab, tear thy heart,
And rid thyself of this detested being!
I will not linger long behind thee here.
A waving flood of bluish fire swells o'er me—
And now 'tis out, and I am drowned in blood.
Ha! what art thou? thou horrid headless trunk—
It is my Hastings! see, he wafts me on!
Away! I go, I fly! I follow thee!
But come not thou, with mischief-making beauty,
To interpose between us! look not on him!
Give thy fond arts and thy delusions o'er,
For thou shalt never, never part us more.
[*She runs off, her servants following.*
J. Sh. Alas! she raves; her brain, I fear, is turned.
In mercy look upon her, gracious Heaven,
Nor visit her for any wrong to me.
Sure I am near upon my journey's end;
My head runs round, my eyes begin to fail,
And dancing shadows swim before my sight.
I can no more. [*Lies down*] Receive me, thou cold earth,
Thou common parent, take me to thy bosom,
And let me rest with thee.

Enter BELMOUR.

Bel. Upon the ground!
Thy miseries can never lay thee lower.
Look up, thou poor afflicted one! thou mourner,
Whom none has comforted! Where are thy friends,
The dear companions of thy joyful days,
Whose hearts thy warm prosperity made glad,
Whose arms were taught to grow like ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their bosoms? Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they said,
For sure thou art the sister of our loves,
And nothing shall divide us. Now where are they?
J. Sh. Ah, Belmour! where indeed? They stand aloof,
And view my desolation from afar!
When they pass by, they shake their heads in scorn,
And cry, behold the harlot and her end!
And yet thy goodness turns aside to pity me.
Alas! there may be danger; get thee gone!
Let me not pull a ruin on thy head.
Leave me to die alone, for I am fallen
Never to rise, and all relief is vain.
Bel. Yet raise thy drooping head; for I am come
To chase away despair. Behold! where yonder
That honest man, that faithful, brave Dumont,

Is hasting to thy aid——
J. Sh. Dumont! ha! where!
[*Raising herself, and looking aghast.*
Then Heaven has heard my prayer; his very name
Renews the springs of life, and cheers my soul.
Has he then escaped the snare?
Bel. He has; but see——
He comes unlike to that Dumont you knew;
For now he wears your better angel's form,
And comes to visit you with peace and pardon.

Enter SHORE.

J. Sh. Speak, tell me! Which is he? And ha! what would
This dreadful vision! see it comes upon me—
It is my husband——Ah! [*She swoons.*
Sh. She faints! support her!
Sustain her head, while I infuse this cordial
Into her dying lips—from spicy drugs,
Rich herbs and flowers, the potent juice is drawn;
With wondrous force it strikes the lazy spirits,
Drives them around, and wakens life anew.
Bel. Her weakness could not bear the strong surprize.
But see, she stirs! And the returning blood
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy cheek——
Sh. So—gently raise her— [*Raising her up.*
J. Sh. Ha! What art thou? Belmour!
Bel. How fare you, lady?
J. Sh. My heart is thrilled with horror—
Bel. Be of courage——
Your husband lives! 'tis he, my worthiest friend—
J. Sh. Still art thou there! Still dost thou hover round me!
Oh, save me, Belmour, from his angry shade!
Bel. 'Tis he himself! he lives! look up—
J. Sh. I dare not!
Oh! that my eyes could shut him out for ever—
Sh. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm grown
A burthen to the world, myself, and thee,
Would I had ne'er survived to see thee more!
J. Sh. Oh! thou most injured—dost thou live, indeed!
Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head;
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!
And shield me with thy sable wings for ever.
Sh. Why dost thou turn away? Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy fears? and in despair,
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
And let them never vex thy quiet more.
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
With tender joy, with fond forgiving love,
And all the longings of my first desires.
J. Sh. No, arm thy brow with vengeance, and appear
The minister of Heaven's inquiring justice.
Array thyself all terrible for judgment,
Wrath in thy eyes, and thunder in thy voice;
Pronounce my sentence, and if yet there be
A woe I have not felt, inflict it on me.
Sh. The measure of thy sorrows is compleat!
And I am come to snatch thee from injustice.
The hand of power no more shall crush thy weakness,
Nor proud oppression grind thy humble soul.
J. Sh. Art thou not risen by miracle from death?
Thy shroud is fallen from off thee, and the grave
Was bid to give thee up, that thou mightst come
The messenger of grace and goodness to me,
To seal my peace, and bless me e'er I go.
Oh! let me then fall down beneath thy feet,
And weep my gratitude for ever there;
Give me your drops, ye soft descending rains,
Give me your streams, ye never ceasing springs,
That my sad eyes may still supply my duty,
And feed an everlasting flood of sorrow.
Sh. Waste not thy feeble spirits—I have long
Beheld, unknown, thy mourning and repentance;
Therefore my heart has set aside the past,
And holds thee white, as unoffending innocence:
Therefore in spite of cruel Gloster's rage,
Soon as my friend had broke my prison doors,
I flew to thy assistance. Let us haste,
Now while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.
J. Sh. What shall I say to you? But I obey—
Sh. Lean on my arm—
J. Sh. Alas! I'm wondrous faint:
But that's not strange; I have not eat these three days.
Sh. Oh, merciless! Look here, my love, I've brought thee
Some rich conserves——
J. Sh. How can you be so good?
But you were ever thus. I well remember
With what fond care, what diligence of love,
You lavished out your wealth to buy me pleasures,
Preventing every wish; have you forgot
The costly string of pearl you brought me home,
And tied about my neck?——How could I leave you?
Sh. Taste some of this, or this——
J. Sh. You are strangely altered——
Say, gentle Belmour, is he not? How pale
Your visage is become? Your eyes are hollow;
Nay, you are wrinkled too——Alas, the day!
My wretchedness has cost you many a tear,
And many a bitter pang, since last we parted.
Sh. No more of that——Thou talkest, but dost not eat.
J. Sh. My feeble jaws forget their common office,
My tasteless tongue cleaves to the clammy roof,
And now a general loathing grows upon me.
Oh! I am sick at heart!——

Sh. Thou murderous sorrow!
Wilt thou still drink her blood, pursue her still!
Must she then die! Oh, my poor penitent!
Speak peace to thy sad heart: she hears me not;
Grief masters every sense—help me to hold her!

Enter Catesby, *with a guard.*

Cat. Seize on them both, as traitors to the state!
Bel. What means this violence?——
[*Guards lay hold on Shore and Belmour.*
Cat. Have we not found you,
In scorn of the protector's strict command,
Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?
Sh. Infamy on thy head!
Thou tool of power, thou pandar to authority!
I tell thee, knave, thou knowest of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an Æthiop to her.
Cat. You'll answer this at full—Away with them.
Sh. Is charity grown treason to your court?
What honest man would live beneath such rulers!
I am content that we should die together——
Cat. Convey the men to prison; but for her,
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.
J. Sh. I will not part with him—for me!—for me!
Oh! must he die for me!
[*Following him as he is carried off—She falls.*
Sh. Inhuman villains!
[*Breaking from the guards.*
Stand off! The agonies of death are on her——
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.
J. Sh. Was this blow wanting to compleat my ruin?
Oh! let him go, ye ministers of terror,
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield obedience to your cruel master.
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last breath with you.
Sh. Oh, my love!
Why have I lived to see this bitter moment,
This grief, by far surpassing all my former?
Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me,
With such an earnest, such a piteous look,
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning,
Thou could'st not speak?——
J. Sh. Forgive me!——but forgive me!
Sh. Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to shew thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour,
And make my portion blest or cursed for ever!
J. Sh. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace—
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now——
Was there not something I would have bequeathed you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh! mercy, Heaven!
[*Dies.*
Bel. There fled the soul,
And left her load of misery behind.
Sh. Oh, my heart's treasure! Is this pale sad visage
All that remains of thee? Are these dead eyes
The light that cheered my soul? Oh, heavy hour!
But I will fix my trembling lips to thine,
'Till I am cold and senseless quite, as thou art.
What, must we part, then?——will you——
[*To the guards taking him away.*
Fare thee well—— [*Kissing her.*
Now execute your tyrant's will, and lead me
To bonds, or death, 'tis equally indifferent.
Bel. Let those, who view this sad example, know,
What fate attends the broken marriage vow;
And teach their children, in succeeding times,
No common vengeance waits upon these crimes,
When such severe repentance could not save
From want, from shame, and an untimely grave.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

LADY JANE GRAY.

BY

ROWE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.
EARL OF PEMBROKE.
EARL OF SUSSEX.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
SIR JOHN GATES.
Lieutenant of the Tower.

WOMEN.

DUTCHESS OF SUFFOLK.
LADY JANE GRAY.

Lords of the Council, Gentlemen, Guards, Women, and Attendants.

Scene,—London.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court.*

Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *and Sir* JOHN GATES.

North. 'Tis all in vain; Heaven has required its pledge,
And he must die.
Suff. Is there an honest heart,
That loves our England, does not mourn for Edward?
The genius of our isle is shook with sorrow;
He bows his venerable head with pain,
And labours with the sickness of his lord.
Religion melts in every holy eye;
All comfortless, afflicted, and forlorn,
She sits on earth, and weeps upon her cross,
Weary of man, and his detested ways:
Even now she seems to meditate her flight,
And waft her angels to the thrones above.
North. Ay, there, my lord, you touch our heaviest loss.
With him our holy faith is doomed to suffer;
With him our church shall veil her sacred front,
That late from heaps of Gothic ruins rose,
In her first native simple majesty;
The toil of saints, and price of martyrs' blood,
Shall fail with Edward, and again old Rome
Shall spread her banners; and her monkish host,
Pride, ignorance, and rapine, shall return;
Blind bloody zeal, and cruel priestly power,
Shall scourge the land for ten dark ages more.
Gates. Is there no help in all the healing art,
No potent juice or drug to save a life
So precious, and prevent a nation's fate?
North. What has been left untried, that art could do?
The hoary wrinkled leech has watched and toiled,
Tried every health-restoring herb and gum,
And wearied out his painful skill in vain.
Close, like a dragon folded in his den,
Some secret venom preys upon his heart;
A stubborn and unconquerable flame
Creeps in his veins, and drinks the streams of life;
His youthful sinews are unstrung; cold sweats
And deadly paleness sit upon his visage;
And every gasp we look shall be his last.
Gates. Doubt not, your graces, but the Popish faction

Will at this juncture urge their utmost force.
All on the princess Mary turn their eyes,
Well hoping she shall build again their altars,
And bring their idol-worship back in triumph.
North. Good Heaven, ordain some better fate for England!
Suff. What better can we hope, if she should reign?
I know her well; a blinded zealot is she;
A gloomy nature, sullen and severe;
Nurtured by proud presuming Romish priests,
Taught to believe they only cannot err,
Because they cannot err; bred up in scorn
Of reason, and the whole lay world; instructed
To hate whoe'er dissent from what they teach;
To purge the world from heresy by blood;
To massacre a nation, and believe it
An act well pleasing to the Lord of Mercy:
These are thy gods, oh, Rome, and this thy faith!
North. And shall we tamely yield ourselves to bondage?
Bow down before these holy purple tyrants,
And bid them tread upon our slavish necks?
No; let this faithful free-born English hand
First dig my grave in liberty and honour;
And though I found but one more thus resolved,
That honest man and I would die together.
Suff. Doubt not, there are ten thousand and ten thousand,
To own a cause so just.
Gates. The list I gave
Into your grace's hand last night, declares
My power and friends at full. [*To North.*
North. Be it your care,
Good Sir John Gates, to see your friends appointed,
And ready for the occasion. Haste this instant;
Lose not a moment's time.
Gates. I go, my lord. [*Exit Gates.*
North. Your grace's princely daughter, lady Jane,
Is she yet come to court?
Suff. Not yet arrived,
But with the soonest I expect her here.
I know her duty to the dying king,
Joined with my strict commands to hasten hither,
Will bring her on the wing.
North. Beseech your grace,
To speed another messenger to press her;
For on her happy presence all our counsels
Depend, and take their fate.
Suff. Upon the instant
Your grace shall be obeyed. I go to summon her.
[*Exit Suffolk.*
North. What trivial influences hold dominion
O'er wise men's counsels, and the fate of empire!
The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,
Depend upon our husbanding a moment,
And the light lasting of a woman's will;
As if the lord of nature should delight
To hang this ponderous globe upon a hair,
And bid it dance before a breath of wind.
She must be here, and lodged in Guilford's arms,
Ere Edward dies, or all we have done is marred.
Ha! Pembroke! that's a bar which thwarts my way!
His fiery temper brooks not opposition,
And must be met with soft and supple arts,
With crouching courtesy, and honeyed words,
Such as assuage the fierce, and bend the strong.

Enter the Earl of PEMBROKE.

Good morrow, noble Pembroke: we have staid
The meeting of the council for your presence.
Pem. For mine, my lord! you mock your servant sure,
To say that I am wanted, where yourself,
The great Alcides of our state, is present.
Whatever dangers menace prince or people,
Our great Northumberland is armed to meet them:
The ablest hand, and firmest heart you bear,
Nor need a second in the glorious task;
Equal yourself to all the toils of empire.
North. No; as I honour virtue, I have tried,
And know my strength too well; nor can the voice
Of friendly flattery, like yours, deceive me.
I know my temper liable to passions,
And all the frailties common to our nature;
Blind to events, too easy of persuasion,
And often, too, too often, have I erred:
Much therefore have I need of some good man,
Some wise and honest heart, whose friendly aid
Might guide my treading through our present dangers;
And, by the honour of my name I swear,
I know not one of all our English peers,
Whom I would chuse for that best friend, like Pembroke.
Pem. What shall I answer to a trust so noble,
This prodigality of praise and honour?
Were not your grace too generous of soul,
To speak a language differing from your heart,
How might I think you could not mean this goodness
To one, whom his ill-fortune has ordained
The rival of your son.
North. No more; I scorn a thought
So much below the dignity of virtue.
'Tis true, I look on Guilford like a father,
Lean to his side, and see but half his failings:
But, on a point like this, when equal merit
Stands forth to make its bold appeal to honour,
And calls to have the balance held in justice;
Away with all the fondnesses of nature!
I judge of Pembroke and my son alike.
Pem. I ask no more to bind me to your service.
North. The realm is now at hazard, and bold factions
Threaten change, tumult, and disastrous days.

These fears drive out the gentler thoughts of joy,
Of courtship, and of love. Grant, Heaven, the state
To fix in peace and safety once again;
Then speak your passion to the princely maid,
And fair success attend you. For myself,
My voice shall go as far for you, my lord,
As for my son; and beauty be the umpire.
But now a heavier matter calls upon us;
The king, with life just labouring; and I fear,
The council grow impatient at our stay.

Pem. One moment's pause, and I attend your grace. [*Exit North.*

Old Winchester cries to me oft, Beware
Of proud Northumberland. The testy prelate,
Froward with age, with disappointed hopes,
And zealous for old Rome, rails on the duke,
Suspecting him to favour the new teachers:
Yet even in that, if I judge right, he errs.
But were it so, what are these monkish quarrels,
These wordy wars of proud ill-mannered schoolmen,
To us and our lay interest? Let them rail
And worry one another at their pleasure.
This duke, of late, by many worthy offices,
Has sought my friendship. And yet more, his son,
The noblest youth our England has to boast of,
Has made me long the partner of his breast.
Nay, when he found, in spite of the resistance
My struggling heart had made, to do him justice,
That I was grown his rival, he strove hard,
And would not turn me forth from out his bosom,
But called me still his friend. And see! He comes.

Enter Lord GUILFORD.

Oh, Guilford! just as thou wert entering here,
My thought was running all thy virtues over,
And wondering how thy soul could choose a partner,
So much unlike itself.

Guil. How could my tongue
Take pleasure and be lavish in thy praise!
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature,
Thy open manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And in-born truth, unknowing to dissemble!
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights;
In whom, next heaven, I trust.

Pem. Oh, generous youth!
What can a heart, stubborn and fierce, like mine,
Return to all thy sweetness?—Yet I would,
I would be grateful.—Oh, my cruel fortune!
Would I had never seen her, never cast
Mine eyes on Suffolk's daughter!

Guil. So would I!
Since 'twas my fate to see and love her first.

Pem. Oh! Why should she, that universal goodness,
Like light, a common blessing to the world,
Rise, like a comet, fatal to our friendship,
And threaten it with ruin?

Guil. Heaven forbid!
But tell me, Pembroke, is it not in virtue
To arm against this proud imperious passion?
Does holy friendship dwell so near to envy,
She could not bear to see another happy?
If blind mistaken chance, and partial beauty,
Should join to favour Guilford——

Pem. Name it not!
My fiery spirits kindle at the thought,
And hurry me to rage.

Guil. And yet I think
I should not murmur, were thy lot to prosper,
And mine to be refused. Though sure, the loss
Would wound me to the heart.

Pem. Ha! Couldst thou bear it?
And yet perhaps thou mightst; thy gentle temper
Is formed with passions mixed with due proportion,
Where no one overbears, nor plays the tyrant,
But join in nature's business, and thy happiness:
While mine, disdaining reason and her laws,
Like all thou canst imagine wild and furious,
Now drive me headlong on, now whirl me back,
And hurl my unstable flitting soul
To every mad extreme. Then pity me,
And let my weakness stand——

Enter Sir JOHN GATES.

Gates. The lords of council
Wait with impatience.

Pem. I attend their pleasure.
This only, and no more, then. Whatsoever
Fortune decrees, still let us call to mind
Our friendship and our honour. And since love
Condemns us to be rivals for one prize,
Let us contend, as friends and brave men ought,
With openness and justice to each other;
That he, who wins the fair one to his arms,
May take her as the crown of great desert;
And if the wretched loser does repine,
His own heart and the world may all condemn him. [*Exit Pem.*

Guil. How cross the ways of life lie! While we think
We travel on direct in one high road,
And have our journey's end opposed in view,
A thousand thwarting paths break in upon us,
To puzzle and perplex our wandering steps;
Love, friendship, hatred, in their turns, mislead us,
And every passion has its separate interest:
Where is that piercing foresight can unfold
Where all this mazy error will have end,
And tell the doom reserved for me and Pembroke?
There is but one end certain, that is—Death:
Yet even that certainty is still uncertain.
For of these several tracks, which lie before us,
We know that one leads certainly to death,
But know not which that one is. 'Tis in vain,
This blind divining; let me think no more on it:
And see the mistress of our fate appear!

Enter Lady JANE GRAY. *Attendants.*

princely maid! who, with auspicious beauty,
irest every drooping heart in this sad place;
, like the silver regent of the night,
it up thy sacred beams upon the land,
id the gloom look gay, dispel our horrors,
make us less lament the setting sun.

J. Gray. Yes, Guilford; well dost thou compare my presence
ie faint comfort of the waning moon;
her cold orb, a cheerless gleam I bring:
ce and heaviness of heart, with dews
ress the face of nature all in tears.
say, how fares the king?

uil. He lives as yet,
every moment cuts away a hope,
to our fears, and gives the infant saint
t prospect of his opening Heaven.

J. Gray. Descend, ye choirs of angels, to receive him!
your melodious harps to some high strain,
waft him upwards with a song of triumph;
rer soul, and one more like yourselves,
entered at the golden gates of bliss.
Guilford! What remains for wretched England,
n he, our guardian angel, shall forsake us?
whose dear sake Heaven spared a guilty land,
scattered not its plagues while Edward reigned!

uil. I own my heart bleeds inward at the thought,
rising horrors crowd the opening scene.
yet, forgive me, thou, my native country,
land of liberty, thou nurse of heroes,
ve me, if, in spite of all thy dangers,
springs of pleasure flow within my bosom,
thus 'tis given me to behold those eyes,
Thus gaze, and wonder, how excelling nature
Can give each day new patterns of her skill,
And yet at once surpass them.

L. J. Gray. Oh, vain flattery!
Harsh and ill-sounding ever to my ear;
But on a day like this, the raven's note
Strikes on my sense more sweetly. But, no more;
I charge thee touch the ungrateful theme no more;
Lead me to pay my duty to the king,
To wet his pale cold hand with these last tears,
And share the blessings of his parting breath.

Guil. Were I like dying Edward, sure a touch
Of this dear hand would kindle life anew.
But I obey, I dread that gathering frown;
And, oh! whene'er my bosom swells with passion,
And my full heart is pained with ardent love,
Allow me but to look on you, and sigh;
'Tis all the humble joy that Guilford asks.

L. J. Gray. Still wilt thou frame thy speech to this vain purpose,
When the wan king of terrors stalks before us,
When universal ruin gathers round,
And no escape is left us? Are we not
Like wretches in a storm, whom every moment
The greedy deep is gaping to devour?
Around us see the pale despairing crew
Wring their sad hands, and give their labour o'er;
The hope of life has every heart forsook,
And horror sits on each distracted look;
One solemn thought of death does all employ,
And cancels, like a dream, delight and joy;
One sorrow streams from all their weeping eyes,
And one consenting voice for mercy cries;
Trembling, they dread just Heaven's avenging power,
Mourn their past lives, and wait the fatal hour.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

SCENE I.—*Continues.*

the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, *and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

r. YET then be cheered, my heart, amidst thy mourning.
gh fate hang heavy o'er us, though pale fear
wild distraction sit on every face;
gh never day of grief was known like this,
ie rejoice, and bless the hallowed light,
e beams auspicious shine upon our union,
id me call the noble Suffolk brother.
F. I know not what my secret soul presages,
mething seems to whisper me within,
we have been too hasty. For myself,
this matter had been yet delayed;
we had waited some more blessed time,
better day, with happier omens hallowed,
ve to kindle up his holy flame.
But you, my noble brother, would prevail,
And I have yielded to you.

North. Doubt not any thing;
Nor hold the hour unlucky, that good Heaven,
Who softens the corrections of his hand,
And mixes still a comfort with afflictions,
Has given to-day a blessing in our children,
To wipe away our tears for dying Edward.

Suff. In that I trust. Good angels be our guard,
And make my fears prove vain! But see! My wife!
With her, your son, the generous Guilford, comes;
She has informed him of our present purpose.

Enter the Duchess of SUFFOLK, *and Lord* GUILFORD.

Guil. How shall I speak the fulness of my heart?

What shall I say to bless you for this goodness?
Oh, gracious princess! But my life is yours,
And all the business of my years to come,
Is, to attend with humblest duty on you,
And pay my vowed obedience at your feet.
Duch. Suff. Yes, noble youth, I share in all thy joys,
In all the joys which this sad day can give.
The dear delight I have to call thee son,
Comes like a cordial to my drooping spirits;
It broods with gentle warmth upon my bosom,
And melts that frost of death which hung about me.
But haste! Inform my daughter of our pleasure:
Let thy tongue put on all its pleasing eloquence,
Instruct thy love to speak of comfort to her,
To soothe her griefs, and cheer the mourning maid.
North. All desolate and drowned in flowing tears,
By Edward's bed the pious princess sits;
Fast from her lifted eyes the pearly drops
Fall trickling o'er her cheek, while holy ardour
And fervent zeal pour forth her labouring soul;
And every sigh is winged with prayers so potent,
As strive with Heaven to save her dying lord.
Duch. Suff. From the first early days of infant life,
A gentle band of friendship grew betwixt them;
And while our royal uncle Henry reigned,
As brother and as sister bred together,
Beneath one common parent's care they lived.
North. A wondrous sympathy of souls conspired
To form the sacred union. Lady Jane
Of all his royal blood was still the dearest;
In every innocent delight they shared;
They sung, and danced, and sat, and walked together;
Nay, in the graver business of his youth,
When books and learning called him from his sports,
Even there the princely maid was his companion.
She left the shining court to share his toil,
To turn with him the grave historian's page,
And taste the rapture of the poet's song;
To search the Latin and the Grecian stores,
And wonder at the mighty minds of old.

Enter Lady Jane GRAY, *weeping.*

L. J. Gray. Wilt thou not break, my heart!
Suff. Alas! What meanest thou?
Guil. Oh! speak!
Duch. Suff. How fares the king?
North. Say, is he dead?
L. J. Gray. The saints and angels have him.
Duch. Suff. When I left him,
He seemed a little cheered, just as you entered.
L. J. Gray. As I approached to kneel and pay my duty,
He raised his feeble eyes, and faintly smiling,
Are you then come? he cried: I only lived,
To bid farewell to thee, my gentle cousin;
To speak a few short words to thee, and die.
With that he prest my hand, and, oh!—he said,
When I am gone, do thou be good to England,
Keep to that faith in which we both were bred,
And to the end be constant. More I would,
But cannot——There his faltering spirits failed,
And turning every thought from earth at once,
To that blest place where all his hopes were fixed,
Earnest he prayed;——Merciful, great defender!
Preserve thy holy altars undefiled,
Protect this land from bloody men and idols,
Save my poor people from the yoke of Rome,
And take thy painful servant to thy mercy!
Then, sinking on his pillow, with a sigh,
He breathed his innocent and faithful soul
Into his hands who gave it.
Guil. Crowns of glory,
Such as the brightest angels wear, be on him!
Peace guard his ashes here, and paradise,
With all its endless bliss, be open to him!
North. Our grief be on his grave. Our present duty
Enjoins to see his last commands obeyed.
I hold it fit his death be not made known
To any but our friends. To-morrow, early,
The council shall assemble at the Tower.
Mean while, I beg your grace would strait inform [*To the Duchess of Suffolk.*
Your princely daughter of our resolution;
Our common interest in that happy tie
Demands our swiftest care to see it finished.
Duch. Suff. My lord, you have determined well. Lord Guildford,
Be it your task to speak at large our purpose.
Daughter, receive this lord as one whom I,
Your father, and his own, ordain your husband:
What more concerns our will and your obedience,
We leave you to receive from him at leisure.
[*Exeunt Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, and Duke of Northumberland.*
Guil. Wilt thou not spare a moment from thy sorrows,
And bid these bubbling streams forbear to flow?
Wilt thou not give one interval to joy,
One little pause, while humbly I unfold
The happiest tale my tongue was ever blest with?
L. J. Gray. My heart is dead within me; every sense
Is dead to joy: but I will hear thee, Guilford;
Nay, I must hear thee, such is her command,
Whom early duty taught me still to obey.
Yet, oh! forgive me, if to all the story,
Though eloquence divine attend thy speaking,
Though every muse, and every grace, do crown thee;
Forgive me, if I cannot better answer,
Than weeping———thus, and thus———
Guil. If I offend thee,
Let me be dumb for ever: Let not life
Inform these breathing organs of my voice,

If any sound from me disturb thy quiet.
What is my peace or happiness to thine?
No; though our noble parents had decreed,
And urged high reasons, which import the state,
This night to give thee to my faithful arms,
My fairest bride, my only earthly bliss——
L. J. Gray. How! Guilford! on this night?
Guil. This happy night;
Yet, if thou art resolved to cross my fate,
If this, my utmost wish, shall give thee pain,
Now rather let the stroke of death fall on me,
And stretch me out a lifeless corpse before thee!
Let me be swept away, with things forgotten,
Be huddled up in some obscure blind grave,
Ere thou shouldst say my love has made thee wretched,
Or drop one single tear for Guilford's sake.
L. J. Gray. Alas! I have too much of death already,
And want not thine to furnish out new horror.
Oh! dreadful thought, if thou wert dead indeed!
What hope were left me then? Yes, I will own,
Spite of the blush that burns my maiden cheek,
My heart has fondly leaned towards thee long:
Thy sweetness, virtue, and unblemished youth,
Have won a place for thee within my bosom:
And if my eyes look coldly on thee now,
And shun thy love on this disastrous day,
It is because I would not deal so hardly,
To give thee sighs for all thy faithful vows,
And pay thy tenderness with nought but tears.
As yet, 'tis all I have.
Guil. I ask no more;
Let me but call thee mine, confirm that hope,
To charm the doubts which vex my anxious soul;
For all the rest, do thou allot it for me,
And, at thy pleasure, portion out my blessings.
My eyes shall learn to smile or weep from thine,
Nor will I think of joy while thou art sad.
Nay, couldst thou be so cruel to command it,
I will forego a bridegroom's sacred right,
And sleep far from thee, on the unwholesome earth,
Where damps arise, and whistling winds blow loud;
Then, when the day returns, come drooping to thee,
My locks still drizzling with the dews of night,
And cheer my heart with thee, as with the morning.
L. J. Gray. Say, wilt thou consecrate this night to sorrow,
And give up every sense to solemn sadness?
Wilt thou, in watching, waste the tedious hours,
Sit silently, and careful, by my side,
List to the tolling clocks, the cricket's cry,
And every melancholy midnight noise?
Say, wilt thou banish pleasure and delight?
Wilt thou forget that ever we have loved,
And only now and then let fall a tear,
To mourn for Edward's loss, and England's fate?
Guil. Unwearied still, I will attend thy woes,
And be a very faithful partner to thee.
Near thee I will complain in sighs, as numberless
As murmurs breathing in the leafy grove:
My eyes shall mix their falling drops with thine,
Constant, as never-ceasing waters roll,
That purl and gurgle o'er their sands for ever.
The sun shall see my grief through all his course;
And, when night comes, sad Philomel, who 'plains
From starry vesper to the rosy dawn,
Shall cease to tune her lamentable song,
Ere I give o'er to weep and mourn with thee.
L. J. Gray. Here, then, I take thee to my heart for ever, [*Giving her hand.*
The dear companion of my future days:
Whatever Providence allots for each,
Be that the common portion of us both:
Share all the griefs of thy unhappy Jane;
But if good Heaven has any joys in store,
Let them be all thy own.
Guil. Thou wondrous goodness!
Heaven gives too much at once in giving thee;
And, by the common course of things below,
Where each delight is tempered with affliction,
Some evil, terrible and unforeseen,
Must sure ensue, and poise the scale against
This vast profusion of exceeding pleasure.
But be it so! let it be death and ruin!
On any terms I take thee.
L. J. Gray. Trust our fate
To him, whose gracious wisdom guides our ways,
And makes what we think evil turn to good.
Permit me now to leave thee and retire;
I'll summon all my reason and my duty,
To soothe this storm within, and frame my heart
To yield obedience to my noble parents.
Guil. Good angels minister their comforts to thee!
And, oh! if, as my fond belief would hope,
If any word of mine be gracious to thee,
I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
Those murderous thoughts of grief, that kill thy quiet!
Restore thy gentle bosom's native peace,
Lift up the light of gladness in thy eyes,
And cheer thy heaviness with one dear smile!
L. J. Gray. Yes, Guilford, I will study to forget
All that the royal Edward has been to me;
How we have loved, even from our very cradles.
My private loss no longer will I mourn,
But every tender thought to thee shall turn:
With patience I'll submit to Heaven's decree,
And what I lost in Edward find in thee.
But, oh! when I revolve what ruins wait
Our sinking altars and the falling state;
When I consider what my native land
Expected from her pious sovereign's hand;
How formed he was to save her from distress,
A king to govern, and a saint to bless:
New sorrow to my labouring breast succeeds,
And my whole heart for wretched England bleeds. [*Exit Lady Jane Gray.*

Guil. My heart sinks in me, at her soft complaining;
And every moving accent, that she breathes,
Resolves my courage, slackens my tough nerves,
And melts me down to infancy and tears.
My fancy palls, and takes distaste at pleasure:
My soul grows out of tune, it loathes the world,
Sickens at all the noise and folly of it;
And I could sit me down in some dull shade,
Where lonely Contemplation keeps her cave,
And dwells with hoary hermits; there forget myself,
There fix my stupid eyes upon the earth,
And muse away an age in deepest melancholy.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Edward is dead; so said the great Northumberland,
As now he shot along by me in haste.
He pressed my hand, and, in a whisper, begged me
To guard the secret carefully as life,
Till some few hours should pass; for much hung on it.
Much may indeed hang on it. See my Guilford!
My friend! [*Speaking to him.*
Guil. Ha! Pembroke! [*Starting.*
Pem. Wherefore dost thou start?
Why sits that wild disorder on thy visage,
Somewhat, that looks like passions strange to thee,
The paleness of surprize and ghastly fear?
Since I have known thee first, and called thee friend,
I never saw thee so unlike thyself,
So changed upon a sudden,
Guil. How! so changed!
Pem. So to my eye thou seemest.
Guil. The king is dead.
Pem. I learned it from thy father,
Just as I entered here. But say, could that,
A fate which every moment we expected,
Distract thy thought, or shock thy temper, thus?
Guil. Oh, Pembroke! 'tis in vain to hide from thee!
For thou hast looked into my artless bosom,
And seen at once the hurry of my soul.
'Tis true, thy coming struck me with surprize.
I have a thought—but wherefore said I one?
I have a thousand thoughts all up in arms,
Like populous towns disturbed at dead of night,
That, mixed in darkness, bustle to and fro,
As if their business were to make confusion.
Pem. Then sure our better angels called me hither;
For this is friendship's hour, and friendship's office,
To come, when counsel and when help is wanting,
To share the pain of every gnawing care,
To speak of comfort in the time of trouble,
To reach a hand, and save thee from adversity.
Guil. And wilt thou be a friend to me indeed?
And, while I lay my bosom bare before thee,
Wilt thou deal tenderly, and let thy hand
Pass gently over every painful part?
Wilt thou with patience hear, and judge with temper?
And if, perchance, thou meet with something harsh,
Somewhat to rouse thy rage, and grate thy soul,
Wilt thou be master of thyself and bear it?
Pem. Away with all this needless preparation!
Thou knowest thou art so dear, so sacred to me,
That I can never think thee an offender.
If it were so, that I indeed must judge thee,
I should take part with thee against myself,
And call thy fault a virtue.
Guil. But suppose
The thought were somewhat that concerned our love?
Pem. No more; thou knowest we spoke of that to-day,
And on what terms we left it. 'Tis a subject,
Of which, if possible, I would not think;
I beg that we may mention it no more.
Guil. Can we not speak of it with temper?
Pem. No.
Thou knowest I cannot. Therefore, prithee spare it.
Guil. Oh! could the secret I would tell thee sleep,
And the world never know it, my fond tongue
Should cease from speaking, ere I would unfold it,
Or vex thy peace with an officious tale!
But since, howe'er ungrateful to thy ear,
It must be told thee once, hear it from me.
Pem. Speak, then, and ease the doubts that shock my soul!
Guil. Suppose thy Guilford's better stars prevail,
And crown his love————
Pem. Say not, suppose: 'tis done.
Seek not for vain excuse, or softening words:
Thou hast prevaricated with thy friend,
By under-hand contrivances undone me:
And, while my open nature trusted in thee,
Thou hast stepped in between me and my hopes,
And ravished from me all my soul held dear.
Thou hast betrayed me————
Guil. How! betrayed thee, Pembroke?
Pem. Yes, falsely, like a traitor.
Guil. Have a care!
Pem. But think not I will bear the foul play from thee;
There was but this which I could ne'er forgive.
My soul is up in arms, my injured honour,
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge;
And though I love thee——fondly——
Guil. Hear me yet,
And Pembroke shall acquit me to himself;
Hear, while I tell how fortune dealt between us,

And gave the yielding beauty to my arms—
Pem. What, hear it! Stand and listen to thy triumph!
Thou thinkest me tame indeed. No, hold, I charge thee,
Lest I forget that ever we were friends!
Lest, in the rage of disappointed love,
I rush at once and tear thee for thy falsehood!
Guil. Thou warnest me well; and I were rash, as thou art,
To trust the secret sum of all my happiness
With one not master of himself. Farewell.
[*Going.*
Pem. Ha! art thou going? Think not thus to part,
Nor leave me on the rack of this uncertainty.
Guil. What wouldst thou further?
Pem. Tell it to me all;
Say thou art married, say thou hast possessed her,
And rioted in vast excess of bliss,
That I may curse myself, and thee, and her!
Come, tell me how thou didst supplant thy friend!
How didst thou look with that betraying face,
And, smiling, plot my ruin?
Guil. Give me way.
When thou art better tempered, I may tell thee,
And vindicate at full my love and friendship.
Pem. And dost thou hope to shun me then, thou traitor?
No, I will have it now; this moment from thee,
Or drag the secret out from thy false heart.
Guil. Away, thou madman! I would talk to winds,
And reason with the rude tempestuous surge,
Sooner than hold discourse with rage like thine.
Pem. Tell it, or, by my injured love, I swear,
[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*
I'll stab the lurking treason in thy heart.
Guil. Ha! stay thee there; nor let thy frantic hand
[*Stopping him.*
Unsheath thy weapon. If the sword be drawn,
If once we meet on terms like those, farewell
To every thought of friendship; one must fall.
Pem. Curse on thy friendship! I would break the band.
Guil. That as you please—Beside, this place is sacred,
And will not be profaned with brawls and outrage.
You know I dare be found on any summons.
Pem. 'Tis well. My vengeance shall not loiter long.
Henceforward let the thoughts of our past lives
Be turned to deadly and remorseless hate!
Here I give up the empty name of friend,
Renounce all gentleness, all commerce with thee;
To death defy thee as my mortal foe;
And, when we meet again, may swift destruction
Rid me of thee, or rid me of myself!
[*Exit Pembroke.*
Guil. The fate, I ever feared, is fallen upon me;
And long ago my boding heart divined
A breach like this from his ungoverned rage.
Oh, Pembroke! thou hast done me much injustice,
For I have borne thee true unfeigned affection;
'Tis past, and thou art lost to me for ever.
Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss;
Since every other joy, how dear soever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.
At the imperious tyrant's lordly call,
In spite of reason or restraint we come,
Leave kindred, parents, and our native home.
The trembling maid, with all her fears, he charms,
And pulls her from her weeping mother's arms:
He laughs at all her leagues, and, in proud scorn,
Commands the bands of friendship to be torn;
Disdains a partner should partake his throne,
But reigns unbounded, lawless, and alone.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Tower.*

Enter PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

Gar. NAY, by the rood, my lord, you were to blame,
To let a hair-brained passion be your guide,
And hurry you into such mad extremes.
Marry, you might have made much worthy profit,
By patient hearing; the unthinking lord
Had brought forth every secret of his soul;
Then when you were the master of his bosom,
That was the time to use him with contempt,
And turn his friendship back upon his hands.
Pem. Thou talkest as if a madman could be wise.
Oh, Winchester! thy hoary frozen age
Can never guess my pain; can never know
The burning transports of untamed desire.
I tell thee, reverend lord, to that one bliss,
To the enjoyment of that lovely maid,
As to their centre, I had drawn each hope,
And every wish my furious soul could form;
Still with regard to that my brain forethought,
And fashioned every action of my life.
Then, to be robbed at once, and, unsuspecting,
Be dashed in all the height of expectation!
It was not to be borne.
Gar. Have you not heard of what has happened since?
Pem. I have not had a minute's peace of mind,
A moment's pause, to rest from rage, or think,

Gar. Learn it from me then: But ere I speak,
I warn you to be master of yourself.
Though, as you know, they have confined me long,
Gra'mercy to their goodness, prisoner here;
Yet as I am allowed to walk at large
Within the Tower, and hold free speech with any,
I have not dreamt away my thoughtless hours,
Without good heed to these our righteous rulers.
To prove this true, this morn a trusty spy
Has brought me word, that yester evening late,
In spite of all the grief for Edward's death,
Your friends were married.
Pem. Married! who?——Damnation!
Gar. Lord Guilford Dudley, and the lady Jane.
Pem. Curse on my stars!
Gar. Nay, in the name of grace,
Restrain this sinful passion! all's not lost
In this one single woman.
Pem. I have lost
More than the female world can give me back.
I had beheld even her whole sex, unmoved,
Looked o'er them like a bed of gaudy flowers,
That lift their painted heads, and live a day,
Then shed their trifling glories unregarded:
My heart disdained their beauties, till she came,
With every grace that Nature's hand could give,
And with a mind so great, it spoke its essence
Immortal and divine.
Gar. She was a wonder;
Detraction must allow that.
Pem. The virtues came,
Sorted in gentle fellowship, to crown her,
As if they meant to mend each other's work.
Candour with goodness, fortitude with sweetness,
Strict piety, and love of truth, with learning,
More than the schools of Athens ever knew,
Or her own Plato taught. A wonder, Winchester!
Thou know'st not what she was, nor can I speak her,
More than to say, she was that only blessing
My soul was set upon—and I have lost her.
Gar. Your state is not so bad as you would make it;
Nor need you thus abandon every hope.
Pem. Ha! wilt thou save me, snatch me from despair,
And bid me live again?
Gar. She may be yours.
Suppose her husband die.
Pem. O vain, vain hope!
Gar. Marry, I do not hold that hope so vain.
These gospellers have had their golden days,
And lorded it at will; with proud despite
Have trodden down our holy Roman faith,
Ransacked our shrines, and driven her saints to exile.
But if my divination fail me not,
Their haughty hearts shall be abased ere long,
And feel the vengeance of our Mary's reign.
Pem. And wouldst thou have my fierce impatience stay?
Bid me lie bound upon a rack, and wait
For distant joys, whole ages yet behind?
Can love attend on politicians' schemes,
Expect the slow events of cautious counsels,
Cold unresolving heads, and creeping time?
Gar. To-day, or I am ill informed, Northumberland,
With easy Suffolk, Guilford, and the rest,
Meet here in council, on some deep design,
Some traiterous contrivance, to protect
Their upstart faith from near approaching ruin.
But there are punishments—halters and axes
For traitors, and consuming flames for heretics:
The happy bridegroom may be yet cut short,
Even in his highest hope—But go not you,
Howe'er the fawning sire, old Dudley, court you;
No, by the holy rood, I charge you, mix not
With their pernicious counsels.—Mischief waits them,
Sure, certain, unavoidable destruction.
Pem. Ha! join with them! the cursed Dudley's race!
Who, while they held me in their arms, betrayed me;
Scorned me for not suspecting they were villains,
And made a mockery of my easy friendship!
No, when I do, dishonour be my portion,
And swift perdition catch me.—Join with them!
Gar. I would not have you—Hie you to the city,
And join with those that love our ancient faith.
Gather your friends about you, and be ready
To assert our zealous Mary's royal title,
And doubt not but her grateful hand shall give you
To see your soul's desire upon your enemies.
The church shall pour her ample treasures forth too,
And pay you with ten thousand years of pardon.
Pem. No; keep your blessings back, and give me vengeance!
Give me to tell that soft deceiver, Guilford,
Thus, traitor, hast thou done, thus hast thou wronged me,
And thus thy treason finds a just reward!
Gar. But, soft! no more! the lords of the council come—
Ha! by the mass, the bride and bridegroom too!
Retire with me, my lord; we must not meet them.
Pem. 'Tis they themselves, the cursed happy pair!
Haste, Winchester, haste! let us fly for ever,
And drive her from my very thoughts, if possible.
Oh! love, what have I lost! Oh! reverend lord!
Pity this fond, this foolish weakness in me!
Methinks, I go like our first wretched father,
When from his blissful garden he was driven:
Like me he went despairing, and like me,
Thus at the gate stopt short for one last view!

Then with the cheerless partner of his woe,
He turned him to the world that lay below:
There, for his Eden's happy plains, beheld
A barren, wild uncomfortable field;
He saw 'twas vain his ruin to deplore,
He tried to give the sad remembrance o'er;
The sad remembrance still returned again,
And his lost paradise renewed his pain.
[*Exeunt Pembroke and Gardiner.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lord GUILFORD *and Lady* JANE.

Guil. What shall I say to thee! What power divine
Will teach my tongue to tell thee what I feel?
To pour the transports of my bosom forth,
And make thee partner of the joy dwells there?
For thou art comfortless, full of affliction,
Heavy of heart as the forsaken widow,
And desolate as orphans. Oh! my fair one!
Thy Edward shines amongst the brightest stars,
And yet thy sorrows seek him in the grave.

L. J. Gray. Alas, my dearest lord! a thousand griefs
Beset my anxious heart: and yet, as if
The burthen were too little, I have added
The weight of all thy cares; and, like the miser,
Increase of wealth has made me but more wretched.
The morning light seems not to rise as usual,
It dawns not to me, like my virgin days,
But brings new thoughts and other fears upon me;
I tremble, and my anxious heart is pained,
Lest aught but good should happen to my Guilford.

Guil. Nothing but good can happen to thy Guilford,
While thou art by his side, his better angel,
His blessing and his guard.

L. J. Gray. Why came we hither?
Why was I drawn to this unlucky place,
This Tower, so often stained with royal blood?
Here the fourth Edward's helpless sons were murdered,
And pious Henry fell by ruthless Gloster:
Is this the place allotted for rejoicing?
The bower adorned to keep our nuptial feast in?
Methinks Suspicion and Distrust dwell here,
Staring, with meagre forms, through grated windows:
Death lurks within, and unrelenting Punishment:
Without, grim Danger, Fear, and fiercest Power,
Sit on the rude old towers, and Gothic battlements;
While Horror overlooks the dreadful wall,
And frowns on all around.

Guil. In safety here,
The lords of the council have this morn decreed
To meet, and, with united care, support
The feeble tottering state. To thee, my princess,
Whose royal veins are rich in Henry's blood,
With one consent the noblest heads are bowed:
From thee they ask a sanction to their counsels,
And from thy healing hand expect a cure,
For England's loss in Edward.

L. J. Gray. How! from me!
Alas! my lord—But surethou meanst to mock me?

Guil. No; by the love my faithful heart is full of!
But see, thy mother, gracious Suffolk, comes
To intercept my story: she shall tell thee;
For in her look I read the labouring thought,
What vast event thy fate is now disclosing.

Enter the Duchess of SUFFOLK.

Duch. Suff. No more complain; indulge thy tears no more;
Thy pious grief has given the grave its due:
Let thy heart kindle with the highest hopes;
Expand thy bosom; let thy soul, enlarged,
Make room to entertain the coming glory!
For majesty and purple greatness court thee;
Homage, and low subjection, wait; a crown,
That makes the princes of the earth like gods;
A crown, my daughter, England's crown attends,
To bind thy brows with its imperial wreath.

L. J. Gray. Amazement chills my veins!—What says my mother?

Duch. Suff. 'Tis Heaven's decree; for our expiring Edward,
When now, just struggling to his native skies,
Even on the verge of heaven, in sight of angels,
That hovered round, to waft him to the stars,
Even then declared my Jane for his successor.

L. J. Gray. Could Edward do this? could the dying saint
Bequeath his crown to me? Oh, fatal bounty!
To me! But 'tis impossible! We dream.
A thousand and a thousand bars oppose me,
Rise in my way, and intercept my passage.
Even you, my gracious mother, what must you be,
Ere I can be a queen?

Duch. Suff. That, and that only,
Thy mother; fonder of that tender name,
Than all the proud additions power can give.
Yes, I will give up all my share of greatness,
And live in low obscurity for ever,
To see thee raised, thou darling of my heart,
And fixed upon a throne. But see; thy father,
Northumberland, with all the council, come
To pay their vowed allegiance at thy feet,
To kneel, and call thee queen.

L. J. Gray. Support me, Guilford;
Give me thy aid; stay thou my fainting soul,
And help me to repress this growing danger.

Enter SUFFOLK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lords and others of the Privy Council.*

North Hail, sacred princess! sprung from ancient kings,
Our England's dearest hope, undoubted offspring
Of York and Lancaster's united line;
By whose bright zeal, by whose victorious faith,

Guarded and fenced around, our pure religion,
That lamp of truth, which shines upon our altars,
Shall lift its golden head, and flourish long;
Beneath whose awful rule, and righteous sceptre,
The plenteous years shall roll in long succession;
Law shall prevail, and ancient right take place;
Fair liberty shall lift her cheerful head,
Fearless of tyranny and proud oppression;
No sad complaining in our streets shall cry,
But justice shall be exercised in mercy.
Hail, royal Jane! behold we bend our knees,
[*They kneel.*
The pledge of homage, and thy land's obedience;
With humblest duty thus we kneel, and own thee
Our liege, our sovereign lady, and our queen.

L. J. Gray. Oh, rise!
My father, rise! [*To Suff.*
And you, my father, too! [*To North.*
Rise all, nor cover me with this confusion.
[*They rise.*
What means this mock, this masquing shew of greatness?
Why do you hang these pageant glories on me,
And dress me up in honours not my own?

North. The daughters of our late great master Henry,
Stand both by law excluded from succession.
To make all firm,
And fix a power unquestioned in your hand,
Edward, by will, bequeathed his crown to you:
And the concurring lords, in council met,
Have ratified the gift.

L. J. Gray. Are crowns and empire,
The government and safety of mankind,
Trifles of such light moment, to be left
Like some rich toy, a ring, or fancied gem,
The pledge of parting friends? Can kings do thus,
And give away a people for a legacy?

North. Forgive me, princely lady, if my wonder
Seizes each sense, each faculty of mind,
To see the utmost wish the great can form,
A crown, thus coldly met: A crown, which, slighted,
And left in scorn by you, shall soon be sought,
And find a joyful wearer; one, perhaps,
Of blood unkindred to your royal house,
And fix its glories in another line.

L. J. Gray. Where art thou now, thou partner of my cares? [*Turning to Guilford.*
Come to my aid, and help to bear this burthen:
Oh! save me from this sorrow, this misfortune,
Which, in the shape of gorgeous greatness, comes
To crown, and make a wretch of me for ever!

Guil. Thou weep'st my queen, and hang'st thy drooping head,
Like nodding poppies, heavy with the rain,
That bow their weary necks and bend to earth.
See, by thy side, thy faithful Guilford stands,
Prepared to keep distress and danger from thee,
To wear thy sacred cause upon his sword,
And war against the world in thy defence.

North. Oh! stay this inauspicious stream of tears,
And cheer your people with one gracious smile.
Nor comes your fate in such a dreadful form,
To bid you shun it. Turn those sacred eyes
On the bright prospect empire spreads before you.
Methinks I see you seated on the throne;
Beneath your feet, the kingdom's great degrees
In bright confusion shine, mitres and coronets,
The various ermine, and the glowing purple;
Assembled senates wait, with awful dread,
To affirm your high commands, and make them fate.

L. J. Gray. You turn to view the painted side of royalty,
And cover all the cares that lurk beneath.
Is it, to be a queen, to sit aloft,
In solemn, dull, uncomfortable state,
The flattered idol of a servile court?
Is it to draw a pompous train along,
A pageant, for the wondering crowd to gaze at?
Is it, in wantonness of power to reign,
And make the world subservient to my pleasure?
Is it not rather, to be greatly wretched,
To watch, to toil, to take a sacred charge,
To bend each day before high Heaven, and own,
This people hast thou trusted to my hand,
And at my hand, I know, thou shalt require them?
Alas, Northumberland! My father! Is it not
To live a life of care, and, when I die,
Have more to answer for before my judge,
Than any of my subjects?

Duch. Suff. Every state,
Allotted to the race of man below,
Is, in proportion, doomed to taste some sorrow,
Nor is the golden wreath on a king's brow
Exempt from care; and yet, who would not bear it?
Think on the monarchs of your royal race:
They lived not for themselves: how many blessings,
How many lifted hands shall pay thy toil,
If for thy people's good thou happily borrow
Some portion from the hours of rest, and wake,
To give the world repose!

Suff. Behold, we stand upon the brink of ruin,
And only thou canst save us. Persecution,
That fiend of Rome and hell, prepares her tortures;
See where she comes in Mary's priestly train!
Still wilt thou doubt? till thou behold her stalk,
Red with the blood of martyrs, and wide wasting
O'er England's bosom? All the mourning year
Our towns shall glow with unextinguished fires;
Our youth on racks shall stretch their crackling bones;
Our babes shall sprawl on consecrated spears;
Matrons and husbands, with their new-born infants,
Shall burn promiscuous; a continued peal

Of lamentations, groans, and shrieks, shall sound,
Through all our purple ways.
Guil. Amidst that ruin,
Think thou beholdest thy Guilford's head laid low,
Bloody and pale ——
L. J. Gray. Oh! spare the dreadful image!
Guil. Oh! would the misery be bounded there,
My life were little; but the rage of Rome
Demands whole hecatombs, a land of victims,
With Superstition comes that other fiend,
That bane of peace, of arts and virtue, Tyranny;
That foe of justice, scorner of all law;
That beast, which thinks mankind were born for one,
And made by heaven to be a monster's prey;
That heaviest curse of groaning nations, Tyranny.
Mary shall, by her kindred Spain, be taught
To bend our necks beneath a brazen yoke,
And rule o'er wretches with an iron sceptre.
L. J. Gray. Avert that judgment, Heaven!
Whate'er thy providence allots for me,
In mercy spare my country.
Guil. Oh, my queen!
Does not thy great, thy generous heart relent,
To think this land, for liberty so famed,
Shall have her towery front at once laid low,
And robbed of all its glory? Oh! my country!
Oh! fairest Albion, empress of the deep,
How have thy noblest sons, with stubborn valour,
Stood to the last, dyed many a field in blood,
In dear defence of birth-right and their laws!
And shall those hands, which fought the cause of freedom,
Be manacled in base unworthy bonds?
Be tamely yielded up, the spoil, the slaves
Of hair-brained zeal, and cruel coward priests?
L. J. Gray. Yes, my loved lord, my soul is moved like thine,
At every danger which invades our England;
My cold heart kindles at the great occasion,
And could be more than man in her defence.
But where is my commission to redress?
Or whence my power to save? Can Edward's will,
Or twenty met in council, make a queen?
Can you, my lords, give me the power to canvass
A doubtful title with king Henry's daughters?
Where are the reverend sages of the law,
To guide me with their wisdoms, and point out
The paths, which right and justice bid me tread?
North. The judges all attend, and will at leisure
Resolve you every scruple.
L. J. Gray. They expound;
But where are those, my lord, that make the law?
Where are the ancient honours of the realm,
The nobles, with the mitred fathers joined?
The wealthy commons solemnly assembled?
Where is that voice of a consenting people,
To pledge the universal faith with mine,
And call me justly queen?
North. Nor shall that long
Be wanting to your wish. The lords and commons
Shall, at your royal bidding, soon assemble,
And with united homage own your title.
Delay not then the general wish,
But be our queen, be England's better angel!
Nor let mistaken piety betray you
To join with cruel Mary in our ruin:
Her bloody faith commands her to destroy,
And yours forbids to save.
Guil. Our foes, already
High in their hopes, devote us all to death:
The dronish monks, the scorn and shame of manhood,
Rouse, and prepare once more to take possession,
To nestle in their ancient hives again:
Again they furbish up their holy trumpery,
Relicks and wooden wonder-working saints,
Whole loads of lumber and religious rubbish,
In high procession mean to bring them back,
And place the puppets in their shrines again:
While those of keener malice, savage Bonner,
And deep-designing Gardiner, dream of vengeance;
Devour the blood of innocents, in hope;
Like vultures, snuff the slaughter in the wind,
And speed their flight to havock and the prey.
Haste then, and save us, while 'tis given to save
Your country, your religion.
North. Save your friends!
Suff. Your father!
Duch. Suff. Mother!
Guil. Husband!
L. J. Gray. Take me, crown me,
Invest me with this royal wretchedness!
Let me not know one happy minute more;
Let all my sleepless nights be spent in care,
My days be fixed with tumults and alarms;
If only I can save you, if my fate
Has marked me out to be the public victim,
I take the lot with joy! Yes, I will die
For that eternal truth my faith is fixed on,
And that dear native land which gave me birth!
Guil. Wake every tuneful instrument to tell it,
And let the trumpet's sprightly note proclaim,
My Jane is England's queen! Let the loud cannon
In peals of thunder speak it to Augusta;
Imperial Thames, catch thou the sacred sound,
And roll it to the subject ocean down:
Tell the old deep, and all thy brother floods,
My Jane is empress of the watery world!
Now with glad fires our bloodless streets shall shine,
With cries of joy our cheerful ways shall ring;
Thy name shall echo through the rescued isle,
And reach applauding heaven!
L. J. Gray. Oh, Guilford! what do we give up for glory!
For glory! that's a toy I would not purchase;
An idle, empty bubble. But for England!

What must we lose for that? Since then my fate
Has forced this hard exchange upon my will,
Let gracious Heaven allow me one request:
For that blest peace in which I once did dwell,
For books, retirement, and my studious cell,
For all those joys my happier days did prove,
For Plato, and his academic grove;
All that I ask, is, though my fortune frown,
And bury me beneath this fatal crown;
Let that one good be added to my doom,
To save this land from tyranny and Rome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Continues.*

Enter PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

Gar. In an unlucky and accursed hour
Set forth that traitor duke, that proud Northumberland,
To draw his sword upon the side of heresy,
And war against our Mary's holy right:
Ill fortune fly before, and pave his way
With disappointments, mischief, and defeat!
Do thou, O holy Becket, the protector,
The champion, and the martyr of our church,
Appear, and once more own the cause of Rome:
Beat down his lance, break thou his sword in battle,
And cover foul rebellion with confusion!

Pem. I saw him marching at his army's head;
I marked him issuing through the city-gate,
In harness all appointed, as he passed;
And (for he wore his beaver up) could read
Upon his visage, horror and dismay.
No voice of cheerful salutation cheered him,
None wished his arms might thrive, or bade God speed him,
But, through a staring ghastly-looking crowd,
Unhailed, unblessed, with heavy heart he went;
As if his traitor father's haggard ghost,
And Somerset, fresh bleeding from the axe,
On either hand had ushered him to ruin.

Gar. Nor shall the holy vengeance loiter long.
At Farmingham, in Suffolk, lies the queen,
Mary, our pious mistress: where each day
The nobles of the land, and swarming populace,
Gather, and list beneath her royal ensigns.
The fleet, commanded by Sir Thomas Jerningham,
Set out in warlike manner to oppose her,
With one consent have joined to own her cause:
The valiant Sussex, and Sir Edward Hastings,
With many more of note, are up in arms,
And all declare for her.

Pem. The citizens,
Who held the noble Somerset right dear,
Hate this aspiring Dudley and his race,
And would upon the instant join to oppose him;
Could we but draw some of the lords of the council
To appear among them, own the same design,
And bring the reverend sanction of authority
To lead them into action. For that purpose,
To thee, as to an oracle, I come,
To learn what fit expedient may be found,
To win the wary council to our side.
Say thou, whose head is grown thus silver-white,
In arts of government, and turns of state,
How we may blast our enemies with ruin,
And sink the cursed Northumberland to hell!

Gar. In happy time be your whole wish accomplished.
Since the proud duke set out, I have had conference,
As fit occasion served, with divers of them,
The earl of Arundel, Mason, and Cheyney,
And find them all disposed as we could ask.
By holy Mary, if I count aright,
To-day the better part shall leave this place,
And meet at Baynard's castle in the city;
There own our sovereign's title, and defy
Jane and her gospel crew. But, hie you hence!
This place is still within our foe's command;
Their puppet-queen reigns here.

Enter an Officer with a Guard.

Offi. Seize on them both.
[*Guards seize Pembroke and Gardiner.*
My lord, you are a prisoner to the state.

Pem. Ha! by whose order?

Offi. By the queen's command,
Signed and delivered by lord Guilford Dudley.

Pem. Curse on his traitor's heart!

Gar. Rest you contented:
You have loittered here too long; but use your patience;
These bonds shall not be lasting.

Offi. As for you, sir, [*To Gardiner.*
'Tis the queen's pleasure you be close confined:
You have used that fair permission was allowed you,
To walk at large within the Tower, unworthily.
You are noted for an over-busy meddler,
A secret practiser against the state;
For which, henceforth, your limits shall be straiter.
Hence, to your chamber!

Gar. Farewell, gentle Pembroke;
I trust that we shall meet on blither terms:
Till then, amongst my beads I will remember you,
And give you to the keeping of the saints.
[*Exeunt part of the guards with Gardiner.*

Pem. Now, whither must I go?

Offi. This way, my lord. [*Going off.*

Enter GUILFORD.

Guil. Hold, Captain! ere you go, I have a word or two

For this your noble prisoner.
Offi. At your pleasure;
I know my duty, and attend your lordship.
[*The Officer and Guards retire to the farthest part of the stage.*
Guil. Is all the gentleness, that was betwixt us,
So lost, so swept away from thy remembrance,
Thou canst not look upon me?
Pem. Ha! not look!
What terrors are there in the Dudley's race,
That Pembroke dares not look upon and scorn?
And yet, 'tis true, I would not look upon thee:
Our eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
As well as what we fear.
Guil. You hate me, then!
Pem. I do: and wish perdition may o'ertake
Thy father, thy false self, and thy whole name.
Guil. And yet, as sure as rage disturbs thy reason,
And masters all the noble nature in thee,
As sure as thou hast wronged me, I am come,
In tenderness of friendship, to preserve thee;
To plant even all the power I have before thee,
And fence thee from destruction with my life.
Pem. Friendship from thee! But my just soul disdains thee.
Hence! take the prostituted bauble back!
Hang it to grace some slavering idiot's neck,
For none but fools will praise the tinsel toy.
But thou art come, perhaps, to vaunt thy greatness,
And set thy purple pomp to view before me;
To let me know that Guilford is a king,
That he can speak the word, and give me freedom.
Oh, short-lived pageant! Hadst thou all the power
Which thy vain soul would grasp at, I would die,
Rot in a dungeon, ere receive a grace,
The least, the meanest courtesy from thee.
Guil. Oh, Pembroke! but I have not time to talk,
For danger presses; danger unforeseen,
And secret as the shaft that flies by night,
Is aiming at thy life. Captain, a word!
[*To the Officer.*
I take your prisoner to my proper charge;
Draw off your guard, and leave his sword with me.
[*The Officer delivers the sword to Lord Guilford, and goes out with his guard.*
[*Lord Guilford offering the sword to Pembroke.*
Receive this gift, even from a rival's hand;
And, if thy rage will suffer thee to hear
The counsel of a man, once called thy friend,
Fly from this fatal place, and seek thy safety!
Pem. How now! what shew! what mockery is this?
Is it in sport you use me thus? What means
This swift fantastic changing of the scene?
Guil. Oh, take thy sword, and let thy valiant hand
Be ready armed to guard thy noble life.
The time, the danger, and thy wild impatience,
Forbid me all to enter into speech with thee,
Or I could tell thee———
Pem. No, it needs not, traitor!
For all thy poor, thy little arts are known.
Thou fearest my vengeance, and art come to fawn,
To make a merit of that proffered freedom,
Which, in despite of thee, a day shall give me.
Nor can my fate depend on thee, false Guilford;
For know, to thy confusion, ere the sun
Twice gild the east, our royal Mary comes
To end thy pageant reign, and set me free.
Guil. Ungrateful and unjust! Hast thou then known me
So little, to accuse my heart of fear?
Hast thou forgotten Musselborough's field?
Did I then fear, when by thy side I fought,
And dyed my maiden sword in Scottish blood?
But this is madness all.
Pem. Give me my sword. [*Taking his sword.*
Perhaps, indeed, I wrong thee. Thou hast thought;
And, conscious of the injury thou hast done me,
Art come to proffer me a soldier's justice,
And meet my arm in single opposition.
Lead, then, and let me follow to the field.
Guil. Yes, Pembroke, thou shalt satisfy thy vengeance,
And write thy bloody purpose on my bosom.
But let death wait to-day. By our past friendship,
In honour's name, by every sacred tie,
I beg thee ask no more, but haste from hence.
Pem. What mystic meaning lurks beneath thy words?
What fear is this, which thou wouldst awe my soul with?
Is there a danger Pembroke dares not meet?
Guil. Oh, spare my tongue a tale of guilt and horror!
Trust me this once: believe me when I tell thee,
Thy safety and thy life is all I seek.
Away.
Pem. By Heaven, I will not stir a step!
Curse on this shuffling, dark, ambiguous phrase!
If thou wouldst have me think thou mean'st me fairly,
Speak with that plainness honesty delights in,
And let thy double tongue for once be true.
Guil. Forgive me, filial piety and nature,
If, thus compelled, I break your sacred laws,
Reveal my father's crime, and blot with infamy
The hoary head of him who gave me being,
To save the man, whom my soul loves, from death!
[*Giving a paper.*
Read there the fatal purpose of thy foe,
A thought which wounds my soul with shame and horror!
Somewhat that darkness should have hid for ever,

But that thy life—Say, hast thou seen that character?

Pem. I know it well; the hand of proud Northumberland,
Directed to his minions, Gates and Palmer.
What's this? [*Reads.*

'Remember, with your closest care, to observe 'those whom I named to you at parting; espe- 'cially keep your eye upon the earl of Pembroke; 'as his power and interest are most considerable, 'so his opposition will be most fatal to us. Re- 'member the resolution was taken, if you should 'find him inclined to our enemies. The forms of 'justice are tedious, and delays are dangerous. 'If he falters, lose not the sight of him till your 'daggers have reached his heart.'

My heart! Oh, murderous villain!

Guil. Since we parted,
Thy ways have all been watched, thy steps been marked;
Thy secret treaties with the malecontents,
That harbour in the city, thy conferring
With Gardiner here in the Tower; all is known:
And, in pursuance of that bloody mandate,
A set of chosen ruffians wait to end thee:
There was but one way left me to preserve thee;
I took it; and this morning sent my warrant
To seize thy person——But begone!

Pem. 'Tis so—'tis truth——I see his honest heart—

Guil. I have a friend of well-tried faith and courage,
Who, with a fit disguise, and arms concealed,
Attends without, to guide thee hence with safety.

Pem. What is Northumberland? And what art thou?

Guil. Waste not the time. Away!

Pem. Here let me fix,
And gaze with everlasting wonder on thee.
What is there good or excellent in man,
That is not found in thee? Thy virtues flash,
They break at once on my astonished soul;
As if the curtains of the dark were drawn,
To let in day at midnight.

Guil. Think me true;
And though ill fortune crossed upon our friendship—

Pem. Curse on our fortune!—Think I know thee honest.

Guil. For ever I could hear thee—but thy life,
Oh, Pembroke! linger not——

Pem. And can I leave thee,
Ere I have clasped thee in my eager arms,
And given thee back my sad repenting heart?
Believe me, Guilford, like the patriarch's dove,
[*Embracing.*
It wandered forth, but found no resting place,
Till it came home again to lodge with thee.

Guil. What is there that my soul can more desire,
Than these dear marks of thy returning friendship?
The danger comes——If you stay longer here,
You die, my Pembroke.

Pem. Let me stay and die;
For if I go, I go to work thy ruin.
Thou know'st not what a foe thou send'st me forth;
That I have sworn destruction to the queen,
And pledged my faith to Mary and her cause:
My honour is at stake.

Guil. I know 'tis given.
But go—the stronger thy engagements there,
The more's thy danger here. There is a power
Who sits above the stars; in him I trust:
All that I have, his bounteous hand bestowed;
And he, that gave it, can preserve it to me.
If his o'er-ruling will ordains my ruin,
What is there more, but to fall down before him,
And humbly yield obedience?——Fly! begone!

Pem. Yes, I will go—for, see! Behold who comes!
Oh, Guilford! hide me, shield me from her sight;
Every mad passion kindles up again,
Love, rage, despair—and yet I will be master—
I will remember thee——Oh, my torn heart!
I have a thousand things to say,
But cannot, dare not, stay to look on her.
Thus gloomy ghosts, where'er the breaking morn
Gives notice of the cheerful sun's return,
Fade at the light, with horror stand oppressed,
And shrink before the purple dawning east;
Swift with the fleeting shades they wing their way,
And dread the brightness of the rising day.
[*Exeunt Guilford and Pembroke.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lady JANE, *reading.*

L. J. Gray. 'Tis false! The thinking soul is somewhat more
Than symmetry of atoms well disposed,
The harmony of matter. Farewell else
The hope of all hereafter, that new life,
That separate intellect, which must survive,
When this fine frame is mouldered into dust.

Enter GUILFORD.

Guil. What read'st thou there, my queen?

L. J. Gray. 'Tis Plato's Phædon;
Where dying Socrates takes leave of life,
With such an easy, careless, calm indifference,
As if the trifle were of no account;
Mean in itself, and only to be worn
In honour of the giver.

Guil. Shall thy soul
Still scorn the world, still fly the joys that court
Thy blooming beauty, and thy tender youth?
Still shall she soar on contemplation's wing,
And mix with nothing meaner than the stars;
As heaven and immortality alone
Were objects worthy to employ her faculties?

L. J. Gray. Bate but thy truth, what is there here below
Deserves the least regard? Is it not time

To bid our souls look out, explore hereafter,
And seek some better sure abiding place;
When all around our gathering foes come on,
To drive, to sweep us from this world at once?
Guil. Does any danger new——
L. J. Gray. The faithless counsellors
Are fled from hence to join the princess Mary.
The servile herd of courtiers, who so late
In low obedience bent the knee before me;
They, who with zealous tongues, and hands uplifted,
Besought me to defend their laws and faith;
Vent their lewd execrations on my name,
Proclaim me traitress now, and to the scaffold
Doom my devoted head.
Guil. The changeling villains!
That pray for slavery, fight for their bonds,
And shun the blessing, liberty, like ruin.
What art thou, human nature, to do thus?
Does fear of folly make thee, like the Indian,
Fall down before this dreadful devil, tyranny,
And worship the destroyer?
But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?
Give me my arms: I will preserve my country,
Even in her own despite. Some friends I have,
Who will or die or conquer in the cause,
Thine and religion's, thine and England's cause.
L. J. Gray. Art thou not all my treasure, all my guard?
And wilt thou take from me the only joy,
The last defence is left me here below?
Think not thy arm can stem the driving torrent,
Or save a people, who with blinded rage
Urge their own fate, and strive to be undone.
Northumberland, thy father, is in arms;
And if it be in valour to defend us,
His sword, that long has known the way to conquest,
Shall be our surest safety.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suff. Oh, my children!
L. J. Gray. Alas! what means my father?
Suff. Oh, my son,
Thy father, great Northumberland, on whom
Our dearest hopes were built——
Guil. Ha! What of him?
Suff. Is lost! betrayed!
His army, onward as he marched, shrunk from him,
Mouldered away, and melted by his side;
Like falling hail thick strewn upon the ground,
Which, ere we can essay to count, is vanished.
With some few followers he arrived at Cambridge;
But there even they forsook him, and himself
Was forced, with heavy heart and watery eye,
To cast his cap up, with dissembled cheer,
And cry, God save queen Mary! But, alas!
Little availed the semblance of that loyalty:
For soon thereafter, by the earl of Arundel
With treason he was charged, and there arrested;
And now he brings him prisoner up to London.
L. J. Gray. Then there's an end of greatness; the vain dream
Of empire, and a crown, that danced before me,
With all those unsubstantial empty forms:
The gaudy mask, tedious, and nothing meaning,
Is vanished all at once——Why, fare it well.
Guil. And canst thou bear this sudden turn of fate,
With such unshaken temper?
L. J. Gray. For myself,
If I could form a wish for Heaven to grant,
It should have been, to rid me of this crown.
And thou, o'er-ruling, great, all-knowing Power!
Thou who discern'st our thoughts, who see'st them rising
And forming in the soul! Oh, judge me, thou,
If e'er ambition's guilty fires have warmed me,
If e'er my heart inclined to pride, to power,
Or joined in being a queen. I took the sceptre,
To save this land, thy people, and thy altars:
And now, behold, I bend my grateful knee,
[*Kneeling.*
In humble adoration of that mercy,
Which quits me of the vast unequal task.

Enter the Duchess of Suffolk.

Duch. Suff. Nay, keep that posture still, and let us join,
Fix all our knees by thine, lift up our hands,
And seek for help and pity from above;
For earth and faithless man will give us none!
L. J. Gray. What is the worst our cruel fate ordains us?
Duch. Suff. Cursed be my fatal counsels, cursed my tongue,
That pleaded for thy ruin, and persuaded
Thy guiltless feet to tread the paths of greatness!
My child——I have undone thee!
L. J. Gray. Oh, my mother!
Should I not bear a portion in thy sorrows?
Duch. Suff. Alas, thou hast thy own, a double portion.
Mary is come, and the revolting Londoners,
Who beat the heavens with thy applauding name,
Now crowd to meet, and hail her as their queen.
Sussex is entered here, commands the Tower,
Has placed his guards around, and this sad place,
So late thy palace, is become our prison.
I saw him bend his knee to cruel Gardiner,
Who, freed from his confinement, ran to meet him,
Embraced and blest him with a hand of blood;
Each hastening moment I expect them here,
To seize and pass the doom of death upon us.
Guil. Ha! seized! Shalt thou be seized? and shall I stand,
And tamely see thee borne away to death?
Then blasted be my coward name for ever!
No, I will set myself to guard this spot,
To which our narrow empire now is shrunk:
Here I will grow, the bulwark of my queen;

Nor shall the hand of violence profane thee,
Until my breast have borne a thousand wounds,
Till this torn mangled body sink at once,
A heap of purple ruin, at thy feet.
L. J. Gray. And could thy rash distracted rage do thus?
Draw thy vain sword against an armed multitude,
Only to have my poor heart split with horror,
To see thee stabbed and butchered here before me?
Oh, call thy better nobler courage to thee,
And let us meet this adverse fate with patience!
Greet our insulting foes with equal tempers,
With even brows, and souls secure of death;
Here stand unmoved; as once the Roman senate
Received fierce Brennus, and the conquering Gauls,
Till even the rude barbarians stood amazed
At such superior virtue. Be thyself,
For see, the trial comes!

Enter Sussex, Gardiner, *Officers and Soldiers.*

Suss. Guards, execute your orders; seize the traitors:
Here my commission ends. To you, my lord, [*To Gar.*
So our great mistress, royal Mary, bids,
I leave the full disposal of these prisoners.
To your wise care the pious queen commends
Her sacred self, her crown, and, what's yet more,
The holy Roman church; for whose dear safety,
She wills your utmost diligence be shewn,
To bring rebellion to the bar of justice.
Yet farther, to proclaim how much she trusts
In Winchester's deep thought, and well tried faith,
The seal attends to grace those reverend hands;
And when I next salute you, I must call you
Chief minister and chancellor of England.
Gar. Unnumbered blessings fall upon her head,
My ever-gracious lady! to remember
With such full bounty her old humble beadsman!
For these, her foes, leave me to deal with them.
Suss. The queen is on her entrance, and expects me:
My lord, farewell.
Gar. Farewell, right noble Sussex:
Commend me to the queen's grace; say her bidding
Shall be observed by her most lowly creature. [*Exit Sussex.*
Lieutenant of the Tower, take hence your prisoners:
Be it your care to see them kept apart,
That they may hold no commerce with each other.
L. J. Gray. That stroke was unexpected.
Guil. Wilt thou part us?
Gar. I hold no speech with heretics and traitors.
Lieutenant, see my orders are obeyed. [*Exit Gar.*
Guil. Inhuman, monstrous, unexampled cruelty!
Oh, tyrant! but the task becomes thee well;
Thy savage temper joys to do death's office;
To tear the sacred bands of love asunder,
And part those hands which heaven itself hath joined.
Duch. Suff. To let us waste the little rest of life
Together, had been merciful.
Suff. Then it had not
Been done like Winchester.
Guil. Thou stand'st unmoved;
Calm temper sits upon thy beauteous brow;
Thy eyes, that flowed so fast for Edward's loss,
Gaze unconcerned upon the ruin round thee;
As if thou hadst resolved to brave thy fate,
And triumph in the midst of desolation.
Ha! see, it swells; the liquid crystal rises,
It starts, in spite of thee,——but I will catch it;
Nor let the earth be wet with dew so rich.
L. J. Gray. And dost thou think, my Guilford, I can see
My father, mother, and even thee my husband,
Torn from my side without a pang of sorrow?
How art thou thus unknowing in my heart!
Words cannot tell thee what I feel. There is
An agonizing softness busy here,
That tugs the string, that struggles to get loose,
And pour my soul in wailings out before thee.
Guil. Give way, and let the gushing torrent come;
Behold the tears we bring to swell the deluge,
Till the flood rise upon the guilty world,
And make the ruin common.
L. J. Gray. Guilford! No!
The time for tender thoughts and soft endearments
Is fled away and gone: joy has forsaken us;
Our hearts have now another part to play;
They must be steeled with some uncommon fortitude,
That, fearless, we may tread the paths of horror;
And, in despite of fortune and our foes,
Even in the hour of death, be more than conquerors.
Guil. Oh, teach me! say, what energy divine
Inspires thy softer sex, and tender years,
With such unshaken courage!
L. J. Gray. Truth and innocence;
A conscious knowledge rooted in my heart,
That to have saved my country was my duty.
Yes, England, yes, my country, I would save thee;
But heaven forbids, heaven disallows my weakness;
And to some dear selected hero's hand
Reserves the glory of thy great deliverance.
Lieut. My lord, my orders——
Guil. See! we must—must part.
L. J. Gray. Yet surely we shall meet again.
Guil. Oh! Where?
L. J. Gray. If not on earth, among yon golden stars,

Where other suns arise on other earths,
And happier beings rest on happier seats:
Where, with a reach enlarged, our souls shall view
The great Creator's never ceasing hand
Pour forth new worlds to all eternity,
And people the infinity of space.
Guil. Fain would I cheer my heart with hopes like these;
But my sad thoughts turn ever to the grave;
To that last dwelling, whither now we haste;
Where the black shade shall interpose betwixt us,
And veil thee from these longing eyes for ever.
L. J. Gray. 'Tis true, by those dark paths our journey leads,
And through the vale of death we pass to life.
But what is there in death to blast our hopes?
Behold the universal marks of nature,
Where life still springs from death. To us the sun
Dies every night, and every morn revives:
The flowers, which winter's icy hand destroyed,
Lift their fair heads, and live again in spring.
Mark, with what hopes upon the furrowed plain,
The careful plowman casts the pregnant grain;
There hid, as in a grave, a while it lies,
Till the revolving season bids it rise;
Till nature's genial powers command a birth,
And potent call it from the teeming earth:
Then large increase the buried treasures yield,
And with full harvest crown the plenteous field.
[*Exeunt severally with guards.*

ACT V.

CENE I.—*Continues.*

Enter GARDINER, *as Lord Chancellor, and the Lieutenant of the Tower. Servants with lights before them.*

Lieut. Good morning to your lordship; you rise early.
Gar. Nay, by the rood, there are too many sleepers;
Some must stir early, or the state shall suffer.
Did you, as yesterday our mandate bade,
Inform your prisoners, lady Jane and Guilford,
They were to die this day?
Lieut. My lord, I did.
Gar. 'Tis well. But say, how did your message like them?
Lieut. My lord, they met the summons with a temper,
That shewed a solemn, serious sense of death,
Mixed with a noble scorn of all its terrors.
In short, they heard me with the self-same patience,
With which they still have borne them in their prison.
In one request they both concurred; each begged
To die before the other.
Gar. That dispose
As you think fitting.
Lieut. The lord Guilford only
Implored another boon, and urged it warmly;
That, ere he suffered, he might see his wife,
And take a last farewell.
Gar. That's not much;
That grace may be allowed him. See you to it.
How goes the morning?
Lieut. Not yet four, my lord.
Gar. By ten they meet their fate. Yet one thing more.
You know 'twas ordered that the lady Jane
Should suffer here within the Tower. Take care
No crowds may be let in, no maudlin gazers
To wet their handkerchiefs, and make report
How like a saint she ended. Some fit number,
And those, too, of our friends, were most convenient;
But, above all, see that good guard be kept:
You know the queen is lodged at present here;
Take care that no disturbance reach her highness.
And so good morning, good master lieutenant.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*
How now! What light comes here?
Ser. So please your lordship,
If I mistake not, 'tis the earl of Pembroke.
Gar. Pembroke! 'Tis he: What calls him forth thus early?
Somewhat he seems to bring of high import;
Some flame uncommon kindles up his soul,
And flashes forth impetuous at his eyes.

Enter PEMBROKE; *a page with a light before him.*

Good morrow, noble Pembroke! What importunate
And strong necessity breaks on your slumbers,
And rears your youthful head from off your pillow
At this unwholesome hour; while yet the night
Lasts in her latter course, and with her raw
And rheumy damps infests the dusky air?
Pem. Oh, reverend Winchester! my beating heart
Exults and labours with the joy it bears:
The news I bring shall bless the breaking morn.
This coming day the sun shall rise more glorious
Than when his maiden beams first gilded o'er
The rich immortal greens, the flow'ry plains,
And fragrant bowers of paradise new-born!
Gar. What happiness is this?
Pem. 'Tis mercy, mercy,
The mark of Heaven impressed on human kind;
Mercy, that glads the world, deals joy around;
Mercy, that smooths the dreadful brow of power,
And makes dominion light; mercy, that saves,
Binds up the broken heart, and heals despair.

Mary, our royal, ever-gracious mistress,
Has to my services and humblest prayers
Granted the lives of Guilford and his wife;
Full and free pardon!
Gar. Ha! what said you? Pardon!
But sure you cannot mean it; could not urge
The queen to such a rash and ill-timed grace?
What! save the lives of those who wore her crown!
My lord! 'tis most unweighed, pernicious counsel,
And must not be complied with.
Pem. Not complied with!
And who shall dare to bar her sacred pleasure,
And stop the stream of mercy!
Gar. That will I;
Who will not see her gracious disposition
Drawn to destroy herself.
Pem. Thy narrow soul
Knows not the god-like glory of forgiving:
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive,
How large the power, how fixed the empire is,
Which benefits confer on generous minds:
Goodness prevails upon the stubborn foe,
And conquers more than even Cæsar's sword did.
Gar. These are romantic, light, vain-glorious dreams.
Have you considered well upon the danger?
How dear to the fond many, and how popular
These are whom you would spare? Have you forgot,
When at the bar, before the seat of judgment,
This lady Jane, this beauteous traitress, stood,
With what command she charmed the whole assembly?
With silent grief the mournful audience sat,
Fixed on her face, and listening to her pleading.
Her very judges wrung their hands for pity;
Their old hearts melted in them as she spoke,
And tears ran down upon their silver beards.
Even I myself was moved, and for a moment
Felt wrath suspended in my doubtful breast,
And questioned if the voice I heard was mortal.
But when her tale was done, what loud applause,
Like bursts of thunder, shook the spacious hall!
At last, when, sore constrained, the unwilling lords
Pronounced the fatal sentence on her life,
A peal of groans ran through the crowded court,
As every heart was broken, and the doom,
Like that which waits the world, were universal.
Pem. And can that sacred form, that angel's voice,
Which moved the hearts of a rude ruthless crowd,
Nay, moved even thine, now sue in vain for pity?
Gar. Alas, you look on her with lovers' eyes:
I hear and see through reasonable organs,
Where passion has no part. Come, come, my lord,
You have too little of the statesman in you.
Pem. And you, my lord, too little of the churchman.
Is not the sacred purpose of our faith
Peace and good-will to man? The hallowed hand,
Ordained to bless, should know no stain of blood.
'Tis true, I am not practised in your politics;
'Twas your pernicious counsel led the queen
To break her promise with the men of Suffolk,
To violate, what in a prince should be
Sacred above the rest, her royal word.
Gar. Yes, and I dare avow it: I advised her
To break through all engagements made with heretics,
And keep no faith with such a miscreant crew.
Pem. Where shall we seek for truth, when even religion,
The priestly robe and mitred head, disclaim it?
But thus bad men dishonour the best cause.
I tell thee, Winchester, doctrines like thine
Have stained our holy church with greater infamy
Than all your eloquence can wipe away.
Hence 'tis, that those who differ from our faith,
Brand us with breach of oaths, with persecution,
With tyranny o'er conscience, and proclaim
Our scarlet prelates men that thirst for blood,
And Christian Rome more cruel than the Pagan.
Gar. Nay, if you rail, farewell. The queen must be
Better advised, than thus to cherish vipers,
Whose mortal stings are armed against her life.
But while I hold the seal, no pardon passes
For heretics and traitors. [*Exit Gardiner.*
Pem. 'Twas unlucky
To meet and cross upon this froward priest:
But let me lose the thought on't; let me haste,
Pour my glad tidings forth in Guilford's bosom,
And pay him back the life his friendship saved.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Lady JANE *kneeling, as at her devotion; a light, and a book placed on a table before her. Enter Lieutenant of the Tower, Lord* GUILFORD, *and one of Lady* JANE'S *women.*

Lieut. Let me not press upon your lordship farther,
But wait your leisure in the anti-chamber.
Guil. I will not hold you long.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*
Wom. Softly, my lord!
For yet, behold she kneels. Before the night
Had reached her middle space, she left her bed,
And with a pleasing, sober cheerfulness,
As for her funeral, arrayed herself
In those sad solemn weeds. Since then her knee
Has known that posture only, and her eye,
Or fixed upon the sacred page before her,
Or lifted, with her rising hopes, to heaven.
Guil. See, with what zeal those holy hands are reared!
Mark her vermilion lip, with fervour trembling;
Her spotless bosom swells with sacred ardour,

And burns with ecstasy and strong devotion;
Her supplication sweet, her faithful vows
Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high Heaven,
Like incense from the golden censer rise;
Or blessed angels minister unseen,
Catch the soft sounds, and with alternate office,
Spread their ambrosial wings, then mount with joy,
And waft them upwards to the throne of grace.
But she has ended, and comes forward.

[*Lady Jane rises, and comes towards the front of the stage.*

L. J. Gray. Ha!
Art thou my Guilford? Wherefore dost thou come,
To break the settled quiet of my soul?
I meant to part without another pang,
And lay my weary head down full of peace.
Guil. Forgive the fondness of my longing soul,
That melts with tenderness, and leans toward thee,
Though the imperious, dreadful voice of fate
Summon her hence, and warn her from the world.
But if to see thy Guilford give thee pain,
Would I had died, and never more beheld thee,
Though my lamenting discontented ghost
Had wandered forth unblessed by those dear eyes,
And wailed thy loss in death's eternal shades!
L. J. Gray. My heart has ended every earthly care,
And offered up its prayers for thee and England,
And fixed its hopes upon a rock unfailing;
While all the little business that remained,
Was but to pass the forms of death and constancy,
And leave a life become indifferent to me.
But thou hast wakened other thoughts within me;
Thy sight, my dearest husband and my lord,
Strikes on the tender strings of love and nature:
My vanquished passions rise again, and tell me,
'Tis more, far more than death to part from thee.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. Oh, let me fly, bear me, thou swift impatience,
And lodge me in my faithful Guilford's arms!
[*Embracing.*
That I may snatch him from the greedy grave,
That I may warm his gentle heart with joy,
And talk to him of life, of life and pardon.
Guil. What means my dearest Pembroke?
Pem. Oh, my speech
Is choaked with words that crowd to tell my tidings!
But I have saved thee—and—Oh, joy unutterable!
The queen, my gracious, my forgiving mistress,
Has given not only thee to my request,
But she, she too, in whom alone thou liv'st,
The partner of thy heart, thy love is safe.
Guil. Millions of blessings wait her!—Has she—tell me,
Oh, has she spared my wife?
Pem. Both, both are pardoned.
But haste, and do thou lead me to thy saint,
That I may cast myself beneath her feet,
And beg her to accept this poor amends
For all I've done against her——Thou fair excellence, [*Kneeling.*
Canst thou forgive the hostile hand, that armed
Against thy cause, and robbed thee of a crown?
L. J. Gray. Oh, rise, my lord, and let me take your posture!
Life and the world are hardly worth my care,
But you have reconciled me to them both;
Then let me pay my gratitude, and for
This free, this noble, unexpected mercy,
Thus low I bow to Heaven, the queen, and you.
Pem. To me! forbid it goodness! if I live,
Somewhat I will do shall deserve your thanks.
All discord and remembrance of offence
Shall be clean blotted out; and for your freedom,
Myself have underta'en to be your caution.
Hear me, you saints, and aid my pious purpose!
These that deserve so much, this wondrous pair,
Let these be happy: every joy attend them;
A fruitful bed, a chain of love unbroken,
A good old age, to see their children's children;
A holy death, and everlasting memory;
While I resign to them my share of happiness,
Contented still to want what they enjoy,
And singly to be wretched.

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lieut. The Lord Chancellor
Is come with orders from the queen.

Enter GARDINER, *and Attendant.*

Pem. Ha! Winchester!
Gar. The queen, whose days be many,
By me confirms her first accorded grace;
But, as the pious princess means her mercy
Should reach e'en to the soul as well as body,
By me she signifies her royal pleasure,
That thou, lord Guilford, and the lady Jane,
Do instantly renounce, abjure your heresy,
And yield obedience to the see of Rome.
L. J. Gray. What! turn apostate?
Guil. Ha! forego my faith!
Gar. This one condition only seals your pardon:
But if, through pride of heart, and stubborn obstinacy,
With wilful hands you push the blessing from you,
And shut your eyes against such manifest light,
Know ye, your former sentence stands confirmed,
And you must die to-day.
Pem. 'Tis false as hell:

The mercy of the queen was free and full.
Think'st thou that princes merchandize their grace,
As Roman priests their pardons? Do they barter,
Screw up, like you, the buyer to a price,
And doubly sell what was designed a gift?
Gar. My lord, this language ill becomes your nobleness;
Nor come I here to bandy words with madmen.
Behold the royal signet of the queen,
Which amply speaks her meaning. You, the prisoners,
Have heard, at large, its purport, and must instantly
Resolve upon the choice of life or death.
Pem. Curse on——But wherefore do I loiter here?
I'll to the queen this moment, and there know
What 'tis this mischief-making priest intends.
[*Exit.*
Gar. Your wisdom points you out a proper course,
A word with you, Lieutenant.
[*Talks with the Lieutenant aside.*
Guil. Must we part, then?
What are those hopes that flattered us but now;
Those joys, that, like the spring, with all its flowers,
Poured out their pleasures every where around us?
In one poor minute gone; at once they withered,
And left their place all desolate behind them.
L. J. Gray. Such is this foolish world, and such the certainty
Of all the boasted blessings it bestows:
Then, Guilford, let us have no more to do with it;
Think only how to leave it as we ought;
But trust no more, and be deceived no more.
Guil. Yes, I will copy thy divine example,
And tread the paths are pointed out by thee;
By thee instructed, to the fatal block
I bend my head with joy, and think it happiness
To give my life a ransom for my faith.
From thee, thou angel of my heart, I learn
That greatest, hardest task, to part with thee.
L. J. Gray. Oh, gloriously resolved! Heaven is my witness,
My heart rejoices in thee more even now,
Thus constant as thou art, in death thus faithful,
Than when the holy priest first joined our hands,
And knit the sacred knot of bridal love.
Gar. The day wears fast; Lord Guilford, have you thought?
Will you lay hold on life?
Guil. What are the terms?
Gar. Death, or the mass, attend you.
Guil. 'Tis determined:
Lead to the scaffold.
Gar. Bear him to his fate.
Guil. Oh, let me fold thee once more in my arms,
Thou dearest treasure of my heart, and print
A dying husband's kiss upon thy lip!
Shall we not live again, even in those forms?
Shall I not gaze upon thee with these eyes?
L. J. Gray. Oh, wherefore dost thou soothe me with thy softness?
Why dost thou wind thyself about my heart,
And make this separation painful to us?
Here break we off at once; and let us now,
Forgetting ceremony, like two friends
That have a little business to be done,
Take a short leave, and haste to meet again.
Guil. Rest on that hope, my soul—my wife—
L. J. Gray. No more.
Guil. My sight hangs on thee——Oh, support me, Heaven,
In this last pang—and let us meet in bliss!
[*Guilford is led off by the guard.*
L. J. Gray. Can nature bear this stroke?
Wom. Alas, she faints! [*Supporting.*
L. J. Gray. Wilt thou fail now——The killing stroke is past,
And all the bitterness of death is o'er.
Gar. Here let the dreadful hand of vengeance stay;
Have pity on your youth, and blooming beauty;
Cast not away the good which Heaven bestows;
Time may have many years in store for you,
All crowned with fair prosperity. Your husband
Has perished in perverseness.
L. J. Gray. Cease, thou raven,
Nor violate, with thy profaner malice,
My bleeding Guilford's ghost—'Tis gone, 'tis flown:
But lingers on the wing, and waits for me.
[*The scene draws, and discovers a scaffold hung with black, executioner and guards.*
And see my journey's end.
1 *Wom.* My dearest lady! [*Weeping.*
2 *Wom.* Oh, misery!
L. J. Gray. Forbear, my gentle maids,
Nor wound my peace with fruitless lamentations;
The good and gracious hand of Providence
Shall raise you better friends than I have been.
1 *Wom.* Oh, never, never!——
L. J. Gray. Help to disarray,
And fit me for the block; do this last service,
And do it cheerfully. Now you will see
Your poor unhappy mistress sleep in peace,
And cease from all her sorrows. These few trifles,
The pledges of a dying mistress' love,
Receive and share among you. Thou, Maria,
[*To* 1 *Wom.*
Hast been my old, my very faithful servant:
In dear remembrance of thy love, I leave thee
This book, the law of everlasting truth:
Make it thy treasure still; 'twas my support,
When all help else forsook me.
Gar. Will you yet
Repent, be wise, and save your precious life?

L. J. Gray. Oh, Winchester! has learning taught thee that,
To barter truth for life?
Gar. Mistaken folly!
You toil and travail for your own perdition,
And die for damned errors.
L. J. Gray. Who judge rightly,
And who persists in error, will be known,
Then, when we meet again. Once more, farewell! [*To her women.*
Goodness be ever with you. When I'm dead,
Entreat they do no rude, dishonest wrong
To my cold, headless corpse; but see it shrouded,
And decent laid in earth.
Gar. Wilt thou then die?
Thy blood be on thy head.
L. J. Gray. My blood be where it falls; let the earth hide it;
And may it never rise, or call for vengeance.
Oh, that it were the last shall fall a victim
To zeal's inhuman wrath! Thou, gracious Heaven,
Hear and defend at length thy suffering people;
Raise up a monarch of the royal blood,
Brave, pious, equitable, wise, and good.
In thy due season let the hero come,
To save thy altars from the rage of Rome:
Long let him reign, to bless the rescued land,
And deal out justice with a righteous hand.
And when he fails, oh, may he leave a son,
With equal virtues to adorn his throne;
To latest times the blessing to convey,
And guard that faith for which I die to-day!
[*Lady Jane goes up to the scaffold. The scene closes.*

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. Horror on horror! Blasted be the hand
That struck my Guilford! Oh, his bleeding trunk
Shall live in these distracted eyes for ever!
Curse on thy fatal arts, thy cruel counsels! [*To Gardiner.*
The queen is deaf, and pitiless as thou art.
Gar. The just reward of heresy and treason
Is fallen upon them both, for their vain obstinacy;
Untimely death, with infamy on earth,
And everlasting punishment hereafter.
Pem. And canst thou tell? Who gave thee to explore
The secret purposes of Heaven, or taught thee
To set a bound to mercy unconfined?
But know, thou proud, perversely-judging Winchester!
Howe'er you hard, imperious censures doom,
And portion out our lot in worlds to come,
Those, who, with honest hearts, pursue the right,
And follow faithfully truth's sacred light,
Though suffering here, shall from their sorrows cease,
Rest with the saints, and dwell in endless peace.
[*Exeunt.*

THE

SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

BY

HUGHES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CHRISTIANS.

EUMENES, *Governor of Damascus.*
HERBIS, *his friend, one of the Chiefs of the City.*
PHOCYAS, *a noble and valiant Syrian, privately in love with Eudocia,*
ARTAMON, *an Officer of the Guards.*
SERGIUS, *an Express from the Emperor Heraclius.*

WOMEN.

EUDOCIA, *Daughter to Eumenes.*
Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, and Attendants.

MEN.

SARACENS.

CALED, *General of the Saracen Army.*
ABUDAH, *next in command under Caled.*
DARAN, *A wild Arabian, professing Mahometanism for the sake of the spoil.*
SERJABIL, RAPHAN, *&c.* } *Saracen Captains.*
Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene,—The City of Damascus, in Syria, and the Saracen Camp before it. And, in the last Act, a Valley adjacent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The City.*

Enter EUMENES, *followed by a crowd of people.*

Eum. I'll hear no more. Begone!
Or stop your clamorous mouths, that still are open
To bawl sedition, and consume our corn.
If you will follow me, send home your women,
And follow to the walls; there earn your safety,
As brave men should. Pity your wives and children!
Yes, I do pity them, Heaven knows I do,
Even more than you; nor will I yield them up,
Though at your own request, a prey to ruffians—
Herbis, what news?

Enter HERBIS.

Herb. News! we are betrayed, deserted;
The works are but half-manned; the Saracens
Perceive it, and pour on such crowds, they blunt
Our weapons, and have drained our stores of death.
What will you next?
Eum. I have sent a fresh recruit;
The valiant Phocyas leads them on—whose deeds
In early youth assert his noble race;
A more than common ardour seems to warm
His breast, as if he loved and courted danger.
Herb. I fear it will be too late.
Eum. [*Aside.*] I fear it too:
And though I braved it to the trembling crowd,
I have caught the infection, and I dread the event.
Would I had treated—but 'tis now too late—
Come, Herbis. [*Exeunt.*

[*A noise is heard without, of officers giving orders.*

1st. Offi. Help there! more help! all to the eastern gate!
2d Offi. Look where they cling aloft, like clustered bees!
Here, archers, ply your bows.
1st Offi. Down with the ladders!
What, will you let them mount?
2d Offi. Aloft there! give the signal, you that wait
In St Mark's tower.
1st Offi. Is the town asleep!
Ring out the alarum bell!
[*Bell rings, and the citizens run to and fro in confusion.*
[*A great shout.*

Enter HERBIS.

Herb. So—the tide turns; Phocyas has driven it back.
The gate once more is ours.

Enter EUMENES, PHOCYAS, ARTAMON, *&c.*

Eum. Brave Phocyas, thanks! Mine and the people's thanks.
[*People shout and cry, A Phocyas, &c.*
Yet, that we may not lose this breathing space,
Hang out the flag of truce. You, Artamon,
Haste with a trumpet to the Arabian chiefs,
And let them know, that, hostages exchanged,
I would meet them now upon the eastern plain.
[*Exit Artamon.*
Pho. What means Eumenes?
Eum. Phocyas, I would try
By friendly treaty, if on terms of peace
They will yet withdraw their powers.
Pho. On terms of peace!
What terms can you expect from bands of robbers!
What terms from slaves, but slavery? You know
These wretches fight not at the call of honour;
For injured rights, or birth, or jealous greatness,
That sets the princes of the world in arms.
Base-born, and starved amidst their stoney deserts,
Long have they viewed from far, with wishing eyes,
Our fruitful vales, our fig-trees, olives, vines,
Our cedars, palms, and all the verdant wealth
That crowns fair Lebanon's aspiring brows.
Here have the locusts pitched, nor will they leave
These tasted sweets, these blooming fields of plenty,
For barren sands, and native poverty,
Till driven away by force.
Eum. What can we do?
Our people in despair, our soldiers harrassed
With daily toil, and constant nightly watch:
Our hopes of succour from the emperor
Uncertain; Eutyches not yet returned,
That went to ask them; one brave army beaten;
The Arabians numerous, cruel, flushed with conquest.
Herb. Besides, you know what frenzy fires their minds
Of their new faith, and drives them on to danger.
Eum. True; they pretend the gates of Paradise
Stand ever open, to receive the souls
Of all that die in fighting for their cause.
Pho. Then would I send their souls to Paradise,
And give their bodies to our Syrian eagles.
Our ebb of fortune is not yet so low
To leave us desperate. Aids may soon arrive;
Mean time, in spite of their late bold attack,
The city still is ours; their force repelled,
And therefore weaker; proud of this success,
Our soldiers too have gained redoubled courage,
And long to meet them on the open plain.
What hinders, then, but we repay this outrage,
And sally on their camp?
Eum. No—let us first
Believe the occasion fair, by this advantage,
To purchase their retreat on easy terms:
That failing, we the better stand acquitted
To our own citizens. However, brave Phocyas,
Cherish this ardour in the soldiery,
And in our absence form what force thou canst;
Then if these hungry bloodhounds of the war
Should still be deaf to peace, at our return
Our widened gates shall pour a sudden flood
Of vengeance on them, and chastise their scorn.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain before the City. A Prospect of Tents at a distance.*

Enter CALED, ABUDAH, *and* DARAN.

Dar. To treat, my chiefs! what, are we merchants then,
That only come to traffic with those Syrians,
And poorly cheapen conquest on conditions?
No; we were sent to fight the caliph's battles,
Till every iron neck bend to obedience.
Another storm makes this proud city ours;
What need we treat? I am for war and plunder.
Cal. Why, so am I—and but to save the lives
Of mussulmans, not christians, I would not treat.
I hate these christian dogs; and 'tis our task,
As thou observest, to fight; our law enjoins it:
Heaven, too, is promised only to the valiant.
Oft has our prophet said, the happy plains
Above lie stretched beneath the blaze of swords.
Abu. Yet, Daran's loth to trust that heaven for pay;
This earth, it seems, has gifts that please him more.
Cal. Check not his zeal, Abudah.
Abu. No; I praise it.
Yet, I could wish that zeal had better motives.
Has victory no fruits but blood and plunder?
That we were sent to fight, 'tis true; but wherefore?
For conquest, not destruction. That obtained,
The more we spare, the caliph has more subjects,
And Heaven is better served—But see, they come.

Enter EUMENES, HERBIS, *and* ARTAMON.

Cal. Well, christians, we are met, and war awhile,

At your request, has stilled his angry voice,
To hear what you will propose.
Eum. We come to know,
After so many troops you have lost in vain,
If you will draw off in pease, and save the rest.
Herb. Or rather to know first—for yet we know not—
Why on your heads you call our pointed arrows,
In our own just defence? What means this visit?
And why see we so many thousand tents
Rise in the air, and whiten all our fields?
Cal. Is that a question now? you had our summons,
When first we marched against you, to surrender.
Two moons have wasted since, and now the third
Is in it's wane. 'Tis true, drawn off awhile,
At Aiznadin we met and fought the powers
Sent by your emperor to raise our siege.
Vainly you thought us gone; we gained a conquest.
You see we are returned; our hearts, our cause,
Our swords the same.
Herb. But why those swords were drawn,
And what's the cause, inform us.
Eum. Speak your wrongs,
If wrongs you have received, and by what means
They may be now repaired.
Abu. Then, christians, hear!
And heaven inspire you to embrace its truth!
Not wrongs to avenge, but to establish right,
Our swords were drawn: For such is heaven's command
Immutable. By us great Mahomet,
And his successor, holy Abubeker,
Invite you to the faith.
Art. [*Aside.*] So—then, it seems
There is no harm meant; we are only to be beaten
Into a new religion—If that's all,
I find I am already half a convert.
Eum. Now, in the name of Heaven, what faith is this,
That stalks gigantic forth thus armed with terrors,
As if it meant to ruin, not to save?
That leads embattled legions to the field,
And marks its progress out with blood and slaughter?
Herb. Bold, frontless men! that impudently dare
To blend religion with the worst of crimes!
And sacrilegiously usurp that name,
To cover fraud and justify oppression!
Eum. Where are your priests? What doctors of your law
Have you e'er sent to instruct us in its precepts?
To solve our doubts, and satisfy our reason,
And kindly lead us through the wilds of error
To these new tracts of truth—This would be friendship,
And well might claim our thanks.
Cal. Friendship like this
With scorn had been received: your numerous vices,
Your clashing sects, your mutual rage and strife,
Have driven religion and her angel guards,
Like out-casts, from among you. In her stead,
Usurping superstition bears the sway,
And reigns in mimic state, 'midst idol shows,
And pageantry of power. Who does not mark
Your lives! Rebellious to your own great prophet
Who mildly taught you—Therefore Mahomet
Has brought the sword to govern you by force,
Nor will accept obedience so precarious.
Eum. O solemn truths! though from an impious tongue! [*Aside.*
That we're unworthy of our holy faith,
To Heaven, with grief and conscious shame, we own.
But what are you, that thus arraign our vices,
And consecrate your own? Vile hypocrite!
Are you not sons of rapine, foes to peace,
Base robbers, murderers——
Cal. Christians, no—
Eum. Then say,
Why have you ravaged all our peaceful borders?
Plundered our towns? and by what claim e'en now,
You tread this ground?
Herb. What claim, but that of hunger?
The claim of ravenous wolves, that leave their dens
To prowl at midnight round some sleeping village,
Or watch the shepherd's folded flock for prey?
Cal. Blasphemer, know, your fields and towns are our's;
Our prophet has bestowed them on the faithful,
And heaven itself has ratified the grant.
Eum. Oh! now indeed you boast a noble title!
What could your prophet grant? a hireling slave!
Not even the mules and camels, which he drove,
Were his to give; and yet the bold impostor
Has cantoned out the kingdoms of the earth,
In frantic fits of visionary power,
To soothe his pride, and bribe his fellow madmen!
Cal. Was it for this you sent to ask a parley,
To affront our faith, and to traduce our prophet?
Well might we answer you with quick revenge.
Nor such indignities—Yet hear, once more,
Hear this, our last demand; and this accepted
We yet withdraw our war. Be christians still,
But swear to live with us in firm alliance,
To yield us aid, and pay us annual tribute.
Eum. No—Should we grant you aid, we must be rebels;
And tribute is the slavish badge of conquest.
Yet since, on just and honourable terms,
We ask but for own—Ten silken vests,
Weighty with pearl and gems, we'll send your caliph;
Two, Caled, shall be thine; two thine, Abudah.
To each inferior captain we decree
A turban spun from our Damascus flax,
White as the snows of heaven; to every soldier

A scimitar. This, and of solid gold
Ten ingots, be the price to buy your absence.
Cal. This, and much more, even all your shining wealth,
Will soon be ours: look round your Syrian frontiers!
See in how many towns our hoisted flags
Are waving in the wind; Sachna, and Hawran,
Proud Tadmor, Aracah, and stubborn Bosra
Have bowed beneath the yoke—behold our march
O'er half your land, like flame through fields of harvest.
And last view Aiznadin, that vale of blood!
There seek the souls of forty thousand Greeks,
That, fresh from life, yet hover o'er their bodies.
Then think, and then resolve.
Herb. Presumptuous men!
What though you yet can boast successful guilt,
Is conquest only your's? Or dare you hope
That you shall still pour on the swelling tide,
Like some proud river that has left its banks,
Nor ever know repulse?
Eum. Have you forgot!
Not twice seven years are past since e'en your prophet,
Bold as he was, and boasting aid divine,
Was by the tribe of Corish forced to fly,
Poorly to fly, to save his wretched life,
From Mecca to Medina.
Abu. No—forgot!
We well remember how Medina screened
That holy head, preserved for better days,
And ripening years of glory!
Dar. Why, my chiefs,
Will you waste time in offering terms despised
To these idolaters?—Words are but air;
Blows would plead better.
Cal. Daran, thou say'st true.
Christians, here end our truce. Behold once more
The sword of heaven is drawn! nor shall be sheathed
But in the bowels of Damascus.
Eum. That,
Or speedy vengeance, and destruction due
To the proud menacers, as Heaven sees fit!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Garden.*

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. All is hushed around!—No more the shout of soldiers
And clash of arms tumultuous fill the air.
Methinks this interval of terror seems
Like that, when the loud thunder just has rolled
O'er our affrighted heads, and in the heavens
A momentary silence but prepares
A second and a louder clap to follow.

Enter PHOCYAS.

O no—my hero comes, with better omens,
And every gloomy thought is now no more.
Pho. Where is the treasure of my soul!—Eudocia,
Behold me here impatient, like the miser
That often steals in secret to his gold,
And counts with trembling joy, and jealous transport,
The shining heaps which he still fears to lose.
Eud. Welcome, thou brave, thou best deserving lover!
How do I doubly share the common safety,
Since 'tis a debt to thee!—But tell me, Phocyas,
Dost thou bring peace?—Thou dost, and I am happy!
Pho. Not yet, Eudocia; 'tis decreed by Heaven
I must do more to merit thy esteem.
Peace, like a frighted dove, has winged her flight
To distant hills, beyond these hostile tents;
And through them we must thither force our way,
If we would call the lovely wanderer back
To her forsaken home.
Eud. False flattering hope!
Vanished so soon!—alas, my faithful fears
Return, and tell me, we must still be wretched!
Pho. Not so, my fair; if thou but gently smile,
Inspiring valour, and presaging conquest,
These barbarous foes to peace and love shall soon
Be chased, like fiends before the morning light,
And all be calm again.
Eud. Is the truce ended?
Must war, alas! renew its bloody rage,
And Phocyas ever be exposed to danger?
Pho. Think for whose sake danger itself has charms.
Dismiss thy fears; the lucky hour comes on,
Full fraught with joys, when my big soul no more
Shall labour with this secret of my passion,
To hide it from thy jealous father's eyes.
Just now, by signals from the plain, I've learned
That the proud foe refuse us terms of honour;
A sally is resolved; the citizens
And soldiers, kindled into sudden fury,
Press all in crowds, and beg I'll lead them on.
Oh, my Eudocia! if I now succeed——
Did I say if——I must, I will; the cause
Is love, 'tis liberty, it is Eudocia!——
What then shall hinder, since our mutual faith
Is pledged, and thou consenting to my bliss,
But I may boldly ask thee of Eumenes,
Nor fear a rival's more prevailing claim?
Eud. May blessings still attend thy arms!—Methinks
I've caught the flame of thy heroic ardour!
And now I see thee crowned with palm and olive;
The soldiers bring thee back with songs of triumph
And loud applauding shouts; thy rescued country
Resounds thy praise; our emperor Heraclius
Decrees thee honours for a city saved,
And pillars rise, of monumental brass,
Inscribed——To Phocyas the deliverer.
Pho. The honours and rewards, which thou hast named,
Are bribes too little for my vast ambition.

My soul is full of thee!——Thou art my all
Of fame, of triumph, and of future fortune.
'Twas love of thee first sent me forth in arms,
My service is all thine, to thee devoted,
And thou alone canst make e'en conquest pleasing.
Eud. O, do not wrong thy merit, nor restrain it
To narrow bounds; but know, I best am pleased
To share thee with thy country. Oh, my Phocyas!
With conscious blushes oft I've heard thy vows,
And strove to hide, yet more revealed my heart;
But 'tis thy virtue justifies my choice,
And what at first was weakness, now is glory.
Pho. Forgive me, thou fair pattern of all goodness,
If in the transport of unbounded passion,
I still am lost to every thought but thee;
Yet sure to love thee thus is every virtue;
Nor need I more perfection.—Hark! I'm called.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
Eud. Then go—and Heaven with all its angels guard thee!
Pho. Farewell!—for thee once more I draw the sword.
Now to the field to gain the glorious prize;
'Tis victory—the word—Eudocia's eyes!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Governor's Palace.*

Enter EUMENES *and* HERBIS.

Herb. STILL I must say, 'twas wrong, 'twas wrong, Eumenes,
And mark the event!
Eum. What could I less? You saw
'Twas vain to oppose it, whilst his eager valour,
Impatient of restraint——
Herb. His eager valour!
His rashness, his hot youth, his valour's fever!
Must we, whose business is to keep our walls,
And manage warily our little strength,
Must we at once lavish away our blood,
Because his pulse beats high, and his mad courage
Wants to be breathed in some new enterprize?—
You should not have consented.
Eum. You forget.
'Twas not my voice alone; you saw the people
(And sure such sudden instincts are from Heaven!)
Rose all at once to follow him, as if
One soul inspired them, and that soul was Phocyas'.
Herb. I had indeed forgot; and ask your pardon.
I took you for Eumenes, and I thought
That in Damascus you had chief command.
Eum. What dost thou mean?
Herb. Nay, who's forgetful now?
You say, the people—Yes, that very people,
That coward tribe that pressed you to surrender!
Well may they spurn at lost authority;
Whom they like better, better they'll obey.
Eum. O I could curse the giddy changeful slaves,
But that the thought of this great hour's event
Possesses all my soul.——If we are beaten!——
Herb. The poison works; 'tis well—I'll give him more. [*Aside.*
True, if we're beaten, who shall answer that?
Shall you, or I?——Are you the governor?
Or say we conquer, whose is then the praise?
Eum. I know thy friendly fears; that thou and I
Must stoop beneath a beardless rising hero;
And in Heraclius' court it shall be said,
Damascus, nay perhaps the empire too,
Owed its deliverance to a boy.——Why, be it,
So that he now return with victory;
'Tis honour greatly won, and let him wear it.
Yet I could wish I needed less his service.
Were Eutyches returned——
Herb. [*Aside.*] That, that's my torture.
I sent my son to the emperor's court, in hopes
His merit at this time might raise his fortunes;
But Phocyas—curse upon his forward virtues!—
Is reaping all this field of fame alone,
Or leaves him scarce the gleanings of a harvest.
Eum. See, Artamon with hasty strides returning.
He comes alone!—O friend, thy fears were just.
What are we now, and what is lost Damascus?

Enter ARTAMON.

Art. Joy to Eumenes!
Eum. Joy!———is it possible?
Dost thou bring news of victory?
Art. The sun
Is set in blood, and from the western skies
Has seen three thousand slaughtered Arabs fall.
Herb. Is Phocyas safe?
Art. He is, and crowned with triumph.
Herb. [*Aside.*] My fears indeed were just.
[*Shout*, A Phocyas! A Phocyas!
Eum. What noise is that?
Herb. The people worshipping their new divinity.
Shortly they'll build him temples.
Eum. Tell us, soldier,
Since thou hast shared the glory of this action,
Tell us how it began.
Art. At first the foe
Seemed much surprised; but, taking soon the alarm,
Gathered some hasty troops, and marched to meet us.
The captain of these bands looked wild and fierce,

His head unarmed, as if in scorn of danger,
And naked to the waist; as he drew near,
He raised his arm, and shook a ponderous lance;
When all at once, as at a signal given,
We heard the Tecbir, so these Arabs call
Their shouts of onset, when with loud appeal
They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest.
The battle joined, and through the barbarous host,
Fight, fight, and paradise! was all the cry.
At last our leaders met; and gallant Phocyas—
But what are words to tell the mighty wonders
We saw him then perform?—Their chief unhorsed,
The Saracens soon broke their ranks and fled;
And had not a thick evening fog arose,
(Which sure the devil raised up to save his friends)
The slaughter had been double———But, behold!
The hero comes.

Enter PHOCYAS, EUMENES *meeting him.*

Eum. Joy to brave Phocyas!
Eumenes gives him back the joy he sent.
The welcome news has reached this place before thee.
How shall thy country pay the debt she owes thee?
Pho. By taking this as earnest of a debt
Which I owe her, and fain would better pay.
Her. In spite of envy I must praise him too. [*Aside.*
Phocyas, thou hast done bravely, and 'tis fit
Successful virtue take a time to rest.
Fortune is fickle, and may change; besides,
What shall we gain, if from a mighty ocean
By sluices we draw off some little streams?
If thousands fall, ten thousands more remain;
Nor ought we hazard worth so great as thine
Against such odds. Suffice what's done already:
And let us now, in hopes of better days,
Keep wary watch, and wait the expected succours.
Pho. What!——to be cooped whole months within our walls?
To rust at home, and sicken with inaction?
The courage of our men will droop and die,
If not kept up by daily exercise.
Again the beaten foe may force our gates;
And victory, if slighted thus, take wing,
And fly where she may find a better welcome.
Art. [*Aside.*] It must be so—he hates him, on my soul!
This Herbis is a foul old envious knave.
Methinks Eumenes too might better thank him.
Eum. [*To Herbis aside.*] Urge him no more;—
I'll think of thy late warning;
And thou shalt see I'll yet be governor.

A letter brought in.

Pho. [*Looking on it.*] 'Tis to Eumenes.
Eum. Ha! from Eutyches.
[*Reads.*] 'The emperor, awakened with the danger,
'That threatens his dominions, and the loss
'At Aiznadin, has drained his garrisons
'To raise a second army. In few hours
'We will begin our march. Sergius brings this,
'And will inform you further.'———
Herb. [*Aside.*] Heaven, I thank thee!
'Twas even beyond my hopes.
Eum. But where is Sergius?
Mess. The letter, fastened to an arrow's head,
Was shot into the town.
Eum. I fear he's taken———
O Phocyas, Herbis, Artamon! my friends!
You all are sharers in this news: the storm
Is blowing o'er, that hung like night upon us,
And threatened deadly ruin——Haste, proclaim
The welcome tidings loud through all the city.
Let sparkling lights be seen from every turret,
To tell our joy, and spread their blaze to heaven.
Prepare for feasts; danger shall wait at distance,
And fear be now no more. The jolly soldier
And citizens shall meet o'er their full bowls,
Forget their toils, and laugh their cares away,
And mirth and triumphs close this happy day.
[*Exeunt Herb. and Art.*
Pho. And may succeeding days prove yet more happy!
Well dost thou bid the voice of triumph sound
Through all our streets; our city calls thee father;
And say, Eumenes, dost thou not perceive
A father's transport rise within thy breast,
Whilst in this act thou art the hand of Heaven,
To deal forth blessings, and distribute joy?
Eum. The blessings Heaven bestows are freely sent,
And should be freely shared.
Pho. True——Generous minds
Redoubled feel the pleasures they impart.
For me, if I've deserved by arms or counsels,
By hazards gladly sought, and greatly prospered,
Whate'er I've added to the public stock,
With joy I see it in Eumenes' hands,
And wish but to receive my share from thee.
Eum. I cannot, if I would, withhold thy share.
What thou hast done is thine, the fame thy own;
And virtuous actions will reward themselves.
Pho. Fame—What is that, if courted for herself?
Less than a vision; a mere sound, an echo,
That calls, with mimic voice, through woods and labyrinths,
Her cheated lovers; lost and heard by fits,
But never fixed: a seeming nymph, yet nothing.
Virtue indeed is a substantial good,
A real beauty; yet with weary steps
Through rugged ways, by long, laborious service,
When we have traced, and wooed, and won the dame,
May we not then expect the dower she brings

Eum. Well——ask that dowry; say, can Damascus pay it?
Her riches shall be taxed: name but the sum,
Her merchants with some costly gems shall grace thee;
Nor can Heraclius fail to grant thee honours,
Proportioned to thy birth and thy desert.
Pho. And can Eumenes think I would be bribed
By trash, by sordid gold, to venal virtue?
What! serve my country for the same mean hire,
That can corrupt each villain to betray her?
Why is she saved from the Arabian spoilers,
If to be stripped by her own sons?—Forgive me
If the thought glows on my cheeks! I know
'Twas mentioned, but to prove how much I scorn it.
As for the emperor, if he owns my conduct,
I shall indulge an honest pride in honours
Which I have strove to merit. Yes, Eumenes,
I have ambition——yet the vast reward,
That swells my hopes, and equals all my wishes,
Is in thy gift alone——it is Eudocia.
Eum. Eudocia! Phocyus, I am yet thy friend,
And therefore will not hold thee long in doubt.
Thou must not think of her.
Pho. Not think of her?
Impossible! She's ever present to me,
My life, my soul! She animates my being,
And kindles up my thoughts to worthy actions.
And why, Eumenes, why not think of her?
Is not my rank——
Eum. Forbear——What need a herald
To tell me who thou art? Yet once again——
Since thou wilt force me to a repetition,
I say, thou must not think of her.
Pho. Yet hear me;
Why wilt thou judge, ere I can plead my cause?
Eum. Why wilt thou plead in vain? hast thou not heard
My choice has destined her to Eutyches?
Pho. And has she consented to that choice?
Eum. Has she consented! What is her consent?
Is she not mine?
Pho. She is——and in that title
Even kings with envy may behold thy wealth,
And think their kingdoms poor! and yet, Eumenes,
Shall she, by being thine, be barred a privilege
Which even the meanest of her sex may claim?
Thou wilt not force her?
Eum. Who has told thee so?
I would force her to be happy.
Pho. Thou canst not.
What happiness subsists in loss of freedom?
The guest, constrained, but murmurs at the banquet;
Nor thanks his host, but starves amidst abundance.
Eum. 'Tis well, young man—Why then, I'll learn from thee
To be a very tame obedient father.
Thou hast already taught my child her duty.
I find the source of all her disobedience,
Her hate of me, her scorn of Eutyches;
Ha! Is it not so!——Come, tell me? I'll forgive thee:
Hast thou not found her a most ready scholar?
I know thou hast. Why, what a dull old wretch
Was I, to think I ever had a daughter!
Pho. I am sorry that Eumenes thinks——
Eum. No——sorry!
Sorry for what? Then thou dost own thou'st wronged me!
That's somewhat yet—Curse on my stupid blindness!
For had I eyes I might have seen it sooner.
Was this the spring of thy romantic bravery,
Thy boastful merit, thy officious service?
Pho. It was—with pride I own it—'twas Eudocia,
I have served thee in serving her, thou knowest it,
And thought I might have found a better treatment.
Why wilt thou force me thus to be a braggart,
And tell thee that which thou shouldst tell thyself?
It grates my soul—I am not wont to talk thus.
But I recall my words——I have done nothing,
And would disclaim all merit, but my love.
Eum. O no—say on, that thou hast saved Damascus;
Is it not so? Look o'er her battlements,
See if the flying foe have left their camp!
Why are our gates yet closed, if thou hast freed us?
'Tis true, thou'st fought a skirmish—What of that?
Had Eutyches been present——
Pho. Eutyches!
Why wilt thou urge my temper with that trifler?
O let him come! that in yon spacious plain
We may together charge the thickest ranks,
Rush on to battle, wounds, and glorious death,
And prove who it was that best deserved Eudocia.
Eum. That will be seen ere long—But since I find
Thou arrogantly would'st usurp dominion,
Believest thyself the guardian genius here,
And that our fortunes hang upon thy sword;
Be that first tried—for know, that from this moment
Thou here hast no command—Farewell!—So stay,
Or hence and join the foe—thou hast thy choice.
[*Exit Eumenes.*
Pho. Spurned and degraded!—Proud, ungrateful man!
Am I a bubble then, blown up by thee,
And tossed into the air to make thee sport?
Hence to the foe! 'Tis well——Eudocia,
Oh, I will see thee, thou wronged excellence!
But how to speak thy wrongs, or my disgrace,—

Impossible! Oh, rather let me walk
Like a dumb ghost, and burst my heart in silence.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Garden.*

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. Why must we meet by stealth, like guilty lovers!
But 'twill not long be so—What joy it will be
To own my hero in his ripened honours,
And hear applauding crowds pronounce me blest!
Sure he'll be here—See the fair rising moon,
Ere day's remaining twilight scarce is spent,
Hangs up her ready lamp, and with mild lustre
Drives back the hovering shade! Come, Phocyas, come;
This gentle season is a friend to love;
And now, methinks, I could with equal passion,
Meet thine, and tell thee all my secret soul.

Enter PHOCYAS.

He hears me—O my Phocyas!—What—not answer!
Art thou not he; or art some shadow?——Speak.
Pho. I am indeed a shadow—I am nothing—
Eud. What dost thou mean?——for now I know thee, Phocyas.
Pho. And never can be thine!
It will have vent——O barbarous, cursed—but hold—
I had forgot——it was Eudocia's father!——
O, could I too forget how he has used me!
Eud. I fear to ask thee——
Pho. Dost thou fear!—Alas,
Then thou wilt pity me——O generous maid!
Thou hast charmed down the rage that swelled my heart,
And choaked my voice—now I can speak to thee.
And yet 'tis worse than death what I have suffered;
It is the death of honour! Yet that's little;
'Tis more, Eudocia, 'tis the loss of thee!
Eud. Hast thou not conquered? What are all these shouts,
This voice of general joy, heard far around?
What are these fires, that cast their glimmering light
Against the sky? Are not all these thy triumphs?
Pho. O name not triumph! Talk no more of conquest!
It is indeed a night of general joy,
But not to me! Eudocia, I am come
To take a last farewell of thee for ever.
Eud. A last farewell!
Pho. Yes;——How wilt thou hereafter
Look on a wretch despised, reviled, cashiered,
Stript of command, like a base beaten coward?
Thy cruel father——I have told too much;
I should not, but for this, have felt the wounds
I got in fight for him—now, now they bleed.
But I have done——and now thou hast my story,
Is there a creature so accurst as Phocyas?
Eud. And can it be? Is this then thy reward?
O Phocyas! never wouldst thou tell me yet
That thou hadst wounds; now I must feel them too.
For is it not for me that thou hast borne this?
What else could be thy crime?—Wert thou a traitor,
Had'st thou betrayed us, sold us to the foe——
Pho. Would I be yet a traitor, I have leave;
Nay, I am dared to it with mocking scorn.
My crime indeed was asking thee; that only
Has cancelled all, if I had any merit!
The city now is safe, my service slighted,
And I discarded, like an useless thing,
Nay, bid begone———and, if I like that better,
Seek out new friends, and join yon barbarous host.
Eud. Hold—let me think a while—
[*Walks aside.*
Though my heart bleed,
I would not have him see these dropping tears—
And wilt thou go, then, Phocyas?
Pho. To my grave;
Where can I bury else this foul disgrace?
Alas! that question shows how poor I am,
How very much a wreteh; for if I go,
It is from thee, thou only joy of life!
And death will then be welcome.
Eud. Art thou sure
Thou hast been used thus? Art thou quite undone?
Pho. Yes, very sure——What dost thou mean?
Eud. That then, it is a time for me—O, Heaven! that I
Alone am grateful to this wondrous man!
To own thee, Phocyas, thus—[*Giving her hand.*] nay, glory in thee,
And show, without a blush, how much I love.
We must not part———
Pho. Then I am rich again! [*Embracing her.*
O, no—we will not part! Confirm it, Heaven!
Now thou shalt see how I will bend my spirit,
With what soft patience I will bear my wrongs,
'Till I have wearied out thy father's scorn.
Yet I have worse to tell thee—Eutyches———
Eud. Why wilt thou name him?
Pho. Now, even now, he's coming!
Just hovering o'er thee, like a bird of prey.
Thy father vows—for I must tell thee all———
'Twas this that wrung my heart, and racked my brain,
Even to distraction!—vows thee to his bed;
Nay, threatened force, if thou refuse obedience.
Eud. Force! threatened force! my father——where is nature?
Is that, too, banished from his heart!—O then
I have no father—How have I deserved this?—
[*Weeping.*
No home, but am henceforth an out-cast orphan;
For I will wander to earth's utmost bounds,
Ere give my hand to that detested contract.

O save me, Phocyas! thou hast saved my father;
Must I yet call him so, this cruel father———
How wilt thou now deliver poor Eudocia?
Pho. See, how we're joined in exile! How our fate
Conspires to warn us both to leave this city!
Thou knowest the emperor is now at Antioch;
I have an uncle there, who, when the Persian,
As now the Saracen, had nigh o'er run
The ravaged empire, did him signal service,
And nobly was rewarded. There, Eudocia,
Thou might'st be safe, and we may meet with justice.
Eud. There—any where, so we may fly this place.
See, Phocyas, what thy wrongs and mine have wrought
In a weak woman's frame! for I have courage
To share thy exile now through every danger.
Danger is only here, and dwells with guilt,
With base ingratitude, and hard oppression.
Pho. Then let us lose no time, but hence this night.
The gates I can command, and will provide
The means of our escape. Some five hours hence
('Twill then be turned of midnight) we may meet
In the piazza of Honoria's convent.
Eud. I know it well; the place is most secure,
And near adjoining to this garden wall.
There thou shalt find me—O protect us, Heaven!
Pho. Fear not;—thy innocence will be our guard.
I've thought already how to shape our course;
Some pitying angel will attend thy steps,
Guide thee unseen, and charm the sleeping foe,
Till thou art safe! O, I have suffered nothing!
Thus gaining thee, and this great generous proof,
How blest I am in my Eudocia's love!
My only joy, farewell!
Eud. Farewell, my Phocyas!
I have no friend but thee—yet thee I'll call
Friend, father, lover, guardian!—Thou art all!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT. III.

SCENE I.—*Caled's Tent.*

Enter CALED *and Attendants.* SERGIUS *brought in bound with cords.*

Cal. MERCY! What's that?—Look yonder, on the field
Of our late fight!—Go, talk of mercy there.
Will the dead hear thy voice?
Serg. O spare me yet!
Cal. Thou wretch!—Spare thee! to what? To live in torture?
Are not thy limbs all bruised, thy bones disjointed,
To force thee to confess? and wouldst thou drag,
Like a crushed serpent, a vile mangled being?
My eyes abhor a coward—Hence, and die!
Serg. Oh! I have told thee all——When first pursued,
I fixed my letters on an arrow's point,
And shot them o'er the walls——
Cal. Hast thou told all?
Well, then, thou shalt have mercy to requite thee;
Behold, I'll send thee forward on thy errand.
Strike off his head; then cast it o'er the gates;
There let thy tongue tell o'er its tale again.
Serg. O, bloody Saracens!
[*Exit Serg. dragged away by the Guards.*

Enter ABUDAH.

Cal. Abudah, welcome!
Abu. O Caled, what an evening was the last!
Cal. Name it no more; remembrance sickens with it,
And therefore sleep is banished from this night;
Nor shall to-morrow's sun open his eyes
Upon our shame, ere doubly we've redeemed it.
Have all the captains notice?
Abu. I have walked
The rounds to-night, ere the last hour of prayer,
From tent to tent, and warned them to be ready.
What must be done?
Cal. Thou know'st the important news,
Which we have intercepted by this slave,
Of a new army's march. The time now calls,
While these soft Syrians are dissolved in riot,
Fooled with success, and not suspecting danger,
Neglectful of their watch, or else fast bound
In chains of sleep, companion of debauches,
To form a new attack ere break of day;
So, like the wounded leopard, shall we rush
From out our covers on these drowsy hunters,
And seize them, unprepared to 'scape our vengeance.
Abu. Great captain of the armies of the faithful!
I know thy mighty and unconquered spirit;
Yet hear me, Caled, hear and weigh my doubts.
Our angry prophet frowns upon our vices,
And visits us in blood. Why else did terror,
Unknown before, seize all our stoutest bands?
The angel of destruction was abroad;
The archers of the tribe of Thoal fled,
So long renowned, or spent their shafts in vain;
The feathered flight erred through the boundless air,
Or the death turned on him that drew the bow!
What can this bode?—Let me speak plainer yet;
Is it to propagate the unspotted law
We fight? 'Tis well; it is a noble cause;
But much, I fear, infection is among us;
A boundless lust of rapine guides our troops.
We learn the christian vices we chastise,
And, tempted with the pleasures of the soil,
More than with distant hopes of paradise,

I fear, may soon—but, oh, avert it, Heaven!
Fall even a prey to our own spoils and conquests.
Cal. No—thou mistakest; thy pious zeal deceives thee.
Our prophet only chides our sluggard valour.
Thou sawest how, in the vale of Honan, once
The troops, as now defeated, fled confused,
Even to the gates of Mecca's holy city:
Till Mahomet himself there stopped their entrance,
A javelin in his hand, and turned them back
Upon the foe; they fought again, and conquered.
Behold how we may best appease his wrath!
His own example points us out the way.
Abu. Well—be it then resolved. The indulgent hour
Of better fortune is, I hope, at hand.
And yet, since Phocyas has appeared its champion,
How has this city raised its drooping head!
As if some charm prevailed where'er he fought,
Our strength seems withered, and our feeble weapons
Forgot their wonted triumph—were he absent—
Cal. I would have sought him out in the last action
To single fight, and put that charm to proof,
Had not a foul and sudden mist arose
Ere I arrived, to have restored the combat.
But let it be—'tis past. We yet may meet,
And 'twill be known whose arm is then the stronger.

Enter DARAN.

Dar. Health to the race of Ismael! and days
More prosperous than the last—a christian captive
Is fallen within my watch, and waits his doom.
Cal. Bring forth the slave!—O thou keen vulture, Death!
Do we then feed thee only thus by morsels!
Whole armies never can suffice thy anger.

DARAN *goes out, and re-enters with* PHOCYAS.

Whence, and what art thou?—Of Damascus?—Daran,
Where didst thou find this dumb and sullen thing,
That seems to lour defiance on our anger?
Dar. Marching in circuit, with the horse thou gavest me,
To observe the city gates, I saw from far
Two persons issue forth; the one advanced,
And, ere he could retreat, my horsemen seized him;
The other was a woman, and had fled,
Upon a signal given at our approach,
And got within the gates. Wouldst thou know more,
Himself, if he will speak, can best inform thee.
Cal. Have I not seen thy face?
Abu. [*To Caled*] He hears thee not:
His eyes are fixed on earth; some deep distress
Is at his heart. This is no common captive.
Cal. A lion in the toils! We soon shall tame him.
Still art thou dumb?—Nay, 'tis in vain to cast
Thy gloomy looks so oft around this place,
Or frown upon thy bonds—thou canst not 'scape.
Pho. Then be it so—the worst is past already,
And life is now not worth a moment's pause.
Do you not know me yet——think of the man
You have most cause to curse, and I am he.
Cal. Ha! Phocyas?
Abu. Phocyas!—Mahomet, we thank thee!
Now dost thou smile again.
Dar. [*Aside.*] O devil, devil!
And I not know him!—'twas but yesterday
He killed my horse, and drove me from the field.
Now I'm revenged! No; hold you there, not yet,
Not while he lives.
Cal. [*Aside.*] This is indeed a prize!
Is it because thou know'st what slaughtered heaps
There, yet unburied, lie without the camp,
Whose ghosts have all this night, passing the Zorat,
Called, from the bridge of death, to thee to follow,
That now thou'rt here to answer to their cry?
Howe'er it be, thou know'st thy welcome——
Pho. Yes,
Thou proud, blood-thirsty Arab!—Well I know
What to expect from thee: I know ye all.
How should the author of distress and ruin
Be moved to pity? That's a human passion.
No—in your hungry eyes, that look revenge,
I read my doom. Where are your racks, your tortures?
I'm ready——lead me to them; I can bear
The worst of ills from you. You're not my friends,
My countrymen.—Yet, were you men, I could
Unfold a story—But no more—Eumenes,
Thou hast thy wish, and I am now—a worm!
Abu. [*To* Cal. *aside.*] Leader of armies, hear him! for my mind
Presages good accruing to our cause
By this event.
Cal. I tell thee, then, thou wrong'st us,
To think our hearts thus steeled, or our ears deaf
To all that thou mayest utter. Speak, disclose
The secret woes that throb within thy breast.
Now, by the silent hours of night, we'll hear thee,
And mute attention shall await thy words.
Pho. This is not, then, the palace in Damascus!
If you will hear, then I, indeed, have wronged you.
How can this be?—when he, for whom I've fought,
Fought against you, has yet refused to hear me!
You seem surprised.—It was ingratitude

That drove me out an exile from those walls,
Which I so late defended.
Abu. Can it be?
Are these thy Christian friends?
Cal. 'Tis well—we thank them:
They help us to subdue themselves—But who
Was the companion of thy flight?—A woman?
So Daran said——
Pho. 'Tis there I am most wretched——
Oh! I am torn from all my soul held dear,
And my life's blood flows out upon the wound!
That woman—'twas for her—How shall I speak it?
Eudocia, Oh farewell!—I'll tell you, then,
As fast as these heart-rending sighs will let me;
I loved the daughter of the proud Eumenes,
And long in secret wooed her; not unwelcome
To her my visits; but I feared her father,
Who oft had pressed her to detested nuptials,
And therefore durst not, till this night of joy,
Avow to him my courtship. Now, I thought her
Mine, by a double claim, of mutual vows,
And service yielded at his greatest need:
When, as I moved my suit, with sour disdain,
He mocked my service, and forbade my love;
Degraded me from the command I bore,
And with defiance bade me seek the foe.
How has his curse prevailed!—The generous maid
Was won, by my distress, to leave the city;
And cruel fortune made me thus your prey.
Abu. [*Aside.*] My soul is moved—Thou wert a man, O prophet!
Forgive, if 'tis a crime, a human sorrow,
For injured worth, though in an enemy!
Pho. Now——since you have heard my story, set me free,
That I may save her yet, dearer than life,
From a tyrannic father's threatened force;
Gold, gems, and purple vests, shall pay my ransom;
Nor shall my peaceful sword henceforth be drawn
In fight, nor break its truce with you for ever.
Cal. No—there's one way, a better, and but one,
To save thyself, and make some reparation
For all the numbers thy bold hand has slain.
Pho. O, name it quickly, and my soul will bless thee!
Cal. Embrace our faith, and share with us our fortunes.
Pho. Then I am lost again!
Cal. What! when we offer
Not freedom only, but to raise thee high
To greatness, conquest, glory, heavenly bliss!
Pho. To sink me down to infamy, perdition,
Here and hereafter! Make my name a curse
To present times, to every future age
A proverb and a scorn!—take back thy mercy,
And know I now disdain it.
Cal. As thou wilt.
The time's too precious to be wasted longer
In words with thee. Thou know'st thy doom—farewell.
Abu. [*To Cal. Aside.*] Hear me, Caled! grant him some short space;
Perhaps he will at length accept thy bounty.
Try him, at least——
Cal. Well—be it so, then. Daran,
Guard well thy charge—Thou hast an hour to live;
If thou art wise, thou may'st prolong that term;
If not—why—Fare thee well, and think of death.
[*Exeunt Cal. and Abu.*
Pho. [*Dar. waiting at a distance.*] Farewell, and think of death! Was it not so?
Do murderers then preach morality?——
But how to think of what the living know not,
And the dead cannot, or else may not tell?——
What art thou, O thou great mysterious terror!
The way to thee we know! disease, famine,
Sword, fire, and all thy ever-open gates,
That day and night stand ready to receive us.
But what's beyond them?—Who will draw that veil?
Yet death's not there—No; it is a point of time,
The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal beings.
It mocks our thoughts! On this side all is life;
And when we have reached it, in that very instant
'Tis past the thinking of! Oh! if it be
The pangs, the throes, the agonizing struggles
When soul and body part, sure I have felt it,
And there's no more to fear.
Dar. [*Aside.*] Suppose I now
Dispatch him!—Right—What need to stay for orders?
I wish I durst!—Yet what I dare I'll do.
Your jewels, christian—You'll not need these trifles— [*Searching him.*
Pho. I pray thee, slave, stand off—My soul's too busy
To lose a thought on thee.

Enter ABUDAH.

Abu. What's this?——forbear!
Who gave thee leave to use this violence?
[*Takes the jewels from him, and lays them on a table.*
Dar. [*Aside.*] Denied my booty? Curses on his head!
Was not the founder of our law a robber?
Why 'twas for that I left my country's gods,
Menaph and Uzza. Better still be pagan,
Than starve with a new faith.
Abu. What, dost thou mutter?
Daran, withdraw, and better learn thy duty.
[*Exit Dar.*
Phocyas, perhaps thou knowest me not——
Pho. I know
Thy name Abudah, and thy office here,
The second in command. What more thou art
Indeed I cannot tell.
Abu. True, for thou yet
Knowest not I am thy friend.

Pho. Is it possible?——
Thou speakest me fair.
Abu. What dost thou think of life?
Pho. I think not of it; death was in my thoughts.
On hard conditions, life were but a load,
And I will lay it down.
Abu. Art thou resolved?
Pho. I am, unless thou bringest me better terms
Than those I have rejected.
Abu. Think again.
Caled, by me, once more renews that offer.
Pho. Thou sayest thou art my friend? Why dost thou try
To shake the settled temper of my breast?
My soul hath just discharged her cumberous train
Of hopes and fears, prepared to take her voyage
To other seats, where she may rest in peace;
And now thou callest me back, to beat again
The painful road of life—Tempt me no more
To be a wretch, for I despise the offer.
Abu. The general knows thee brave, and 'tis for that
He seeks alliance with thy noble virtues.
Pho. He knows me brave!——Why does he then thus treat me?
No; he believes I am so poor of soul,
That barely for the privilege to live,
I would be bought his slave. But go tell him,
The little space of life, his scorn bequeathed me,
Was lent in vain, and he may take the forfeit.
Abu. Why wilt thou wed thyself to misery,
When our faith courts thee to eternal blessings?
When truth itself is, like a seraph, come
To loose thy bands?—The light divine, whose beams
Pierced through the gloom of Hera's sacred cave,
And there illumined the great Mahomet,
Arabia's morning star, now shines on thee.
Arise, salute with joy the guest from Heaven,
Follow her steps, and be no more a captive.
Pho. But whither must I follow? answer that.
Is she a guest from heaven? What marks divine,
What signs, what wonders, vouch her boasted mission?
Abu. What wonders—turn thy eye to Mecca! mark
How far from Caaba first, that hallowed temple,
Her glory dawned! then look how swift it's course,
As when the sunbeams, shooting through a cloud,
Drive o'er the meadows' face the flying shades!
Have not the nations bent before our swords,
Like ripened corn before the reaper's steel?
Why is all this? Why does success still wait
Upon our laws, if not to show that heaven
First sent it forth, and owns it still by conquest?
Pho. Dost thou ask why this is? O why, indeed?
Where is the man can read heaven's secret counsels?
Why did I conquer in another cause,
Yet now am here?
Abu. I'll tell thee—thy good angel
Has seized thy hand unseen, and snatched thee out
From swift destruction; know, ere day shall dawn,
Damascus will in blood lament it's fall!
We've heard what army is designed to march
Too late to save her. Now, e'en now, our force
Is just preparing for a fresh assault.
Now too thou might'st revenge thy wrongs—so Caled
Charged me to say, and more—that he invites thee;
Thou knowest the terms——to share with him the conquest.
Pho. Conquest?——Revenge—Hold, let me think—O horror!
Revenge!——O what revenge? Bleed on, my wounds,
For thus to be revenged, were it not worse
Than all that I can suffer?——But Eudocia——
Where will she then—Shield her, ye pitying powers,
And let me die in peace!
Abu. Hear me once more,
'Tis all I have to offer; mark me now!
Caled has sworn Eudocia shall be safe.
Pho. Ha! safe—but how! a wretched captive too!
Abu. He swears she shall be free, she shall be thine.
Pho. Then I am lost indeed——O cruel bounty!
How can I be at once both curst and happy!
Abu. The time draws near, and I must quickly leave thee;
But first reflect, that in this fatal night
Slaughter and rapine may be loosed abroad,
And while they roam with unextinguished rage,
Should she thou lovest—well may'st thou start,—be made,
Perhaps unknown, some barbarous soldier's prey;
Should she then fall a sacrifice to lust—
Or brutal fury!
Pho. O——this pulls my heart strings! [*Falls.*
Earth open——save me, save me from that thought!
There's ruin in it, 'twill, it will undo me!
Abu. Nay, do not plunge thyself in black despair;
Look up, poor wretch, thou art not shipwrecked yet;
Behold an anchor; am not I thy friend?
Yet hear me, and be blest.
Pho. [*Rising.*] Ha! Who, what art thou? [*Raving.*
My friend? that's well; but hold——are all friends honest?
What's to be done? Hush, hark! what noise is that?

Abu. There is no voice; it is yet the dead of night;
The guards, without, keep silent watch around us.
Pho. Again—it calls—'tis she—O lead me to her——
Abu. Thy passion mocks thee with imagined sounds.
Pho. Sure it was Eudocia's voice cried out, 'Forbear!'
What shall I do?—Oh Heaven!
Abu. Heaven shows thee what.
Nay, now it is too late; see, Caled comes
With anger on his brow. Quickly withdraw
To the next tent, and there——
Pho. [*Rising.*] What do I see?
Damascus! conquest! ruin! rapes and murder!
Villains! Is there no more—O save her, save her! [*Exeunt Pho. and Abu.*

Enter CALED *and* DARAN.

Dar. Behold, on thy approach, they shift their ground.
Cal. 'Tis as thou sayest, he trifles with my mercy.
Dar. Speak, shall I fetch his head?
Cal. No, stay you here,
I cannot spare thee yet. Raphan, go thou. [*To an Officer.*
But hold—I've thought again—he shall not die.
Go, tell him he shall live, 'till he has seen
Damascus sink in flames, 'till he behold
That slave, that woman-idol he adores,
Or given a prize to some brave Mussulman,
Or slain before his face; then if he sue
For death as for a boon——perhaps we'll grant it. [*Exit Raphan.*
Dar. The captains wait thy orders.
Cal. Are the troops
Ready to march?
Dar. They are.
[*The Captains pass by us they are named.*
Cal. Where's Abu-Taleb?
Alcorash?—O your valiant tribes, I thank them,
Fled from their standard! Will they now redeem it?
Omar and Serjabil? it is well, I see them.
You know your duty. You, Abdorraman,
Must charge with Raphan. Mourn, thou haughty city!
The bow is bent, nor canst thou 'scape thy doom.
Who turns his back henceforth, our prophet curse him!
Dar. But who commands the trusty bands of Mecca?
Thou knowest their leader fell in the last fight.
Cal. 'Tis true; thou, Daran, well deservest that charge;
I've marked what a keen hatred, like my own,
Dwells in thy breast against these christian dogs.
Dar. Thou dost me right.
Cal. And therefore I'll reward it.
Be that command now thine. And here—this sabre,
Blessed in the field by Mahomet himself,
At Chaibar's prosperous fight, shall aid thy arm,
Dar. Thanks, my good chief; with this I'll better thank thee. [*Taking the scimitar.*
Cal. Myself will lead the troops of the black standard,
And at the eastern gate begin the storm.
Dar. But why do we not move? 'twill soon be day;
Methinks I am cold, and would grow warm with action.
Cal. Then haste and call Abudah—O thou art welcome.

Enter ABUDAH.

Thy charge awaits thee. Where's the stubborn captive?
Abu. Indeed he's brave. I left him for a moment
In the next tent. He's scarcely yet himself.
Cal. But he is ours?
Abu. The threats of death are nothing;
Though thy last message shook his soul, as winds
On the bleak hills bend down some lofty pine;
Yet still he holds his root, 'till I found means,
Abating somewhat of thy first demand,
If not to make him wholly ours, at least
To gain sufficient to our end.
Cal. Say how?
Abu. Oft he inclined, oft started back; at last,
When just consenting, for a while he paused,
Stood fixed in thought, and lift his eyes to Heaven;
Then, as with fresh recovered force, cried out,
'Renounce my faith! Never'—I answered, No,
That now he should not do it.
Cal. How!
Abu. Yet hear!
For since I saw him now so lost in passion,
That must be left to his more temperate thoughts.
Meantime I urged, conjured, at last constrained him,
By all he held most dear, nay, by the voice
Of Providence, that called him now to save,
With her he loved, perhaps the lives of thousands,
No longer to resist his better fate,
But join his arms in present action with us,
And swear he would be faithful.
Cal. What, no more?
Than he's a christian still!
Abu. Have patience yet:
For if by him we can surprize the city——
Cal. Sayst thou?
Abu. Hear what's agreed; but on the terms
That every unresisting life be spared.
I shall command some chosen faithful bands,
Phocyas will guide us to the gate, from whence
He late escaped, nor do we doubt but there
With ease to gain admittance.

Cal. This is something.
And yet I do not like this half-ally—
Is he not still a christian?——But no matter—
Mean time I will attack the eastern gate;
Who first succeeds gives entrance to the rest.
Hear, all!——Prepare ye now for boldest deeds,
And know, the prophet will reward your valour.
Think that we all to certain triumph move;
Who falls in fight yet meets the prize above.
There, in the gardens of eternal spring,
While birds of paradise around you sing,
Each, with his blooming beauty by his side,
Shall drink rich wines that in full rivers glide,
Breathe fragrant gales o'er fields of spice that blow,
And gather fruits immortal as they grow;
Ecstatic bliss shall your whole powers employ,
And every sense be lost in every joy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A great square in the city before the governor's palace.*

Enter ABUDAH, *Saracen captains, and soldiers; with* EUMENES, HERBIS, *and other Christians, unarmed.*

Eum. It must be so——farewell, devoted walls!
To be surprised thus!——Hell, and all ye fiends,
How did ye watch this minute for destruction!
Herb. We've been betrayed by riot and debauch;
Curse on the traitor guard!
Eum. The guard above,
Did that sleep too?
Abu. Christians, complain no more;
What you have asked is granted. Are ye men,
And dare ye question thus, with bold impatience,
Eternal justice!——Know, the doom from Heaven
Falls on your towers, resistless as the bolt
That fires the cedars on your mountain tops.
Be meek, and learn with humble awe to bear
The mitigated ruin. Worse had followed,
Had ye opposed our numbers. Now you're safe;
Quarter and liberty are given to all;
And little do ye think how much ye owe
To one brave enemy, whom yet ye know not.

Enter ARTAMON *hastily.*

Art. All's lost!——Ha!——Who are these?
Eum. All's lost, indeed.
Yield up thy sword, if thou wouldst share our safety.
Thou com'st too late to bring us news.
Art. Oh!——no,
The news I bring is from the eastern guard.
Caled has forced the gate, and——but he's here.
[*A cry without.*] Fly, fly; they follow——
Quarter, mercy, quarter!
[*Several persons, as pursued, run over the stage.*
Caled. [*Without.*] No quarter! Kill, I say.
Are they not Christians?
More blood! our prophet asks it,

He enters with DARAN, *&c.*

What, Abudah!
Well met!——but wherefore are the looks of peace?
Why sleeps thy sword?
Abu. Caled, our task is over.
Behold the chiefs; they have resigned the palace.
Cal. And sworn to obey our law?
Abu. No.
Cal. Then fall on.
Abu. Hold yet, and hear me—Heaven, by me, has spared
The sword its cruel task. On easy terms
We've gained a bloodless conquest.
Cal. I renounce it.
Curse on those terms! The city's mine by storm.
Fall on, I say——
Abu. Nay then, I swear ye shall not.
Cal. Ha!——Who am I?
Abu. The general—and I know
What reverence is your due.
[*Caled gives signs to his men to fall on.*
——Nay, he who stirs,
First makes his way through me. My honour's pledged;
Rob me of that who dares. [*They stop.*] I know thee, Caled,
Chief in command; bold, valiant, wise, and faithful;
But yet, remember, I'm a Mussulman;
Nay, more, thou know'st, companion of the prophet,
And what we vow is sacred.
Cal. Thou art a Christian,
I swear thou art, and hast betrayed the faith.
Curse on thy new allies!
Abu. No more—this strife
But ill beseems the servants of the caliph,
And casts reproach——Christians, withdraw a while;
I pledge my life to answer the conditions——
[*Exeunt Eumenes, Herbis, &c.*
Why, Caled, do we thus expose ourselves
A scorn to nations that despise our law?
Thou call'st me Christian—What! Is it because
I prize my plighted faith, that I'm a Christian?
Come, 'tis not well, and if——
Cal. What terms are yielded?
Abu. Leave to depart, to all that will; an oath
First given, no more to aid the war against us;
An unmolested march; each citizen
To take his goods, not more than a mule's burden;
The chiefs six mules, and ten the governor;

Beside some few slight arms for their defence
Against the mountain robbers.
Cal. Now, by Mahomet,
Thou hast equipped an army!
Abu. Canst thou doubt
The greatest part by far will chuse to stay,
Receive our law, or pay the accustomed tribute?
What fear we then from a few wretched bands
Of scattered fugitives?——Besides, thou know'st
What towns of strength remain yet unsubdued.
Let us appear this once like generous victors,
So future conquests shall repay this bounty,
And willing provinces even court subjection.
Cal. Well—be it on thy head, if worse befall!
This once I yield——but see it thus proclaimed
Through all Damascus, that who will depart
Must leave the place this instant———Pass, move on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The outside of a nunnery.*

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. Darkness is fled; and yet the morning light
Gives me more fears than did night's deadly gloom.
Within, without, all, all are foes——Oh, Phocyas,
Thou art perhaps at rest! would I were too!
[*After a pause.*
This place has holy charms; rapine and murder
Dare not approach it, but are awed to distance.
I've heard that even these infidels have spared
Walls sacred to devotion——World, farewell!
Here will I hide me, till the friendly grave
Opens its arms and shelters me for ever! [*Exit.*

Enter PHOCYAS.

Pho. Did not I hear the murmurs of a voice,
This way?——a woman's too?——and seemed complaining?
Hark!—No—O torture! Whither shall I turn me?
I've searched the palace rooms in vain; and now,
I know not why, some instinct brought me hither;
'Twas here last night we met. Dear, dear Eudocia!
Might I once more—— [*Going out he meets her.*
Eud. Who calls the lost Eudocia?
Sure 'tis a friendly voice.
Pho. 'Tis she——O rapture!
Eud. Is't possible—my Phocyas!
Pho. My Eudocia!
Do I yet call thee mine?
Eud. Do I yet see thee?
Yet hear thee speak?—O how hast thou escaped
From barbarous swords, and men that know not mercy?
Pho. I've borne a thousand deaths since our last parting.
But wherefore do I talk of death?—for now,
Methinks, I'm raised to life immortal,
And feel I'm blest beyond the power of change.
Eud. O, yet beware—lest some event unknown
Again should part us,
Pho. [*Aside.*] Heaven avert the omen!
None can, my fair, none shall.
Eud. Alas! thy transports
Make thee forget; is not the city taken?
Pho. It is.
Eud. And are we not beset with foes?
Pho. There are no foes—or none to thee——
No danger.
Eud. No foes?
Pho. I know not how to tell thee yet;—
But think, Eudocia, that my matchless love,
And wondrous causes pre-ordained conspiring,
For thee have triumphed o'er the fiercest foes,
And turned them friends.
Eud. Amazement! Friends!——
O all ye guardian powers!—Say on—O lead me,
Lead me through this dark maze of Providence,
Which thou hast trod, that I may trace thy steps,
With silent awe, and worship as I pass.
Pho. Enquire no more—thou shalt know all hereafter———
Let me conduct thee hence—
Eud. O, whither next?
To what far distant home?——But 'tis enough,
That, favoured thus of Heaven, thou art my guide.
And as we journey on the painful way,
Say, wilt thou then beguile the passing hours,
And open all the wonders of the story?
Pho. Indulge no more thy melancholy thoughts!
Damascus is thy home.
Eud. And yet thou sayest
It is no longer ours!——Where is my father?
Pho. To show thee, too, how Fate seems every way
To guard thy safety, e'en thy father now,
Wert thou within his power, would stand defeated
Of his tyrannic vow. Thou know'st last night
What hope of aid flattered this foolish city.
At break of day, the Arabian scouts had seized
A second courier, and, from him, 'tis learned
That on their march the army mutinied,
And Eutyches was slain,
Eud. And yet, that now
Is of the least importance to my peace.
But answer me; say, where is now my father?
Pho. Or gone, or just preparing to depart.
Eud. What! Is our doom reversed? And is he then
The wretched fugitive?
Pho. Thou heavenly maid!
To free thee, then, from every anxious thought,
Know, I've once more, wronged as I am; ev'n saved
Thy father's threatened life; nay, saved Damascus
From blood and slaughter, and from total ruin.
Terms are obtained, and general freedom granted
To all that will, to leave in peace the city.

Eud. Is't possible—now trust me I could chide thee:
'Tis much unkind to hold me thus in doubt:
I pray thee clear these wonders.
Pho. 'Twill surprise thee,
When thou shalt know———
Eud. What?
Pho. To what deadly gulphs
Of horror and despair, what cruel straits
Of agonizing thought I have been driven,
This night, ere my perplexed, bewildered soul,
Could find its way—thou saidst that thou wouldst chide;
I fear thou wilt; indeed, I have done that
I could have wished to avoid——but for a cause
So lovely, so beloved——
Eud. What dost thou mean?
I'll not indulge a thought, that thou couldst do
One act unworthy of thyself, thy honour,
And that firm zeal against these foes of heaven,
Which won my heart, at first, to share in all
Thy dangers and thy fame, and wish thee mine.
Thou couldst not save thy life by means inglorious.
Pho. Alas! thou know'st me not—I'm man, frail man,
To error born; and who, that's man, is perfect?
To save my life? O no, well was it risked
For thee! had it been lost, it were not too much,
And thou wert safe;—O, what wouldst thou have said,
If I had risked my soul to save Eudocia?
Eud. Ha! speak—Oh, no, be dumb—it cannot be!
And yet thy looks are changed, thy lips grow pale.
Why dost thou shake?——Alas! I tremble too!
Thou couldst not, hast not, sworn to Mahomet?
Pho. No—I should first have died—nay, given up thee.
Eud. O Phocyas! was it well to try me thus!
And yet another deadly fear succeeds.——
How came these wretches hither? Who revived
Their fainting arms to unexpected triumph?
For while thou fought'st, and fought'st the christian cause,
These battered walls were rocks impregnable,
Their towers of adamant. But, oh! I fear
Some act of thine——
Pho. Oh, I must tell thee all;
But prithee do not frown on me, Eudocia!
I found the wakeful foe, in midnight council,
Resolved, ere day, to make a fresh attack,
Keen for revenge, and hungry after slaughter.—
Could my racked soul bear that, and think of thee!
Nay, think of thee exposed, a helpless prey,
To some fierce ruffian's violating arms!
O, had the world been mine, in that extreme
I should have given whole provinces away,
Nay, all—and thought it little for thy ransom!
Eud. For this, then—Oh—thou hast betrayed the city!
Distrustful of the righteous powers above,
That still protect the chaste and innocent:
And to avert a feigned, uncertain danger,
Thou hast brought certain ruin on thy country!
Pho. No, thou forgetst the friendly terms—the sword,
Which threatened to have filled the streets with blood,
I sheathed in peace; thy father, thou, and all
The citizens, are safe, uncaptived, free.
Eud. Safe! free! O no——life, freedom, every good,
Turns to a curse, if sought by wicked means.
Yet sure it cannot be! Are these the terms
On which we meet?—No; we can never meet
On terms like these; the hand of death itself
Could not have torn us from each other's arms
Like this dire act, this more than fatal blow!
In death, the soul and body only part,
To meet again, and be divorced no more;
But now——
Pho. Ha! lightning blast me! strike me,
Ye vengeful bolts, if this is my reward!
Are these my hoped for joys! Is this the welcome
The wretched Phocyas meets, from her he loved
More than life, fame—even to his soul's distraction!
Eud. Hast thou not helped the slaves of Mahomet
To spread their impious conquest o'er thy country!
What welcome was there in Eudocia's power
She has withheld from Phocyas? But, alas!
'Tis thou hast blasted all our joys for ever,
And cut down hope, like a poor short-lived flower,
Never to grow again!
Pho. Cruel Eudocia!
If, in my heart's deep anguish, I've been forced
Awhile from what I was—dost thou reject me?
Think of the cause——
Eud. The cause? There is no cause——
Not universal nature could afford
A cause for this. What were dominion, pomp,
The wealth of nations, nay, of all the world,
The world itself, or what a thousand worlds,
If weighed with faith unspotted, heavenly truth,
Thoughts free from guilt, the empire of the mind,
And all the triumphs of a godlike breast,
Firm and unmoved in the great cause of virtue?
Pho. How shall I answer thee?—My soul is awed,
And, trembling, owns the eternal force of reason.
But, oh! can nothing then atone, or plead
For pity from thee?
Eud. Can'st thou yet undo
The deed that's done; recal the time that's past?
O, call back yesterday; call back last night,
Though with its fears, its dangers, its distress:
Bid the fair hours of innocence return,
When, in the lowest ebb of changeful fortune,
Thou wert more glorious in Eudocia's eyes,

Than all the pride of monarchs! But that deed—
Pho. No more——thou waken'st in my tortured heart
The cruel, conscious worm, that stings to madness.
Oh, I'm undone!——I know it, and can bear
To be undone for thee, but not to lose thee.
Eud. Poor wretch!—I pity thee!——but art thou Phocyas,
The man I loved!—I could have died with thee
Ere thou didst this; then we had gone together,
A glorious pair, and soared above the stars,
Bright as the stars themselves; and as we passed
The heavenly roads, and milky ways of light,
Had heard the blest inhabitants, with wonder,
Applaud our spotless love. But never, never
Will I be made the curst reward of treason,
To seal thy doom, to bind a hellish league,
And to ensure thy everlasting woe.
Pho. What league?—'tis ended—I renounce it—thus—— [*Kneels.*
I bend to heaven and thee——O thou divine,
Thou matchless image of all perfect goodness!
Do thou but pity yet the wretched Phocyas,
Heaven will relent, and all may yet be well.
Eud. No—we must part. 'Twill ask whole years of sorrow
To purge away this guilt. Then do not think
Thy loss in me is worth one dropping tear:
But if thou wouldst be reconciled to Heaven,
First sacrifice to Heaven that fatal passion
Which caused thy fall—Farewell: forget the lost
—But how shall I ask that?—I would have said,
For my soul's peace, forget the lost Eudocia.
Can'st thou forget her?—Oh! the killing torture
To think it was love, excess of love, divorced us!
Farewell for——still I cannot speak that word,
These tears speak for me—O farewell—— [*Exit.*
Pho. [*Raving*] For ever!
Return, return and speak it; say, for ever!
She's gone—and now she joins the fugitives.
And yet she did not quite pronounce my doom—
O hear, all gracious Heaven! wilt thou at once
Forgive, and O inspire me to some act
This day, that may in part redeem what's past!
Prosper this day, or let it be my last! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An open Place in the City.*

Enter CALED *and* DARAN *meeting.*

Cal. SOLDIER, what news? thou look'st as thou wert angry.
Dar. And durst I say it, so, my chief, I am.
I've spoke——if it offends, my head is thine;
Take it, and I am silent.
Cal. No; say on.
I know thee honest, and perhaps I guess
What knits thy brows in frowns——
Dar. Is this, my leader,
A conquered city?——View yon vale of palms:
Behold the vanquished Christian triumph still,
Rich in his flight, and mock thy barren war!
Cal. The vale of palms!
Dar. Beyond those hills, the place
Where they agreed this day to meet and halt,
To gather all their forces; there disguised,
Just now I've viewed their camp—O, I could curse
My eyes for what they've seen.
Cal. What hast thou seen?
Dar. Why, all Damascus—all its soul, its life,
Its heart blood, all its treasure, piles of plate,
Crosses enriched with gems, arras and silks,
And vests of gold, unfolded to the sun,
That rival all his lustre.
Cal. How!
Dar. 'Tis true.
The bees are wisely bearing off their honey,
And soon the empty hive will be our own.
Cal. So forward too! Curse on this foolish treaty!
Dar. Forward——it looks as they had been forewarned.
By Mahomet, the land wears not the face
Of war, but trade! and thou wouldst swear its merchants
Were sending forth their loaded caravans
To all the neighbouring countries.
Cal. [*Aside.*] Ha! this starts
A lucky thought of Mahomet's first exploit,
When he pursued the caravan of Corash,
And from a thousand misbelieving slaves
Wrested their ill-heaped goods, transferred to thrive
In holier hands, and propagate the faith.——
'Tis said, [*To Dar.*] the emperor had a wardrobe here
Of costly silks.
Dar. That too they have removed.
Cal. Dogs! infidels! 'tis more than was allowed.
Dar. And shall we not pursue them—Robbers! thieves!
That steal away themselves, and all they're worth,
And wrong the valiant soldier of his due!
Cal. [*Aside.*] The caliph shall know this—he shall, Abudah;
This is thy coward bargain—I renounce it.
Daran, we'll stop their march, and search.
Dar. And strip—
Cal. And kill.
Dar. That's well. And yet I fear
Abudah's Christian friend——
Cal. If possible,
He should not know of this. No, nor Abudah.

By the seven heavens! his soul's a Christian too,
And 'tis by kindred instinct he thus saves
Their cursed lives, and taints our cause with mercy.
Dar. I knew my general would not suffer this;
Therefore I've troops prepared without the gate,
Just mounted for pursuit. Our Arab horse
Will in few minutes reach the place; yet still
I must repeat my doubts—that devil Phocyas
Will know it soon—I met him near the gate;
My nature sickens at him, and forebodes
I know not what of ill.
Cal. No more, away
With thy cold fears—we'll march this very instant,
And quickly make his thriftless conquest good:
The sword too has been wronged, and thirsts for blood. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A valley full of tents; baggage and harness lying up and down amongst them. The prospect terminating with palm trees and hills at a distance.*

Enter EUMENES, *with Officers, Attendants, and crowds of the people of Damascus.*

Eum. [*Entering*] Sleep on—and angels be thy guard!—soft slumber
Has gently stole her from her griefs awhile;
Let none approach the tent—Are out-guards placed
On yonder hills? [*To an Officer.*
Offi. They are.
Eum. [*Striking his breast.*] Damascus, O—
Still art thou here!—Let me intreat you, friends,
To keep strict order: I have no command,
And can but now advise you.
1*st. Cit.* You are still
Our head and leader.
2*d. Cit.* We resolve to obey you.
3*d. Cit.* We are all prepared to follow you.
Eum. I thank you.
The sun will soon go down upon our sorrows,
And 'till to-morrow's dawn this is our home:
Meanwhile, each as he can, forget his loss,
And bear the present lot—
Offi. Sir, I have marked
The camp's extent: it is stretched quite through the valley.
I think that more than half the city's here.
Eum. The prospect gives me much relief. I'm pleased,
My honest countrymen, to observe your numbers;
And yet it fills my eyes with tears—'Tis said
The mighty Persian wept, when he surveyed
His numerous army, but to think them mortal;
Yet he then flourished in prosperity.
Alas! what's that?—Prosperity!—a harlot,
That smiles but to betray! O shining ruin!
Thou nurse of passions, and thou bane of virtue!
O self-destroying monster! that art blind,
Yet putst out reason's eye, that still should guide thee—
Then plungeth down some precipice unseen,
And art no more!—Hear me, all-gracious Heaven!
Let me wear out my small remains of life,
Obscure, content with humble poverty,
Or in affliction's hard but wholesome school,
If it must be—I'll learn to know myself,
And that's more worth than empire. But, O Heaven,
Curse me no more with proud prosperity!
It has undone me!—Herbis! where, my friend,
Hast thou been this long hour?

Enter HERBIS.

Herb. On yonder summit,
To take a farewell prospect of Damascus.
Eum. And is it worth a look?
Herb. No—I've forgot it.
All our possessions are a grasp of air:
We're cheated whilst we think we hold them fast:
And when they're gone, we know that they were nothing.—
But I've a deeper wound.
Eum. Poor, good old man!
'Tis true—thy son—there thou'rt indeed unhappy.

Enter ARTAMON.

What Artamon!—art thou here, too?
Art. Yes, sir.
I never boasted much of my religion,
Yet I've some honour and a soldier's pride;
I like not these new lords.
Eum. Thou'rt brave and honest.
Nay, we'll not yet despair. A time may come,
When from these brute barbarians we may wrest
Once more our pleasant seats.—Alas! how soon
The flatterer, Hope, is ready with his song
To charm us to forgetfulness!—No more—
Let that be left to Heaven—See, Herbis, see,
Methinks we've here a goodly city yet.
Was it not thus our great forefathers lived,
In better times—in humble fields and tents,
With all their flocks and herds, their moving wealth?
See too, where our own Pharphar winds his stream
Through the long vale, as if to follow us,
And kindly offers his cool, wholesome draughts,
To ease us in our march!—Why this is plenty.

Enter EUDOCIA.

My daughter!—wherefore hast thou left thy tent?
What breaks so soon thy rest?
Eud. Rest is not there,
Or I have sought in vain, and cannot find it.
Oh no—we're wanderers, it is our doom;
There is no rest for us.

Eum. Thou art not well.
Eud. I would, if possible, avoid myself.
I'm better now, near you.
Eum. Near me! alas,
The tender vine so wreathes its folded arms
Around some falling elm—It wounds my heart
To think thou followest but to share my ruin.
I have lost all but thee.
Eud. O say not so.
You have lost nothing; no—you have preserved
Immortal wealth, your faith inviolate
To Heaven and to your country. Have you not
Refused to join with prosperous wicked men,
And hold from them a false inglorious greatness?
Ruin is yonder, in Damascus; now
The seat abhorred of cursed infidels.
Infernal error, like a plague, has spread
Contagion through its guilty palaces,
And we are fled from death.
Eum. Heroic maid!
Thy words are balsam to my griefs. Eudocia,
I never knew thee 'till this day; I knew not
How many virtues I had wronged in thee!
Eud. If you talk thus, you have not yet forgiven me.
Eum. Forgiven thee!—Why, for thee it is, thee only,
I think, heaven yet may look with pity on us;
Yes, we must all forgive each other now.
Poor Herbis too—we both have been to blame.
O, Phocyas!—but it cannot be recalled.
Yet were he here, we'd ask him pardon too.
My child!—I meant not to provoke thy tears.
Eud. [*Aside.*] O why is he not here? Why do I see
Thousands of happy wretches, that but seem
Undone, yet still are blest in innocence,
And why is he not one?

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Where is Eumenes?
Eum. What means thy breathless haste?
Offi. I fear there's danger:
For as I kept my watch, I spied afar
Thick clouds of dust, and on a nearer view
Perceived a body of Arabian horse
Moving this way. I saw them wind the hill,
And then lost sight of them.
Herb. I saw them too,
Where the roads meet on the other side, these hills,
But took them for some band of Christian Arabs
Crossing the country.—This way did they move?
Offi. With utmost speed.
Eum. If they are Christian Arabs,
They come as friends; if other, we're secure
By the late terms. Retire a while, Eudocia,
Till I return. [*Exit Eudocia.*
I'll to the guard myself.
Soldier, lead on the way.

Enter another Officer.

2 *Offi.* Arm, arm! we're ruined?
The foe is in the camp.
Eum. So soon!
2 *Offi.* They've quitted
Their horses, and with sword in hand have forced
Our guard; they say they come for plunder.
Eum. Villains!
Sure Caled knows not of this treachery.
Come on—we can fight still. We'll make them know
What 'tis to urge the wretched to despair.
[*A noise of fighting is heard for some time.*

Enter DARAN, *with a party of Saracen Soldiers.*

Dar. Let the fools fight at distance——Here's the harvest.
Reap, reap, my countrymen!—Ay, there—first clear
Those further tents———
[*Looking between the Tents.*] What's here, a woman—fair
She seems, and well attired!——It shall be so,
I'll strip her first, and then———
[*Exit and returns with Eudocia.*
Eud. [*Struggling.*] Mercy! O spare me!
Help, save me!——What, no help!——Barbarian! Monster!
Heaven hear my cries!
Dar. Woman, thy cries are vain.
No help is near.

Enter PHOCYAS.

Pho. Villain, thou lyest! take that
To loose thy hold——
[*Pushing at him with his spear.*
Dar. What, thou? my evil spirit!
Is't thou that hauntest me still?—but thus I thank thee,
[*Offering to strike him with his scimitar.*
It will not be——Lightning for ever blast
This coward arm that fails me!—O, vile Syrian,
[*Falls.*
I'm killed——O curse——— [*Dies.*
Pho. Die then; thy curses choak thee!——
Eudocia!
Eud. Phocyas!——O, astonishment!
Then is it thus that Heaven has heard my prayers?
I tremble still—and scarce have power to ask thee
How thou art here, or whence this sudden outrage?
Pho. [*Walking aside.*] The blood ebbs back that filled my heart, and now
Again her parting farewell awes my soul,
As it were fate, and not to be revoked.
Will she not now upbraid me? See thy friends!
Are these, are these the villains thou hast trusted?
Eud. What means this murmured sorrow to thyself?
Is it in vain that thou hast rescued me

ıvage hands?—Say, what's the approach-
ng danger?
Sure every angel watches o'er thy safety!
e'st 'tis death to approach thee without
ıwe,
barism itself cannot profane thee.
Thou dost not answer; whence are these
ılarms?
Some stores removed, and not allowed
ıy treaty,
awn the Saracens to make a search.
'twill quickly be agreed——But, Oh!
ıowest, Eudocia, I'm a banished man,
a crime I'm here once more before thee;
ght I speak; 'twere better for the present
would'st leave this place.
No——I have a father,
ıall I leave him?) whom we both have
vronged,
ıd not been thus driven out, exposed
ıble tenant of this sheltering vale,
poor night's repose.——And yet, alas!
last act, how would I thank thee, Phocy-
ıs!—
ıing, now, but prayers and tears to give,
ıitless thanks!——But, 'tis some comfort
et,
e allows this short reprieve, that thus
behold each other, and once more
ırn our woes, ere yet again we part——
For ever!
ı resolved——It was thy cruel sentence,
m here to execute that doom.
What dost thou mean?
[*Kneeling.*] Thus at thy feet——
O rise!
Never——No, here I'll lay my burthen
ıown;
l it's weight, nor can support it longer.
y last look; if yet thy eyes can bear
upon a wretch accurst, cast off
ven and thee——A little longer yet,
m mingled with my kindred dust,
forgotten, and the world——
Forbear,
man! Why wilt thou rack me thus?
ıou not mark—thou didst, when last
re parted,
gs, the strugglings of my suffering soul;
hing but the hand of Heaven itself
ver drive me from thee!——Dost thou
ow
h me thus? or canst thou have a thought
an e'er forgive thee?
[*Rising.*] Have a care!
ıe tortured more with thy false pity!
nounce it. See, I am prepared.
[*Shewing a dagger.*
elty is mercy now——Farewell!
ıth is now but a release from torment!
Hold—Stay thee yet.—O madness of
lespair!

And wouldst thou die? Think, ere thou leap'st
the gulph,
When thou hast trod that dark, that unknown
way,
Canst thou return! What if the change prove
worse?
O think, if then——
Pho. No——thought's my deadliest foe;
'Tis lingering racks, and slow consuming fires,
And therefore to the grave I'd fly to shun it!
Eud. O fatal error!——Like a restless ghost,
It will pursue and haunt thee still; even there,
Perhaps, in forms more frightful. Death's a name
By which poor guessing mortals are deceived;
'Tis no where to be found. Thou flyest in vain
From life, to meet again with that thou flyest.
How wilt thou curse thy rashness then? How
start,
And shudder, and shrink back? yet how avoid
To put on thy new being?
Pho. I thank thee!
For now I'm quite undone——I gave up all
For thee before, but this; this bosom friend,
My last reserve—There——
[*Throws away the dagger.*
Tell me now, Eudocia,
Cut off from hope, denied the food of life,
And yet forbid to die, what am I now?
Or what will fate do with me?
Eud. Oh—— [*Turns away weeping.*
Pho. Thou weepest!
Canst thou shed tears, and yet not melt to mercy?
O say, ere yet returning madness seize me,
Is there in all futurity no prospect,
No distant comfort? Not a glimmering light
To guide me through this maze? Or must I now
Sit down in darkness and despair for ever?
[*Here they both continue silent for some time.*
Still thou art silent?—Speak, disclose my doom,
That's now suspended in this awful moment!
O speak——for now my passions wait thy voice:
My beating heart grows calm, my blood stands
still.
Scarcely I live, or only live to hear thee.
Eud. If yet—but can it be!—I fear—O, Pho-
cyas,
Let me be silent still!
Pho. Hear then this last,
This only prayer!—Heaven will consent to this.
Let me but follow thee, where'er thou goest,
But see thee, hear thy voice; be thou my angel,
To guide and govern my returning steps,
'Till long contrition and unwearied duty,
Shall expiate my guilt. Then say, Eudocia,
If, like a soul annealed in purging fires,
After whole years thou see'st me white again,
When thou, even thou shalt think——
Eud. No more——This shakes
My firmest thoughts, and if——
[*Here a cry is heard of persons slaughtered in the camp.*
——What shrieks of death!

I fear a treacherous foe have now
Begun a fatal harvest! Haste,
Prevent—O wouldst thou see me more with comfort,
Fly, save them, save the threatened lives of Christians,
My father and his friends! I dare not stay——
Heaven be my guide to shun this gathering ruin!
[*Exit Eudocia.*

Enter CALED.

Cal. [*Entering.*] So—slaughter, do thy work!
——These hands look well.
[*Looking on his hands.*
The jovial hunter, ere he quits the field,
First signs him in the stag's warm vital stream,
With stains like these, to show 'twas gallant sport.
Phocyas! Thou art met—But whether thou art here [*Comes forward.*
A friend or foe I know not; if a friend,
Which is Eumenes' tent?

Pho. Hold——pass no further.

Cal. Say'st thou, not pass?

Pho. No——on thy life no further.

Cal. What, dost thou frown too! sure thou knowest me not!

Pho. Not know thee! Yes, too well I know thee now,
O murderous fiend! Why all this waste of blood?
Didst thou not promise——

Cal. Promise! Insolence!
'Tis well, 'tis well—for now I know thee too.
Perfidious mongrel slave! Thou double traitor!
False to thy first and to thy latter vows!
Villain!

Pho. That's well—go on—I swear I thank thee.
Speak it again, and strike it through my ear!
A villain!—Yes, thou mad'st me so, thou devil!
And mind'st me now what to demand from thee.
Give, give me back my former self, my honour,
My country's fair esteem, my friends, my all—
Thou canst not—O thou robber!——Give me then
Revenge, or death! The last I well deserve,
That yielded up my soul's best wealth to thee,
For which accurst be thou, and cursed thy prophet!

Cal. Hearest thou this, Mahomet?——Blaspheming mouth!
For this thou soon shalt chew the bitter fruit
Of Zacon's tree, the food of fiends below.
Go——speed thee thither——
[*Pushing at him with his lance, which Phocias puts by, and kills him.*

Pho. Go thou first thyself.

Cal. [*Falling.*] O dog! thou gnawest my heart!
——False Mahomet!
Is this then my reward—O—— [*Dies.*

Pho. Thanks to the gods, I have revenged my country! [*Exit Phocyas.*

Several parties of Christians and Saracens pass over the further end of the stage fighting.—The former are beaten. At last EUMENES *rallies them, and makes a stand. Then enters* ABUDAH *attended.*

Abu. Forbear, forbear, and sheath the bloody sword!

Eum. Abudah! Is this well?

Abu. No——I must own
You have cause—O Mussulmans, look here! Behold
Where, like a broken spear, your arm of war
Is thrown to earth!

Eum. Ha! Caled?

Abu. Dumb and breathless.
Then thus has Heaven chastised us in thy fall,
And thee, for violated faith. Farewell,
Thou great, but cruel man!

Eum. His thirst of blood
In his own blood is quenched.

Abu. Bear hence his clay
Back to Damascus. Cast a mantle first
O'er this sad sight: so should we hide his faults.
Now hear, ye servants of the prophet, hear!
A greater death than this demands your tears,
For know, your lord the caliph is no more!
Good Abubeker has breathed out his spirit
To him that gave it. Yet your caliph lives,
Lives now in Omar. See, behold his signet,
Appointing me, such is his will, to lead
His faithful armies warring here in Syria.
Alas! foreknowledge sure of this event
Guided his choice! Obey me, then, your chief.
For you, O Christians! know, with speed I came,
On the first notice of this foul design,
Or to prevent it, or repair your wrongs.
Your goods shall be untouched, your persons safe,
Nor shall our troops, henceforth, on pain of death,
Molest your march. If more you ask, 'tis granted.

Eum. Still just and brave! thy virtues would adorn
A purer faith! Thou, better than thy sect,
That dar'st decline from that to acts of mercy!
Pardon, Abudah, if thy honest heart
Makes us even wish thee ours.

Abu. [*Aside.*] O, Power Supreme!
That mad'st my heart, and know'st its inmost frame!
If yet I err, O lead me into truth,
Or pardon unknown error!—Now, Eumenes,
Friends as we may be, let us part in peace.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

Enter ARTAMON *and* EUDOCIA.

Eud. Alas! but is my father safe?

Art. Heaven knows.
I left him just preparing to engage;
When doubtful of the event he bade me haste
To warn his dearest daughter of the danger,
And aid your speedy flight.

Eud. My flight! but whither?
O no—if he is lost——
Art. I hope not so.
The noise is ceased. Perhaps they are beaten off.
We soon shall know; here's one that can inform us.

Enter first Officer.

Soldier, thy looks speak well. What says thy tongue?
1 *Offi.* The foe's withdrawn; Abudah has been here,
And has renewed the terms. Caled is killed—
Art. Hold—first thank Heaven for that!
Eud. Where is Eumenes?
1 *Offi.* I left him well; by his command I came
To search you out; and let you know this news.
I've more; but that——
Art. Is bad, perhaps; so says
This sudden pause. Well, be it so; let us know it,
'Tis but life's chequered lot.
1 *Offi.* Eumenes mourns
[*They withdraw to one side of the stage.*
A friend's unhappy fall; Herbis is slain;
A settled gloom seemed to hang heavy on him,
The effect of grief, 'tis thought, for his lost son.
When, on the first attack, like one that sought
The welcome means of death, with desperate valour
He pressed the foe, and met the fate he wished.
Art. See, where Eumenes comes!——What's this? He seems
To lead some wounded friend——Alas! 'tis—

Enter EUMENES *leading in* PHOCYAS, *with an arrow in his breast.*

Eum. Give me thy wound! O I could bear it for thee!
This goodness melts my heart. What! in a moment
Forgetting all thy wrongs, in kind embraces
To exchange forgiveness thus!
Pho. Moments are few,
And must not now be wasted. O, Eumenes,
Lend me thy helping hand a little farther;
O where, where is she? [*They advance.*
Eum. Look, look here, Eudocia!
Behold a sight that calls for all our tears!
Eud. Phocyas, and wounded!—O what cruel hand—
Pho. No, 'twas a kind one——Spare thy tears, Eudocia!
For mine are tears of joy.
Eud. Is't possible?
Pho. 'Tis done——the powers supreme have heard my prayer,
And prospered me with one fair deed this day.
I've fought once more, and for my friends, my country.
By me the treacherous chiefs are slain; a while
I stopped the foe, till, warned by me before
Of this their sudden march, Abudah came;
But first this random shaft had reached my breast.
Life's mingled scene is o'er——'tis thus that Heaven
At once chastises, and, I hope, accepts me;
And now I wake as from the sleep of death.
Eud. What shall I say to thee to give thee comfort?
Pho. Say only thou forgiv'st me——O, Eudocia!
No longer now my dazzled eyes behold thee
Through passion's mists; my soul now gazes on thee,
And sees thee lovelier in unfading charms!
Bright as the shining angel host that stood—
Whilst I——but there it smarts——
Eud. Look down, look down,
Ye pitying powers, and help his pious sorrow!
Eum. 'Tis not too late, we hope, to give thee help.
See! yonder is my tent: we'll lead thee thither;
Come, enter there, and let thy wound be dressed.
Perhaps it is not mortal.
Pho. No! not mortal!
No flattery now. By all my hopes hereafter,
For the world's empire I'd not lose this death!
Alas! I but keep in my fleeting breath
A few short moments, till I have conjured you
That to the world you witness my remorse
For my past errors, and defend my fame.
For know——soon as this pointed steel's drawn out,
Life follows through the wound.
Eud. What dost thou say?
O touch not yet the broken springs of life!
A thousand tender thoughts rise in my soul.
How shall I give them words! Oh, till this hour
I scarce have tasted woe!——this is indeed
To part——but, oh!——
Pho. No more——death is now painful!
But say, my friends, whilst I have breath to ask,
(For still methinks all your concerns are mine)
Whither have you designed to bend your journey?
Eum. Constantinople is my last retreat,
If Heaven indulge my wish; there I've resolved
To wear out the dark winter of my life,
An old man's stock of days.—I hope not many.
Eud. There will I dedicate myself to Heaven.
O, Phocyas, for thy sake, no rival else
Shall e'er possess my heart. My father too
Consents to this my vow. My vital flame
There, like a taper on the holy altar,
Shall waste away; till Heaven relenting hears
Incessant prayers for thee and for myself,
And wing my soul to meet with thine in bliss.
For in that thought I find a sudden hope,
As if inspired, springs in my breast, and tells me,
That thy repenting frailty is forgiven,
And we shall meet again, to part no more.
Pho. [*Plucking out the arrow.*] Then all is done
——'twas the last pang——at length——
I've given up thee, and the world now is—nothing.

Eum. Alas! he falls. Help, Artamon, support him.
Look how he bleeds! Let's lay him gently down.
Night gathers fast upon him——so——look up,
Or speak, if thou hast life—Nay then—my daughter!
She faints—Help there, and bear her to her tent.
[*Eudocia faints away.*

Art. [*Weeping aside.*] I thank ye, eyes! This is but decent tribute.
My heart was full before.

Eum. O Phocyas, Phocyas!
Alas! he hears not now, nor sees my sorrows!
Yet will I mourn for thee, thou gallant youth!
As for a son——so let me call thee now——
A much-wronged friend, and an unhappy hero!
A fruitless zeal, yet all I now can show;
Tears vainly flow for errors learnt too late,
When timely caution should prevent our fate.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

REVENGE.

BY

YOUNG.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DON ALONZO, *the Spanish General.*
DON CARLOS, *his friend.*
DON ALVAREZ, *a courtier.*
DON MANUEL, *attendant of Don Carlos.*
ZANGA, *a captive Moor.*

WOMEN.

LEONORA, *Alvarez's daughter.*
ISABELLA, *the Moor's mistress.*

Scene—Spain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Battlements, with a Sea Prospect.*

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. WHETHER first nature, or long want of peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell:
But horrors now are not displeasing to me:
[*Thunder.*
I like this rocking of the battlements.
Rage on, ye winds! burst, clouds, and waters roar!
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.

Enter ISABELLA.

Who's there? My love!
Isa. Why have you left my bed?
Your absence more affrights me than the storm.
Zan. The dead alone, in such a night, can rest,
And I indulge my meditation here.
Woman, away. I chuse to be alone.
Isa. I know you do, and therefore will not leave you;
Excuse me, Zanga, therefore dare not leave you.
Is this a night for walks of contemplation?
Something unusual hangs upon your heart,
And I will know it; by our loves I will.
To you I sacrificed my virgin fame;
Ask I too much to share in your distress?
Zan. In tears? Thou fool! then hear me, and be plunged
In hell's abyss, if ever it escape thee.
To strike thee with astonishment at once,
I hate Alonzo. First recover that,
And then thou shalt hear farther.
Isa. Hate Alonzo!
I own, I thought Alonzo most your friend,
And that he lost the master in that name.
Zan. Hear then. 'Tis twice three years since that great man
(Great let me call him, for he conquered me)
Made me the captive of his arm in fight.
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I, with pious rage, pursued revenge.
I then was young; he placed me near his person,
And thought me not dishonoured by his service,
One day, (may that returning day be night,

The stain, the curse, of each succeeding year!)
For something, or for nothing, in his pride
He struck me—While I tell it, do I live?
He smote me on the cheek—I did not stab him,
For that were poor revenge——E'er since, his folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent thought! and like a second blow!
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless;
And such alone can wisely drop revenge.
Isa. But with more temper, Zanga, tell your story;
To see your strong emotions startles me.
Zan. Yes, woman, with the temper that befits it.
Has the dark adder venom? So have I,
When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me!
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,
I from that day have cursed the rising sun,
Which never failed to tell me of my shame.
I from that day have blessed the coming night,
Which promised to conceal it; but in vain;
The blow returned for ever in my dream.
Yet on I toiled, and groaned for an occasion
Of ample vengeance; none is yet arrived.
Howe'er, at present I conceive warm hopes
Of what may wound him sore in his ambition,
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.
By nightly march he purposed to surprise
The Moorish camp; but I have taken care
They shall be ready to receive his favour.
Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment,
Would darken all the conquests he has won.
Isa. Just as I entered, an express arrived.
Zan. To whom?
Isa. His friend, Don Carlos.
Zan. Be propitious,
Oh! Mahomet, on this important hour,
And give, at length, my famished soul revenge!
What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert
Others' self-love into our own protection?
But see, the morning dawns;
I'll seek Don Carlos, and enquire my fate.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Palace.*

Enter Don MANUEL *and Don* CARLOS.

Man. My lord don Carlos, what brings your express?
Car. Alonzo's glory, and the Moors' defeat.
The field is strewed with twice ten thousand slain,
Though he suspects his measures were betrayed.
He'll soon arrive. Oh, how I long to embrace
The first of heroes, and the best of friends!
I loved fair Leonora long before
The chance of battle gave me to the Moors,
From whom so late Alonzo set me free;
And while I groaned in bondage, I deputed
This great Alonzo, whom her father honours,
To be my gentle advocate in love,
To stir her heart, and fan its fires for me.
Man. And what success?
Car. Alas, the cruel maid——
Indeed her father, who, though high at court,
And powerful with the king, has wealth at heart,
To heal his devastation from the Moors,
Knowing I am richly freighted from the east,
My fleet now sailing in the sight of Spain,
(Heaven guard it safe through such a dreadful storm!)
Caresses me, and urges her to wed.
Man. Her aged father, see,
Leads her this way.
Car. She looks like radiant Truth,
Brought forward by the hand of hoary Time——
You to the port with speed, 'tis possible
Some vessel is arrived. Heaven grant it bring
Tidings, which Carlos may receive with joy!

Enter Don ALVAREZ *and* LEONORA.

Alv. Don Carlos, I am labouring in your favour,
With all a parent's soft authority,
And earnest counsel.
Car. Angels second you!
For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.
Alv. Daughter, the happiness of life depends
On our discretion, and a prudent choice;
Look into those they call unfortunate,
And, closer viewed, you will find they are unwise:
Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath,
And 'tis the trick of fools, to save their credit,
Which brought another language into use.
Don Carlos is of ancient, noble blood,
And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune.
For him the sun is labouring in the mines,
A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold.
His keels are freighted with that sacred power,
By which even kings and emperors are made.
Sir, you have my good wishes, and I hope
[*To Carlos.*
My daughter is not indisposed to hear you. [*Exit.*
Car. Oh, Leonora! why art thou in tears?
Because I am less wretched than I was?
Before your father gave me leave to woo you,
Hushed was your bosom, and your eyes serene.
Will you for ever help me to new pains,
And keep reserves of torment in your hand,
To let them loose on every dawn of joy?
Leon. Think you my father too indulgent to me,
That he claims no dominion o'er my tears?
A daughter sure may be right dutiful,
Whose tears alone are free from a restraint.
Car. Ah, my torn heart!
Leon. Regard not me, my lord;
I shall obey my father.
Car. Disobey him,

Rather than come thus coldly, than come thus
With absent eyes, and alienated mien,
Suffering address, the victim of my love.
Oh, let me be undone the common way,
And have the common comfort to be pitied,
And not be ruined in the mask of bliss,
And so be envied, and be wretched too!
Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty,
Those eyes that tell us what the sun is made of,
Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life,
Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt;
All these, possessed, are nought, but as they are
The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

Leon. Alas, my lord, we are too delicate:
And when we grasp the happiness we wished,
We call on wit to argue it away:
A plainer man would not feel half your pains:
But some have too much wisdom to be happy.

Car. Had I known this before, it had been well:
I had not then solicited your father
To add to my distress; as you behave,
Your father's kindness stabs me to the heart.
Give me your hand—nay, give it, Leonora:
You give it not—nay, yet you give it not—
I ravish it.

Leon. I pray, my lord, no more.

Car. Ah, why so sad? You know each sigh does shake me:
Sighs there, are tempests here.
I have heard, bad men would be unblest in Heaven:
What is my guilt, that makes me so with you?
Have I not languished prostrate at thy feet?
Have I not lived whole days upon thy sight?
Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been?
And, mad with the idea, clasped the wind,
And doated upon nothing?

Leon. Court me not,
Good Carlos, by recounting of my faults,
And telling how ungrateful I have been.
Alas, my lord, if talking would prevail,
I could suggest much better arguments
Than those regards you threw away on me;
Your valour, honour, wisdom, praised by all.
But bid physicians talk our veins to temper,
And with an argument new-set a pulse;
Then think, my lord, of reasoning into love.

Car. Must I despair then? Do not shake me thus:
My tempest-beaten heart is cold to death;
Ah, turn, and let me warm me in thy beauties!
Heavens! what a proof I gave, but two nights past,
Of matchless love! To fling me at thy feet,
I slighted friendship, and I flew from fame,
Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle:
But darting headlong to thy arms, I left
The promised fight, I left Alonzo too,
To stand the war, and quell a world alone.
[*Trumpets.*

Leon. The victor comes. My lord, I must withdraw.

Car. And must you go?

Leon. Why should you wish me stay?
Your friend's arrival will bring comfort to you,
My presence none; it pains you and myself;
For both our sakes, permit me to withdraw.
[*Exit.*

Car. Sure, there is no peril but in love. Oh, how
My foes would boast to see me look so pale!

Enter Don ALONZO.

Car. Alonzo!

Alon. Carlos! I am whole again;
Clasped in thy arms, it makes my heart entire.

Car. Whom dare I thus embrace? The conqueror
Of Afric?

Alon. Yes, much more—Don Carlos' friend.
The conquest of the world would cost me dear,
Should it beget one thought of distance in thee.
I rise in virtues to come nearer to thee,
I conquer with Don Carlos in my eye,
And thus I claim my victory's reward.
[*Embracing him.*

Car. A victory indeed! your godlike arm
Has made one spot the grave of Africa;
Such numbers fell! and the survivors fled,
As frighted passengers from off the strand,
When the tempestuous sea comes roaring on them.

Alon. 'Twas Carlos conquered, 'twas his cruel chains
Inflamed me to a rage unknown before,
And threw my former actions far behind.

Car. I love fair Leonora. How I love her!
Yet still I find (I know not how it is)
Another heart, another soul for thee.
Thy friendship warms, it raises, it transports
Like music, pure the joy, without allay,
Whose very rapture is tranquillity:
But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,
Heightened, indeed, beyond all mortal pleasures,
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Manuel, my lord, returning from the port,
On business both of moment and of haste,
Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.

Car. In private! Ha! Alonzo, I will return;
No business can detain me long from thee. [*Exit.*

Zan. My lord Alonzo, I obeyed your orders.

Alon. Will the fair Leonora pass this way?

Zan. She will, my lord, and soon.

Alon. Come near me, Zanga;
For I dare open all my heart to thee.
Never was such a day of triumph known!
There's not a wounded captive in my train,
That slowly followed my proud chariot wheels,
With half a life, and beggary, and chains,

But is a god to me: I am most wretched.
In his captivity thou know'st, Don Carlos,
My friend, (and never was a friend more dear)
Deputed me his advocate in love,
To talk to Leonora's heart, and make
A tender party in her thoughts for him.
What did I do? I loved myself. Indeed,
One thing there is might lessen my offence,
(If such offence admits of being lessened)
I thought him dead; for (by what fate I know not)
His letters never reached me.
Zan. Thanks to Zanga,
Who thence contrived that evil which has happened. [*Aside.*
Alon. Yes, cursed of Heaven! I loved myself, and now,
In a late action, rescued from the Moors,
I have brought home my rival in my friend.
Zan. We hear, my lord, that in that action too,
Your interposing arm preserved his life.
Alon. It did—with more than the expence of mine;
For, Oh, this day is mentioned for their nuptials.
But see, she comes—I will take my leave, and die.
Zan. Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death would please me.
Unhappy fate! My country overcome!
My six years hope of vengeance quite expired!
Would nature were——I will not fall alone:
But others' groans shall tell the world my death.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Enter LEONORA.

Alon. When nature ends with anguish like to this,
Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,
And bid his light adieu.
Leon. The mighty conqueror
Dismayed! I thought you gave the foe your sorrows.
Alon. Oh, cruel insult! Are those tears your sport,
Which nothing but a love for you could draw?
Afric I quelled, in hope by that to purchase
Your leave to sigh unscorned; but I complain not;
'Twas but a world, and you are—Leonora.
Leon. That passion, which you boast of, is your guilt,
A treason to your friend. You think mean of me,
To plead your crimes as motives of my love.
Alon. You, madam, ought to thank those crimes you blame;
'Tis they permit you to be thus inhuman,
Without the censure both of earth and heaven—
I fondly thought a last look might be kind.
Farewell for ever. This severe behaviour
Has, to my comfort, made it sweet to die.
Leon. Farewell for ever! Sweet to die! Oh, Heaven! [*Aside.*

Alonzo, stay; you must not thus escape me;
But hear your guilt at large.
Alon. Oh, Leonora!
What could I do! In duty to my friend,
I saw you; and to see is to admire.
For Carlos did I plead, and most sincerely.
Witness the thousand agonies it cost me!
You know I did. I sought but your esteem;
If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty.
I often sighed, nay, wept, but could not help it:
And sure it is no crime to be in pain.
But grant my crime was great; I am greatly cursed;
What would you more? Am I not most undone?
This usage is like stamping on the murdered,
When life is fled; most barbarous and unjust.
Leon. If from your guilt none suffered but yourself,
It might be so——Farewell. [*Going.*
Alon. Who suffers with me?
Leon. Enjoy your ignorance, and let me go.
Alon. Alas! what is there I can fear to know,
Since I already know your hate? Your actions
Have long since told me that.
Leon. They flattered you.
Alon. How! flattered me!
Leon. Oh, search in fate no farther!
I hate thee—Oh, Alonzo, how I hate thee!
Alon. Indeed! and do you weep for hatred too!
Oh, what a doubtful torment heaves my heart!
I hope it most, and yet I dread it more.
Should it be so—should her tears flow from thence,
How would my soul blaze up in ecstacy!
Ah no! how sink into the depth of horrors!
Leon. Why would you force my stay?
Alon. What mean these tears?
Leon. I weep by chance; nor have my tears a meaning.
But Oh! when first I saw Alonzo's tears,
I knew their meaning well!
[Alon. *falls passionately on his knees, and takes her hand.*
Alon. Heavens! what is this? That excellence, for which
Desire was planted in the heart of man;
Virtue's supreme reward on this side Heaven;
The cordial of my soul—and this destroys me—
Indeed, I flattered me that thou didst hate.
Leon. Alonzo, pardon me the injury
Of loving you. I struggled with my passion,
And struggled long: let that be some excuse.
Alon. Unkind, you know I think your love a blessing
Beyond all human blessings! 'tis the price
Of sigh and groans, and a whole year of dying.
But Oh! the curse of curses!——Oh, my friend!——
Leon. Alas!
Alon. What says my love? Speak, Leonora.
Leon. Was it for you, my lord, to be so quick

In finding out objections to our love?
Think you so strong my love, or weak my virtue,
It was unsafe to leave that part to me?
Alon. Is not the day, then, fixed for your espousals?
Leon. Indeed, my father once had thoughts that way;
But, marking how the marriage pained my heart,
Long he stood doubtful; but at last resolved,
Your counsel, which determines him in all,
Should finish the debate.
Alon. Oh, agony!
Must I not only lose her, but be made
Myself the instrument? Not only die,
But plunge the dagger in my heart myself?
This is refining on calamity.
Leon. What! do you tremble lest you should be mine?
For what else can you tremble? Not for that
My father places in your power to alter.
Alon. What's in my power? Oh, yes; to stab my friend!
Leon. To stab your friend were barbarous indeed!
Spare him—and murder me. I own, Alonzo,
You well may wonder at such words as these.
I start at them myself; they fright my nature.
Great is my fault; but blame me not alone:
Give him a little blame who took such pains
To make me guilty.
Alon. Torment! [*After a pause, Leon. speaks.*
Leon. Oh, my shame!
I sue, and sue in vain: it is most just,
When women sue, they sue to be denied.
You hate me, you despise me! you do well;
For what I've done I hate and scorn myself.
Oh, night, fall on me! I shall blush to death.
Alon. First perish all!
Leon. Say, what have you resolved?
My father comes; what answer will you give him?
Alon. What answer! let me look upon that face,
And read it there.—Devote thee to another!
Not to be borne! a second look undoes me.
Leon. And why undo you? Is it then, my lord,
So terrible to yield to your own wishes,
Because they happen to concur with mine?
Cruel! to take such pains to win a heart,
Which you was conscious you must break with parting.
Alon. No, Leonora, I am thine for ever,
[*Runs and embraces her.*
In spite of Carlos—Ha! who's that? My friend?
[*Starts wide from her.*
Alas, I see him pale! I hear him groan!
He foams, he tears his hair, he raves, he bleeds,
(I know him by myself) he dies distracted!
Leon. How dreadful to be cut from what we love!
Alon. Ah, speak no more!
Leon. And tied to what we hate!
Alon. Oh!
Leon. Is it possible?
Alon. Death!
Leon. Can you?
Alon. Oh——
Yes, take a limb; but let my virtue 'scape.
Alas, my soul, this moment I die for thee!
[*Breaks away.*
Leon. And are you perjured then for virtue's sake?
How often have you sworn!—but go, for ever.
[*Swoons.*
Alon. Heart of my heart, and essence of my joy!
Where art thou!—Oh, I'm thine, and thine for ever!
The groans of friendship shall be heard no more.
For whatsoever crime I can commit,
I've felt the pains already.
Leon. Hold, Alonzo,
And hear a maid whom doubly thou hast conquered.
I love thy virtue as I love thy person,
And I adore thee for the pains it gave me;
But as I felt the pains, I'll reap the fruit;
I'll shine out in my turn, and shew the world
Thy great example was not lost upon me.
Be it enough that I have once been guilty;
In sight of such a pattern, to persist,
Ill suits a person honoured with your love.
My other titles to that bliss are weak;
I must deserve it by refusing it.
Thus then I tear me from thy hopes for ever.
Shall I contribute to Alonzo's crimes?
No, though the life-blood gushes from my heart.
You shall not be ashamed of Leonora;
Or that late time may put our names together.
Nay, never shrink; take back the bright example
You lately lent; Oh, take it while you may,
While I can give it you, and be immortal!
[*Exit.*
Alon. She's gone, and I shall see that face no more;
But pine in absence, and till death adore.
When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,
And my eyes darken, from my faultering tongue
Her name will tremble with a feeble moan,
And love with fate divide my dying groan.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Continues.*

Enter Don MANUEL *and* ZANGA.

Zan. IF this be true, I cannot blame your pain
For wretched Carlos; 'tis but human in you.
But when arrived your dismal news?
Man. This hour.
Zan. What, not a vessel saved?
Man. All, all the storm
Devoured; and now o'er his late envied fortune
The dolphins bound, and watery mountains roar,
Triumphant in his ruin.
Zan. Is Alvarez
Determined to deny his daughter to him?
That treasure was on shore; must that too join
The common wreck?
Man. Alvarez pleads, indeed,
That Leonora's heart is disinclined,
And pleads that only; so it was this morning,
When he concurred: the tempest broke the match,
And sunk his favour, when it sunk the gold.
The love of gold is double in his heart,
The vice of age, and of Alvarez too.
Zan. How does Don Carlos bear it?
Man. Like a man,
Whose heart feels most a human heart can feel,
And reasons best a human heart can reason.
Zan. But is he then in absolute despair?
Man. Never to see his Leonora more.
And, quite to quench all future hope, Alvarez
Urges Alonzo to espouse his daughter
This very day; for he has learnt their loves.
Zan. Ha! was not that received with ecstacy
By Don Alonzo?
Man. Yes, at first; but soon
A damp came o'er him, it would kill his friend.
Zan. Not if his friend consented: and since now
He cannot himself espouse her——
Man. Yet, to ask it
Has something shocking to a generous mind;
At least, Alonzo's spirit startles at it.
Wide is the distance between our despair,
And giving up a mistress to another.
But I must leave you. Carlos wants support
In his severe affliction. [*Exit.*
Zan. Ha, it dawns!——
It rises to me, like a new-found world
To mariners long time distressed at sea,
Sore from a storm, and all their viands spent;
Or like the sun just rising out of chaos,
Some dregs of ancient night not quite purged off.
But I shall finish it.——Hoa, Isabella!

Enter ISABELLA.

I thought of dying; better things come forward;
Vengeance is still alive; from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.
When, Isabella, arrived Don Carlos here?
Isa. Two nights ago.
Zan. That was the very night
Before the battle—Memory, set down that;
It has the essence of the crocodile,
Though yet but in the shell—I'll give it birth——
What time did he return?
Isa. At midnight.
Zan. So——
Say, did he see that night his Leonora?
Isa. No, my good lord.
Zan. No matter—tell me, woman,
Is not Alonzo rather brave than cautious,
Honest than subtle, above fraud himself,
Slow, therefore, to suspect it in another?
Isa. You best can judge; but so the world thinks of him.
Zan. Why, that was well—go, fetch my tablets hither. [*Exit Isa.*
Two nights ago my father's sacred shade
Thrice stalked around my bed, and smiled upon me;
He smiled a joy then little understood——
It must be so—and if so, it is vengeance
Worth waking of the dead for.

Re-enter ISABELLA *with the tablets;* ZANGA *writes, then reads as to himself.*

Thus it stands——
The father's fixed—Don Carlos cannot wed——
Alonzo may——but that will hurt his friend——
Nor can he ask his leave—or, if he did,
He might not gain it—It is hard to give
Our own consent to ills, though we must bear them.
Were it not then a master-piece, worth all
The wisdom I can boast, first to persuade
Alonzo to request it of his friend,
His friend to grant—then from that very grant,
The strongest proof of friendship man can give,
(And other motives) to work out a cause
Of jealousy, to rack Alonzo's peace?——
I have turned o'er the catalogue of human woes,
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal.
It is the Hydra of calamities,
The seven-fold death; the jealous are the damned.
Oh, jealousy, each other passion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!
Thou king of torments, thou grand counterpoise
For all the transports beauty can inspire!
Isa. Alonzo comes this way.
Zan. Most opportunely.
Withdraw—Ye subtle dæmons, which reside
In courts, and do your work with bows and smiles, [*Exit Isa.*
That little enginery, more mischievous

Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,
Teach me to look a lie; give me your maze
Of gloomy thought and intricate design,
To catch the man I hate, and then devour.

Enter Don ALONZO.

My lord, I give you joy.
Alon. Of what, good Zanga?
Zan. Is not the lovely Leonora yours?
Alon. What will become of Carlos?
Zan. He's your friend;
And since he can't espouse the fair himself,
Will take some comfort from Alonzo's fortune.
Alon. Alas, thou little know'st the force of love!
Love reigns a sultan with unrivalled sway;
Puts all relations, friendship's self to death,
If once he's jealous of it. I love Carlos;
Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning
At his intended nuptials. For myself
I then felt pains, which now for him I feel.
Zan. You will not wed her then?
Alon. Not instantly.
Insult his broken heart the very moment!
Zan. I understand you: but you'll wed hereafter,
When your friend's gone, and his first pain assuaged.
Alon. Am I to blame in that?
Zan. My lord, I love
Your very errors; they are born from virtue.
Your friendship (and what nobler passion claims
The heart?) does lead you blindfold to your ruin.
Consider, wherefore did Alvarez break
Don Carlos' match, and wherefore urge Alonzo's?
'Twas the same cause, the love of wealth. To-morrow
May see Alonzo in Don Carlos' fortune;
A higher bidder is a better friend,
And there are princes sigh for Leonora.
When your friend's gone you'll wed; why, then, the cause,
Which gives you Leonora now, will cease.
Carlos has lost her; should you lose her too,
Why, then you heap new torments on your friend,
By that respect which laboured to relieve him—
'Tis well—he is disturbed; it makes him pause.
[*Aside.*
Alon. Think'st thou, my Zanga, should I ask Don Carlos,
His goodness would consent that I should wed her?
Zan. I know it would.
Alon. But then the cruelty
To ask it, and for me to ask it of him!
Zan. Methinks you are severe upon your friend.
Who was it gave him liberty and life?
Alon. That is the very reason which forbids it.
Were I a stranger I could freely speak:
In me it so resembles a demand,
Exacting of a debt, it shocks my nature.
Zan. My lord, you know the sad alternative.
Is Leonora worth one pang or not?
It hurts not me, my lord, but as I love you:
Warmly as you I wish Don Carlos well;
But I am likewise Don Alonzo's friend:
There all the difference lies between us two.
In me, my lord, you hear another self;
And, give me leave to add, a better too,
Cleared from those errors, which, though caused by virtue,
Are such as may hereafter give you pain——
Don Lopez of Castile would not demur thus.
Alon. Perish the name! What, sacrifice the fair
To age and ugliness, because set in gold?
I'll to Don Carlos, if my heart will let me.
I have not seen him since his sore affliction;
But shunned it, as too terrible to bear.
How shall I bear it now? I'm struck already.
[*Exit.*
Zan. Half of my work is done. I must secure
Don Carlos, ere Alonzo speak with him.
[*He gives a message to a servant, then returns.*
Proud hated Spain, oft drenched in Moorish blood!
Dost thou not feel a deadly foe within thee?
Shake not thy towers where'er I pass along,
Conscious of ruin, and their great destroyer?
Shake to the centre, if Alonzo's dear!
Look down, oh, holy prophet! see me torture
This Christian dog, this infidel, who dares
To smite thy votaries, and spurn thy law;
And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,
Which look as they were lighted up for thee!
Shall he enjoy thy paradise below?
Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her charms!
But see, the melancholy lover comes.

Enter Don CARLOS.

Car. Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,
For more than twenty years; vile promiser!
None here are happy, but the very fool,
Or very wise; and I wasn't fool enough
To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow;
Nor have I wisdom to elaborate
An artificial happiness from pains:
Even joys are pains, because they cannot last.
[*Sighs.*
Yet much is talked of bliss; it is the art
Of such as have the world in their possession,
To give it a good name, that fools may envy;
For envy to small minds is flattery.
How many lift the head, look gay, and smile
Against their consciences! and this we know,
Yet, knowing, disbelieve, and try again
What we have tried, and struggle with conviction.
Each new experience gives the former credit;
And reverend grey threescore is but a voucher,
That thirty told us true.
Zan. My noble lord,
I mourn your fate: But are no hopes surviving?

Car. No hopes. Alvarez has a heart of steel.
'Tis fixed—'tis past—'tis absolute despair!
Zan. You wanted not to have your heart made tender,
By your own pains, to feel a friend's distress.
Car. I understand you well. Alonzo loves;
I pity him.
Zan. I dare be sworn you do.
Yet he has other thoughts.
Car. What canst thou mean?
Zan. Indeed he has; and fears to ask a favour
A stranger from a stranger might request;
What costs you nothing, yet is all to him:
Nay, what indeed will to your glory add,
For nothing more than wishing your friend well.
Car. I pray, be plain; his happiness is mine.
Zan. He loves to death; but so reveres his friend,
He can't persuade his heart to wed the maid
Without your leave, and that he fears to ask.
In perfect tenderness I urged him to it,
Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,
Your overflowing goodness to your friend,
Your wisdom, and despair yourself to wed her,
I wrung a promise from him he would try:
And now I come, a mutual friend to both,
Without his privacy, to let you know it,
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.
Car. Ha! if he weds I am undone indeed;
Not Don Alvarez' self can then relieve me.
Zan. Alas, my lord, you know his heart is steel:
'Tis fixed, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair.
Car. Oh, cruel Heaven! and is it not enough
That I must never, never see him more?
Say, is it not enough that I must die;
But I must be tormented in the grave?—
Ask my consent!—Must I then give her to him?
Lead to his nuptial sheets the blushing maid?
Oh!——Leonora! never, never, never!
Zan. A storm of plagues upon him! he refuses. [*Aside.*
Car. What, wed her?—and to-day?
Zan. To-day, or never,
To-morrow may some wealthier lover bring,
And then Alonzo is thrown out like you:
Then whom shall he condemn for his misfortune?
Carlos is an Alvarez to his love.
Car. Oh, torment! whither shall I turn?
Zan. To peace.
Car. Which is the way?
Zan. His happiness is yours——
I dare not disbelieve you.
Car. Kill my friend!
Or worse——Alas! and can there be a worse?
A worse there is; nor can my nature bear it.
Zan. You have convinced me 'tis a dreadful task.
I find Alonzo's quitting her this morning
For Carlos' sake, in tenderness to you,
Betrayed me to believe it less severe
Than I perceive it is.
Car. Thou dost upbraid me.
Zan. No, my good lord; but since you cant comply,
'Tis my misfortune that I mentioned it;
For had I not, Alonzo would indeed
Have died, as now, but not by your decree.
Car. By my decree! Do I decree his death?
I do——Shall I then lead her to his arms?
Oh, which side shall I take? Be stabbed, or—stab?
'Tis equal death! a choice of agonies?——
Ah, no! all other agonies are ease
To one——Oh, Leonora! never, never!
Go, Zanga, go, defer the dreadful trial,
Though but a day; something, perchance, may happen
To soften all to friendship and to love.
Go, stop my friend, let me not see him now;
But save us from an interview of death.
Zan. My lord, I am bound in duty to obey you——
If I not bring him, may Alonzo prosper! [*Exit.*
Car. What is this world? Thy school, Oh misery!
Our only lesson is to learn to suffer;
And he, who knows not that, was born for nothing.
Though deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,
My comfort is, each moment takes away
A grain, at least, from the dead load that's on me,
And gives a nearer prospect of the grave.
But put it most severely—should I live—
Live long—alas, there is no length in time!
Not in thy time, Oh man!—What's fourscore years?
Nay, what, indeed, the age of time itself,
Since cut from out eternity's wide round?
Away, then!——To a mind resolved and wise,
There is an impotence in misery,
Which makes me smile, when all its shafts are in me.
Yet Leonora——she can make time long,
Its nature alter, as she altered mine.
While in the lustre of her charms I lay,
Whole summer suns rolled unperceived away;
I years for days, and days for moments told,
And was surprised to hear that I grew old.
Now fate does rigidly its dues regain,
And every moment is an age of pain.

As he is going out, enter ZANGA *and Don* ALONZO. ZANGA *stops Don* CARLOS.

Zan. Is this Don Carlos? this the boasted friend?
How can you turn your back upon his sadness?
Look on him, and then leave him if you can.
Whose sorrows thus depress him? Not his own:
This moment he could wed without your leave.
Car. I cannot yield; nor can I bear his griefs.
Alonzo! [*Going to him, and taking his hand.*
Alon. Oh, Carlos!

Car. Pray, forbear.
Alon. Art thou undone, and shall Alonzo smile?
Alonzo, who, perhaps, in some degree
Contributed to cause thy dreadful fate?
I was deputed guardian of thy love;
But, Oh, I loved myself! Pour down afflictions
On this devoted head, make me your mark;
And be the world by my example taught,
How sacred it should hold the name of friend!
Car. You charge yourself unjustly; well I know
The only cause of my severe affliction.
Alvarez, cursed Alvarez! So much anguish,
Felt for so small a failure, is one merit
Which faultless virtue wants. The crime was mine,
Who placed thee there, where only thou couldst fail;
Though well I knew that dreadful post of honour
I gave thee to maintain. Ah! who could bear
Those eyes unhurt? The wounds myself have felt,
(Which wounds alone should cause me to condemn thee)
They plead in thy excuse; for I too strove
To shun those fires, and found 'twas not in man.
Alon. You cast in shades the failure of a friend,
And soften all; but think not to deceive me;
I know my guilt, and I implore your pardon,
As the sole glimpse I can obtain of peace.
Car. Pardon for him, who but this morning threw
Fair Leonora from his heart, all bathed
In ceaseless tears, and blushing for her love!
Who, like a rose-leaf wet with morning dew,
Would have stuck close, and clung for ever there!
But 'twas in thee, through fondness for thy friend,
To shut thy bosom against ecstacies;
For which, while this pulse beats, it beats to thee;
While this blood flows, it flows for my Alonzo,
And every wish is levelled at thy joy.
Zan. [*To Alonzo.*] My lord, my lord, this is your time to speak.
Alon. [*To Zan.*] Because he's kind? It therefore is the worst;
For 'tis his kindness which I fear to hurt.
Shall the same moment see him sink in woes,
And me providing for a flood of joys,
Rich in the plunder of his happiness?
No, I may die; but I can never speak.
Car. Now, now it comes! they are concerting it!
The first word strikes me dead—Oh, Leonora!
And shall another taste her fragrant breath?
Who knows what after-time may bring to pass?
Fathers may change, and I may wed her still.
[*Aside.*
Alon. [*To Zan.*] Do I not see him quite possessed with anguish,
Which, like a dæmon, writhes him to and fro;
And shall I pour in new? No, fond desire!
No, love! one pang at parting, and farewell.
I have no other love but Carlos now.
Car. Alas! my friend, why with such eager grasp
Dost press my hand, and weep upon my cheek?
Alon. If, after death, our forms (as some believe)
Shall be transparent, naked every thought,
And friends meet friends, and read each other's hearts,
Thou'lt know one day that thou wert held most dear.
Farewell.
Car. Alonzo, stay—he cannot speak—
[*Holds him.*
Lest it should grieve me—Shall I be outdone?
And lose in glory, as I lose in love? [*Aside.*
I take it much unkindly, my Alonzo,
You think so meanly of me, not to speak,
When well I know your heart is near to bursting.
Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?
Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.
Alon. There, there it is, my friend! it cuts me there.
How dreadful is it to a generous mind
To ask, when sure he cannot be denied!
Car. How greatly thought! In all he towers above me. [*Aside.*
Then you confess you would ask something of me?
Alon. No, on my soul.
Zan. [*To Alon.*] Then lose her.
Car. Glorious spirit!
Why what a pang has he run through for this!
By Heaven, I envy him his agonies.
Why was not mine the most illustrious lot,
Of starting at one action from below,
And flaming up into consummate greatness?
Ha! angels strengthen me!—It shall be so——
I cannot want strength. Great actions, once conceived,
Strengthen like wine, and animate the soul,
And call themselves to being. [*Aside.*] My Alonzo!
Since thy great soul disdains to make request,
Receive with favour that I make to thee.
Alon. What means my Carlos?
Car. Pray observe me well.
Fate and Alvarez tore her from my heart,
And, plucking up my love, they had well nigh
Plucked up life too, for they were twined together.
Of that no more—What now does reason bid?
I cannot wed—Farewell my happiness!
But, O my soul, with care provide for hers!
In life, how weak, how helpless is woman!
Soon hurt; in happiness itself unsafe,
And often wounded while she plucks the rose;
So properly the object of affliction,

That Heaven is pleased to make distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in tears.
Take then my heart in dowry with the fair!
Be thou her guardian, and thou must be mine;
Shut out the thousand pressing ills of life
With thy surrounding arms—Do this, and then
Set down the liberty and life thou gavest me,
As little things, as essays of thy goodness,
And rudiments of friendship so divine.
Alon. There is a grandeur in thy goodness to me,
Which with thy foes would render thee adored.
But have a care, nor think I can be pleased
With any thing that lays in pains for thee.
Thou dost dissemble, and thy heart's in tears.
Car. My heart's in health, my spirits dance their round,
And at my eyes pleasure looks out in smiles.
Alon. And canst thou, canst thou part with Leonora?
Car. I do not part with her, I give her thee.
Alon. O Carlos!
Car. Don't disturb me, I'm sincere,
Nor is it more than simple justice in me.
This morn didst thou resign her for my sake;
I but perform a virtue learnt from thee;
Discharge a debt, and pay her to thy wishes.
Alon. Ah, how?—But think not words were ever made
For such occasions. Silence, tears, embraces,
Are languid eloquence; I'll seek relief
In absence from the pain of so much goodness,
There thank the blest above, thy sole superiors,
Adore, and raise my thoughts of them by thee.
[*Exit.*
Zan. Thus far success has crowned my boldest hope.
My next care is to hasten these new nuptials,
And then my master-works begin to play.
[*Aside.*
Why this was greatly done, without one sigh
[*To Car.*
To carry such a glory to its period.
Car. Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone, and now
I must unsluice my over-burthened heart,
And let it flow. I would not grieve my friend
With tears, nor interrupt my great design;
Great sure as ever human breast durst think of.
But now my sorrows, long with pain supprest,
Burst their confinment with impetuous sway,
O'er-swell all bounds, and bear even life away:
So, till the day was won, the Greek renowned
With anguish bore the arrow in his wound,
Then drew the shaft from out his tortured side,
Let gush the torrent of his blood, and died.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. O Joy, thou welcome stranger! twice three years
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart:
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
And I could mount! The spirits numberless
Of my dear countrymen, which yesterday
Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,
Are all assembled here, and o'er-inform me.——
O, bridegroom! great indeed thy present bliss;
Yet even by me unenvied; for be sure
It is thy last, last smile, that which now
Sits on thy cheek; enjoy it while thou mayest;
Anguish, and groans, and death bespeak to morrow.

Enter ISABELLA.

My Isabella!
Isa. What commands my Moor?
Zan. My fair ally! my lovely minister!
'Twas well Alvarez, by my arts impelled,
(To plunge Don Carlos in the last despair,
And to prevent all future molestation)
Finished the nuptials soon as he resolved them;
This conduct ripened all for me and ruin.
Scarce had the priest the holy rite performed,
When I, by sacred inspiration, forged
That letter, which I trusted to thy hand;
That letter, which, in glowing terms, conveys,
From happy Carlos to fair Leonora,
The most profound acknowledgments of heart,
For wondrous transports which he never knew.
This is a good subservient artifice,
To aid the nobler workings of my brain.
Isa. I quickly dropt it in the bride's apartment,
As you commanded.
Zan. With a lucky hand;
For soon Alonzo found it; I observed him
From out my secret stand. He took it up;
But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,
When he, as if an arrow pierced his eye,
Started, and, trembling, dropt it on the ground.
Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,
Disguised a sigh or two, and puffed them from him;
Then rubbed his brow, and took it up again.
At first he looked as if he meant to read it;
But, checked by rising fears, he crushed it thus,
And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom.
Isa. But if he read it not, it cannot sting him,
At least not mortally.
Zan. At first I thought so;
But farther thought informs me otherwise,

And turns this disappointment to account.
He more shall credit it, because unseen,
(If 'tis unseen) as thou anon may'st find.
Isa. That would indeed commend my Zanga's skill.
Zan. This, Isabella, is Don Carlos' picture;
Take it, and so dispose of it, that, found,
It may raise up a witness of her love;
Under her pillow, in her cabinet,
Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our end.
Isa. I'll weigh it as its consequence requires,
Then do my utmost to deserve your smile. [*Exit.*
Zan. Is that Alonzo prostrate on the ground?
—Now he starts up, like flame from sleeping embers,
And wild distraction glares from either eye!
If thus a slight surmise can work his soul,
How will the fulness of the tempest tear him?

Enter Don ALONZO.

Alon. And yet it cannot be—I am deceived—
I injure her! she wears the face of Heaven.
Zan. He doubts. [*Aside.*
Alon. I dare not look on this again.
If the first glance, which gave suspicion only,
Had such effect, so smote my heart and brain,
The certainty would dash me all in pieces.
It cannot——Ha! it must, it must be true.
[*Starts.*
Zan. Hold there, and we succeed. He has descried me;
And (for he thinks I love him) will unfold
His aching heart, and rest it on my counsel.
I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure.
[*Aside.*
Alon. Hold, Zanga, turn.
Zan. My lord!
Alon. Shut close the doors,
That not a spirit find an entrance here.
Zan. My lord's obeyed.
Alon. I see that thou art frighted.
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart
With scorpions' stings.
Zan. If I do love, my lord?
Alon. Come near me, let me rest upon thy bosom;
(What pillow like the bosom of a friend?)
For I am sick at heart.
Zan. Speak, sir, O speak,
And take me from the rack!
Alon. And is there need
Of words? Behold a wonder! See my tears!
Zan. I feel them too. Heaven grant my senses fail me!
I rather would lose them, than have this real.
Alon. Go, take a round through all things in thy thought,
And find that one—for there is only one
Which could extort my tears—find that, and tell
Thyself my misery, and spare me the pain.
Zan. Sorrow can think but ill——I am bewildered;
I know not where I am.
Alon. Think, think no more!
It ne'er can enter in an honest heart.
I'll tell thee, then——I cannot——yet I do,
By wanting force to give it utterance.
Zan. Speak, ease your heart; its throbs will burst your bosom!
Alon. I am most happy: mine is victory,
Mine the king's favour, mine the nation's shout,
And great men make their fortunes of my smiles.
O curse of curses! in the lap of blessing
To be most curst!——My Leonora's false!
Zan. Save me, my lord!
Alon. My Leonora's false!
[*Gives him the letter.*
Zan. Then Heaven has lost its image here on earth.
[*While Zanga reads the letter, he trembles, and shews the utmost concern.*
Alon. Good-natured man! he makes my pains his own!
I durst not read it; but I read it now
In thy concern!
Zan. Did you not read it then?
Alon. Mine eye just touched it, and could bear no more.
Zan. Thus perish all that gives Alonzo pain!
[*Tears the letter.*
Alon. Why didst thou tear it?
Zan. Think of it no more.
'Twas your mistake; and groundless are your fears.
Alon. And didst thou tremble, then, for my mistake?
Or give the whole contents, or by the pangs
That feed upon my heart, thy life's in danger!
Zan. Is this Alonzo's language to his Zanga?
Draw forth your sword, and find the secret here.
For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?
Wherefore this rage? Because I seek your peace?
I have no interest in suppressing it,
But what good-natured tenderness for you
Obliges me to have. Not mine the heart
That will be rent in two. Not mine the fame
That will be damned, though all the world should know it.
Alon. Then my worst fears are true, and life is past.
Zan. What has the rashness of my passion uttered?
I know not what; but rage is our destruction,
And all its words are wind——Yet sure, I think,
I nothing owned. But, grant I did confess,
What is a letter? Letters may be forged.
For Heaven's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart!
Some foe to your repose——
Alon. So Heaven look on me,
As I can't find the man I have offended.
Zan. Indeed! [*Aside*]——Our innocence is not our shield:

They take offence, who have not been offended;
They seek our ruin, too, who speak us fair,
And death is often ambushed in their smiles.
We know not whom we have to fear. 'Tis certain
A letter may be forged, and in a point
Of such a dreadful consequence as this,
One would rely on nought that might be false—
Think, have you any other cause to doubt her?
Away, you can find none. Resume your spirit;
All's well again.
Alon. O that it were!
Zan. It is;
For who would credit that, which, credited,
Makes hell superfluous by superior pains,
Without such proofs as cannot be withstood?
Has she not ever been to virtue trained?
Is not her fame as spotless as the sun,
Her sex's envy, and the boast of Spain?
Alon. O Zanga! it is that confounds me most,
That full in opposition to appearance——
Zan. No more, my lord, for you condemn yourself.
What is absurdity, but to believe
Against appearance!——You can't yet, I find,
Subdue your passion to your better sense;——
And, truth to tell, it does not much displease me.
'Tis fit your indiscretions should be checked
With some degree of pain.
Alon. What indiscretions?
Zan. Come, you must bear to hear your faults from me.
Had you not sent Don Carlos to the court
The night before the battle, that foul slave,
Who forged the senseless scroll which gives you pain,
Had wanted footing for his villany.
Alon. I sent him not.
Zan. Not send him! Ha! That strikes me.
I thought he came on message to the king.
Is there another cause could justify
His shunning danger, and the promised fight?
But I perhaps may think too rigidly;
So long an absence, and impatient love——
Alon. In my confusion that had quite escaped me.
By Heaven, my wounded soul does bleed afresh;
'Tis clear as day—for Carlos is so brave,
He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,
And is enamoured of the face of death.
How then could he decline the next day's battle,
But for the transports—Oh, it must be so—
Inhuman, by the loss of his own honour,
To buy the ruin of his friend!
Zan. You wrong him;
He knew not of your love.
Alon. Ha!——
Zan. That stings home. [*Aside.*
Alon. Indeed, he knew not of my treacherous love—
Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest.
The eternal law of things declares it true,
Which calls for judgment on distinguished guilt,
And loves to make our crime our punishment.
Love is my torture, love was first my crime;
For she was his, my friend's, and he (O horror!)
Confided all in me. O, sacred faith!
How dearly I abide thy violation!
Zan. Were, then, their loves far gone?
Alon. The father's will
There bore a total sway; and he, as soon
As news arrived that Carlos' fleet was seen
From off our coast, fired with the love of gold,
Determined, that the very sun which saw
Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.
Zan. Indeed, my lord, then you must pardon me,
If I presume to mitigate the crime.
Consider, strong allurements soften guilt;
Long was his absence, ardent was his love,
At midnight his return, the next day destined
For his espousals—'twas a strong temptation.
Alon. Temptation!
Zan. 'Twas but gaining of one night.
Alon. One night!
Zan. That crime could ne'er return again.
Alon. Again! By Heaven thou dost insult thy lord.
Temptation! One night gained! O stings and death!
And am I then undone! Alas, my Zanga!
And dost thou own it too? Deny it still,
And rescue me one moment from distraction.
Zan. My lord, I hope the best.
Alon. False, foolish hope,
And insolent to me! Thou know'st it false;
It is as glaring as the noon-tide sun.
Devil! This morning, after three years coldness,
To rush at once into a passion for me!
'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,
When her first fool was sated with her beauties.
Zan. What says my lord? Did Leonora then
Never disclose her passion for you?
Alon. Never.
Zan. Throughout the whole three years?
Alon. O never! never!
Why, Zanga, shouldst thou strive? 'Tis all in vain:
Though thy soul labours, it can find no reed
For hope to catch at. Ah! I am plunging down
Ten thousand fathoms in despair.
Zan. Hold, sir, I'll break your fall—wave every fear,
And be a man again—Had he enjoyed her,
Be most assured, he had resigned her to you
With less reluctance.
Alon. Ha! Resign her to me!——
Resign her!—Who resigned her?—Double death!
How could I doubt so long? My heart is broke.
First love her to distraction! then resign her!
Zan. But was it not with utmost agony?
Alon. Grant that, he still resigned her; that's enough.

Would he pluck out his eye to give it me?
Tear out his heart?—She was his heart no more—
Nor was it with reluctance he resigned her!
By Heaven, he asked, he courted me to wed.
I thought it strange; 'tis now no longer so.
Zan. Was it his request? Are you right sure of that?
I fear the letter was not all a tale.
Alon. A tale! There's proof equivalent to sight.
Zan. I should distrust my sight on this occasion.
Alon. And so should I; by Heaven, I think I should.
What! Leonora, the divine, by whom
We guessed at angels! Oh! I'm all confusion.
Zan. You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.
Since bliss and horror, life and death hang on it,
Go to your chamber, there maturely weigh
Each circumstance; consider, above all,
That it is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has formed.
Alon. Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all
To be deceived. I fear 'tis doomsday with me.
And yet she seemed so pure, that I thought Heaven
Borrowed her form for virtue's self to wear,
To gain her lovers with the sons of men.
O Leonora! Leonora! [*Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Zan. Thus far it works auspiciously. My patient
Thrives underneath my hand in misery.
He's gone to think; that is, to be distracted.
Isa. I overheard your conference, and saw you,
To my amazement, tear the letter.
Zan. There,
There, Isabella, I out-did myself.
For tearing it, I not secure it only
In its first force; but superadd a new.
For who can now the character examine,
To cause a doubt, much less detect the fraud?
And after tearing it, as loth to shew
The foul contents, if I should swear it now
A forgery, my lord would disbelieve me;
Nay, more, would disbelieve the more I swore.
But is the picture happily disposed of?
Isa. It is.
Zan. That's well—Ah! what is well? O pang to think!
O dire necessity! is this my province?
Whither, my soul! ah! whither art thou sunk
Beneath thy sphere? 'Ere while, far, far above
Such little arts, dissembling, falsehoods, frauds,
The trash of villany itself, which falls
To cowards, and poor wretches wanting bread.
Does this become a soldier? This become
Whom armies followed, and a people loved?
My martial glory withers at the thought.
But great my end; and since there are no other,
These means are just; they shine with borrowed light,
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.
And greater sure my merit, who, to gain
A point sublime, can such a task sustain;
To wade through ways obscene, my honour bend,
And shock my nature, to attain my end.
Late time shall wonder; that my joys will raise;
For wonder is involuntary praise. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Don ALONZO *and* ZANGA.

Alon. OH, what a pain to think! when every thought,
Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,
And reason knits the inextricable toil,
In which herself is taken! I am lost,
Poor insect that I am; I am involved,
And buried in the web myself have wrought!
One argument is balanced by another,
And reason reason meets in doubtful fight,
And proofs are countermined by equal proofs.
No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,
This inward anarchy; but find my wife,
And to her trembling heart presenting death,
Force all the secret from her.
Zan. O, forbear!
You totter on the very brink of ruin.
Alon. What dost thou mean?
Zan. That will discover all,
And kill my hopes. What can I think or do? [*Aside.*
Alon. What dost thou murmur?
Zan. Force the secret from her!
What's perjury to such a crime as this?
Will she confess it then? O, groundless hope!
But rest assured, she'll make this accusation,
Or false or true, your ruin with the king;
Such is her father's power.
Alon. No more, I care not;
Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.
Zan. But for what better will you change this load?
Grant you should know it, would not that be worse?
Alon. No; it would cure me of my mortal pangs:
By hatred and contempt I should despise her,
And all my love-bred agonies would vanish.
Zan. Ah! were I sure of that, my lord——
Alon. What then?

Zan. You should not hazard life to gain the secret.
Alon. What dost thou mean? Thou know'st I'm on the rack.
I'll not be played with; speak, if thou hast aught,
Or I this instant fly to Leonora.
Zan. That is, to death. My lord, I am not yet
Quite so far gone in guilt to suffer it,
Though gone too far, Heaven knows—'Tis I am guilty—
I have took pains, as you, I know, observed,
To hinder you from diving in the secret,
And turned aside your thoughts from the detection.
Alon. Thou dost confound me!
Zan. I confound myself,
And frankly own it, though to my shame I own it;
Nought but your life in danger could have torn
The secret out, and made me own my crime.
Alon. Speak quickly; Zanga, speak.
Zan. Not yet, dread sir:
First, I must be assured, that if you find
The fair one guilty, scorn, as you assured me,
Shall conquer love and rage, and heal your soul.
Alon. Oh! 'twill, by Heaven!
Zan. Alas! I fear it much,
And scarce can hope so far; but I of this
Exact your solemn oath, that you'll abstain
From all self-violence, and save my lord.
Alon. I trebly swear.
Zan. You'll bear it like a man?
Alon. A god.
Zan. Such have you been to me; these tears confess it,
And poured forth miracles of kindness on me:
And what amends is now within my power,
But to confess, expose myself to justice,
And, as a blessing, claim my punishment?
Know, then, Don Carlos———
Alon. Oh!
Zan. You cannot bear it.
Alon. Go on, I'll have it, though it blast mankind;
I'll have it all, and instantly. Go on.
Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night—

Enter LEONORA.

Leon. My lord Alonzo, you are absent from us,
And quite undo our joy.
Alon. I'll come, my love:
Be not our friends deserted by us both;
I'll follow you this moment.
Leon. My good lord,
I do observe severity of thought
Upon your brow. Aught hear you from the Moors?
Alon. No, my delight.
Leon. What then employed your mind?
Alon. Thou, love, and only thou; so Heaven befriend me,
As other thought can find no entrance here.
Leon. How good in you, my lord, whom nations' cares
Solicit, and a world in arms obeys,
To drop one thought on me!
[*He shews the utmost impatience.*
Alon. Dost thou then prize it?
Leon. Do you then ask it?
Alon. Know then, to thy comfort,
Thou hast me all, my throbbing heart is full
With thee alone; I have thought of nothing else;
Nor shall, I from my soul believe, till death.
My life, our friends expect thee.
Leon. I obey. [*Exit.*
Alon. Is that the face of cursed hypocrisy?
If she is guilty, stars are made of darkness,
And beauty shall no more belong to Heaven—
Don Carlos did return at dead of night——
Proceed, good Zanga; so thy tale began.
Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night;
That night, by chance (ill chance for me) did I
Command the watch that guards the palace gate.
He told me he had letters for the king,
Dispatched from you.
Alon. The villain lied!
Zan. My lord,
I pray, forbear——Transported at his sight,
After so long a bondage, and your friend,
(Who could suspect him of an artifice?)
No farther I enquired, but let him pass,
False to my trust, at least imprudent in it.
Our watch relieved, I went into the garden,
As is my custom, when the night's serene,
And took a moon-light walk: when soon I heard
A rustling in an arbour that was near me.
I saw two lovers in each other's arms,
Embracing and embraced. Anon the man
Arose, and, falling back some paces from her,
Gazed ardently awhile, then rushed at once,
And throwing all himself into her bosom,
There softly sighed—'Oh, night of ecstacy!
When shall we meet again?'—Don Carlos, then,
Led Leonora forth.
Alon. Oh, Oh my heart!
[*He sinks into a chair.*
Zan. Groan on, and with the sound refresh my soul!
'Tis through his heart; his knees smite one another:
'Tis through his brain; his eye-balls roll in anguish. [*Aside.*
My lord, my lord, why do ye rack my soul?
Speak to me, let me know that you still live.
Do not you know me, sir? Pray, look upon me;
You think too deeply——I am your own Zanga,
So loved, so cherished, and so faithful to you.—
Why start you in such fury? Nay, my lord,
For Heaven's sake sheath your sword! What can this mean?
Fool that I was, to trust you with the secret,
And you unkind to break your word with me.
Oh, passion for a woman!——On the ground!
Where is your boasted courage? Where your scorn,

And prudent rage, that was to cure your grief,
And chase your love-bred agonies away?
Rise, sir, for honour's sake. Why should the Moors,
Why should the vanquished triumph?
Alon. Would to Heaven
That I were lower still! Oh, she was all!—
My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,
All stoop to her; my blood was her possession.
Deep in the secret foldings of my heart
She lived with life, and far the dearer she.
But—and no more—set nature on a blaze;
Give her a fit of jealousy—away—
To think on't—is the torment of the damned,
And not to think on't is impossible.
How fair the cheek that first alarmed my soul!
How bright the eye that set it on a flame!
How soft the breast on which I laid my peace
For years to slumber, unawaked by care!
How fierce the transport! how sublime the bliss!
How deep, how black, the horror and despair!
Zan. You said you would bear it like a man.
Alon. I do.
Am I not most distracted?
Zan. Pray, be calm.
Alon. As hurricanes: be thou assured of that.
Zan. Is this the wise Alonzo?
Alon. Villain, no!
He died in the arbour—he was murdered there!
I am his dæmon though——My wife!—my wife!
Zan. Alas! he weeps.
Alon. Go, dig her grave!
Zan. My lord!
Alon. But that her blood's too hot, I would carouse it
Around my bridal board!
Zan. And I would pledge thee. [*Aside.*
Alon. But I may talk too fast. Pray, let me think,
And reason mildly. Wedded and undone
Before one night descends! Oh, hasty evil!
What friend to comfort me in my extreme!
Where's Carlos? Why is Carlos absent from me?
Does he know what has happened?
Zan. My good lord!
Alon. O, depth of horror! He!—My bosom friend!
Zan. Alas, compose yourself, my lord.
Alon. To death!
Gaze on her with both eyes so ardently!
Give them the vultures, tear him all in pieces!
Zan. Most excellent! [*Aside.*
Alon. Hark! you can keep a secret.
In yonder arbour, bound with jasmine—
Who's that? What villain's that? Unhand her—
Murder!—
Tear them asunder—Murder—How they grind
My heart betwixt them!—Oh, let go my heart!
Yet let it go——Embracing and embraced!
Oh, pestilence!—Who let him in?—A traitor.
[*Goes to stab Zanga, he prevents him.*
Alas my head turns round, and my limbs fail me!
Zan. My lord!
Alon. Oh, villain, villain, most accurst!
If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed?
Zan. Hear me, my lord, your anger will abate.
I knew it not:—I saw them in the garden;
But saw no more than you might well expect
To see in lovers destined for each other.
By Heaven I thought their meeting innocent.
Who could suspect fair Leonora's virtue,
Till after-proofs conspired to blacken it?
Sad proofs, which came too late, which broke not out,
(Eternal curses on Alvarez' haste!)
Till holy rites had made the wanton yours;
And then, I own, I laboured to conceal it,
In duty and compassion to your peace.
Alon. Live now, be damned hereafter—for I want thee——.
Oh, night of ecstacy!—Ha! was't not so?
I will enjoy this murder.——Let me think——
The jasmine bower—'tis secret and remote:
Go wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.
[*Exit Zanga.*
How the sweet sound still sings within my ear!
When shall we meet again?—To-night, in hell!

As he is going, enter LEONORA.

Ha! I'm surprised! I stagger at her charms!
Oh, angel-devil!——Shall I stab her now?
No—It shall be as I at first determined.
To kill her now, were half my vengeance lost.
Then must I now dissemble——if I can.
Leon. My lord, excuse me; see, a second time
I come in embassy from all your friends,
Whose joys are languid, uninspired by you.
Alon. This moment, Leonora, I was coming
To thee, and all——but sure, or I mistake,
Or thou canst well inspire my friends with joy.
Leon. Why sighs my lord?
Alon. I sighed not, Leonora.
Leon. I thought you did; your sighs are mine, my lord,
And I shall feel them all.
Alon. Dost flatter me?
Leon. If my regards for you are flattery,
Full far indeed I stretched the compliment
In this day's solemn rite.
Alon. What rite?
Leon. You sport me.
Alon. Indeed I do; my heart is full of mirth.
Leon. And so is mine——I look on cheerfulness,
As on the health of virtue.
Alon. Virtue!——Damn——
Leon. What says my lord?
Alon. Thou art exceeding fair.
Leon. Beauty alone is but of little worth;
But when the soul and body of a piece,
Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions,

Heaven's pay on earth for such great souls as yours;——
If fair and innocent, I am your due.
Alon. Innocent! [*Aside.*
Leon. How, my lord! I interrupt you.
Alon. No, my best life! I must not part with thee——
This hand is mine——Oh, what a hand is here!
So soft, souls sink into it, and are lost!
Leon. In tears, my lord?
Alon. What less can speak my joy?
I gaze, and I forget my own existence:
'Tis all a vision—my head swims in heaven!
Wherefore! oh, wherefore this expence of beauty?
And wherefore—Oh!——
Why, I could gaze upon thy looks for ever,
And drink in all my being from thine eyes:
And I could snatch a flaming thunderbolt,
And hurl destruction!——
Leon. How, my lord! what mean you?
Acquaint me with the secret of your heart,
Or cast me out for ever from your love!
Alon. Art thou concerned for me?
Leon. My lord, you fright me.
Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour?
I am ill-used, my lord, I must not bear it.
Why, when I woo your hand, is it denied me?
Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me?
Nay, my good lord, I have a title here,
[*Taking his hand.*
And I will have it. Am not I your wife?
Have not I just authority to know
That heart which I have purchased with my own?
Lay it before me then; it is my due.
Unkind Alonzo! though I might demand it,
Behold I kneel! See, Leonora kneels!
And deigns to be a beggar for her own!
Tell me the secret, I conjure you tell me.
The bride foregoes the homage of her day,
Alvarez' daughter trembles in the dust.
Speak, then, I charge you speak, or I expire,
And load you with my death! My lord, my lord!
Alon. Ha, ha, ha!
[*He breaks from her, and she sinks upon the floor.*
Leon. Are these the joys which fondly I conceived?
And is it thus a wedded life begins?
What did I part with, when I gave my heart;
I knew not that all happiness went with it.
Why did I leave my tender father's wing,
And venture into love! The maid that loves,
Goes out to sea upon a shattered plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety.
Where shall I sigh?—Where pour out my complaints?
He that should hear, should succour, should redress,
He is the source of all.
Alon. Go to thy chamber;
I soon will follow; that which now disturbs thee
Shall be cleared up, and thou shall not condemn me. [*Exit Leon.*
Oh, how like innocence she looks!—What, stab her!
And rush into her blood!——I never can!
In her guilt shines, and nature holds my hand.
How then? Why thus——No more; it is determined.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. I fear his heart has failed him. She must die.
Can I not rouse the snake that's in his bosom,
To sting our human nature, and effect it!
[*Aside.*
Alon. This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
Those skies through which it rolls, must all have end!
What then is man? the smallest part of nothing!
Day buries day, month month, and year the year—
Our life is but a chain of many deaths!
Can, then, death's self be feared? our life much rather.
Life is the desert, life the solitude,
Death joins us to the great majority:
'Tis to be borne to Plato's, and to Cæsars;
'Tis to be great for ever;
'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition then to die.
Zan. I think, my lord, you talked of death.
Alon. I did.
Zan. I give you joy, then Leonora's dead!
Alon. No, Zanga, the greatest guilt is mine,
'Tis mine, who might have marked his midnight visit;
Who might have marked his tameness to resign her;
Who might have marked her sudden turn of love:
These, and a thousand tokens more; and yet
(For which the saints absolve my soul!) did wed.
Zan. Where does this tend?
Alon. To shed a woman's blood
Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious;
But just resentment to myself bears in it
A stamp of greatness above vulgar minds.
He, who, superior to the checks of nature,
Dares make his life the victim of his reason,
Does, in some sort, that reason deify,
And take a flight at Heaven.
Zan. Alas, my lord,
'Tis not your reason, but her beauty finds
Those arguments, and throws you on your sword.
You cannot close an eye that is so bright;
You cannot strike a breast that is so soft,
That has ten thousand ecstacies in store
For Carlos——No, my lord, I mean for you.
Alon. Oh, through my heart and marrow! Prithee spare me;
Nor more upbraid the weakness of thy lord,
I own, I tried, I quarrelled with my heart,

And pushed it on, and bid it give her death;
But, oh, her eyes struck first, and murdered me!
Zan. I know not what to answer to my lord.
Men are but men; we did not make ourselves.
Farewell, then, my best lord, since you must die.
Oh, that I were to share your monument,
And in eternal darkness close these eyes
Against those scenes which I am doomed to suffer!
Alon. What dost thou mean?
Zan. And is it then unknown?
Oh, grief of heart to think that you should ask it!
Sure you distrust that ardent love I bear you,
Else could you doubt when you are laid in dust—
But it will cut my poor heart through and through,
To see those revel on your sacred tomb,
Who brought you thither by their lawless loves.
For there they'll revel, and exult to find
Him sleep so fast, who else might mar their joys.
Alon. Distraction!——But Don Carlos, well thou know'st,
Is sheathed in steel, and bent on other thoughts.
Zan. I'll work him to the murder of his friend. [*Aside.*
Yes, tell the fever of his blood returns,
While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek.
But when he finds Alonzo is no more,
How will he rush like lightning to her arms!
There sigh, there languish, there pour out his soul;
But not in grief——sad obsequies to thee!——
But thou wilt be at peace, nor see, nor hear
The burning kiss, the sigh of ecstacy,
Their throbbing hearts that jostle one another:
Thank Heaven, these torments will be all my own.
Alon. I'll ease thee of that pain. Let Carlos die!
O'ertake him on the road, and see it done.
'Tis my command. [*Gives his signet.*
Zan. I dare not disobey.
Alon. My Zanga, now I have thy leave to die.
Zan. Ah, sir! think, think again. Are all men buried
In Carlos' grave! You know not womankind.
When once the throbbing of the heart has broke
The modest zone with which it first was tied,
Each man she meets will be a Carlos to her.
Alon. That thought has more of hell than had the former.
Another, and another, and another!
And each shall cast a smile upon my tomb!
I am convinced; I must not, will not die.
Zan. You cannot die; nor can you murder her.
What then remains? In nature no third way,
But to forget, and so to love again.
Alon. Oh!
Zan. If you forgive, the world will call you good;
If you forget, the world will call you wise;
If you receive her to your grace again,
The world will call you—very, very kind.
Alon. Zanga, I understand thee well. She dies,
Though my arm trembles at the stroke, she dies.
Zan. That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
But doing right in stern despite to nature,
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, august, and godlike justice called?
At Aulis, one poured out a daughter's life,
And gained more glory than by all his wars;
Another slew his sister in just rage;
A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son.
Nay, more, for justice some devote themselves,
As he at Carthage, an immortal name!
Yet there is one step left above them all,
Above their history, above their fable,
A wife, bride, mistress, unenjoyed——do that,
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.
Alon. 'Tis done!——Again new transports fire my brain:
I had forgot it, 'tis my bridal night.
Friend, give me joy, we must be gay together;
See that the festival be duly honoured.
And when with garlands the full bowl is crowned,
And music gives the elevating sound,
And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,
And a new day the blazing tapers pour;
Thou, Zanga, thou my solemn friends invite,
From the dark realms of everlasting night;
Call Vengeance, call the furies, call Despair,
And Death, our chief invited guest, be there;
He, with pale hand, shall lead the bride, and spread
Eternal curtains round our nuptial bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Oh, pitiful! Oh, terrible to sight!
Poor mangled shade! all covered o'er with wounds.
And so disguised with blood!——Who murdered thee?
Tell thy sad tale, and thou shalt be revenged.
Ha! Carlos?—Horror! Carlos?—Oh, away!
Go to the grave, or let me sink to mine.
I cannot bear the sight—What sight?—Where am I?
There's nothing here—If this was fancy's work,
She draws a picture strongly.——

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Ha!——you're pale.
Alon. Is Carlos murdered?

Zan. I obeyed your order.
Six ruffians overtook him on the road;
He fought as he was wont, and four he slew.
Then sunk beneath an hundred wounds to death.
His last breath blest Alonzo, and desired
His bones might rest near yours.
Alon. Oh, Zanga! Zanga!
But I'll not think: for I must act, and thinking
Would ruin me for action. Oh, the medley
Of right and wrong! the chaos of my brain!
He should, and should not die—You should obey,
And not obey——It is a day of darkness,
Of contradictions, and of many deaths.
Where's Leonora, then? Quick, answer me:
I'm deep in horrors, I'll be deeper still.
I find thy artifice did take effect,
And she forgives my late deportment to her.
Zan. I told her, from your childhood you was wont,
On any great surprise, but chiefly then
When cause of sorrow bore it company,
To have your passions shake the seat of reason;
A momentary ill, which soon blew o'er.
Then did I tell her of Don Carlos' death,
(Wisely suppressing by what means he fell)
And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted;
But such the honest artifice I used,
And such her ardent wish it should be true,
That she, at length, was fully satisfied.
Alon. 'Twas well she was. In our late interview,
My passion so far threw me from my guard,
(Methinks 'tis strange) that, conscious of her guilt,
She saw not, through its thin disguise, my heart.
Zan. But what design you, sir, and how?
Alon. I'll tell thee.
Thus I've ordained it. In the jasmine bower,
The place which she dishonoured with her guilt,
There will I meet her; the appointment's made;
And calmly spread (for I can do it now)
The blackness of her crime before her sight,
And then, with all the cool solemnity
Of public justice, give her to the grave. [*Exit.*
Zan. Why, get thee gone! horror and night go with thee.
Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand;
Go dance around the bower, and close them in;
And tell them that I sent you to salute them.
Profane the ground, and for th' ambrosial rose,
And breath of jasmine, let hemlock blacken,
And deadly nightshade poison all the air.
For the sweet nightingale may ravens croak,
Toads pant, and adders rustle through the leaves;
May serpents, winding up the trees, let fall
Their hissing necks upon them from above,
And mingle kisses—such as I could give them.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The bower.*

LEONORA *sleeping.* *Enter* ALONZO.

Alon. Ye amaranths! ye roses, like the morn!
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!
Why do you smile? Why do you look so fair?
Are ye not blasted as I enter in?
Yes, see how every flower lets fall its head!
How shudders every leaf without a wind!
How every green is as the ivy pale!
Did ever midnight ghosts assemble here?
Have these sweet echoes ever learned to groan?
Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bower!
Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receivest
A——murderer! Oh, I shall stain thy lilies,
And horror will usurp the seat of bliss.
So Lucifer broke into paradise,
And soon damnation followed. [*He advances.*]
Ha! she sleeps———
The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.
Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze.
Oh, what a sight is here! how dreadful fair!
Who would not think that being innocent?
Where shall I strike? Who strikes her, strikes himself.
My own life-blood will issue at her wound.
Oh, my distracted heart!—Oh, cruel Heaven!
To give such charms as these, and then call man,
Mere man, to be your executioner.
Was it because it was too hard for you?
But see, she smiles! I never shall smile more.
It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss.
[*Going, he starts back.*
Ha! smile again. She dreams of him she loves.
Curse on her charms! I'll stab her through them all. [*As he is going to strike, she wakes.*
Leon. My lord, your stay was long, and yonder lull
Of falling waters tempted me to rest,
Dispirited with noon's excessive heat.
Alon. Ye powers! with what an eye she mends the day!
While they were closed, I should have given the blow. [*Aside.*
Oh, for a last embrace! and then for justice:
Thus, Heaven and I shall both be satisfied.
Leon. What says my lord!
Alon. Why this Alonzo says;
If love were endless, men were gods; 'tis that
Does counterbalance travel, danger, pain——
'Tis Heaven's expedient to make mortals bear
The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.
Leon. Alas, my lord! why talk you of the grave?
Your friend is dead: in friendship you sustain
A mighty loss; repair it with my love.
Alon. Thy love, thou piece of witchcraft! I would say,
Thou brightest angel! I could gaze for ever.
Where hadst thou this, enchantress, tell me where,
Which, with a touch, works miracles, boils up
My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain?
Even now thou swim'st before me. I shall lose thee———
No, I will make thee sure, and clasp thee all.
Who turned this slender waist with so much art,

And shut perfection in so small a ring?
Who spread that pure expanse of white above,
On which the dazzled sight can find no rest,
But, drunk with beauty, wanders up and down
For ever, and for ever finds new charms?
But oh, those eyes! those murderers! Oh, whence,
Whence didst thou steal their burning orbs? From heaven?
Thou didst; and 'tis religion to adore them.
Leon. My best Alonzo, moderate your thoughts;
Extremes still fright me, though of love itself.
Alon. Extremes indeed! it hurried me away;
But I come home again—and now for justice—
And now for death—It is impossible——
Sure such were made by Heaven guiltless to sin,
Or in their guilt to laugh at punishment. [*Aside.*
I leave her to just Heaven.
[*Drops the dagger, and goes off.*
Leon. Ha, a dagger!
What dost thou say, thou minister of death?
What dreadful tale dost tell me?——Let me think—

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. Death to my towering hopes! Oh, fall from high!
My close, long-laboured scheme at once is blasted.
That dagger, found, will cause her to enquire;
Enquiry will discover all; my hopes
Of vengeance perish; I myself am lost——
Curse on the coward's heart! wither his hand,
Which held the steel in vain!—What can be done?—
Where can I fix?—That's something still—'twill breed
Fell rage and bitterness betwixt their souls,
Which may, perchance, grow up to greater evil:
If not, 'tis all I can—It shall be so— [*Aside.*
Leon. Oh, Zanga, I am sinking in my fears!
Alonzo dropped this dagger as he left me,
And left me in a strange disorder too.
What can this mean? Angels preserve his life!
Zan. Yours, madam, yours.
Leon. What, Zanga, dost thou say?
Zan. Carry you goodness, then, to such extremes,
So blinded to the faults of him you love,
That you perceive not he is jealous?
Leon. Heavens!
And yet a thousand things recur that swear it.
What villain could inspire him with that thought?
It is not of the growth of his own nature.
Zan. Some villain, who, hell knows; but he is jealous;
And 'tis most fit a heart so pure as yours
Do itself justice, and assert its honour,
And make him conscious of its stab to virtue.
Leon. Jealous! it sickens at my heart. Unkind,
Ungenerous, groundless, weak, and insolent!
Why, wherefore, and what shadow of occasion?
'Tis fascination, 'tis the wrath of Heaven
For the collected crimes of all his race.
Oh, how the great man lessens to my thought!
How could so mean a vice as jealousy,
Unnatural child of ignorance and guilt,
Which tears and feeds upon its parent's heart,
Live in a throng of such exalted virtues?
I scorn and hate, yet love him and adore.
I cannot, will not, dare not think it true,
Till from himself I know it. [*Exit.*
Zan. This succeeds
Just to my wish. Now she, with violence,
Upbraids him; he, well knowing she is guilty,
Rages no less; and if, on either side,
The waves run high, there still live hopes of ruin.

Enter ALONZO.

My lord——
Alon. Oh, Zanga, hold thy peace! I am no coward;
But Heaven itself did hold my hand; I felt it,
By the well-being of my soul, I did.
I'll think of vengeance at another season.
Zan. My lord, her guilt——
Alon. Perdition on thee, Moor,
For that one word! Ah, do not rouse that thought!
I have o'erwhelmed it as much as possible:
Away, then, let us talk of other things.
I tell thee, Moor, I love her to distraction.
If 'tis my shame, why, be it so—I love her;
Nor can I help it; 'tis imposed upon me
By some superior and resistless power.
I could not hurt her to be lord of earth;
It shocks my nature like a stroke from Heaven.
Angels defend her, as if innocent.
But see, my Leonora comes—Begone.
[*Exit Zanga.*

Enter LEONORA.

Oh, seen for ever, yet for ever new!
The conquered thou dost conquer o'er again,
Inflicting wound on wound.
Leon. Alas, my lord!
What need of this to me?
Alon. Ha! dost thou weep?
Leon. Have I no cause?
Alon. If love is thy concern,
Thou hast no cause: none ever loved like me.
But wherefore this? Is it to break my heart,
Which loses so much blood for every tear?
Leon. Is it so tender?
Alon. Is it not? Oh, Heaven!
Doubt of my love! Why, I am nothing else;
It quite absorbs my every other passion.
Oh, that this one embrace would last for ever!
Leon. Could this man ever mean to wrong my virtue?
Could this man e'er design upon my life?
Impossible! I throw away the thought. [*Aside.*
These tears declare how much I taste the joy

Of being folded in your arms and heart;
My universe does lie within that space.
This dagger bore false witness.
Alon. Ha, my dagger!
It rouses horrid images. Away,
Away with it, and let us talk of love,
Plunge ourselves deep into the sweet illusion,
And hide us there from every other thought.
Leon. It touches you.
Alon. Let's talk of love.
Leon. Of death!
Alon. As thou lov'st happiness——
Leon. Of murder!
Alon. Rash,
Rash woman! yet forbear.
Leon. Approve my wrongs!
Alon. Then must I fly, for thy sake and my own.
Leon. Nay, by my injuries, you first must hear me:
Stab me, then think it much to hear my groan!
Alon. Heaven strike me deaf!
Leon. It well may sting you home.
Alon. Alas, thou quite mistak'st my cause of pain!
Yet, yet dismiss me; I am all in flames.
Leon. Who has most cause, you or myself? What act
Of my whole life encouraged you to this?
Or of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?
You find me kind, and think me kind to all;
The weak, ungenerous error of your sex.
What could inspire the thought? We oftenest judge
Fom our own hearts; and is yours then so frail,
It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me?
He that can stoop to harbour such a thought,
Deserves to find it true. [*Holding him.*
Alon. Oh, sex, sex, sex! [*Turning on her.*
The language of you all. Ill-fated woman!
Why hast thou forced me back into the gulf
Of agonies I had blocked up from thought?
I know the cause; thou saw'st me impotent
Ere while to hurt thee, therefore thou turn'st on me;
But, by the pangs I suffer, to thy woe:
For, since thou hast replunged me in my torture,
I will be satisfied.
Leon. Be satisfied!
Alon. Yes, thy own mouth shall witness it against thee.
I will be satified.
Leon. Of what?
Alon. Of what!
How dar'st thou ask that question? Woman, woman,
Weak and assured at once! thus 'tis for ever.
Who told thee that thy virtue was suspected?
Who told thee I designed upon thy life?
You found the dagger; but that could not speak:
Nor did I tell thee; who did tell thee, then?
Guilt, conscious guilt!
Leon. This to my face! Oh, Heaven!
Alon. This to thy very soul.
Leon. Thou art not in earnest?
Alon. Serious as death.
Leon. Then Heaven have mercy on thee.
Till now, I struggled not to think it true;
I sought conviction, and would not believe it.
And dost thou force me? This shall not be borne;
Thou shalt repent this insult. [*Going.*
Alon. Madam, stay.
Your passion's wise; 'tis a disguise for guilt:
'Tis my turn now to fix you here awhile;
You and your thousand arts shall not escape me.
Leon. Arts!
Alon. Arts. Confess; for death is in my hand.
Leon. 'Tis in your words.
Alon. Confess, confess, confess!
Nor tear my veins with passion to compel thee.
Leon. I scorn to answer thee, presumptuous man!
Alon. Deny, then, and incur a fouler shame.
Where did I find this picture?
Leon. Ha, Don Carlos!
By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.
Alon. I know it; but is vice so very rank,
That thou shouldst dare to dash it in my face?
Nature is sick of thee, abandoned woman!
Leon. Repent.
Alon. Is that for me?
Leon. Fall, ask my pardon.
Alon. Astonishment!
Leon. Dar'st thou persist to think I am dishonest?
Alon. I know thee so.
Leon. This blow, then, to thy heart——
[*She stabs herself, he endeavours to prevent her.*
Alon. Hoa, Zanga! Isabella! hoa! she bleeds!
Descend, ye blessed angels, to assist her!
Leon. This is the only way I would wound thee,
Though most injust. Now think me guilty still.

Enter ISABELLA.

Alon. Bear her to instant help! The world to save her!
Leon. Unhappy man! well mayst thou gaze and tremble:
But fix thy terror and amazement right;
Not on my blood, but on thy own distraction.
What hast thou done! Whom censured?—Leonora!
When thou hast censured, thou wouldst save her life;
Oh, inconsistent! Should I live in shame,
Or stoop to any other means but this
To assert my virtue? No; she who disputes
Admits it possible she might be guilty.
While aught but truth could be my inducement to it,

While it might look like an excuse to thee,
I scorned to vindicate my innocence;
But now, I let thy rashness know, the wound,
Which least I feel, is that my dagger made.
[*Isabella leads out Leonora.*
Alon. Ha! was this woman guilty?—And if not—
How my thoughts darken that way! Grant, kind Heaven,
That she prove guilty, or my being end!
Is that my hope, then?—Sure the sacred dust
Of her that bore me trembles in its urn.
Is it in man the sore distress to bear,
When hope itself is blackened to despair,
When all the bliss I pant for, is to gain,
In hell, a refuge from severer pain? [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter ZANGA.

Zan. How stands the great account 'twixt me and vengeance?
Though much is paid, yet still it owes me much,
And I will not abate a single groan——
Ha! that were well—but that were fatal too—
Why, be it so——Revenge, so truly great,
Would come too cheap, if bought with less than life.
Come, death, come, hell, then! 'tis resolved, 'tis done.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Ah, Zanga, see me tremble! Has not yet
Thy cruel heart its fill? Poor Leonora——
Zan. Welters in blood, and gasps for her last breath.
What then? We all must die.
Isa. Alonzo raves,
And, in the tempest of his grief, has thrice
Attempted on his life. At length disarmed,
He calls his friends that save him his worst foes,
And importunes the skies for swift perdition.
Thus in his storm of sorrow. After a pause,
He started up, and called aloud for Zanga,
For Zanga raved; and see, he seeks you here,
To learn the truth which most he dreads to know.
Zan. Begone. Now, now, my soul, consummate all! [*Exit Isab.*

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Oh Zanga!
Zan. Do not tremble so; but speak.
Alon. I dare not. [*Falls on him.*
Zan. You will drown me with your tears.
Alon. Have I not cause?
Zan. As yet you have no cause.
Alon. Dost thou too rave?
Zan. Your anguish is to come:
You much have been abused.
Alon. Abused! by whom?
Zan. To know were little comfort.
Alon. Oh, 'twere much!
Zan. Indeed!
Alon. By Heaven! Oh, give him to my fury!
Zan. Born for your use, I live but to oblige you.
Know, then, 'twas—I.
Alon. Am I awake?
Zan. For ever.
Thy wife is guiltless—that's one transport to me;
And I, I let thee know it—that's another.
I urged Don Carlos to resign his mistress,
I forged the letter, I disposed the picture;
I hated, I despised, and I destroy!
Alon. Oh! [*Swoons.*
Zan. Why, this is well—why, this is blow for blow!
Where are you? Crown me, shadow me with laurels,
Ye spirits who delight in just revenge!
Let Europe and her pallid sons go weep;
Let Afric and her hundred thrones rejoice:
Oh, my dear countrymen, look down, and see
How I bestride your prostrate conqueror!
I tread on haughty Spain, and all her kings.
But this is mercy, this is my indulgence;
'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from my indignation.
I must awake him into horrors. Hoa!
Alonzo, hoa! the Moor is at the gate!
Awake, invincible, omnipotent!
Thou who dost all subdue!
Alon. Inhuman slave!
Zan. Fallen Christian, thou mistakest my character.
Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou sayst,
The Moor, a slave, an abject, beaten slave:
(Eternal woes to him that made me so!)
But look again. Has six years cruel bondage
Extinguished majesty so far, that nought
Shines here to give an awe of one above thee?
When the great Moorish king, Abdallah, fell—
Fell by thy hand accurs'd—I fought fast by him,
His son, though, through his fondness, in disguise,
Less to expose me to the ambitious foe.——
Ha! does it wake thee?——O'er my father's corse,
I stood astride, till I had clove thy crest;
And then was made the captive of a squadron,
And sunk into thy servant——But Oh! what,
What were my wages? Hear nor Heaven nor earth!
My wages were a blow! by Heaven, a blow!
And from a mortal hand!
Alon. Oh villain, villain!
Zan. All strife is vain. [*Shewing a dagger.*
Alon. Is thus my love returned?
Is this my recompence? Make friends of tigers!
Lay not your young, Oh mothers! on the breast,
For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,
And pay you for their nourishment with death!—
Carlos is dead, and Leonora dying!
Both innocent! both murdered! both by me!
That heavenly maid, who should have lived for ever,

At least have gently slept her soul away;
Whose life should have shut up, as evening flowers
At the departing sun—was murdered! murdered!
Oh shame! Oh guilt! Oh horror! Oh remorse!
Oh punishment! Had Satan never fell,
Hell had been made for me.——Oh Leonora!

Zan. Must I despise thee, too, as well as hate thee?

Complain of grief—complain thou art a man.—
Priam from Fortune's lofty summit fell;
Great Alexander 'midst his conquests mourned;
Heroes and demi-gods have known their sorrows;
Cæsars have wept; and I have had my blow:
But 'tis revenged, and now my work is done.
Yet ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance
To make thee to confess that I am just.—
Thou see'st a prince, whose father thou hast slain;
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood;
Whose sacred person (Oh!) thou hast profaned,
Whose reign extinguished. What was left to me,
So highly born? No kingdom, but revenge!
No treasure, but thy tortures and thy groans.
If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,
Tell them, the Moor, and they will not despise thee.
If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue. Fare thee well—
Now, fully satisfied, I should take leave:
But one thing grieves me, since thy death is near,
I leave thee my example how to die.

As he is going to stab himself, Alonzo rushes upon him to prevent him. In the mean time, enter Don ALVAREZ, *attended. They disarm and seize Zanga. Alonzo puts the dagger in his bosom.*

Alon. No, monster, thou shalt not escape by death.
Oh, father!

Alv. Oh, Alonzo!—Isabella,
Touched with remorse to see her mistress' pangs,
Told all the dreadful tale.

Alon. What groan was that?

Zan. As I have been a vulture to thy heart,
So will I be a raven to thine ear,
As true as ever snuffed the scent of blood,
As ever flapped its heavy wing against
The window of the sick, and croaked despair.
Thy wife is dead.

[*Alvarez goes to the side of the stage, and returns.*

Alv. The dreadful news is true.

Alon. Prepare the rack; invent new torments for him.

Zan. This too is well. The fixed and noble mind
Turns all occurrents to its own advantage;
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.
Were I not thus reduced, thou wouldst not know,
That, thus reduced, I dare defy thee still.
Torture thou may'st, but thou shalt ne'er despise me.
The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain.
But these are foreign to the soul: not mine
The groans that issue, or the tears that fall;
They disobey me; on the rack I scorn thee,
As when my faulchion clove thy helm in battle.

Alv. Peace, villain!

Zan. While I live, old man, I'll speak:
And well I know thou dar'st not kill me yet;
For that would rob thy blood-hounds of their prey.

Alon. Who called Alonzo?

Alv. No one called, my son.

Alon. Again!——'Tis Carlos' voice, and I obey.—
Oh, how I laugh at all that this can do!
[*Shewing the dagger.*
The wounds that pained, the wounds that murdered me,
Were given before; I am already dead;
This only marks my body for the grave.
[*Stabs himself.*
Afric, thou art revenged.—Oh, Leonora! [*Dies.*

Zan. Good ruffians, give me leave; my blood is yours,
The wheel's prepared, and you shall have it all.
Let me but look one moment on the dead,
And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.
[*He goes to Alonzo's body.*
Is this Alonzo? Where's the haughty mein?
Is that the hand which smote me? Heavens, how pale!
And art thou dead? So is my enmity.
I war not with the dust. The great, the proud,
The conqueror of Afric was my foe.
A lion preys not upon carcases.
This was thy only method to subdue me.
Terror and doubt fall on me: all thy good
Now blazes, all thy guilt is in the grave.
Never had man such funeral applause:
If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great.
Oh, vengeance, I have followed thee too far,
And, to receive me, hell blows all her fires!
[*He is borne off.*

Alv. Dreadful effects of jealousy! a rage
In which the wise with caution will engage;
Reluctant long, and tardy to believe,
Where, swayed by nature, we ourselves deceive,
Where our own folly joins the villain's art,
And each man finds a Zanga in his heart.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

GEORGE BARNWELL.

BY

LILLO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.	WOMEN.
THOROWGOOD, *a merchant.*	MARIA, *daughter to Thorowgood.*
BARNWELL, *uncle to George.*	MILLWOOD, *mistress to Barnwell.*
GEORGE BARNWELL.	LUCY, *Millwood's maid.*
TRUEMAN, *friend to Barnwell.*	*Officers, with their Attendants, Keeper, and Footman.*
BLUNT.	

Scene,—London, and an adjacent village.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room in Thorowgood's house.*

Enter THOROWGOOD *and* TRUEMAN.

True. SIR, the packet from Genoa is arrived. [*Gives letters.*

Thor. Heaven be praised! The storm that threatened our royal mistress, pure religion, liberty, and laws, is, for a time, diverted. The haughty and revengeful Spaniard, disappointed of the loan on which he depended from Genoa, must now attend the slow returns of wealth from his new world, to supply his empty coffers, ere he can execute his proposed invasion of our happy island. By this means, time is gained to make such preparations, on our part, as may, Heaven concurring, prevent his malice, or turn the meditated mischief on himself.

True. He must be insensible, indeed, who is not affected when the safety of his country is concerned. Sir, may I know by what means?—— If I am not too bold——

Thor. Your curiosity is laudable; and I gratify it with the greater pleasure, because from thence you may learn, how honest merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the safety of their country, as they do at all times to its happiness; that if hereafter you should be tempted to any action that has the appearance of vice or meanness in it, upon reflecting on the dignity of our profession, you may, with honest scorn, reject whatever is unworthy of it.

True. Should Barnwell, or I, who have the benefit of your example, by our ill conduct, bring any imputation on that honourable name, we must be left without excuse.

Thor. You compliment, young man. [*Trueman bows respectfully.*] Nay, I am not offended. As the name of merchant never degrades the gentleman, so, by no means does it exclude him; only take heed not to purchase the character of complaisant at the expence of your sincerity.—But, to answer your question: The bank of Genoa had agreed, at an excessive interest, and on good security, to advance the king of Spain a sum of money sufficient to equip his vast Armada; of which our peerless Elizabeth (more than in name the mother of her people) being well informed, sent Walsingham, her wise and faithful secretary,

to consult the merchants of this loyal city; who all agreed to direct their several agents to influence, if possible, the Genoese to break their contract with the Spanish court. It is done: the state and bank of Genoa having maturely weighed, and rightly judged of their true interest, prefer the friendship of the merchants of London to that of the monarch, who proudly stiles himself king of both Indies.

True. Happy success of prudent counsels! What an expence of blood and treasure is here saved! Excellent queen! O how unlike those princes, who make the danger of foreign enemies a pretence to oppress their subjects by taxes great, and grievous to be borne!

Thor. Not so our gracious queen! whose richest exchequer is her people's love, as their happiness her greatest glory.

True. On these terms to defend us, is to make our protection a benefit worthy her who confers it, and well worth our acceptance. Sir, have you any commands for me at this time?

Thor. Only look carefully over the files, to see whether there are any tradesmen's bills unpaid; if there are, send and discharge them. We must not let artificers lose their time, so useful to the public and their families, in unnecessary attendance. [*Exit Trueman.*

Enter MARIA.

Well, Maria, have you given orders for the entertainment? I would have it in some measure worthy the guests. Let there be plenty, and of the best, that the courtiers may at least commend our hospitality.

Mar. Sir, I have endeavoured not to wrong your well-known generosity by an ill-timed parsimony.

Thor. Nay, it was a needless caution: I have no cause to doubt your prudence.

Mar. Sir, I find myself unfit for conversation; I should but increase the number of the company, without adding to their satisfaction.

Thor. Nay, my child, this melancholy must not be indulged.

Mar. Company will but increase it: I wish you would dispense with my absence. Solitude best suits my present temper.

Thor. You are not insensible, that it is chiefly on your account these noble lords do me the honour so frequently to grace my board. Should you be absent, the disappointment may make them repent of their condescension, and think their labour lost.

Mar. He that shall think his time or honour lost in visiting you, can set no real value on your daughter's company, whose only merit is, that she is yours. The man of quality, who chooses to converse with a gentleman and merchant of your worth and character, may confer honour by so doing, but he loses none.

Thor. Come, come, Maria, I need not tell you, that a young gentleman may prefer your conversation to mine, and yet intend me no disrepect at all; for though he may lose no honour in my company, it is very natural for him to expect more pleasure in yours. I remember the time when the company of the greatest and wisest men in the kingdom would have been insipid and tiresome to me, if it had deprived me of an opportunity of enjoying your mother's.

Mar. Yours, no doubt, was as agreeable to her; for generous minds know no pleasure in society but where it is mutual.

Thor. Thou knowest I have no heir, no child, but thee; the fruits of many years successful industry must all be thine. Now, it would give me pleasure, great as my love, to see on whom you will bestow it. I am daily solicited, by men of the greatest rank and merit, for leave to address you: but I have hitherto declined it, in hopes that, by observation, I should learn which way your inclinations tend; for, as I know love to be essential to the married state, I had rather my approbation should confirm your choice, than direct it.

Mar. What can I say? How shall I answer, as I ought, this tenderness, so uncommon even in the best of parents? But you are without example; yet, had you been less indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the crowd of courtiers that visit here, with equal esteem, but equal indifference, you have observed, and I must needs confess; yet, had you asserted your authority, and insisted on a parent's right to be obeyed, I had submitted, and to my duty sacrificed my peace.

Thor. From your perfect obedience, in every other instance, I feared as much; and therefore would leave you, without a bias, in an affair wherein your happiness is so immediately concerned.

Mar. Whether from a want of that just ambition that would become your daughter, or from some other cause, I know not; but I find high birth and titles don't recommend the man, who owns them, to my affections.

Thor. I would not that they should, unless his merit recommends him more. A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light.

Mar. I cannot answer for my inclinations; but they shall ever be submitted to your wisdom and authority. And as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, love shall never make me act contrary to my duty. Sir, have I your permission to retire?

Thor. I'll see you to your chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Millwood's House.*

Enter MILLWOOD *and* LUCY.

Mill. How do I look to-day, Lucy?

Lucy. Oh, killingly, madam! A little more red, and you'll be irresistible.——But why this more than ordinary care of your dress and complexion? What new conquest are you aiming at?

Mill. A conquest would be new indeed.

Lucy. Not to you, who make them every day ——but to me——Well, it is what I am never to expect—unfortunate as I am——But your wit and beauty———

Mill. First made me a wretch, and still continue me so. Men, however generous or sincere to one another, are all selfish hypocrites in their affairs with us; we are no otherwise esteemed or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their satisfaction.

Lucy. You are certainly, madam, on the wrong side in this argument. Is not the expence all theirs? And, I am sure, it is our own fault if we have not our share of the pleasure.

Mill. We are but slaves to men.

Lucy. Nay, it is they that are slaves, most certainly; for we lay them under contribution,

Mill. Slaves have no property; no, not even in themselves: all is the victor's.

Lucy. You are strangely arbitrary in your principles, madam.

Mill. I would have my conquest complete, like those of the Spaniards in the new world; who first plundered the natives of all the wealth they had, and then condemned the wretches to the mines for life, to work for more.

Lucy. Well, I shall never approve of your scheme of government; I should think it much more politic, as well as just, to find my subjects an easier employment.

Mill. It is a general maxim among the knowing part of mankind, that a woman without virtue, like a man without honour or honesty, is capable of any action, though never so vile: and yet what pains will they not take, what arts not use, to seduce us from our innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own opinion? Then, is it not just, the villains, to their cost, should find us so? But guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their guard; therefore we can take advantage only of the young and innocent part of the sex, who, having never injured women, apprehend no injury from them.

Lucy. Ay, they must be young indeed.

Mill. Such a one, I think, I have found. As I have passed through the city, I have often observed him receiving and paying considerable sums of money; from thence I conclude, that he is employed in affairs of consequence.

Lucy. Is he handsome?

Mill. Ay, ay, the stripling is well made, and has a good face.

Lucy. About———

Mill. Eighteen.

Lucy. Innocent, handsome, and about eighteen!—You will be vastly happy. Why, if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three years!

Mill. If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner. Having long had a design on him, and meeting him yesterday, I made a full stop, and, gazing wishfully in his face, asked his name. He blushed, and, bowing very low, answered, George Barnwell. I begged his pardon for the freedom I had taken, and told him, that he was the person I had long wished to see, and to whom I had an affair of importance to communicate at a proper time and place. He named a tavern; I talked of honour and reputation, and invited him to my house. He swallowed the bait, promised to come, and this is the time I expect him. [*Knocking at the door.*] Somebody knocks——D'ye hear; I am at home to nobody to-day but him. [*Exit Lucy.*] Less affairs must give way to those of more consequence; and I am strangely mistaken if this does not prove of great importance to me, and him too, before I have done with him. Now, after what manner shall I receive him? Let me consider———What manner of person am I to receive? He is young, innocent, and bashful; therefore I must take care not to put him out of countenance at first. But then, if I have any skill in physiognomy, he is amorous; and, with a little assistance, will soon get the better of his modesty. I will even trust to nature, who does wonders in these matters. If to seem what one is not, in order to be the better liked for what one really is; if to speak one thing, and mean the direct contrary, be art in a woman—I know nothing of nature.

Enter BARNWELL, *bowing very low.* LUCY *at a distance.*

Mill. Sir, the surprise and joy——

Barn. Madam!

Mill. This is such a favour—— [*Advancing.*

Barn. Pardon me, madam.

Mill. So unhoped for! [*Still advances.*

[*Barnwell salutes her, and retires as in confusion.*

To see you here——Excuse the confusion——

Barn. I fear I am too bold———

Mill. Alas, sir, I may justly apprehend you think me so. Please, sir, to sit. I am as much at a loss how to receive this honour as I ought, as I am surprised at your goodness in conferring it.

Barn. I thought you had expected me; I promised to come.

Mill. That is the more surprising; few men are such religious observers of their word.

Barn. All who are honest are.

Mill. To one another; but we simple women are seldom thought of consequence enough to gain a place in their remembrance.

[*Laying her hand on his, as by accident.*

Barn. Her disorder is so great, she don't perceive she has laid her hand on mine. Heavens! How she trembles!—What can this mean?

[*Aside.*

Mill. The interest I have in all that relates to you (the reason of which you shall know hereafter) excites my curiosity; and, were I sure you would pardon my presumption, I should desire to know your real sentiments on a very particular subject.

Barn. Madam, you may command my poor thoughts on any subject. I have none that I would conceal.

Mill. You will think me bold.

Barn. No, indeed.

Mill. What, then, are your thoughts of love?

Barn. If you mean the love of women, I have not thought of it at all. My youth and circumstances make such thoughts improper in me yet. But if you mean the general love we owe to mankind, I think no one has more of it in his temper than myself. I do not know that person in the world, whose happiness I do not wish, and would not promote, were it in my power. In an especial manner I love my uncle, and my master; but above all, my friend.

Mill. You have a friend, then, whom you love?

Barn. As he does me, sincerely.

Mill. He is, no doubt, often blessed with your company and conversation?

Barn. We live in one house, and both serve the same worthy merchant.

Mill. Happy, happy youth! Whoever thou art, I envy thee, and so must all, who see and know this youth. What have I lost, by being formed a woman! I hate my sex, myself. Had I been a man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy in your friendship, as he who now enjoys it is: but as it is——Oh!——

Barn. I never observed woman before; or this is, sure, the most beautiful of her sex. [*Aside.*] You seem disordered, madam—May I know the cause?

Mill. Do not ask me—I can never speak it, whatever is the cause. I wish for things impossible. I would be a servant, bound to the same master, to live in one house with you.

Barn. How strange, and yet how kind, her words and actions are! And the effect they have on me is as strange. I feel desires I never knew before. I must be gone, while I have power to go. [*Aside.*] Madam, I humbly take my leave.

Mill. You will not, sure, leave me so soon!

Barn. Indeed I must.

Mill. You cannot be so cruel! I have prepared a poor supper, at which I promised myself your company.

Barn. I am sorry I must refuse the honour you designed me: but my duty to my master calls me hence. I never yet neglected his service. He is so gentle, and so good a master, that, should I wrong him, though he might forgive me, I should never forgive myself.

Mill. Am I refused, by the first man, the second favour I ever stooped to ask? Go then, thou proud hard-hearted youth; but know, you are the only man that could be found, who would let me sue twice for greater favours.

Barn. What shall I do? How shall I go, or stay?

Mill. Yet do not, do not leave me. I with my sex's pride would meet your scorn; but when I look upon you, when I behold those eyes—Oh! spare my tongue, and let my blushes—this flood of tears too, that will force its way, declare—what woman's modesty should hide.

Barn. Oh, heavens! she loves me, worthless as I am. Her looks, her words, her flowing tears confess it. And can I leave her then? Oh, never, never! Madam, dry up your tears: you shall command me always; I will stay here for ever, if you would have me.

Lucy. So: she has wheedled him out of his virtue of obedience already, and will strip him of all the rest, one after another, till she has left him as few as her ladyship, or myself. [*Aside.*

Mill. Now you are kind, indeed: but I mean not to detain you always: I would have you shake off all slavish obedience to your master; but you may serve him still.

Lucy. Serve him still! Ay, or he'll have no opportunity of fingering his cash; and then he'll not serve your end, I'll be sworn. [*Aside.*

Enter BLUNT.

Blunt. Madam, supper's on the table.

Mill. Come, sir, you'll excuse all defects. My thoughts were too much employed on my guest to observe the entertainment.

[*Exeunt Barnwell and Millwood.*

Blunt. What! is all this preparation, this elegant supper, variety of wines, and music, for the entertainment of that young fellow?

Lucy. So it seems.

Blunt. How! is our mistress turned fool at last?
She's in love with him, I suppose.

Lucy. I suppose not. But she designs to make him in love with her, if she can.

Blunt. What will she get by that? He seems under age, and cannot be supposed to have much money.

Lucy. But his master has, and that's the same thing, as she will manage it.

Blunt. I do not like this fooling with a handsome young fellow: while she is endeavouring to ensnare him, she may be caught herself.

Lucy. Nay, were she like me, that would certainly be the consequence; for, I confess, there is something in youth and innocence that moves me mightily.

Blunt. Yes; so does the smoothness and plumpness of a partridge move a mighty desire in the hawk to be the destruction of it.

Lucy. Why, birds are their prey, and men are ours; though, as you observed, we are sometimes caught ourselves. But that, I dare say, will never be the case of our mistress.

Blunt. I wish it may prove so; for you know

we all depend upon her. Should she trifle away her time with a young fellow that there is nothing to be got by, we must all starve.

Lucy. There is no danger of that; for I am sure she has no view in this affair but interest.

Blunt. Well, and what hopes are there of success in that?

Lucy. The most promising that can be. It is true the youth has his scruples; but she will soon teach him to answer them, by stifling his conscience. Oh, the lad is in a hopeful way, depend upon it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Draws, and discovers BARNWELL *and* MILLWOOD *at supper. An entertainment of music and singing. After which they come forward.*

Barn. What can I answer? All that I know is, that you are fair, and I am miserable.

Mill. We are both so, and yet the fault is in ourselves.

Barn. To ease our present anguish by plunging into guilt, is to buy a moment's pleasure with an age of pain.

Mill. I should have thought the joys of love as lasting as they are great; if ours prove otherwise, it is your inconstancy must make them so.

Barn. The law of Heaven will not be reversed, and that requires us to govern our passions.

Mill. To give us sense of beauty and desires, and yet forbid us to taste and be happy, is a cruelty to nature. Have we passions only to torment us?

Barn. To hear you talk, though in the cause of vice; to gaze upon your beauty, press your hand, and see your snow-white bosom heave and fall, inflame my wishes; my pulse beats high, my senses all are in a hurry, and I am on the rack of wild desire.——Yet, for a moment's guilty pleasure, shall I lose my innocence, my peace of mind, and hopes of solid happiness?

Mill. Chimeras all!

Barn. I would not——yet must on——
Reluctant thus the merchant quits his ease,
And trusts to rocks and sands, and stormy seas;
In hopes some unknown golden coast to find,
Commits himself, though doubtful, to the wind,
Longs much for joys to come—yet mourns these left behind.

Mill. Along with me, and prove
No joys like woman-kind, no heaven like love.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* THOROWGOOD'S *House. Enter* BARNWELL.

Barn. How strange are all things round me! Like some thief who treads forbidden ground, and fain would lurk unseen, fearful I enter each apartment of this well-known house. To guilty love, as if that were too little, already have I added breach of trust———A thief!——Can I know myself that wretched thing, and look my honest friend and injured master in the face?—Though hypocrisy may a while conceal my guilt, at length it will be known, and public shame and ruin must ensue. In the mean time, what must be my life? Ever to speak a language foreign to my heart; hourly to add to the number of my crimes, in order to conceal them. Sure such was the condition of the grand apostate, when first he lost his purity. Like me, disconsolate, he wandered; and, while yet in heaven, bore all his future hell about him.

Enter TRUEMAN.

True. Barnwell! Oh! how I rejoice to see you safe! So will our master and his gentle daughter; who, during your absence, often enquired after you.

Barn. Would he were gone! His officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul. [*Aside.*

True. Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you cannot conceive how much you are beloved. But why thus cold and silent? When my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away? why thus avoid me? What have I done? How am I altered since you saw me last? Or rather, what have you done? and why are you thus changed? for I am still the same.

Barn. What have I done, indeed! [*Aside.*

True. Not speak!—nor look upon me!—

Barn. By my face he will discover all I would conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him. [*Aside.*

True. I cannot bear this usage from a friend; one whom till now I ever found so loving;—whom yet I love; though this unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breast but mine.

Barn. I am not well. [*Turning to him.*]—Sleep has been a stranger to these eyes since you beheld them last.

True. Heavy they look indeed, and swoln with tears;—now they overflow. Rightly did my sympathizing heart forebode last night, when thou wast absent, something fatal to our peace.

Barn. Your friendship engages you too far.—My troubles, whate'er they are, are mine alone: you have no interest in them, nor ought your concern for me to give you a moment's pain.

True. You speak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief, I felt it. Since we parted last I have slept no more than you, but pensive in my chamber sat alone, and spent the tedious night in wishes for

your safety and return: even now, though ignorant of the cause, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

Barn. 'Twill not be always thus. Friendship and all engagements cease, as circumstances and occasions vary; and, since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both that now you loved me less.

True. Sure I but dream! Without a cause would Barnwell use me thus? Ungenerous and ungrateful youth, farewell; I shall endeavour to follow your advice. [*Going.*] Yet stay; perhaps I am too rash, and angry when the cause demands compassion. Some unforeseen calamity may have befallen him, too great to bear.

Barn. What part am I reduced to act? It is vile and base to move his temper thus, the best of friends and men.

True. I am to blame; prithee, forgive me, Barnwell. Try to compose your ruffled mind; and let me know the cause that thus transports you from yourself; my friendly counsel may restore your peace.

Barn. All that is possible for man to do for man, your generous friendship may effect; but here even that is in vain.

True. Something dreadful is labouring in your breast; oh, give it vent, and let me share your grief! it will ease your pain, should it admit no cure, and make it lighter by the part I bear.

Barn. Vain supposition! my woes increase by being observed; should the cause be known, they would exceed all bounds.

True. So well I know thy honest heart, guilt cannot harbour there.

Barn. Oh, torture insupportable! [*Aside.*

True. Then why am I excluded? Have I a thought I would conceal from you?

Barn. If still you urge me on this hated subject, I will never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

True. It is strange—but I have done; say but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you! I am not that monster yet.

True. Shall our friendship still continue?

Barn. It is a blessing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on terms; and but upon conditions can confirm it.

True. What are they?

Barn. Never hereafter, though you should wonder at my conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

True. It is hard; but upon any conditions I must be your friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am yours. [*Embracing.*

True. Be ever so, and may Heaven restore your peace!

Barn. Will yesterday return? We have heard the glorious sun, that till then incessant rolled, once stopped his rapid course, and once went back. The dead have risen, and parched rocks poured forth a liquid stream to quench a people's thirst. The sea divided, and formed walls of water, while a whole nation passed in safety through its sandy bosom. Hungry lions have refused their prey; and men unhurt have walked amidst consuming flames; but never yet did time, once past, return.

True. Though the continued chain of time has never once been broke, nor ever will, but uninterrupted must keep on its course, till, lost in eternity, it ends where it first began; yet as Heaven can repair whatever evils time can bring upon us, we ought never to despair. But business requires our attendance; business, the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness his worst of snares. Will you go with me?

Barn. I'll take a little time to reflect on what has past, and follow you. [*Exit* Trueman.] I might have trusted Trueman, and engaged him to apply to my uncle to repair the wrong I have done my master; but what of Millwood? Must I expose her too? Ungenerous and base! Then Heaven requires it not. But Heaven requires that I forsake her. What! never to see her more? Does Heaven require that? I hope I may see her, and Heaven not be offended. Presumptuous hope! Dearly already have I proved my frailty. Should I once more tempt Heaven, I may be left to fall, never to rise again. Yet, shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause? She who loves me with such a boundless passion! Can cruelty be duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. The love of life, and fear of shame, opposed by inclination strong as death or shame, like wind and tide in raging conflict meeting, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt. How then can I determine?

Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thor. Without a cause assigned, or notice given, to absent yourself last night was a fault, young man, and I came to chide you for it; but hope I am prevented. That modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame. When we have offended Heaven, it requires no more; and shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease? If my pardon or love be of moment to your peace, look up, secure of both.

Barn. This goodness has overcome me. [*Aside.*] Oh, sir, you know not the nature and extent of my offence; and I should abuse your mistaken bounty to receive it. Though I had rather die than speak my shame; though racks could not have forced the guilty secret from my breast, your kindness has.

Thor. Enough, enough, whatever it be; this concern shews you are convinced, and I am satisfied. How painful is the sense of guilt to an ingenuous mind? Some youthful folly, which it were prudent not to inquire into. When we

consider the frail condition of humanity, it may raise our pity, not our wonder, that youth should go astray; when reason, weak at the best, opposed to inclination, scarce formed, and wholly unassisted by experience, faintly contends, or willingly becomes the slave of sense. The state of youth is much to be deplored, and the more so, because they see it not; being then to danger most exposed, when they are least prepared for their defence. [*Aside.*

Barn. It will be known, and you will recall your pardon and abhor me.

Thor. I never will. Yet be upon your guard in this gay thoughtless season of your life; when the sense of pleasure is quick, and passions high, the voluptuous appetites, raging and fierce, demand the strongest curb; take heed of a relapse: when vice becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is lost.

Barn. Hear me, on my knees, confess——

Thor. Not a syllable more upon this subject; it were not mercy, but cruelty, to hear what must give such torment to reveal.

Barn. This generosity amazes and distracts me.

Thor. This remorse makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadst never offended. Whatever is your fault, of this I am certain, 'twas harder for you to offend, than for me to pardon.

[*Exit Thorowgood.*

Barn. Villain, villain, villain! basely to wrong so excellent a man! Should I again return to folly? Detested thought!—But what of Millwood then?—Why, I renounce her;—I give her up—The struggle's over, and virtue has prevailed. Reason may convince, but gratitude compels. This unlooked-for generosity has saved me from destruction. [*Going.*

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, two ladies from your uncle in the country desire to see you.

Barn. Who should they be? [*Aside.*] Tell them I'll wait upon them, Methinks I dread to see them.——Now every thing alarms me.——Guilt, what a coward hast thou made me! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another room in Thorowgood's House.*

Enter MILLWOOD, LUCY, *and a Footman.*

Foot. Ladies, he will wait upon you immediately.

Mill. 'Tis very well.——I thank you.

[*Exit Foot.*

Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. Confusion! Millwood!

Mill. That angry look tells me that here I am an unwelcome guest. I feared as much; the unhappy are so every where.

Barn. Will nothing but my utter ruin content you?

Mill. Unkind and cruel! Lost myself, your happiness is now my only care.

Barn. How did you gain admission?

Mill. Saying we were desired by your uncle to visit, and deliver a message to you, we were received by the family without suspicion, and with much respect conducted here.

Barn. Why did you come at all?

Mill. I never shall trouble you more. I'm come to take my leave for ever. Such is the malice of my fate: I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This hour is all I have left: one short hour is all I have to bestow on love and you, for whom I thought the longest life too short.

Barn. Then we are met to part for ever?

Mill. It must be so. Yet think not that time or absence shall ever put a period to my grief, or make me love you less. Though I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

Barn. Condemn you! No, I approve your resolution, and rejoice to hear it; it is just——it is necessary——I have well weighed, and found it so.

Lucy. I am afraid the young man has more sense than she thought he had. [*Aside.*

Barn. Before you came, I had determined never to see you more.

Mill. Confusion! [*Aside.*

Lucy. Ay, we are all out; this is a turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my part; they must e'en play the scene betwixt themselves. [*Aside.*

Mill. It was some relief to think, though absent, you would love me still; but to find, though fortune had been indulgent, that you, more cruel and inconstant, had resolved to cast me off—— This, as I never could expect, I have not learned to bear.

Barn. I am sorry to hear you blame me in a resolution that so well becomes us both.

Mill. I have reason for what I do, but you have none.

Barn. Can we want a reason for parting, who have so many to wish we never had met?

Mill. Look on me, Barnwell. Am I deformed or old, that satiety so soon succeeds enjoyment? Nay, look again; am I not she whom yesterday you thought the fairest and the kindest of her sex; whose hand, trembling with extasy, you pressed and moulded thus, while on my eyes you gazed with such delight, as if desire increased by being fed?

Barn. No more; let me repent my former follies, if possible, without remembering what they were.

Mill. Why?

Barn. Such is my frailty, that it is dangerous.

Mill. Where is the danger, since we are to part?

Barn. The thought of that already is too painful.

Mill. If it be painful to part, then I may hope, at least, you do not hate me?

Barn. No——no——I never said I did——— Oh, my heart!

Mill. Perhaps you pity me?

Barn. I do——I do——Indeed I do.

Mill. You'll think upon me?

Barn. Doubt it not, while I can think at all.

Mill. You may judge an embrace at parting too great a favour—though it would be the last. [*He draws back.*] A look shall then suffice——Farewell—for ever. [*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy.*

Barn. If to resolve to suffer be to conquer,—I have conquered———Painful victory!

Re-enter MILLWOOD *and* LUCY.

Mill. One thing I had forgot;——I never must return to my own house again. This I thought proper to let you know, lest your mind should change, and you should seek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this second intrusion; I only came to give you this caution, and that, perhaps, was needless.

Barn. I hope it was; yet it is kind, and I must thank you for it.

Mill. My friend, your arm. [*To Lucy.*] Now, I am gone for ever. [*Going.*

Barn. One thing more—Sure there is no danger in my knowing where you go? If you think otherwise—

Mill. Alas! [*Weeping.*

Lucy. We are right, I find; that's my cue. [*Aside.*] Ah, dear sir! she is going she knows not whither; but go she must.

Barn. Humanity obliges me to wish you well: why will you thus expose yourself to needless troubles?

Lucy. Nay, there is no help for it: she must quit the town immediately, and the kingdom as soon as possible. It was no small matter, you may be sure, that could make her resolve to leave you.

Mill. No more, my friend; since he, for whose dear sake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer, is kind and pities me; wherever I wander, through wilds and deserts benighted and forlorn, that thought shall give me comfort.

Barn. For my sake!—Oh, tell me how, which way am I so cursed to bring such ruin on thee?

Mill. No matter; I am contented with my lot.

Barn. Leave me not in this uncertainty.

Mill. I have said too much.

Barn. How, how am I the cause of your undoing?

Mill. To know it will but increase your troubles.

Barn. My troubles cannot be greater than they are.

Lucy. Well, sir, if she will not satisfy you, I will.

Barn. I am bound to you beyond expression.

Mill. Remember, sir, that I desired you not to hear it.

Barn. Begin, and ease my racking expectation.

Lucy. Why, you must know, my lady here was an only child, and her parents dying while she was young, left her and her fortune (no inconsiderable one, I assure you) to the care of a gentleman who has a good estate of his own.

Mill. Ay, ay, the barbarous man is rich enough; but what are riches when compared to love?

Lucy. For a while he performed the office of a faithful guardian, settled her in a house, hired her servants.——But you have seen in what manner she lived, so I need say no more of that.

Mill. How I shall live hereafter, Heaven knows!

Lucy. All things went on as one could wish; till some ago, his wife dying, he fell violently in love with his charge, and would fain have married her. Now the man is neither old nor ugly, but a good personable sort of a man, but I do not know how it was, she could never endure him. In short, her ill usage so provoked him, that he brought in an account of his executorship, wherein he makes her debtor to him.——

Mill. A trifle in itself, but more than enough to ruin me, whom, by this unjust account, he had stripped of all before.

Lucy. Now, she having neither money nor friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compelled her to pass his account, and give bond for the sum he demanded; but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his courtship, till, being informed by his spies (truly I suspect some in her own family), that you were entertained at her house, and staid with her all night, he came this morning raving and storming like a madman, talks no more of marriage (so there is no hope of making up matters that way), but vows her ruin, unless she shall allow him the same favour that he supposes she granted you.

Barn. Must she be ruined, or find her refuge in another's arms?

Mill. He gave me but an hour to resolve in; that is happily spent with you—And now I go—

Barn. To be exposed to all the rigours of the various seasons; the summer's parching heat, and winter's cold; unhoused, to wander, friendless, through the inhospitable world, in misery and want; attended with fear and danger, and pursued by malice and revenge. Wouldst thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing, to prevent it?

Lucy. It is really a pity there can be no way found out.

Barn. Oh, where are all my resolutions now? Like early vapours, or the morning dew, chased by the sun's warm beams, they are vanished and lost, as though they had never been.

Lucy. Now I advised her, sir, to comply with the gentleman: that would not only put an end to her troubles, but make her fortune at once.

Barn. Tormenting fiend, away! I had rather perish, nay, see her perish, than have her saved by him. I will, myself, prevent her ruin, though with my own. A moment's patience; I'll return immediately. [*Exit Barnwell.*

Lucy. It was well you came, or, by what I can perceive, you had lost him.

Mill. That, I must confess, was a danger I did not foresee; I was only afraid he should have come without money. You know, a house of entertainment, like mine, is not kept without expence.

Lucy. That is very true; but then you should be reasonable in your demands; 'tis pity to discourage a young man.

Mill. Leave that to me.

Re-enter BARNWELL, *with a bag of money.*

Barn. What am I about to do?——Now, you, who boast your reason all-sufficient, suppose yourselves in my condition, and determine for me; whether it is right to let her suffer for my faults, or, by this small addition to my guilt, prevent the ill effects of what is past.

Lucy. These young sinners think every thing in the way of wickedness so strange!——But I could tell him, that this is nothing but what is very common; for one vice as naturally begets another, as a father a son. But he will find out that himself, if he lives long enough.

[*Aside.*

Barn. Here, take this, and with it purchase your deliverance; return to your house, and live in peace and safety.

Mill. So, I may hope to see you there again?

Barn. Answer me not, but fly, lest, in the agonies of my remorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

Mill. Say but you will come!

Barn. You are my fate, my heaven or my hell; only leave me now, dispose of me hereafter as you please. [*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy.*

What have I done? Were my resolutions founded on reason, and sincerely made? Why, then, has Heaven suffered me to fall? I sought not the occasion; and, if my heart deceives me not, compassion and generosity were my motives. Is virtue inconsistent with itself, or are vice and virtue only empty names; or do they depend on accidents, beyond our power to produce, or to prevent; wherein we have no part, and yet must be determined by the event? But why should I attempt to reason? All is confusion, horror, and remorse! I find I am lost, cast down from all my late-erected hope, and plunged again in guilt, yet scarce know how or why!

Such undistinguished horrors make my brain,
Like hell, the seat of darkness and of pain.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Thorowgood's House.*

THOROWGOOD *and* TRUEMAN *discovered (with Account Books) sitting at a Table.*

Thor. METHINKS I would not have you only learn the method of merchandise, and practise it hereafter, merely as a means of getting wealth: it will be well worth your pains to study it as a science, to see how it is founded in reason and the nature of things: how it promotes humanity, as it has opened, and yet keeps up an intercourse between nations, far remote from one another in situation, customs, and religion; promoting arts, industry, peace, and plenty: by mutual benefits diffusing mutual love from pole to pole.

True. Something of this I have considered, and hope, by your assistance, to extend my thoughts much farther. I have observed those countries, where trade is promoted and encouraged, do not make discoveries to destroy, but to improve mankind by love and friendship; to tame the fierce, and polish the most savage; to teach them the advantage of honest traffic, by taking from them, with their own consent, their useless superfluities, and giving them, in return, what, from their ignorance in manual arts, their situation, or some other accident, they stand in need of.

Thor. It is justly observed: the populous east, luxuriant, abounds with glittering gems, bright pearls, aromatic spices, and health-restoring drugs: the late-found western world's rich earth glows with unnumbered veins of gold and silver ore. On every climate, and on every country, Heaven has bestowed some good peculiar to itself. It is the industrious merchant's business to collect the various blessings of each soil and climate; and, with the product of the whole, to enrich his native country.——Well, I have examined your accounts; they are not only just, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly entered. I commend your diligence. Method in business is the surest guide; he, who neglects it, frequently stumbles, and always wanders perplexed, uncertain, and in danger.—Are Barnwell's accounts ready for my inspection? He does not use to be the last on these occasions.

True. Upon receiving your orders he retired, I thought in some confusion. If you please, I'll go and hasten him. I hope he has not been guilty of any neglect.

Thor. I am now going to the Exchange; let him know, at my return I expect to find him ready. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIA *with a book. Sits and reads.*

Mar. How forcible is truth! The weakest mind, inspired with love of that, fixed and collected in itself, with indifference beholds the united force of earth and hell opposing. Such

souls are raised above the sense of pain, or so supported, that they regard it not. The martyr cheaply purchases his heaven; small are his sufferings, great is his reward. Not so the wretch who combats love with duty; whose mind, weakened and dissolved by the soft passion, feeble and hopeless, opposes his own desires——What is an hour, a day, a year of pain, to a whole life of tortures such as these?

Enter TRUEMAN.

True. Oh, Barnwell! oh, my friend! how art thou fallen!

Mar. Ha! Barnwell! What of him! Speak, say, what of Barnwell?

True. It is not to be concealed: I have news to tell of him, that will afflict your generous father, yourself, and all who know him.

Mar. Defend us, Heaven!

True. I cannot speak it, See there.

[*Gives a letter.*

Mar. [*Reads.*] 'I know my absence will surprise my honoured master and yourself; and the more, when you shall understand, that the reason of my withdrawing, is my having embezzled part of the cash with which I was entrusted. After this, it is needless to inform you, that I intend never to return again. Though this might have been known, by examining my accounts; yet, to prevent that unnecessary trouble, and to cut off all fruitless expectations of my return, I have left this from the lost

GEORGE BARNWELL.

True. Lost indeed! Yet how he should be guilty of what he there charges himself withal, raises my wonder equal to my grief. Never had youth a higher sense of virtue. Justly he thought, and as he thought he practised; never was life more regular than his.—An understanding uncommon at his years, an open, generous manliness of temper, his manners easy, unaffected, and engaging.

Mar. This, and much more, you might have said with truth. He was the delight of every eye, and joy of every heart that knew him.

True. Since such he was, and was my friend, can I support his loss? See, the fairest, happiest maid this wealthy city boasts, kindly condescends to weep for thy unhappy fate, poor, ruined Barnwell!

Mar. Trueman, do you think a soul, so delicate as his, so sensible of shame, can ever submit to live a slave to vice?

True. Never, never. So well I know him, I am sure this act of his, so contrary to his nature, must have been caused by some unavoidable necessity.

Mar. Is there no means yet to preserve him?

True. Oh, that there were! but few men recover their reputation lost, a merchant never. Nor would he, I fear, though I should find him, ever be brought to look his injured master in the face.

Mar. I fear as much, and therefore would never have my father know it.

True. That is impossible.

Mar. What is the sum?

True. It is considerable; I have marked it here, to shew it, with the letter, to your father, at his return.

Mar. If I should supply the money, could you so dispose of that, and the account, as to conceal this unhappy mismanagement from my father?

True. Nothing more easy. But can you intend it?—Will you save a helpless wretch from ruin?—Oh, it were an act worthy such exalted virtue as Maria's! Sure Heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspired the generous thought.

Mar. Doubt not, but I would purchase so great a happiness at a much dearer price. But how shall he be found?

True. Trust to my diligence for that. In the mean time, I will conceal his absence from your father, or find such excuses for it, that the real cause shall never be suspected.

Mar. In attempting to save from shame, one whom we hope may yet return to virtue, to Heaven, and you, the only witnesses of this action, I appeal, whether I do any thing unbecoming my sex and character.

True. Earth must approve the deed, and Heaven, I doubt not, will reward it.

Mar. If Heaven succeeds it, I am well rewarded. A virgin's fame is sullied by suspicion's lightest breath; and, therefore, as this must be a secret from my father, and the world, for Barnwell's sake, for mine, let it be so to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Millwood's House.*

Enter LUCY *and* BLUNT.

Lucy. Well, what do you think of Millwood's conduct now?

Blunt. I own it is surprising: I do not know which to admire most, her feigned, or his real passion; though I have sometimes been afraid that her avarice would discover her. But his youth and want of experience make it the easier to impose on him.

Lucy. No, it is his love. To do him justice, notwithstanding his youth, he does not want understanding. But you men are much easier imposed on in these affairs, than your vanity will allow you to believe. Let me see the wisest of you all as much in love with me as Barnwell is with Millwood, and I will engage to make as great a fool of him.

Blunt. And, all circumstances considered, to make as much money of him too?

Lucy. I cannot answer for that. Her artifice, in making him rob his master at first, and the various stratagems by which she has obliged him to continue that course, astonish even me, who know her so well.

Blunt. But then you are to consider that the money was his master's.

Lucy. There was the difficulty of it. Had it been his own, it had been nothing. Were the world his, she might have it for a smile. But those golden days are done: he is ruined, and Millwood's hopes of farther profits there are at an end.

Blunt. That is no more than we all expected.

Lucy. Being called by his master to make up his accounts, he was forced to quit his house and service, and wisely flies to Millwood for relief and entertainment.

Blunt. I have not heard of this before: how did she receive him?

Lucy. As you would expect. She wondered what he meant, was astonished at his impudence, and, with an air of modesty peculiar to herself, swore so heartily that she never saw him before, that she put me out of countenance.

Blunt. That is much indeed! But how did Barnwell behave?

Lucy. He grieved; and at length, enraged at this barbarous treatment, was preparing to be gone; and making towards the door, shewed a sum of money, which he had brought from his master's, the last he is ever likely to have from thence.

Blunt. But then, Millwood——

Lucy. Ay, she, with her usual address, returned to her old arts of lying, swearing, and dissembling; hung on his neck, wept, and swore it was meant in jest.—The amorous youth melted into tears, threw the money into her lap, and swore he had rather die than think her false.

Blunt. Strange infatuation!

Lucy. But what ensued was stranger still. As doubts and fears, followed by reconcilement, ever increase love where the passion is sincere; so in him it caused so wild a transport of excessive fondness, such joy, such grief, such pleasure, and such anguish, that nature seemed sinking with the weight, and his charmed soul disposed to quit his breast for hers. Just then, when every passion with lawless anarchy prevailed, and reason was in the raging tempest lost, the cruel, artful Millwood prevailed upon the wretched youth to promise——what I tremble but to think of.

Blunt. I am amazed! What can it be?

Lucy. You will be more so, to hear it is to attempt the life of his nearest relation, and best benefactor.

Blunt. His uncle! whom we have often heard him speak of as a gentleman of a large estate, and fair character, in the country where he lives?

Lucy. The same. She was no sooner possessed of the last dear purchase of his ruin, but her avarice, insatiate as the grave, demanded this horrid sacrifice. Barnwell's near relation, and unsuspected virtue, must give too easy means to seize this good man's treasure; whose blood must seal the dreadful secret, and prevent the terrors of her guilty fears.

Blunt. Is it possible she could persuade him to do an act like that? He is by nature honest, grateful, compassionate, and generous; and though his love, and her artful persuasions, have wrought him to practise what he most abhors; yet we all can witness for him, with what reluctance he has still complied: so many tears he shed over each offence, as might, if possible, sanctify theft, and make a merit of a crime.

Lucy. 'Tis true, at the naming of the murder of his uncle, he started into rage; and, breaking from her arms (where she till then had held him, with well-dissembled love, and false endearments), called her cruel, monster, devil, and told her she was born for his destruction. She thought it not for her purpose to meet his rage with her rage, but affected a most passionate fit of grief, railed at her fate, and cursed her wayward stars, that still her wants should force her to press him to act such deeds, as she must needs abhor as well as he. She told him necessity had no law, and love no bounds; that therefore he never truly loved, but meant, in her necessity, to forsake her. Then she kneeled, and swore, that, since by his refusal he had given her cause to doubt his love, she never would see him more, unless, to prove it true, he robbed his uncle to supply her wants, and murdered him to keep it from discovery.

Blunt. I am astonished. What said he?

Lucy. Speechless he stood; but in his face you might have read, that various passions tore his very soul. Oft he in anguish threw his eyes towards heaven, and then as often bent their beams on her; then wept and groaned, and beat his troubled breast: at length, with horror not to be expressed, he cried,—'Thou cursed fair, have I 'not given dreadful proofs of love? What drew 'me from my youthful innocence, and stained 'my then unspotted soul, but love? What caused 'me to rob my worthy, gentle master, but cursed 'love? What makes me now a fugitive from his 'service, loathed by myself, and scorned by all 'the world, but love? What fills my eyes with 'tears, my soul with torture never felt on this side 'death before? Why love, love, love! And why, 'above all, do I resolve (for, tearing his hair, he 'cried, I do resolve) to kill my uncle?'

Blunt. Was she not moved? It makes me weep to hear the sad relation.

Lucy. Yes, with joy, that she had gained her point. She gave him no time to cool, but urged him to attempt it instantly. He is now gone. If he performs it, and escapes, there is more money for her; if not, he will never return, and then she is fairly rid of him.

Blunt. It is time the world were rid of such a monster.

Lucy. If we do not use our endeavours to prevent the murder, we are as bad as she.

Blunt. I am afraid it is too late.

Lucy. Perhaps not. Her barbarity to Barnwell makes me hate her. We have run too great a length with her already. I did not think her

or myself so wicked as I find, upon reflection, we are.

Blunt. It is true, we have been all too much so. But there is something so horrid in murder, that all other crimes seem nothing when compared to that: I would not be involved in the guilt of it for all the world.

Lucy. Nor I, Heaven knows. Therefore let us clear ourselves, by doing all that is in our power to prevent it. I have just thought of a way that to me seems probable. Will you join with me to detect this cursed design?

Blunt. With all my heart. He, who knows of a murder intended to be committed, and does not discover it, in the eye of the law and reason, is a murderer.

Lucy. Let us lose no time; I will acquaint you with the particulars as we go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A walk at some distance from a country seat.*

Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. A dismal gloom obscures the face of day. Either the sun has slipped behind a cloud, or journeys down the west of heaven with more than common speed, to avoid the sight of what I am doomed to act. Since I set forth on this accursed design, where'er I tread, methinks, the solid earth trembles beneath my feet. Murder my uncle!——Yonder limpid stream, whose hoary fall has made a natural cascade, as I passed by, in doleful accents seemed to murmur——Murder! The earth, the air, and water seemed concerned. But that is not strange: the world is punished, and nature feels a shock, when Providence permits a good man's fall. Just Heaven! then what should I feel for him that was my father's only brother, and since his death has been to me a father; that took me up an infant and an orphan, reared me with tenderest care, and still indulged me with most paternal fondness? Yet here I stand his destined murderer—I stiffen with horror at my own impiety——It is yet unperformed—What if I quit my bloody purpose, and fly the place? [*Going, then stops.*]——But whither, oh, whither shall I fly? My master's once friendly doors are ever shut against me; and without money Millwood will never see me more; and she has got such firm possession of my heart, and governs there with such despotic sway, that life is not to be endured without her. Ay, there is the cause of all my sin and sorrow! it is more than love; it is the fever of the soul, and madness of desire. In vain does nature, reason, conscience, all oppose it; the impetuous passion bears down all before it, and drives me on to lust, to theft, and murder. Oh, conscience! feeble guide to virtue, thou only shewest us when we go astray, but wantest power to stop us in our course!——Ha! in yonder shady walk I see my uncle——He is alone——Now for my disguise. [*Plucks out a vizor.*]——This is his hour of private meditation. Thus daily he prepares his soul for Heaven; while I———But what have I to do with Heaven? Ha! no struggles, conscience———

Hence, hence remorse, and every thought that's good;
The storm, that lust began, must end in blood.

[*Puts on the vizor, draws a pistol, and exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A close Walk in a Wood.*

Enter UNCLE.

Unc. If I were superstitious, I should fear some danger lurked unseen, or death were nigh. A heavy melancholy clouds my spirits. My imagination is filled with ghastly forms of dreary graves, and bodies changed by death; when the pale lengthened visage attracts each weeping eye, and fills the musing soul at once with grief and horror, pity and aversion. I will indulge the thought. The wise man prepares himself for death, by making it familiar to his mind. When strong reflections hold the mirror near, and the living in the dead behold their future self, how does each inordinate passion and desire cease, or sicken at the view! The mind scarce moves; the blood, curdling and chilled, creeps slowly through the veins: fixed, still, and motionless, we stand, so like the solemn objects of our thoughts, we are almost at present what we must be hereafter; till curiosity awakes the soul, and sets it on enquiry.

Enter BARNWELL, *at a distance.*

Oh, death! thou strange, mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood, but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? The extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars; that worlds exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempts to pass in vain; lost and bewildered in the horrid gloom, defeated, she returns more doubtful than before, of nothing certain but of labour lost.

[*During this speech, Barnwell sometimes presents the pistol, and draws it back again.*

Barn. Oh! 'tis impossible.

[*Throwing down the pistol.*

[*Uncle starts, and attempts to draw his sword.*]

Unc. A man so near me! Armed and masked——

Barn. Nay, then, there's no retreat.

[*Plucks a poignard from his bosom, and stabs him.*

Unc. Oh! I am slain. All gracious Heaven, regard the prayer of thy dying servant! bless, with thy choicest blessings, my dearest nephew! forgive my murderer, and take my fleeting soul to endless mercy!

[*Barnwell throws off his mask, runs to him, and, kneeling by him, raises and chafes him.*

Barn. Expiring saint! Oh, murdered, martyred uncle! lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in your murderer——Oh, do not look so tenderly upon me!——Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and blast me ere you die.——By Heaven, he weeps, in pity of my woes.——Tears, tears for blood!——The murdered, in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer.——Oh, speak your pious purpose; pronounce my pardon then, and take me with you——He would, but cannot——Oh, why, with such fond affection, do you press my murdering hand?——[*Uncle sighs and dies.*]——What, will you kiss me?——Life, that hovered on his lips but till he had sealed my pardon, in that sigh expired.——He is gone for ever, and, oh! I follow——[*Swoons away upon his uncle's dead body.*]——Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious breath the wholesome air?——Let Heaven, from its high throne, in justice or in mercy now look down on that dear murdered saint, and me the murderer, and if his vengeance spares, let pity strike and end my wretched being.——Murder the worst of crimes, and parricide the worst of murders, and this the worst of parricides!——Cain, who stands on record from the birth of time, and must to its last final period, as accursed, slew a brother favoured above him: detested Nero, by another's hand, dispatched a mother that he feared and hated: but I, with my own hand, have murdered a brother, mother, father, and a friend, most loving and beloved.——This execrable act of mine is without a parallel.——Oh, may it ever stand alone, the last of murders, as it is the worst!

The rich man thus, in torment and despair,
Preferred his vain, his charitable prayer.
The fool, his own soul lost, would fain be wise
For others' good, but Heaven his suit denies.
By laws and means well-known we stand or fall;
And one eternal rule remains for all. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* THOROWGOOD'S *House.*

Mar. How falsely do they judge, who censure or applaud, as we are afflicted or rewarded here! I know I am unhappy; yet cannot charge myself with any crime, more than the common frailties of our kind, that should provoke just Heaven to mark me out for sufferings so uncommon and severe. Falsely to accuse ourselves, Heaven must abhor. Then it is just and right that innocence should suffer; for Heaven must be just in all its ways. Perhaps by that we are kept from moral evils, much worse than penal, or more improved in virtue. Or may not the lesser evils that we sustain, be made the means of greater good to others? Might all the joyless days and sleepless nights that I have passed, but purchase peace for thee! What news of Barnwell?

True. None; I have sought him with the greatest diligence, but all in vain.

Mar. Does my father yet suspect the cause of his absence?

True. All appeared so just and fair to him, it is not possible he ever should. But his absence will no longer be concealed. Your father is wise; and though he seems to hearken to the friendly excuses I would make for Barnwell, yet I am afraid he regards them only as such, without suffering them to influence his judgment.

Mar. How does the unhappy youth defeat all our designs to serve him? Yet I can never repent what we have done. Should he return, 'twill make his reconciliation with my father easier, and preserve him from the future reproach of a malicious unforgiving world.

Enter THOROWGOOD *and* LUCY.

Thor. This woman here has given me a sad, and, abating some circumstances, too probable an account of Barnwell's defection.

Lucy. I am sorry, sir, that my frank confession of my former unhappy course of life should cause you to suspect my truth on this occasion.

Thor. It is not that; your confession has in it all the appearance of truth. Among many other particulars, she informs me, that Barnwell has been influenced to break his trust, and wrong me, at several times, of considerable sums of money. Now, as I know this to be false, I would fain doubt the whole of her relation, too dreadful to be willingly believed.

Mar. Sir, your pardon; I find myself on a sudden so indisposed that I must retire. Providence opposes all attempts to save him. Poor ruined Barnwell! Wretched, lost Maria! [*Aside. Exit.*

Thor. How am I distressed on every side! Pity for that unhappy youth, fear for the life of a much valued friend——and then my child—the only joy and hope of my declining life!——Her melancholy increases hourly, and gives me painful apprehensions of her loss———Oh, Trueman, this person informs me that your friend, at the instigation of an impious woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable uncle.

True. Oh, execrable deed! I am blasted with horror at the thought.

Lucy. This delay may ruin all.

Thor. What to do or think I know not. That he ever wronged me, I know, is false; the rest may be so too; there is all my hope.

True. Trust not to that; rather suppose all

true, than lose a moment's time. Even now the horrid deed may be doing—dreadful imagination!——or it may be done, and we be vainly debating on the means to prevent what is already past.

Thor. This earnestness convinces me, that he knows more than he has yet discovered. What, ho! without there! who waits?

Enter a Servant.

Order the groom to saddle the swiftest horse, and prepare to set out with speed; an affair of life and death demands his diligence. [*Exit Servant.*] For you, whose behaviour on this occasion I have no time to commend as it deserves, I must engage your further assistance. Return, and observe this Millwood till I come. I have your directions, and will follow you as soon as possible. [*Exit Lucy.*] Trueman, you, I am sure, will not be idle on this occasion. [*Exit Thorowgood.*

True. He only, who is a friend, can judge of my distress. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Millwood's house.*

Enter MILLWOOD.

Mill. I wish I knew the event of his design. The attempt without success would ruin him. Well; what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too much. The mischief being only intended, his friends, through pity of his youth, turn all their rage on me. I should have thought of that before. Suppose the deed done; then, and then only, I shall be secure.—Or what if he returns without attempting it at all!——

Enter BARNWELL *bloody.*

But he is here, and I have done him wrong. His bloody hands shew he has done the deed, but shew he wants the prudence to conceal it.

Barn. Where shall I hide me? Whither shall I fly, to avoid the swift unerring hand of justice?

Mill. Dismiss your fears: though thousands had pursued you to the door, yet, being entered here, you are as safe as innocence. I have a cavern, by art so cunningly contrived, that the piercing eyes of jealousy and revenge may search in vain, nor find the entrance to the safe retreat. There will I hide you, if any danger's near.

Barn. Oh, hide me——from myself, if it be possible; for, while I bear my conscience in my bosom, though I were hid where man's eye never saw me, nor light ever dawned, it were all in vain. For, oh! that inmate, that impartial judge, will try, convict, and sentence me for murder, and execute me with never-ending torments. Behold these hands, all crimsoned over with my dear uncle's blood! Here is a sight to make a statue start with horror, or turn a living man into a statue!

Mill. Ridiculous! Then it seems you are afraid of your own shadow, or, what is less than a shadow, your conscience!

Barn. Though to man unknown I did the accursed act, what can we hide from Heaven's all-seeing eye?

Mill. No more of this stuff. What advantage have you made of his death; or what advantage may yet be made of it? Did you secure the keys of his treasure, which, no doubt, were about him? What gold, what jewels, or what else of value have you brought me?

Barn. Think you I added sacrilege to murder? Oh! had you seen him, as his life flowed from him in a crimson flood, and heard him praying for me by the double name of nephew and of murderer—(alas, alas! he knew not then, that his nephew was his murderer!)—how would you have wished, as I did, though you had a thousand years of life to come, to have given them all to have lengthened his one hour! But, being dead, I fled the sight of what my hands had done; nor could I, to have gained the empire of the world, have violated, by theft, his sacred corpse.

Mill. Whining, preposterous, canting villain! to murder your uncle, rob him of life, nature's first, last, dear prerogative, after which there is no injury—then fear to take what he no longer wanted, and bring to me your penury and guilt! Do you think I will hazard my reputation, nay, life, to entertain you?

Barn. Oh, Millwood!——this from thee!—But I have done. If you hate me, if you wish me dead, then are you happy; for, oh! it is sure my grief will quickly end me.

Mill. In his madness he will discover all, and involve me in his ruin. We are on a precipice, from whence there is no retreat for both—Then to preserve myself——[*Pauses.*]——There is no other way.——It is dreadful, but reflection comes too late when danger is pressing, and there is no room for choice.——It must be done—[*Aside. Rings a bell, enter a Servant.*]—Fetch me an officer, and seize this villain. He has confessed himself a murderer. Should I let him escape, I might justly be thought as bad as he.

[*Exit Servant.*

Barn. Oh, Millwood! sure you do not, you cannot mean it. Stop the messenger; upon my knees, I beg you would call him back. It is fit I die indeed, but not by you. I will this instant deliver myself into the hands of justice, indeed I will; for death is all I wish. But thy ingratitude so tears my wounded soul, it is worse ten thousand times than death with torture.

Mill. Call it what you will; I am willing to live, and live secure, which nothing but your death can warrant.

Barn. If there be a pitch of wickedness that sets the author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal dungeon, hard galling fetters, an awful trial, and an ignominious death, justly to

fall unpitied and abhorred: After death to be suspended between heaven and earth, a dreadful spectacle, the warning and horror of a gaping crowd! This I could bear, nay, wish not to avoid, had it but come from any hand but thine.

Enter BLUNT, *Officer, and Attendants.*

Mill. Heaven defend me! Conceal a murderer! Here, sir, take this youth into your custody. I accuse him of murder, and will appear to make good my charge. [*They seize him.*

Barn. To whom, of what, or how shall I complain? I will not accuse her. The hand of Heaven is in it, and this the punishment of lust and parricide. Yet Heaven, that justly cuts me off, still suffers her to live; perhaps to punish others. Tremendous mercy! So fiends are cursed with immortality, to be the executioners of Heaven!

Be warned, ye youths, who see my sad despair:
Avoid lewd women, false as they are fair.
By reason guided, honest joys pursue:
The fair, to honour and to virtue true,
Just to herself, will ne'er be false to you.
By my example learn to shun my fate:
(How wretched is the man who's wise too late!)
Ere innocence, and fame, and life, be lost,
Here purchase wisdom cheaply, at my cost.

[*Exeunt Barnwell, Officer, and Attendants.*

Mill. Where is Lucy? Why is she absent at such a time?

Blunt. Would I had been so too! Lucy will soon be here; and I hope to thy confusion, thou devil!

Mill. Insolent!——This to me?

Blunt. The worst that we know of the devil is, that he first seduces to sin, and then betrays to punishment. [*Exit.*

Mill. They disapprove of my conduct then, and mean to set up for themselves.——My ruin is resolved.——I see my danger, but scorn both it and them. I was not born to fall by such weak instruments. [*Going.*

Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thor. Where is the scandal of her own sex, and curse of ours?

Mill. What means this insolence! Whom do you seek?

Thor. Millwood.

Mill. Well, you have found her then. I am Millwood.

Thor. Then you are the most impious wretch that ever the sun beheld.

Mill. From your appearance I should have expected wisdom and moderation; but your manners belie your aspect. What is your business here? I know you not.

Thor. Hereafter you may know me better; I am Barnwell's master.

Mill. Then you are master to a villain, which, I think, is not much to your credit.

Thor. Had he been as much above thy arts, as my credit is superior to thy malice, I need not have blushed to own him.

Mill. My arts! I do not understand you, sir: if he has done amiss, what is that to me? Was he my servant, or yours? you should have taught him better.

Thor. Why should I wonder to find such uncommon impudence in one arrived to such a height of wickedness? When innocence is banished, modesty soon follows. Know, sorceress, I am not ignorant of any of the arts by which you first deceived the unwary youth. I know how, step by step, you have led him on, reluctant and unwilling, from crime to crime, to this last horrid act, which you contrived, and, by your cursed wiles, even forced him to commit.

Mill. Ha! Lucy has got the advantage, and accused me first. Unless I can turn the accusation, and fix it upon her and Blunt, I am lost. [*Aside.*

Thor. Had I known your cruel design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punished, as the law directs, is all that now remains. Poor satisfaction! for he, innocent as he is, compared to you, must suffer too. But Heaven, who knows our frame, and graciously distinguishes between frailty and presumption, will make a difference, though man cannot, who sees not the heart, but only judges by the outward action.

Mill. I find, sir, we are both unhappy in our servants. I was surprised at such ill treatment, without cause, from a gentleman of your appearance, and therefore too hastily returned it; for which I ask your pardon. I now perceive you have been so far imposed on, as to think me engaged in a former correspondence with your servant, and, some way or other, accessary to his undoing.

Thor. I charge you as the cause, the sole cause, of all his guilt, and all his suffering; of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful death shall put a dreadful period to his life and miseries together.

Mill. It is very strange. But who is secure from scandal and detraction? So far from contributing to his ruin, I never spoke to him till since this fatal accident, which I lament as much as you. It is true I have a servant, on whose account he hath of late frequented my house. If she has abused my good opinion of her, am I to blame? Has not Barnwell done the same by you?

Thor. I hear you; pray go on.

Mill. I have been informed he had a violent passion for her, and she for him: but till now I always thought it innocent. I know her poor, and given to expensive pleasures. Now, who can tell but she may have influenced the amorous youth to commit this murder to supply her extravagancies?——It must be so. I now recollect a thousand circumstances that confirm it. I will have her, and a man servant, whom I suspect as an

accomplice, secured immediately. I hope, sir, you will lay aside your ill-grounded suspicions of me, and join to punish the real contrivers of this bloody deed. [*Offers to go.*

Thor. Madam, you pass not this way: I see your design, but shall protect them from your malice.

Mill. I hope you will not use your influence, and the credit of your name, to screen such guilty wretches. Consider, sir, the wickedness of persuading a thoughtless youth to such a crime.

Thor. I do——and of betraying him when it was done.

Mill. That which you call betraying him may convince you of my innocence. She who loves him, though she contrived the murder, would never have delivered him into the hands of justice, as I, struck with horror at his crimes, have done.

Thor. How should an unexperienced youth escape her snares? The powerful magic of her wit and form might betray the wisest to simple dotage, and fire the blood that age had froze long since. Even I, that with just prejudice came prepared, had, by her artful story, been deceived, but that my strong conviction of her guilt makes even a doubt impossible.—[*Aside.*]—Those whom subtlely you would accuse, you know are your accusers; and, which proves unanswerably their innocence, and your guilt, they accused you before the deed was done, and did all that was in their power to prevent it.

Mill. Sir, you are very hard to be convinced; but I have a proof, which, when produced, will silence all objections. [*Exit Millwood.*

Enter LUCY, TRUEMAN, BLUNT, *officers, &c.*

Lucy. Gentlemen, pray place yourselves, some on one side of that door, and some on the other; watch her entrance, and act as your prudence shall direct you. This way, [*To Thorowgood.*] and note her behaviour. I have observed her; she is driven to the last extremity, and is forming some desperate resolution. I guess at her design.

Re-enter MILLWOOD *with a Pistol; Trueman secures her.*

True. Here thy power of doing mischief ends, deceitful, cruel, bloody woman!

Mill. Fool, hypocrite, villain, man! thou canst not call me that.

True. To call thee woman were to wrong thy sex, thou devil!

Mill. That imaginary being is an emblem of thy cursed sex collected. A mirror, wherein each particular man may see his own likeness, and that of all mankind.

Thor. Think not, by aggravating the faults of others, to extenuate thy own, of which the abuse of such uncommon perfections of mind and body is not the least.

Mill. If such I had, well may I curse your barbarous sex, who robbed me of them ere I knew their worth; then left me, too late, to count their value by their loss. Another and another spoiler came, and all my gain was poverty and reproach. My soul disdained, and yet disdains, dependence and contempt. Riches, no matter by what means obtained, I saw secured the worst of men from both. I found it therefore necessary to be rich, and to that end I summoned all my arts. You call them wicked; be it so; they were such as my conversation with your sex had furnished me withal.

Thor. Sure none but the worst of men conversed with thee.

Mill. Men of all degrees, and all professions, I have known, yet found no difference, but in their several capacities; all were alike wicked, to the utmost of their power. In pride, contention, avarice, cruelty, and revenge, the reverend priesthood were my unerring guides. From suburb magistrates, who live by ruined reputations, as the inhospitable natives of Cornwall do by shipwrecks, I learned, that to charge my innocent neighbours with my crimes, was to merit their protection: for to screen the guilty is the less scandalous, when many are suspected; and detraction, like darkness and death, blackens all objects, and levels all distinction.—Such are your venal magistrates, who favour none but such as by their office they are sworn to punish. With them, not to be guilty is the worst of crimes, and large fees, privately paid, are every needful virtue.

Thor. Your practice has sufficiently discovered your contempt of laws, both human and divine; no wonder, then, that you should hate the officers of both.

Mill. I know you, and I hate you all; I expect no mercy, and I ask for none; I followed my inclinations, and that the best of you do every day. All actions seem alike natural and indifferent to man and beast, who devour, or are devoured, as they meet with others weaker or stronger than themselves.

Thor. What pity it is a mind so comprehensive, daring, and inquisitive, should be a stranger to religion's sweet and powerful charms!

Mill. I am not fool enough to be an atheist, though I have known enough of men's hypocrisy to make a thousand simple women so. Whatever religion is in itself, as practised by mankind, it has caused the evils you say it was designed to cure. War, plague, and famine have not destroyed so many of the human race, as this pretended piety has done; and with such barbarous cruelty, as if the only way to honour Heaven were to turn the present world into hell.

Thor. Truth is truth, though from an enemy, and spoken in malice. You bloody, blind, and superstitious bigots, how will you answer this?

Mill. What are your laws, of which you make your boast, but the fool's wisdom, and the coward's valour, the instrument and screen of all your villanies? By them you punish in others what you

act yourselves, or would have acted, had you been in their circumstances. The judge, who condemns the poor man for being a thief, had been a thief himself, had he been poor. Thus you go on deceiving and being deceived, harassing, plaguing, and destroying one another. But women are your universal prey.

Women, by whom you are, the source of joy,
With cruel arts you labour to destroy:
A thousand ways our ruin you pursue,
Yet blame in us those arts first taught by you.
Oh, may from hence each violated maid,
By flattering, faithless, barbarous man betrayed,
When robbed of innocence, and virgin fame,
From your destruction raise a nobler name,
To avenge their sex's wrongs devote their mind,
And future Millwoods prove to plague mankind!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a Prison.*

Enter THOROWGOOD, BLUNT, *and* LUCY.

Thor. I HAVE recommended to Barnwell a reverend divine, whose judgment and integrity I am well acquainted with. Nor has Millwood been neglected; but she, unhappy woman, still obstinate, refuses his assistance.

Lucy. This pious charity to the afflicted well becomes your character; yet pardon me, sir, if I wonder you were not at their trial.

Thor. I knew it was impossible to save him; and I and my family bear so great a part in his distress, that to have been present would but have aggravated our sorrows without relieving his.

Blunt. It was mournful indeed. Barnwell's youth and modest deportment, as he passed, drew tears from every eye. When placed at the bar, and arraigned before the reverend judges, with many tears and interrupting sobs, he confessed and aggravated his offences, without accusing, or once reflecting on Millwood, the shameless author of his ruin. But she, dauntless and unconcerned, stood by his side, viewing, with visible pride and contempt, the vast assembly, who all, with sympathising sorrow, wept for the wretched youth. Millwood, when called upon to answer, loudly insisted upon her innocence, and made an artful and a bold defence; but finding all in vain, the impartial jury and the learned bench concurring to find her guilty, how did she curse herself, poor Barnwell, us, her judges, all mankind! But what could that avail? She was condemned, and is this day to suffer with him.

Thor. The time draws on. I am going to visit Barnwell, as you are Millwood.

Lucy. We have not wronged her, yet I dread this interview. She is proud, impatient, wrathful, and unforgiving. To be the branded instruments of vengeance, to suffer in her shame, and sympathize with her in all she suffers, is the tribute we must pay for our former ill-spent lives, and long confederacy with her in wickedness.

Thor. Happy for you it ended when it did! What you have done against Millwood, I know, proceeded from a just abhorrence of her crimes, free from interest, malice, or revenge. Proselytes to virtue should be encouraged; pursue your proposed reformation, and know me hereafter for your friend.

Lucy. This is a blessing as unhoped for as unmerited. But Heaven, that snatched us from impending ruin, sure intends you as its instrument to secure us from apostacy.

Thor. With gratitude to impute your deliverance to Heaven is just. Many, less virtuously disposed than Barnwell was, have never fallen in the manner he has done. May not such owe their safety rather to Providence than to themselves? With pity and compassion let us judge him. Great were his faults, but strong was the temptation. Let his ruin teach us diffidence, humility, and circumspection: for if we, who wonder at his fate, had, like him, been tried, like him, perhaps, we had fallen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A dungeon, a table, and a lamp.*

BARNWELL *reading.* *Enter* THOROWGOOD *at a distance.*

Thor. There see the bitter fruits of passion's detested reign, and sensual appetite indulged; severe reflections, penitence, and tears.

Barn. My honoured, injured master, whose goodness has covered me a thousand times with shame, forgive this last unwilling disrespect. Indeed I saw you not.

Thor. It is well; I hope you are better employed in viewing of yourself; your journey is long, your time for preparation almost spent. I sent a reverend divine to teach you to improve it, and should be glad to hear of his success.

Barn. The word of truth, which he recommended for my constant companion in this my sad retirement, has at length removed the doubts I laboured under. From thence I have learned the infinite extent of heavenly mercy; that my offences, though great, are not unpardonable; and that it is not my interest only, but my duty, to believe and to rejoice in my hope. So shall Heaven receive the glory, and future penitents the profit, of my example.

Thor. Proceed.

Barn. It is wonderful that words should charm despair, speak peace and pardon to a murderer's conscience; but truth and mercy flow in every sentence, attended with force and energy divine.

How shall I describe my present state of mind! I hope in doubt, and trembling I rejoice; I feel my grief increase, even as my fears give way. Joy and gratitude now supply more tears than the horror and anguish of despair before.

Thor. These are the genuine signs of true repentance; the only preparatory, the certain way to everlasting peace. Oh, the joy it gives to see a soul formed and prepared for Heaven! For this the faithful minister devotes himself to meditation, abstinence, and prayer, shunning the vain delights of sensual joys, and daily dies, that others may live for ever. For this he turns the sacred volume over, and spends his life in painful search of truth. The love of riches and the lust of power, he looks upon with just contempt and detestation; he only counts for wealth the souls he wins, and his highest ambition is to serve mankind. If the reward of all his pains be to preserve one soul from wandering, or turn one from the error of his ways, how does he then rejoice, and own his little labours overpaid!

Barn. What do I owe for all your generous kindness? But though I cannot, Heaven can and will reward you.

Thor. To see thee thus, is joy too great for words. Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee!—Farewell.

Barn. Oh, sir, there is something I would say, if my sad swelling heart would give me leave.

Thor. Give it vent a while, and try.

Barn. I had a friend—it is true I am unworthy—yet methinks your generous example might persuade——Could not I see him once, before I go from whence there is no return?

Thor. He is coming, and as much thy friend as ever. I will not anticipate his sorrow; too soon he will see the sad effect of this contagious ruin. This torrent of domestic misery bears too hard upon me. I must retire to indulge a weakness I find impossible to overcome. [*Aside.*] Much loved—and much lamented youth!—Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee!———Eternally farewell!

Barn. The best of masters and of men—Farewell! While I live let me not want your prayers.

Thor. Thou shalt not. Thy peace being made with Heaven, death is already vanquished. Bear a little longer the pains that attend this transitory life, and cease from pain for ever.

[*Exit Thorowgood.*

Barn. Perhaps I shall. I find a power within, that bears my soul above the fears of death, and, spite of conscious shame and guilt, gives me a taste of pleasure more than mortal.

Enter TRUEMAN *and Keeper.*

Keep. Sir, there is the prisoner. [*Exit Keeper.*

Barn. Trueman!—My friend, whom I so wished to see, yet now he's here, I dare not look upon him! [*Weeps.*

True. Oh, Barnwell! Barnwell!

Barn. Mercy! Mercy! gracious Heaven! For death, but not for this, I was prepared.

True. What have I suffered since I saw thee last! What pain has absence given me!—But, oh, to see thee thus!———

Barn. I know it is dreadful! I feel the anguish of thy generous soul—But I was born to murder all who love me! [*Both weep.*

True. I came not to reproach you; I thought to bring you comfort; but I am deceived, for I have none to give. I came to share thy sorrow, but cannot bear my own.

Barn. My sense of guilt, indeed, you cannot know; it is what the good and innocent, like you, can never conceive: but other griefs, at present, I have none, but what I feel for you. In your sorrow I read you love me still; but, yet, methinks, it is strange, when I consider what I am.

True. No more of that; I can remember nothing but thy virtues, thy honest, tender friendship, our former happy state, and present misery. Oh, had you trusted me when first the fair seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented!

Barn. Alas, thou knowest not what a wretch I have been. Breach of friendship was my first and least offence. So far was I lost to goodness, so devoted to the author of my ruin, that had she insisted on my murdering thee,——I think——I should have done it.

True. Prithee, aggravate thy faults no more.

Barn. I think I should! Thus good and generous as you are, I should have murdered you!

True. We have not yet embraced, and may be interrupted. Come to my arms.

Barn. Never, never will I taste such joys on earth; never will I so soothe my just remorse. Are those honest arms and faithful bosom fit to embrace and to support a murderer? These iron fetters only shall clasp, and flinty pavement bear me; [*throwing himself on the ground,*] even these too good for such a bloody monster.

True. Shall fortune sever those whom friendship joined? Thy miseries cannot lay thee so low, but love will find thee. Here will we offer to stern calamity; this place the altar, and ourselves the sacrifice. Our mutual groans shall echo to each other through the dreary vault; our sighs shall number the moments as they pass, and mingling tears communicate such anguish, as words were never made to express.

Barn. Then be it so. [*Rising.*] Since you propose an intercourse of woe, pour all your griefs into my breast, and in exchange take mine. [*Embracing.*] Where's now the anguish that we promised? You have taken mine, and make me no return. Sure peace and comfort dwell within these arms, and sorrow cannot approach me while I am here. This too is the work of Heaven; which, having before spoke peace and pardon to me, now sends thee to confirm it. Oh, take some of the joy that overflows my breast!

True. I do, I do. Almighty power! how hast thou made us capable to bear at once the extremes of pleasure and of pain.

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. Sir.

True. I come. [*Exit Keeper.*

Barn. Must you leave me? Death would soon have parted us for ever.

True. Oh, my Barnwell! there's yet another task behind. Again your heart must bleed for others woes.

Barn. To meet and part with you I thought was all I had to do on earth. What is there more for me to do or suffer?

True. I dread to tell thee, yet it must be known! Maria——

Barn. Our master's fair and virtuous daughter?—

True. The same.

Barn. No misfortune, I hope, has reached that maid! Preserve her, Heaven, from every ill, to shew mankind that goodness is your care!

True. Thy, thy misfortunes, my unhappy friend, have reached her. Whatever you and I have felt, and more, if more be possible, she feels for you.

Barn. I know he doth abhor a lie, and would not trifle with his dying friend. This is indeed the bitterness of death. [*Aside.*

True. You must remember (for we all observed it), for some time past, a heavy melancholy weighed her down. Disconsolate she seemed, and pined and languished from a cause unknown; till, hearing of your dreadful fate, the long-stifled flame blazed out; she wept, and wrung her hands, and tore her hair, and, in the transport of her grief, discovered her own lost state, while she lamented yours.

Barn. Will all the pain I feel restore thy ease, lovely unhappy maid! [*Weeping.*] Why did you not let me die, and never know it?

True. It was impossible. She makes no secret of her passion for you; she is determined to see you ere you die, and waits for me to introduce her. [*Exit Trueman.*

Barn. Vain, busy thoughts, be still! What avails it to think on what I might have been! I now am——what I have made myself.

Enter TRUEMAN *and* MARIA.

True. Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal scene. This is the seat of misery and guilt. Here awful justice reserves her public victims. This is the entrance to a shameful death.

Mar. To this sad place then, no improper guest, the abandoned lost Maria brings despair, and sees the subject and the cause of all this world of woe. Silent and motionless he stands, as if his soul had quitted her abode, and the lifeless form alone was left behind; yet that so perfect, that beauty and death, ever at enmity, now seem united there.

Barn. I groan, but murmur not. Just Heaven! I am your own; do with me what you please.

Mar. Why are your streaming eyes still fixed below, as though thou wouldst give the greedy earth thy sorrows, and rob me of my due! Were happiness within your power, you should bestow it where you pleased; but in your misery I must and will partake.

Barn. Oh, say not so, but fly, abhor, and leave me to my fate! Consider what you are, how vast your fortune, and how bright your fame. Have pity on your youth, your beauty, and unequalled virtue; for which so many noble peers have sighed in vain. Bless with your charms some honourable lord. Adorn with your beauty, and by your example improve, the English court, that justly claims such merit: so shall I quickly be to you—as though I had never been.

Mar. When I forget you, I must be so indeed. Reason, choice, virtue, all forbid it. Let women, like Millwood, if there are more such women, smile in prosperity, and in adversity forsake. Be it the pride of virtue to repair, or to partake, the ruin such have made.

True. Lovely, ill-fated maid! Was there ever such generous distress before? How must this pierce his grateful heart, and aggravate his woes!

Barn. Ere I knew guilt or shame, when fortune smiled, and when my youthful hopes were at the highest; if then to have raised my thoughts to you, had been presumption in me never to have been pardoned, think how much beneath yourself you condescend to regard me now!

Mar. Let her blush, who, proffering love, invades the freedom of your sex's choice, and meanly sues in hopes of a return. Your inevitable fate hath rendered hope impossible as vain. Then why should I fear to avow a passion so just and so disinterested?

True. If any should take occasion from Millwood's crimes to libel the best and fairest part of the creation, here let them see their error.—The most distant hopes of such a tender passion from so bright a maid, might add to the happiness of the most happy, and make the greatest proud: yet here 'tis lavished in vain. Though by the rich present the generous donor is undone, he on whom it is bestowed receives no benefit.

Barn. So the aromatic spices of the east, which all the living covet and esteem, are with unavailing kindness wasted on the dead.

Mar. Yes, fruitless is my love, and unavailing all my sighs and tears. Can they save thee from approaching death? From such a death? Oh sorrow insupportable! Oh, terrible idea! What is her misery and distress, who sees the first, last object of her love, for whom alone she would live, for whom she would die a thousand thousand deaths, if it were possible, expiring in her

arms? Yet she is happy when compared to me. Were millions of worlds mine, I would gladly give them in exchange for her condition. The most consummate woe is light to mine. The last of curses to other miserable maids, is all I ask for my relief, and that's denied me.

True. Time and reflection cure all ills.

Mar. All but this. His dreadful catastrophe virtue herself abhors. To give a holiday to suburb slaves, and passing entertain the savage herd, who elbowing each other for a sight, pursue and press upon him like his fate! A mind, with piety and resolution armed, may smile on death: But public ignominy, everlasting shame, shame, the death of souls! to die a thousand times, and yet survive even death itself in never-dying infamy—Is this to be endured! Can I, who live in him, and must each hour of my devoted life feel all these woes renewed—Can I endure this?

True. Grief has so impaired her spirits, she pants as in the agonies of death.

Barn. Preserve her, Heaven, and restore her peace, nor let her death be added to my crimes. [*Bell tolls.*] I am summoned to my fate.

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. Sir, the officers attend you. Millwood is already summoned.

Barn. Tell them, I am ready. And now, my friend, farewell. [*Embracing.*] Support, and comfort, the best you can, this mourning fair.—No more—Forget not to pray for me. [*Turning to Maria.*] Would you, bright excellence, permit me the honour of a chaste embrace, the last happiness this world could give were mine. [*She inclines towards him, they embrace.*] Exalted goodness! Oh, turn your eyes from earth and me to Heaven, where virtue, like yours, is ever heard! Pray for the peace of my departing soul. Early my race of wickedness began, and soon I reached the summit. Ere nature has finished her work, and stamped me man, just at the time when others begin to stray, my course is finished. Though short my span of life, and few my days, yet count my crimes for years, and I have lived whole ages. Thus justice, in compassion to mankind, cuts off a wretch like me; by one such example to secure thousands from future ruin.—Justice and mercy are in Heaven the same: its utmost severity is mercy to the whole; thereby to cure man's folly and presumption, which else would render even infinite mercy vain and ineffectual.

If any youth, like you, in future times,
Shall mourn my fate, though he abhors my crimes,
Or tender maid, like you, my tale shall hear,
And to my sorrows give a pitying tear;
To each such melting eye and throbbing heart,
Would gracious Heaven this benefit impart,
Never to know my guilt, nor feel my pain,
Then must you own, you ought not to complain,
Since you nor weep, nor shall I die in vain.

[*Exeunt Barnwell and Officers.*

SCENE III.—*The place of execution.*

The Gallows and Ladder at the further end of the Stage. A crowd of spectators, BLUNT *and* LUCY.

Lucy. Heavens! what a throng!

Blunt. How terrible is death, when thus prepared!

Lucy. Support them, Heaven! Thou only canst support them; all other help is vain.

Officer. [*Within.*] Make way there; make way, and give the prisoners room.

Lucy. They are here: observe them well.—How humble and composed young Barnwell seems! but Millwood looks wild, ruffled with passion, confounded, and amazed.

Enter BARNWELL, MILLWOOD, *Officers and Executioner.*

Barn. See, Millwood, see, our journey is at an end! Life, like a tale that's told, is passed away. That short, but dark and unknown passage, death, is all the space between us and endless joys, or woes eternal.

Mill. Is this the end of all my flattering hopes? Were youth and beauty given me for a curse, and wisdom only to ensure my ruin? They were, they were. Heaven, thou hast done thy worst. Or, if thou hast in store some untried plague, somewhat that is worse than shame, despair, and death, unpitied death, confirmed despair, and soul-confounding shame; something that men and angels cannot describe, and only fiends, who bear it, can conceive; now, pour it now on this devoted head, that I may feel the worst thou canst inflict, and bid defiance to thy utmost power.

Barn. Yet ere we pass the dreadful gulf of death, yet ere you are plunged in everlasting woe, Oh, bend your stubborn knees, and harder heart, humbly to deprecate the wrath divine! Who knows, but Heaven, in your dying moments, may bestow that grace and mercy which your life despised!

Mill. Why name you mercy to a wretch like me? Mercy is beyond my hope, almost beyond my wish. I cannot repent, nor ask to be forgiven.

Barn. Oh, think what 'tis to be for ever, ever miserable, nor with vain pride oppose a power, that is able to destroy you!

Mill. That will destroy me; I feel it will. A deluge of wrath is pouring on my soul. Chains, darkness, wheels, racks, sharp-stinged scorpions, molten lead, and whole seas of sulphur, are light to what I feel.

Barn. Oh, add not to your vast account de-

spair! a sin more injurious to Heaven, than all you have yet committed.

Mill. Oh, I have sinned beyond the reach of mercy!

Barn. Oh, say not so: it is blasphemy to think it. As yon bright roof is higher than the earth, so, and much more, does Heaven's goodness pass our apprehension. Oh, what created being shall presume to circumscribe mercy, that knows no bounds!

Mill. This yields no hope. Though pity may be boundless, yet it is free. I was doomed, before the world began, to endless pains, and thou to joys eternal.

Barn. Oh, gracious heaven! extend thy pity to her; let thy rich mercy flow in plenteous streams, to chase her fears, and heal her wounded soul!

Mill. It will not be: your prayers are lost in air, or else returned, perhaps, with double blessings, to your bosom: they help not me.

Barn. Yet hear me, Millwood!

Mill. Away, I will not hear thee: I tell thee, youth, I am by Heaven devoted a dreadful instance of its power to punish. [*Barnwell seems to pray.*] If thou wilt pray, pray for thyself, not me. How doth his fervent soul mount with his words, and both ascend to Heaven! that Heaven, whose gates are shut with adamantine bars against my prayers, had I the will to pray. I cannot bear it. Sure 'tis the worst of torments to behold others enjoy that bliss which we must never taste.

Officer. The utmost limit of your time is expired.

Mill. Encompassed with horror, whither must I go? I would not live—nor die——That I could cease to be——or ne'er had been!

Barn. Since peace and comfort are denied her here, may she find mercy where she least expects it, and this be all her hell! From our example may all be taught to fly the first approach of vice: but if o'ertaken,

By strong temptation, weakness, or surprise,
Lament their guilt, and by repentance rise;
The impenitent alone die unforgiven:
To sin's like men, and to forgive like Heaven.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter TRUEMAN.

Lucy. Heart-breaking sight!——Oh, wretched, wretched Millwood!

True. How is she disposed to meet her fate?

Blunt. Who can describe unutterable woe?

Lucy. She goes to death encompassed with horror, loathing life, and yet afraid to die. No tongue can tell her anguish and despair.

True. Heaven be better to her than her fears! May she prove a warning to others, a monument of mercy in herself.

Lucy. Oh, sorrow insupportable! Break, break, my heart!

True. In vain,

With bleeding hearts, and weeping eyes, we show,
A humane, generous sense of other's woe;
Unless we mark what drew to ruin on,
And, by avoiding that——prevent our own.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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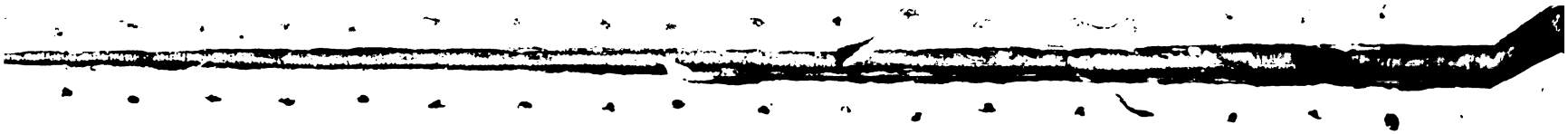
OF VOLUME FIRST.